



This Volume

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ENGLISH PLAYS

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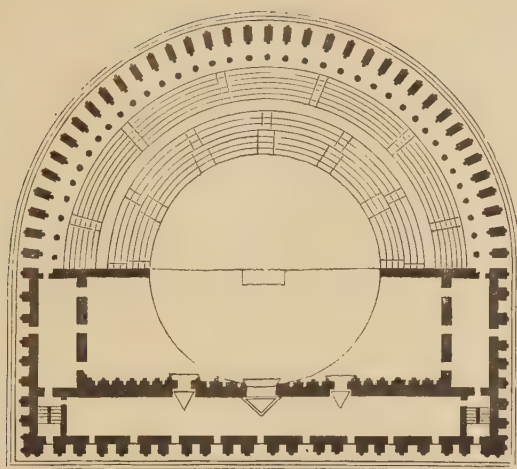
THEN TO THE WELL-TROD STAGE ANON,
IF JONSON'S LEARNED SOCK BE ON,
OR SWEETEST SHAKESPEARE, FANCY'S CHILD,
WARBLE HIS NATIVE WOODNOTES WILD.
MILTON: *L'Allegro*.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PLAN OF A GREEK THEATRE. (*From Vitruvius.*)

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GREEK COMEDY. (From a Bas-relief in the Museum, Naples.)

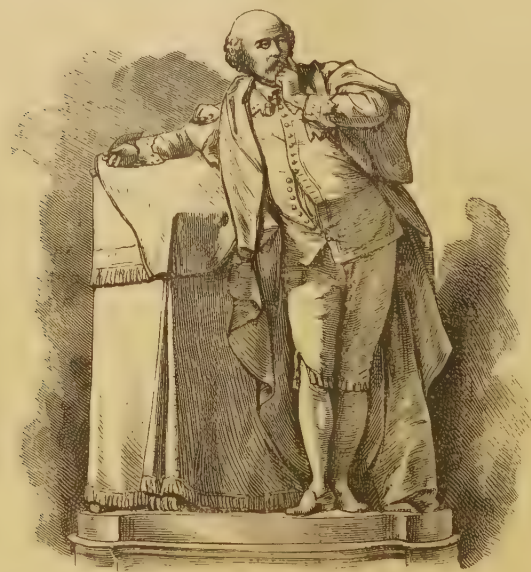
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NOTE.—In another volume of this Library, containing "Shorter English Poems," Portraits are given of Thomas Sackville (p. 170), George Gascoigne (p. 184), Samuel Daniel (p. 254), Ben Jonson (p. 267), George Chapman (p. 270), Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher (p. 273), William Cartwright (p. 293), John Milton (p. 310), John Dryden (p. 333), and also a copy of the Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare (p. 251).



ROUBILLAC'S STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE. (British Museum.)

CASSELL'S LIBRARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.



TEACHING THE ACTORS. (From a Mosaic in the House of the Tragic Actor, Pompeii.)

III.—PLAYS.

CHAPTER I.

OF ACTED PIECES EARLIER THAN THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY, A.D. 1119 TO A.D. 1535.



Initial from the 1st Folio of Shakespeare, 1623.

WE will attempt first to define the subject of this volume. A play is the story of one human action, shown throughout by imagined words and deeds of the persons concerned in it, artfully developing a problem in human life, and ingeniously solving it after having excited strong

natural interest and curiosity as to the manner of solution. It must not be too long to be presented to spectators at a single sitting.

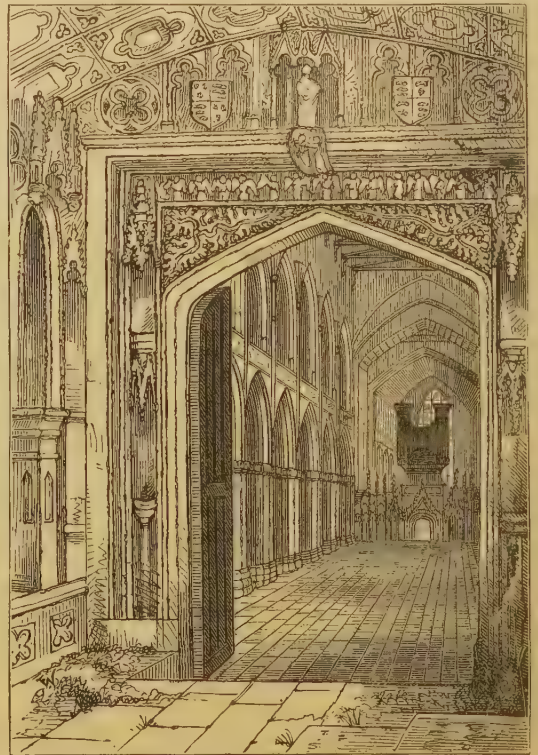
A work wanting in any one of these requirements is either no play at all, or a bad play. It must be a story of action, not a recital of thought in the form of dialogue; and it must be the story of a single action, its whole sequence of events bound together by their relation of cause or effect to the main incident on which all turns. When two stories are interwoven, they must be necessary to each other, and so blended as to become one to the understanding. This one story is not written to be only read, but to be shown, the persons of it seeming actually to appear and speak and act; their words and deeds must also be imagined for them, not literally repeated out of chronicles, and must be

shaped throughout by the poet's art to excite human interest in the development of some problem of human life. Mere imitation of a piece of life in dialogue is not a play. The incidents shown must be ingeniously contrived to appeal to the natural feelings of spectators, they must tie a knot in human affairs more or less intricate, excite curiosity as to the way of its untying, and then succeed in using the best force of intellect to untie it fitly. As the work is to be shown to spectators, its length must be proportioned to their physical power of sitting at ease to hear it through; and for right apprehension of a play, when read at home for the first time, it is necessary that the reader should, like the spectator, not approach it till he knows that he has the time required for giving his whole mind to it and taking all in at one sitting. Full appreciation comes only by later study of detail, but there can be no safe study of detail in any work of genius before it has been allowed to make its natural impression as a whole upon a mind simply and unreservedly receptive of its influence.

The first conditions of a true dramatic literature were developed by the genius of ancient Greece, and from analysis of the plays of Æschylus (who lived from B.C. 525 to B.C. 456), Sophocles (B.C. 495 to 405), Euripides (B.C. 480 to 406), and others, Aristotle (B.C. 384 to 322) drew in his Poetics, more than two thousand years ago, the first critical distinction of the parts of a good play. The Greek

dramatists were initiated by the Romans, who first came into free contact with Greek literature after the taking of Tarentum in the year 272 B.C. The first Latin play was produced by Livius Andronicus in the year before Christ 240. Plays were written also by his contemporary, Cneius Nævius, the first Roman poet of mark, a poet from whom Virgil did not disdain to borrow. A year after the production of the first Roman play, Ennius was born, who wrote at least twenty-five tragedies—based upon Greek example—of which only fragments remain. He died in the year 169 B.C., outliving the great comic poet Plautus, who died in the year before Christ 184, and of whom twenty comedies are extant. The comedies of Plautus, with those of Terence, who was about nine years old when Plautus died, and the tragedies of the Roman philosopher Seneca, who died by command of Nero A.D. 65, represented the old Latin dramatic literature to mediæval scholars who knew little of Greek; and thus Plautus and Terence for comedy, Seneca for tragedy, represented to most scholars the old classical drama down even to Shakespeare's time. Out of the study and imitation of these plays in schools and universities the modern drama most distinctly rose. It would so have arisen if there had never been any Miracle Plays. It did not in any way arise out of the Miracle Plays. Miracle Plays did not pass into Morality Plays, nor did Morality Plays afterwards pass into true dramas. Miracle Plays are one thing; Moralities are another thing: each form of writing has its own distinct beginning, aim, and end. They are two different forms of literature, one arising out of the church services, the other an offshoot from the allegorical didactic poem. When the two forms of literature were both used, they were occasionally mixed, but there never was a time at which one changed into the other. Like the drama proper, they turn to account the instinct for imitation that has, in a sense, made actors of all children born into the world, and thus they may claim cousinship with our drama that had its beginning in the sixteenth century; they are its cousins, not its parents. Miracle Plays have been described, and examples of them have been given, in the volume of this Library which illustrates English Religion. In the account there given¹ of the Shepherd's Play, which formed an interlude between the Old Testament and New Testament section of each series, it was said that the series acted at Wakefield—known as the Towneley Mysteries, because they were first printed from a MS. in Towneley Hall—included two such interludes, either of which might be taken; and that as one of them happens to develop a short farcical story, which accidentally fulfils the requisite conditions, it so becomes our earliest known piece of acted drama. The other pieces of this kind represent only jest and sport of the shepherds, until they hear the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men," when they first mock, then are subdued, follow the angels to kneel before the infant Christ in the manger, present their simple offerings, and rise into a higher life. But in this North-Country jest, it

happens that the shepherd who especially plays the clown's part, is represented as a noted sheepstealer, who steals a sheep. This act has consequences; there is a rustic problem of life to be solved, and a sequence of incidents that, however ridiculous, contain the elements of a dramatic plot. We have only to break off before the angels' song falls on the shepherds' ears, and we may say that we have here the first English play. A few words will suffice to recall the times of the early Miracle Plays with which it was connected. The first record of an acted Miracle Play in this country is by Matthew Paris, who accidentally speaks of a play of St. Catherine that was to be acted at Dunstable in 1119, that is to say, in the reign of Henry I. The plays of Abelard's pupil, the Englishman Hilarius, of which an example was given among illustrations of English Religion in this Library, were produced in France at the end of the reign of Stephen, or the beginning of the reign of Henry II. In the reign of Henry III., and in the year 1233, the parish clerks were formed into a harmonic guild, which afterwards took much part in the acting of Miracle Plays; and near the close of the same reign (A.D. 1264) Pope Urban IV. founded the festival of Corpus Christi, which festival is supposed afterwards to have given occasion for the development of Scripture story by trade guilds,



THE NAVE, CHESTER CATHEDRAL. (From Ormerod's "History of Chester.")

among the laity, through long sequences of dramatic action. In 1311, in the reign of Edward II., the festival of Corpus Christi was firmly established by Pope Clement V.

It was probably in 1327 or 1328, at the beginning

¹ Illustrations of English Religion, p. 65.

of the reign of Edward III., that the first sequence of Miracle Plays acted not as aforetime in Latin, but in English, was produced at Chester. Ralph Higden, a monk of the great Abbey of St. Werburgh, to which the city of Chester then seemed in the eyes of its inmates but a suburb, obtained leave from the Pope to tell to the English people in this manner, through their mother tongue, the chief events upon which Christian faith is founded. The great abbey is gone, except its church, which is now the cathedral church of Chester. But within the abbey the twenty-five pieces were written, to be acted by the trade guilds of the town, beginning with the Fall of Lucifer, presented by the tanners, and ending with the websters' play of Doomsday. The acting began always with the first play, before the Abbey gate that still remains in Northgate Street.

Two other long sequences of Mysteries remain to us: one of forty-two pieces, beginning with the Creation and ending with Doomsday, said to have been written for the guilds of Coventry, which certainly did—as their old account-books show—pay much attention to the telling of the Bible-story in this way. The other is a set of thirty-two plays in

North-Country dialect, which external tradition and internal evidence show to have been acted in or near the town of Wakefield. The plays or pageants were shown upon stages mounted upon wheels, so that when acted in one part of the town they could be rolled off to another. Thus a spectator seated in one place on three successive days, would see pageant after pageant, showing to him in chronological order scenes from Scripture that involved the vital facts of his religion. Minute details of expenditure in old books of the guilds of Coventry enabled a local antiquary, Mr. Thomas Sharp, to explain very fully the method of their representation, in a Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries published by private subscription in 1825, and the frontispiece to his work was an attempt to realise the form of one of these old street pageants. Each stage was fitted carefully for the scene to be acted upon it. For the second Shepherd's Play in the Wakefield series, there would be a part of the scaffolding divided from the rest by a partition with a door in it to represent Mak's house; the rest being regarded as the country in which there were "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."



A MIRACLE PLAY AT COVENTRY. (From a Drawing by David Jee, for Sharp's "Coventry Mysteries.")

SHEPHERD'S PLAY.

From the Wakefield Mysteries.

*Primus Pastor.*¹ Lord, what these weathers² are cold
and I am ill happid;³

I am near hand dold,⁴ so long have I nappid:

¹ *Primus Pastor, Secundus Pastor*, First Shepherd, Second Shepherd.
² *Weathers* (weders), stormy winds. "Wedyr, idem quod storm."
("Promptorium Parvulorum.")

³ *Happid*, clothed, wrapped up. Icelandic "bjúpr," a doublet, allied, says Cleasby, to German "joppe" and French "jupe," Icelandic "hyppja," to huddle the clothes on. In the Paston Letters, John Paston writes to his wife, in September, 1465, for "ij clue of worsted for doblets, to happe me thys colde wynter." ("Paston Letters," edited by James Gairdner, vol. ii., p. 235.)

⁴ *Dold*, stupefied. Of the same origin as *dolt* and as *dull*, in which,

My legs they fold, my fingers are chappid,
It is not as I would, for I am all lappid

In sorrow.

In storms and tempést,

Now in the east, now in the west,

Woe is him has ne'er rest

Mid day nor morrow.⁵

But we silly⁶ shepherds, that walks⁷ on the moor,

as Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood says, "the radical idea is a stoppage of the faculties or powers proper to the subject."

⁵ *Morrow*, morning.

⁶ *Silly* (sely), simple, innocent.

⁷ *Walks*. The piece, being in Northern English, contains many examples of the Northern plural in *s*. In the old English dialects, a plural in *s* was characteristic of the Northern, a plural in *en* of the Midland, a plural in *eth* of the Southern.

In faith we are near hands out of the door ;
 No wonder as it stands if we be poor,
 For the tilth of our land lies fallow as the floor,
 As ye ken.
 We are so hamid,¹
 For-taxid and ramid,²
 We are made hand-tamid,
 With these gentlery men.
 Thus they reave us our rest, Our Lady them wary.³
 These men that are lord-fast⁴ they cause the plough
 tarry.
 That men say is for the best we find it contrary.
 Thus are husbands⁵ opprest, in point to miscarry,
 On life.
 Thus hold they us under,
 Thus they bring us in blunder,
 It weré great wonder,
 And⁶ e'er should we thrive.
 For may he get a paint⁷ sleeve or a brooch now-a-days,
 Wo is him that him grieve, or once again says,⁸
 Dare no man him reprove,⁹ what mastery he mays,
 And yet may no man 'lieve one word that he says,
 No letter.
 He can make purvéance,
 With boast and bragéance,
 And all 's through maintenance
 Of men that are greater.
 There shall come a swain as proud as a po,¹⁰
 He must borrow my wain, my plough also,
 Then I am full fain to grant or¹¹ he go.
 Thus live we in pain, anger, and wo,
 By night and day ;
 He must have if he langid ;¹²
 If I should forgang it,
 I were better be hangid
 Than once say him nay.
 It does me good, as I walk thus by mine one,¹³
 Of this world for to talk in manner of moan.
 To my sheep will I stalk and hearken anon,
 There abide on a balk, or sit on a stone
 Full soon.

¹ *Hamid* (*hamyd*), harnessed. The "hame" (Scottish "haims") is defined in Mañh's edition of Webster's English Dictionary, as "one of the two curved pieces of wood or metal in the harness of a draught-horse to which the traces are fastened, and which lie upon the collar, or have pads attached to them fitting the horse's neck."

² *For-taxid and ramid*, taxed to the uttermost and cried out upon. "For" is intensive, as in "forlorn," and "rained" from First-English "hreman," to cry out. "To rame" is still a common Yorkshire word for being violently noisy. But "to rame" (roam, rove, rob) means in Lincolnshire to plunder, and the sense here may be "overtaxed and plundered."

³ *Wary*, curse. First-English "wergian."

⁴ *Lord-fast*, strong in lordliness, the suffix being the same as in "stedfast," &c.

⁵ *Husbands*, husbandmen.

⁶ *And*, if.

⁷ *Paint*, painted. The *ed* was not sounded, and often not written, in verbs having *t* or *d* for their root-ending. It is often so in Shakespeare.

⁸ *Again says*, answers again, contradicts. When a man has once set up a gay sleeve or a brooch, he counts himself a gentleman, and will bear nothing that he dislikes.

⁹ No man dares reprove him, whatever airs of mastery he gives himself.

¹⁰ *Po*, peacock ("pavo").

¹¹ *Or*, ere, before.

¹² *If he langid*, had set his mind on it, longed for it. Compare German "verlangen," to desire.

¹³ *By mine one*, by myself. "One," First-English "an," formerly rhymed with "moan." The pronunciation "wun" is a modern corruption.

For I trow, pardé,
 True men if they be,
 We get more company
 Or¹¹ it be noon.

Secundus Pastor. Benste¹⁴ and Dominus! what may
 this bemean?

Why fares this world thus oft have we not seen.
 Lord, these wethers are 'spiteous, and the weathers full
 keen.

And the frost so hidcous they water mine een,
 No lie.

Now in dry, now in wete,
 Now in snow, now in sleet,
 When my shoon freeze to my feet

It is not all easy.

But as far as I ken, or yet as I go,
 We silly woodmen ure¹⁵ mickle wo ;
 We have sorrow then and then, it fallis oft so,
 Silly Capyll, our hen, both to and fro

She cackles,

But begin she to crok,
 To groyne or to clock,¹⁶
 Wo is him of our cock,

For he is in the shekyls.¹⁷

These men that are wed have not all their will,
 When they are full hard sted¹⁸ they sigh full still ;
 God wot they are led full hard and full ill,
 In bower nor in bed they say nought theretill,

This tide.

My part have I fun,¹⁹

I know my lessún,

Woe is him that is bun,²⁰

For he must abide.

But now late in our livis, a marvel to me,
 That I think my heart rivis such wonders to see.

What that destiny drivis it should so be,
 Some men will have two wivis, and some men three,
 In store.

Some are wo that has any ;

But so far can I,

Wo is him that has many,

For he feelis sore.

But young men of wooing, for God that you bought,
 Be well ware of wedding, and think in your thought,
 "Had I wist"²¹ is a thing it servis of nought ;
 Mickle still mourning has wedding home brought,

And griefis,

With many a sharp shower,
 For thou may catch in an hour
 That shall savour full sour

As long as thou livis.

For, as e'er read I 'pistle, I have one to my fere²²

As sharp as a thistle, as rough as a brere,

She is browed like a bristle, with a sour loten²³ cheer ;
 Had she once wet her whistle she could sing full clear

Her pater noster.

She is as great as a whale,

¹⁴ *Benste*, Benedicite.

¹⁵ *Ure*, use, are inured to.

¹⁶ *To clok*. When a hen is about to lay, she is said to cackle ; when she has ceased laying, and wants to sit on her eggs, she is said to clock.

¹⁷ *Is in the shekyls*, has a shivering or shaking fit. In modern Scottish dialect the form is "shiegle," a derivative from "shake."

¹⁸ *Hard sted*, hard bested.

¹⁹ *Fun*, found.

²⁰ *Bun*, bound.

²¹ *Had I wist*, "If I had only known," an old proverbial phrase for the folly of wisdom after the event.

²² *To my fere*, for my mate.

²³ *Sour loten*, sour-leavened.

She has a gallon of gall,
By him that died for us all!

I would I had run to¹ I lost her.

Primus Pastor. God look over the raw,² full deftly
ye stand.

Secundus Pastor. Yea, the devil in thy maw, so tariant,
Saw thou awro³ of Daw?

Primus Pastor. Yea, on a lea land
Heard I him blaw, he comes here at hand,

Not far;
Stand still.

Secundus Pastor. Why?

Primus Pastor. For he comes hope I.

Secundus Pastor. He will make us both a lie
But if we be ware.⁴

Tertius Pastor. Christ's cross me speed and Saint
Nicholás,

Thereof had I need, it is worse than it was.
Whoso could take heed, and let the world pass,
It is ever in deed, and brittle as glass,

And slithis.⁵

This world fowré⁶ never so,
With marvels mo and mo,
Now in weal, now in wo,

And all things wrythis.⁷

Was never sin Noe flood such floodis seen,
Windis and rain so rude, and stormis so keen,
Some stammerid, some stood in doubt, as I ween,
Now God turn all to good, I say as I mean,

For ponder:

These floods so they drown,
Both in fields and in town,
And bears all down,

And that is a wonder.

We that walk on the nights our cattle to keep,
We see sudden sights when other men sleep.
Yet methink my heart lights—I see shrews peep!⁸
Ye are two alle wights,⁹ I will give my sheep

A turn.

But full ill have I ment,
As I walk on this bent,¹⁰

I may lightly repent,
My toes if I spurn.—

Ah, sir, God you save, and master mine.

A drink fain would I have and somewhat to dine.

Primus Pastor. Christ's curse, my knave, thou art a
ledyr hyne.¹¹

Secundus Pastor. What, the boy list rave,¹² abide unto
syne

We have made it.

Ill thrift on thy pate!

Though the shrew came late

Yet is he in state

To dine, if he had it.¹³

Tertius Pastor. Such servants as I, that swettis and
swinkis,¹⁴

Eats our bread full dry, and that me forthinkis;¹⁵

We are oft wet and weary when master-men winkis,¹⁶

Yet comis full lately both dinners and drinkis;

But neatly

Both our dame and our sire,

When we've run in the mire,

They can nip at our hire,

And pay us full lately.

But hear my truth, master, for the fare that ye make

I shall do thereafter work, as I take;

I shall do a little, sir, and among ever lake,¹⁷

For yet lay my supper ne'er on my stomach

In fieldis.

Whereto should I threap?¹⁸

With my staff can I leap,

And men say "light cheap

Letherly for-yieldis."¹⁹

Primus Pastor. Thou were an ill lad, to ride a
woeing

With a man that had but little of spending.

Secundus Pastor. Peace, boy, I bad, no more jangling,
Or I shall make thee full rad,²⁰ by the heaven's king!

With thy gaudis;²¹

Where are our sheep, boy? We scorn.²²

Tertius Pastor. Sir, this same day at noon

I them left in the corn

When they rang laudis;²³

¹² List rave, wishes to rove. He is a bad servant because, alarmed by the sight of two men at night in the fields, he was running from his charge, and he is bidden by the other two to wait "unto syne we have made it"—until after we have come to an understanding with one another.

¹³ Though it is long after dinner-time, he looks still as if he would like to get his dinner.

¹⁴ Swettis and swinkis, sweats and toils.

¹⁵ Me forthinkis, I think ill, or despair, about; First-English "forthencan."

¹⁶ Winkis, sleep.

¹⁷ Lake, play. First-English "lác," play, sport; a word still extant in vulgar English, and pronounced as of old, but spelt "lark." In Cumberland and Westmoreland, excursionists to the Lake District are sometimes called by the country people "lakers," not because they have come to the lakes, but because they are out for a day's "lake," or pleasure.

¹⁸ Threap, vex myself. First-English "threapian," to afflict.

¹⁹ Cheap were pays badly. "Foryieldis," First-English "forgeldan," to repay.

²⁰ Rad, afraid. Danish "rød" and "red," fearful, timid. In Modern Yorkshire dialect (Atkinson's Cleveland Glossary), to "raddle" is to beat severely.

²¹ Gaudis, tricks. In the "Promptorium Parvulorum" (an English-Latin Dictionary of about A.D. 1440) this word is interpreted as "gawde or jape, nuga." In this place, in the Romance of the Seven Sages, in Laurence Minot's poems, in Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida" and "Pardoner's Tale," and Milton's "Penseroso," "gaud" or "gaudy" means trick or tricky. It is, in this sense, not from "gaudium," but from the Cymric "gau," false, and its derivative "genawd," falsifying deception. The word is probably applied, also, in this sense to cheap ornament of false gold and paste jewellery.

²² We scorn. We talk jeeringly;—we are idling, let us give thought to our work.

²³ When they rang laudis. There used to be in the Church seven canonical "Hours" of prayer based on the sentence in the 119th Psalm, "Seven times a day will I praise thee." They were—Matins,

¹ To, till. ² Rave, row. ³ Awro, ever aught.

⁴ He will cheat us both if we don't mind.

⁵ Slithis, slippery. First-English "slith."

⁶ Fowre, fared. ⁷ Wrythis, awry.

⁸ I see shrews peep. The first shepherd had spoken as he "walked by his one," and ended with desire for company. The second shepherd in another part of the field has also been speaking solitary thoughts, when he was met by the first shepherd, and addressed in rustic fashion; then the third shepherd enters, and speaks as one who is alone until he sees the other two at hand, who are looking at him. He takes them for thieves, thinks he "sees shrews peep," and is running away when they meet him. Still terrified, he attests his poverty by begging of them something to eat and drink.

⁹ Alle wights. Perhaps this means two who are very vigorous, "wight" being not from First-English "wiht," a being, but the word spelt in the same way and common in old English, meaning active, strong, from the Icelandic "vig," of the same root as the Latin "vig-or." "All" was in Icelandic a common prefix with the sense of very. Perhaps "wights" is used in the sense of beings, and "alle" may, as commonly suggested, stand for "old." But this would not agree with a cowardly fear of them.

¹⁰ Bent, the coarse grass upon hillsides.

¹¹ Ledyr hyne, bad servant. First-English "láth," evil; "húna," a servant.

They have pasture good, they cannot go wrong.

Primus Pastor. That is right, by the rood, these nights are long;

Yet I would, ere we yode,¹ one gave us a song.

Secundus Pastor. So I thought as I stood, to mirth us among.

Tertius Pastor. I grant.

Primus Pastor. Let me sing the tenory.

Secundus Pastor. And I the treble so high.

Tertius Pastor. Then the mean falls to me;

Let see how ye chant.

*Tunc intrat Mak in clamide se super togam vestitus.*²

Mak. Now Lord, for thy namis seven, that made both moon and stars

Well mo than I can neven,³ thy will, Lord, of me tharnis;⁴

I am all uneven, that movis off my harnis,⁵

Now would God I were in heaven, for there weep no barnis

So still.

Primus Pastor. Who is that pipis so poor?

Mak. Would God ye wist how I foore!⁶

Lo a man that walks on the moor,

And has not all his will.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, where has thou gone? tell us tiding.

Tertius Pastor. Is he comen?⁷ then ilk one take to his thing.

*Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.*⁸

Mak. What, I be a yeoman, I tell you, of the king;

The self and the same, sond from a great lording,

And siche.

Fie on you, go thee hence,

Out of my presence,

I must have reverence,

Why, who be iche?⁹

between 3 and 4 a.m.; lauds, prime, terce, nones, vespers, and, at midnight, compline. Lands followed the matins in the early morning.

¹ Yode, went. First-English "eodon."

² (The shepherds having sung some three-part song) "then enters Mak, clothed in a cloak over his dress." Mak, the shepherd clown who is the chief character of the piece, derives his name from a word implying foolishness, privation of power, allied to Chaucer's "maat," a quality of the imploring ladies whom Theseus, in the "Knight's Tale," saw "so pitous and so maat." From this root are words with the sense of dead, as in the Middle-Latin "matere," to kill; driven into a corner, as in "check-mate," "Shah-mat," the king is dead; deprival of bodily strength, weariness, the German "matt," tired; of spirit and life, in wine or beer said to be "matt;" utmost deprival of power of mind, Italian "matto," English "mad;" and "mak" in Lower Saxon is the same word with a change of suffix; applied here in some such sense as we have in "mad-cap."

³ Well more than I can name. *Well* was a common intensive, and is so still in such combinations as "well nigh," "well on in years," &c. *Mo*, First-English "ma," more. *Neven*, First-English "nemann," to name.

⁴ *Me tharnis*, I am in want of; reflexive, as in Icelandic, where *sk* is the reflexive suffix. "Tharnask," is to want, lack, or be without; equivalent to "tharfausk," First-English "thearfan," to need.

⁵ *Harnis*, brain. First-English "harnes."

⁶ Would God ye knew how it went with me!

⁷ Is he come?

⁸ "And takes the cloak from him." Mak is unwrapped from the disguise of his cloak.

⁹ *Who be iche?* Who am I? Stripped of his cloak, Mak tries to keep himself disguised from those who know his character too well, and therefore, dashing his speech with a rustic Southern pronunciation, says "wyoman" for "yeoman," and "iche" for "I."

Primus Pastor. Why make ye it so quaint? Mak, ye do wrang.

Secundus Pastor. But, Mak, list ye saynt?¹⁰ I trow that ye lang;

Tertius Pastor. I trow the shrew can paint, the devil might him hang!

Mak. I shall make complaint, and make you all to thwang¹¹

At a word,

And tell e'en how ye doth.

Primus Pastor. But, Mak, is that sooth?

Now take out that southern tooth

And set in a tord.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, the deil in your ee,¹²

A stroke would I lene¹³ you.

Tertius Pastor. Mak, know ye not me? By [troth] I could tell you.

Mak. God loke you¹⁴ all three, methought I had seen you.

Ye are a fair company.

Primus Pastor. Can ye now mene you?¹⁵

Secundus Pastor. Shrew, jape;

Thus late as thou gois,

What will men suppois?

And thou has an ill nois¹⁶

Of stealing of sheep.

Mak. And I am true as steel, all men wayt,¹⁷

But a sickness I feel that holds me full hayt,¹⁸

My belly fares not well, it is out of estate.

Tertius Pastor. Seldom lies the deil dead by the gate.

Mak. Therefore

Full sore am I, and ill,

If I stand stone still;

I eat not a needill

This month and more.

Primus Pastor. How faris thy wife? by my hood, how faris sho?¹⁹

Mak. Lies weltring, by the rood, by the fire low,

And a house full of brood; she drinkis well too,

Ill speed other good that she will do;

But so

Eats as fast as she can,

And ilk year that comes to man

She brings forth a lakan,²⁰

And some years two.

¹⁰ *List ye saynt?* Do you want to try it with us (by deceptive talk)? I believe you desire it. "Saynt, sayn it," may mean "say it," in the sense of trying a disguised speech, or it may be say, in the sense of essay or try. The third pastor then gives Mak credit for skill in hypocrisy, and the word "shrew" (probably from "syrrwah," to ensnare, and not the same word with the "shrew" applied to a scolding woman) was commonly applied in old English to misdoers by trick or deception.

¹¹ *Thwang*, suffer, by telling your masters how you idle. "Thwang," from First-English "thwangan," to force or compel, is another bit of Mak's affected Southern speech.

¹² *Ee*, eye.

¹³ *Lene*, give.

¹⁴ *Loke you*, protect you. First-English "locan," to lock, protect against harm.

¹⁵ *Mene you*, recall to mind, remember us. First-English "mænan," to have in mind, remember. Mak had so far put off his comic affectation of being a king's yeoman from the South, as to tell his friends he thought he had seen them before.

¹⁶ *An ill nois*, an ill reputation. You are noised abroad as a sheep-stealer. What will men think, if you are seen out in the fields late at night?

¹⁷ *Wayt*, know.

¹⁸ *Hayt*, hot.

¹⁹ *Sho*, First-English "heo," she.

²⁰ *Lakan*, something to dandle, a child; from "lác," play.

But were I not more gracious, and richer by far,
I were eaten out of house, and of harbar,
Yet is she a foul dowse, if ye come nar:
There is none that trows, nor knowis a war¹
Than ken I.

Now will ye see what I proffer,
To give all in my coffer,
To morn at next² to offer
Her head mass penny.³

Secundus Pastor. I wot so forwakid⁴ is none in this shire;

I would sleep if I takid less to my hire.

Tertius Pastor. I am cold and nakid, and would have a fire.

Primus Pastor. I am weary for-rakid,⁵ and run in the mire.

Wake thou!

Secundus Pastor. Nay, I will lie down by,
For I must sleep truly.

Tertius Pastor. As good a man's son was I
As any of you.

But, Mak, come hither, between shall thou lie down.

Mak. Then might I let you bedene of that ye would rowne.⁶

No drede.

Fro my top to my toe

Manus tuas commendo

Pontio Pilato,

Christ cross me speed.

*Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit;*⁷

Now were time for a man, that lacks what he wold,
To stalk privily then unto a fold,
And neemly⁸ to work then, and be not too bold,
For he might aby⁹ the bargain, if it were told
At the ending.

Now were time for to reille;¹⁰

But he needs good counsel

That fain would fare well

And has but little spending.

¹ A war, a worse.

² To morn at next, to-morrow morning.

³ Her head mass penny, the penny offered at the mass said at her burial.

⁴ Forwakid, overwatched. The action here changes to the sleeping of the shepherds. This one therefore says abruptly that he must sleep, though the charge for it were deducted from his wages.

⁵ For-rakid, overwalked. The word "raik" is still applied in Scottish dialect especially to the walks of sheep and cattle. Icelandic "reta," to drive horses or cattle.

⁶ "Then if I lay between you I might soon be in the way of what you wished to whisper to one another." Then as he lies down between them, Mak says "No drede," never fear; in a bungled Latin sentence of prayer before sleep, instead of commending them into the hands of God, says, "I commend your hands to Pontius Pilate," adds a short prayer before sleeping for himself, and affects to snore; while the representatives of the tired shepherds presently begin snoring with all their might.

⁷ "Then he rises, while the shepherds are sleeping, and shall say."

⁸ Neemly, with quick stealth. From First-English "niman," to take or seize. In the Cleveland dialect of Yorkshire, the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, in his admirable Glossary, registers these senses of the word "nim": (1) To catch up quickly; thence, (2) to take or catch upon the sly, to steal; (3) To walk with quick or "mincing steps," as in the phrase "The old lady goes nimming along."

⁹ Aby means "re-buy," pay for; First-English "abigcan." The same sense is in such modern phrases as "making one pay for it," "paying one out," &c. "Abide" is a different word.

¹⁰ Reille, roll about, roam.

But about you a circle, as round a moon,
To¹¹ I have done that I will, till that it be noon,
That ye lie stone still, to that I have doyne,
And I shall say theretill of good words a foyne:¹²
On height

Over your heads my hand I lift,
Out go your een, fordo your sight,
But yet I must make better shift,

And it be right.—

Lord, what they sleep hard! that may ye all hear.¹³
Was I never a shephard, but now will I lere.¹⁴
If the flock be scar'd, yet shall I nip near.

How!¹⁵ draws hitherward: now mends our cheer

From sorrow.—

A fat sheep I dare say,
A good fleece dare I lay.
Eft quite¹⁶ when I may,
But this will I borrow.

How, Gill, art thou in? Get us some light.

Uxor ejus. Who makes such din this time of the night?

I am set for to spin: I hope not I might

Rise a penny to win: I shrew them on hight.

So fares

A huswife¹⁷ that has been
To be raisid¹⁸ thus between:
There may no note be seen
For such small charis.

Mak. Good wife, open the heck.¹⁹ Sees thou not what I bring?

Uxor. I may thole thee draw the sneck.²⁰ Ah, come in, my sweeting.

Mak. Yea, thou thar not rek of²¹ my long standing.

Uxor. By the naked neck are thou like for to hing.

Mak. Do way:

I am worthy my meat,

For in a strait can I get

More than they that swink and sweat

All the long day.

¹¹ To, till. Mak burlesques an incantation by going about the sleepers in a circle, within which their sleep is to be unbroken while he steals their sheep.

¹² Foyne, plenty. French "foison."

¹³ How fast they are asleep! you can all hear that by their snoring.

¹⁴ Lere, learn.

¹⁵ How! Here Mak is calling to the sheep, and when he gets near enough seizes one at the words "now mends our cheer."

¹⁶ Eft quite (eft whyte), pay again for it when I may, this I will borrow. Then Mak gets the sheep, which must be a real sheep, on his back, goes to the partition on the stage that separates what is supposed to be the interior of his cottage from the fields, and knocks at it, as at his own door, to call *Uxor ejus*, his wife.

¹⁷ One who has been a huswife, mistress in a little farm.

¹⁸ Raisid, vexed, disturbed. Mak's poor wife has risen before morning, to earn a penny by her spinning; but when the knocking comes at the door, with an ill word for the rich, says she cannot hope to be left undisturbed. Nobody has any regard—"there may no note be seen"—for such small jobs ("charis") as hers; First-English "cerre," a turn. Whence "char," in "charwman," one who does a turn of work.

¹⁹ Heck, the hatch. First-English "hæca," a hatch. When a door opens in two parts, the upper half, in which is the latch, is called the heck. The word is applied also to the inner door in a farm-house which leads into the kitchen or houseplace. But Mak's home is a poor hut, and he is seeking entrance from outside.

²⁰ Addressed not as "Gill" with noise of knocking, but as "good wife," she recognises Mak's voice, and says, "I may suffer thee to draw the latch." First-English "tholian," to suffer; Icelandic "snugi," a peg.

²¹ Thar not rek of, need not care about. "Thar," First-English "tharfan," to have need. Mak enters triumphant with his sheep, and the wife's first thought is of the penalty of sheep-stealing.

Thus it fell to my lot, Gill, I had such grace.

Uxor. It were a foul blot to be hangid for the case.

Mak. I have scapid, Jelot,¹ oft as hard a glase.²

Uxor. But so long goes the pot to the water, men says,
At last

Comes it home broken.

Mak. Well know I the token,

But let it never be spoken;

But come and help fast.

I would he were flayn;³ I list well eat:

This twelvemonth was I not so fain of one sheep meat.

Uxor. Come they ere he be slain, and hear the sheep
bleat?

Mak. Then might I be ta'en: that were a cold sweat.

Go spar

The gate door.

Uxor. Yes, Mak,

For and⁴ they come at thy back—

Mak. Then might I by⁵ for all the pack
The deil of the waur.

Uxor. A good borde⁶ have I spied, since thou can none.

Here shall we him hide, to⁷ they be gone;

In my cradle abide. Let me alone,

And I shall lie beside in childbed and groan.

Mak. Thou red:⁸

And I shall say thou was light

Of a knave child⁹ this night.

Uxor. Now well is me, day-bright

That ever I was bred.

This is a good gyse and a far cast;

Yet a woman avise helps at the last.

I wot ne'er who spies: again go thou fast.¹⁰

Mak. But I come ere they rise, else blows a cold blast.

I will go sleep.

Yet sleeps all this meneye,

And I shall go stalk¹¹ privily,

As it had ne'er been I

That carried their sheep.

Primus Pastor. Resurrex à mortuis:—have hold my
hand.

Judas carnas dominus, I may not well stand:

My foot sleeps, and I water fastand.

I thought that we laid us full near England.

Secundus Pastor. Ah yea!

Lord, what I have slept well!

As fresh as an eel:

As light I me feel

As leaf on a tree.

Tertius Pastor. Benste be herein. So me quakis

My heart is out of skin, what so it makis.

Who makes all this din? So my browes blakis,

To the door will I win. Hark, fellows, wakis!

We were four:

See ye awre of Mak now?

Primus Pastor. We were up ere thou.

Secundus Pastor. Man, I give God a vow

Yet yede he nawre.¹²

Tertius Pastor. Methought he was lapt in a wolf
skin.

Primus Pastor. So are many hapt now, namely¹³
within.

Secundus Pastor. When we had long napt, me-
thought with a gin¹⁴

A fat sheep he trapt, but he made no din.

Tertius Pastor. Be still:

Thy dream makes thee wood:¹⁵

It is but phantom, by the rood.

Primus Pastor. Now God turn all to good,
If it be His will.

Secundus Pastor. Rise, Mak, for shame! thou lies
right lang.

Mak. Now Christis holy name be us emang,
What is this for? Saint Jame, I may not well gang.

I trow I be the same. Ah! my neck has lien wrang.

Enogh,

Mickle thank. Since yester even

Now by Saint Steven

I was flayed with a sweven¹⁶

My heart out of slogh.¹⁷

I thought Gill began to crok, and travail full sad,

Welner¹⁸ at the first cock, of a young lad,

For to mend our flock: then be I never glad.

I have tow on my rock, more than e'er I had.

Ah, my head!

A house full of young tharmis,¹⁹

The de'il knock out their harnis.²⁰

Wo is him has many barnis,

And thereto little bread.

I must go home, by your leave, to Gill as I thought.

I pray you look my sleeve,²¹ that I steal nought:

I am loath you to grieve, or from you take ought.

Tertius Pastor. Go forth, ill might thou chefe!²²

Now would I we sought

This morn

¹ *Jelot*, affectionate diminutive for *Jill* or *Gill*. *Gill*, from *Gillian* (= *Julian*, or *Juliana*), a feminine Christian name, was once used as a representative name for a woman as familiarly as *Jack* for a man.

² *Glase*, pursuit, or suit at law. The Rev. J. C. Atkinson's *Cleveland Glossary* gives as Yorkshire dialect the verb "glease" (from Teutonic words that mean glancing or darting through) as "to run rapidly in sport or frolic, as children in pursuit of their companions in any game;" and the noun "gleasing" as a sharp or rapid act of pursuit; a suit at law, or damage generally.

³ *Flayn*, flayed.

⁴ *And*, if.

⁵ *By*=*aby*, pay for it; *the waur*, the worse. If they found me out, because there are a pack of them, I should pay for it all the more smartly.

⁶ *Borde*, trick. "I have thought of a good trick, since you know of none." And then she suggests hiding the sheep in the cradle, and making the searchers believe it is her new-born child.

⁷ *To*, till.

⁸ *Thou red*, Do you get all ready. First-English "hræd," ready, quick. Then *Mak's* wife proceeds to wrap the sheep in swaddling clothes as if it were a child—the sheep's natural objections to the process helping, no doubt, to amuse rustic spectators of the play.

⁹ *Knave child*, boy.

¹⁰ Proud of the good disguise, and far-seeing contrivance, as she lays the swaddled sheep in the cradle, *Gill* says that now she cares not who comes to make search. *Mak* may go safe again.

¹¹ *Stalk*, go softly or warily (First-English "stælcen"), to lie down as asleep between the shepherds as if he had never left them. After the speech of *Mak*, his wife having returned to her spinning-wheel, all is quiet in the hut; he goes back to his place between the sleeping shepherds, slightly disturbs them in doing so, and the attention of spectators is turned to their waking, one with his mind at first confused by sleep, his scraps of Latin prayer marking rustic ignorance; another waking at once lightly; and the third roused in alarm by his dream and by the stirring and speaking of the other two.

¹² Yet yede he nawre, he has never gone yet.

¹³ Namely, especially.

¹⁴ *Gin*, snare, or contrivance. Latin "ingenium."

¹⁵ *Wood*, First-English "wōd," mad.

¹⁶ Flayed with a sweven, frightened by a dream.

¹⁷ *Of slogh*, killed off. First-English "ofsleán."

¹⁸ *Welner*, well-nigh.

¹⁹ *Tharmis*, stomachs to be fed. First-English "thearm," the entrails.

²⁰ *Harnis*, brains.

²¹ Search my sleeve.

²² Ill might thou chefe. Ill betide you. May you come to an ill end.

That we had all our store! ¹

Primus Pastor. But I will go before,
Let us meet.

Secundus Pastor. Where?

Tertius Pastor. At the crooked thorn.

Mak. Undo this door! who is here? how long shall
I stand?

Uxor ejus. Who makes such a bere? ² now walk in
the weniand! ³

Mak. Ah, Gill, what cheer? it is I, Mak, your
husbând.

Uxor. Then may we be here, the de'il in a band,
Sir Gyle.

Lo, he comes with a lote ⁴

As he were holden in the throat.

I may not sit at my note

A hand long while.

Mak. Will ye hear what fare she makes to get her
a glose, ⁵

And do nought but lakis and close her toes. ⁶

Uxor. Why, who wanders, who wakes, who comes,
who goes?

Who brews, who bakes? what makes me thus hose?

And than,

It is ruth to behold,

Now in hot, now in cold,

Full woful is the household

That wants a womán.

But what ends has thou made with the hyrdés, ⁷ Mak?

Mak. The last words that they said, when I turned
my back,

They would look that they have their sheep all the pack.

I hope they will not be well payed, ⁸ when they their
sheep lack,

Perdéd.

Chefe (French "achever"), attain an object. The shepherd having dismissed Mak with a word of contempt, suggests the morning duty of counting the flock to see that none have strayed or been stolen during the night, and the play proceeds to illustrate exactly Milton's picture in "L'Allegro,"

"—every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale;"

where "tells his tale" means, counts the number of his flock; First-English "tæl," a number, as in the "tale of bricks" required of the Israelites in Egypt.

¹ *Store* was a word applied to sheep and cattle, and in Scotland still a "store farm" is a farm chiefly for the pasturage of sheep.

² *Bere*, noise. Icelandic "byre," tempest. The shepherds having left the stage, to meet under the hawthorn, attention is turned to Mak, who is in hot haste at his house-door, to prepare for the impending search.

³ *Weniand*, the waning moon. "Walk in the weniand!" is an exclamation wishing ill luck, for Gill again thinks it is a stranger who is beating at her door. So in the play of "The Resurrection," in the Wakefield series, Caiaphas says to the centurion who tells the miracle—

"Wend forth in the weniand,
And hold still thy clatter."

⁴ *Lote*, face. First-English "hleor," the face; Icelandic "læti," manner. So when in the old poem of "Genesis and Exodus," Joseph's brethren having found their money in their sacks, return and are brought before him with sad faces, it is said that the steward

"—ledde hem alle to Iosepes biri,
Her non hadden tho loten miri."

⁵ *Glose*, a smooth word.

⁶ "And does nothing but play and close her toes," as a cat in a good humour that looks for a caress.

⁷ *Hyrdes*, shepherds. First-English "lyrde," a keeper, shepherd.

⁸ *Payed*, pleased, satisfied.

But howso the game gois,

To me they will suppois,

And make a foul noise,

And cry out upon me.

But thou must do as thou hight.

Uxor. I accord me theretill.

I shall swaddle him right in my cradill.

If it were a greater sleight, yet could I help till.

I will lie down straight. Come hap me.

Mak. I will.

Uxor. Behind.

Come Coll and his marrow,

They will nip us full narrow.

Mak. But I may cry out harrow,

The sheep if they find.

Uxor. Hearken aye when they call: they will come anon.

Come and make ready all, and sing by thine own, ⁹

Sing lullay thou shall, for I must groan,

And cry out by the wall on Mary and John,

For sore.

Sing lullay on fast

When thou hears at the last;

And but I play a false cast, ¹⁰

Trust me no more.

Tertius Pastor. Ah, Coll, good morn: why sleeps
thou not?

Primus Pastor. Alas, that ever was I born! we have
a foul blot.

A fat wether have we lorn.

Tertius Pastor. Mary, God's forbot.

Secundus Pastor. Who should do us that scorn? that
were a foul spot.

Primus Pastor. Some shrew.

I have sought with my dogs

All Horbury shrogs ¹¹

And of fifteen hogs ¹²

Found I but one ewe.

Tertius Pastor. Now trow me if ye will, by Saint
Thomas of Kent,

Either Mak or Gill was at that assent.

Primus Pastor. Peace, man, be still; I saw when he
went.

Thou slanderes him ill; thou ought to repent,
Good speed.

Secundus Pastor. Now as ever might I the, ¹³

If I should even here de,

I should say it were he,

That did that same deed.

Tertius Pastor. Go we thither I red, and run on
our feet.

Shall I never eat bread, the sooth to I wit. ¹⁴

⁹ By thine own, to thyself.

¹⁰ If I do not play them a false trick.

¹¹ *Horbury shrogs.* Horbury is the name of a village two or three miles from Wakefield. Scroggs, "shroges," is a name for common ground with low brushwood on it. "Scrog" is Northern English for a stunted shrub. So in Gavin Douglas's prologue to the ninth Book of the *Æneid*—

"Full litill it wald delite

To write of scroggis, broym, haddir or rammale"—

("to write of stunted shrubs, broom, heather or twigs").

¹² Hogs, sheep one year old.

¹³ The, thrive. First-English "theón," to thrive.

¹⁴ The sooth to I wit, till I know the truth.

Primus Pastor. Nor drink in my head with him till I meet.

Secundus Pastor. I will rest in no stead, till that I him greet,

My brother,
One I will hight:
Till I see him in sight
Shall I ne'er sleep one night
There¹ I do another.

Tertius Pastor. Will ye hear how they hack?
Our syre list croon.

Primus Pastor. Heard I never none crack
So clear out of tune.
Call on him.

Secundus Pastor. Mak! undo your door soon,

Mak. Who is that spak, as it were noon
A loft?

Who is that I say?

Tertius Pastor. Good fellows, were it day.

Mak. As far as ye may,

Good, speakis soft

O'er a sick woman's head, that is at malease,
I had liever be dead or she had any disease.³

Uxor. Go to another stead; I will not well wheeze.
Each foot that ye trode goes thorough my nese.
So hee!

Primus Pastor. Tell us, Mak, if ye may,
How fare ye, I say?

Mak. But are ye in this town to-day?

Now how fare ye?

Ye have run in the mire, and are wet yit:
I shall make you a fire, if ye will sit.
A nurse would I hire; think ye on yit,
Well quit is my hire, my dream this is it.

A season,

I have bairns, if ye knew,

Well mo than enew:

But we must drink as we brew,

And that is but reason.

I would ye dinid ere ye yode:⁴ methink that ye sweat.

Secundus Pastor. Nay, neither mendis our mode, drink nor meat.

Mak. Why, sir, ailis you ought but good?

Tertius Pastor. Yes, our sheep that we get,
Are stolen as they yode. Our loss is great.

Mak. Sirs, drinkis.

Had I been thore

Some should have bought it full sore.

Primus Pastor. Mary, some men trows that ye wore,⁵
And that us forthinkis.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, some men trows that it should be ye.

¹ There, where. One thing he promises, that he will so follow up Mak as never to sleep two nights in the same place until he find him. Then all three, after excited running about, are supposed to come to Mak's door, at which they listen. Within, Mak, as his wife bade him, is singing lullaby, and one shepherd says,—

² Will ye hear how they hack? (First-English "haccan," to cut, hash), that is, sing out of tune. Sir Thomas More applied the term to hesitating speech, and we still speak in vulgar English of "hacking and hammering" at words, also of a hacking cough. "Will ye hear how they hack? It pleases our sir to croon."

³ Disease, uneasiness, disturbance of ease.

⁴ Yode, went. Mak, having admitted the searchers, affects friendly hospitality, and would have them dine before they go. Is sorry to see the state they are in.

⁵ Some men think that you were, and that gives us mistrust. First-English "treowian," to trust or believe; "forthencan," to mistrust, mistrust, disdain.

Tertius Pastor. Either ye or your spouse; so say we.

Mak. Now if ye have suspowse⁶ to Gyll or to me,
Come and rip our house, and then may ye see

Who had her.

If I any sheep fot,⁷

Either cow or stot:

And Gill, my wife, rose not

Here since she lad her.

As I am and true and leal, to God here I pray,
That this be the first meal that I shall eat this day.

Primus Pastor. Mak, as have I ceylle,⁸ arise thee,
I say,

He learned timely to steal that could not say nay.

Uxor. I swelt!

Out, thieves, from my wonis!⁹

Ye come to rob us for the nonis.

Mak. Hear ye not how she gronis?

Your heartis should melt.

Uxor. Out, thieves, from my barn! nigh him not thore.¹⁰

Mak. Wist ye how she had farn,¹¹ your hearts would be sore.

Ye do wrong, I you warn, that thus comis before
To a woman that has farne! but I say no more.

Uxor. Ah, my medylle!

I pray to God so mild,

If ever I you beguiled,

That I eat this child

That lies in this credylle.

Mak. Peace, woman, for God's pain, and cry not so:
Thou spills thy brain, and makis me full wo.

Secundus Pastor. I trow our sheep be slain, what find ye two?

Tertius Pastor. All work we in vain: as well may we go.

But hatters¹²

I can find no flesh,

Hard nor nesh,¹³

Salt nor fresh:

But two toom¹⁴ platters.

Quick cattle but this, tame nor wild,

None, as have I bliss, as loud as he smiled.

Uxor. No, so God me bless, and give me joy of my child.

Primus Pastor. We have markéd amiss: I hold us beguiled.

Secundus Pastor. Sir, done.

Sir, our lady him save,

Is your child a knave?¹⁵

Mak. Any lord might him have

This child to his son.

When he wakens he kippis,¹⁶ that joy is to see.

Tertius Pastor. In good time to his hippis,¹⁷ and in cele.¹⁸

⁶ Suspowse, suspicion.

⁷ Fot, fetched or carried.

⁸ As have I ceylle, as have I (First-English "sæ'l") prosperous time, or blessing; analogous to "as I hope to be saved," or "so may I thrive."

⁹ Wonis, dwelling.

¹⁰ Out, thieves, from my child! do not go near to him there!

¹¹ Farn, fared. "If you knew how it had gone with her." First-English "faran," to go; past participle "faren."

¹² But hatters, except spiders. Two shepherds here return from a search over Mak's premises.

¹³ Nesh, soft, tender.

¹⁴ Toom, empty.

¹⁵ Knave, boy. As German "knabe."

¹⁶ Kippis, catches. Icelandic "kippa," to pull or snatch.

¹⁷ In Yorkshire an infant's napkins are called hippings.

¹⁸ Cele, First-English "sæ'l," prosperous time. See Note 8.

But who was his gossypis,¹ so soon rede?

Mak. So fair fall their lips.

Primus Pastor. Hark now, a lee.²

Mak. So God them thank,
Parkin, and Gibbon Waller, I say,
And gentle John Horn, in good fay,
He made all the garray,³

With the great shank.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, friends will we be, for we are
all one.

Mak. We! now I hold for me, for mends get I none.⁴
Farewell all three: all glad were ye gone.

Tertius Pastor. Fair words may there be, but love
there is none

This year.

Primus Pastor. Gave ye the child anything?

Secundus Pastor. I trow not one farthing.

Tertius Pastor. Fast again will I fling:

Abide ye me there.

Mak, take it to no grief, if I come to thy barne.

Mak. Nay, thou does me great reprimand, and foul has
thou farne.

Tertius Pastor. The child will it not grieve, that little
day starne.⁵

Mak, with your leave, let me give your barne
But sixpence.

Mak. Nay, do way: he sleeps.

Tertius Pastor. Methink he peeps.

Mak. When he wakens he weeps.

I pray you go hence.

Tertius Pastor. Give me leave him to kiss, and lift up
the clout.—

What the devil is this? He has a long snout!

Primus Pastor. He is markid amiss.—We wait ill
about.

Secundus Pastor. Ill spun weft, iwis,⁶ ay comis foul
out.

Ay, so?

He is like to our sheep.

Tertius Pastor. How, Gib! may I peep?

Primus Pastor. I trow, kind will creep

Where it may not go.

Secundus Pastor. This was a quaint gawd⁷ and a far
cast.

It was a high fraud.

Tertius Pastor. Yea, sirs, was't.

Let bren this bawd, and bind her fast.

A false skawd⁸ hang at the last;

So shall thou.—

Will ye see how they swaddle

His four feet in the middle?

Saw I never in a cryddle

A hornid lad ere now!

Mak. Peace bid I: what! let be your fare;

I am he that him gat, and yon woman him bare.

Primus Pastor. What de'il shall he hat, Mak?⁹ Lo,
Mak's heir.

Secundus Pastor. Let be all that. Now God give
him care,

I sagh.¹⁰

Uxor. A pretty child is he

As sits on a woman's knee;

A dilly down, perdé,

To gar¹¹ a man lagh.¹²

Tertius Pastor. I know him by the ear mark: that is
a good token.

Mak. I tell you, sirs, hark: his nose was broken.

Sithen told me a clerk, that he was forsoken.¹³

Primus Pastor. This is a false wark. I would fain
be wroken.

Get weapon.

Uxor. He was taken with an elf:

I saw it myself.

When the clock struck twelf

Was he forshapen.

Secundus Pastor. Ye two are well feft, sam in a stede.¹⁴

Tertius Pastor. Syn they maintain their theft, let do
them to dede.¹⁵

Mak. If I trespass eft, gird off my head.

With you will I be left.

Primus Pastor. Sirs, do my rede.

For this trespass,

We will neither ban ne flite,

Fight nor chite,

But have done as tite,

And cast him in canvas.

Lord, what I am sore, in point for to brist.

In faith I may no more, therefore will I rist.

Secundus Pastor. As a sheep of seven score he weighed
in my fist.

For to sleep aywhore, methink that I list.

Tertius Pastor. Now I pray you,

Lie down on this green.

Primus Pastor. On these thefts yet I mene.¹⁶

Tertius Pastor. Whereto should ye tene?¹⁷

Do, as I say you.

Angelus cantat "Gloria in excelsis:" *postea dicat.*¹⁸

Angelus. Rise, herdmen hend, for now is he born

That shall take from the fiend that Adam had lorn:

That warlow to shend, this night is he born.

⁹ What shall he be called, Mak? (First-English "hátan," to name.) The unrolling of the sheep having proceeded on the stage amidst the laughter of the people, when unrolled it is held up for admiration as Mak's boy, "Lo, Mak's heir!"

¹⁰ Sagh, say:

¹¹ Gar, make.

¹² Lagh, laugh.

¹³ Forsoken, bewitched.

¹⁴ Feft, in right possession; sam in a stede, together in one place. "You are well matched couple to live together."

¹⁵ Do them to dede, put them to death. Mak is willing to have his head struck off if he trespasses again, and submits himself to the shepherds. Then the (rede) counsel of the First Shepherd is that they neither (ban ne flyte) curse nor scold, fight nor chide, but have done with the matter (as tyte) as soon as possible, and settle with Mak by tossing him in a blanket, casting him in canvas. This they do till they are tired, and then lie down to rest. Upon their rest breaks the Angel's song.

¹⁶ Mene, meditate. First-English "mænan," consider, have in mind.

¹⁷ Tene, vex yourself. First-English "tynan," to irritate, vex.

¹⁸ The Angel sings "Glory to God in the highest:" afterwards he shall say:

¹ Gossippis, sponsors.

² Lee, lie.

³ Garray, preparation. First-English "gearo," ready.

⁴ The shepherds are leaving, and Mak refuses them a friendly parting, but stands on his dignity, since there is no apology or compensation for the insult he has suffered in having his house searched as if he were a sheepstealer.

⁵ Day starne, day-star.

⁶ Iwis, certainly.

⁷ Gawd. See Note 21, page 5.

⁸ Skawd, scold.



THE ANGEL'S SONG AT THE NATIVITY. (From Cotton MS., Tiberius, B. v.)

The play now passes on to the shepherds' reception of the tidings of the birth of Christ, their homage and their offering of simple gifts to the infant Jesus.

Moralities began to be acted among us in the reign of Henry VI., and, like the Miracle Plays, survived until the reign of Elizabeth. In a Morality some lesson of duty was taught by personified qualities, without artful development of a story. Take for example

HYCKE-SCORNER,

of which the old black-letter copy, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, gave woodcuts of the characters. These were engraved in Thomas Hawkins' "Origin of the English Drama," and are here repeated. First enters Pity, who blesses the audience, tells his name,



PITY.

says that he sprang from the bosom of Christ and lived in the heart of Mary, and on the cross made man's errand to be sped, "or elles man for ever should have been forlorn."

Charity and I of true love leads the double reign,

Whoso me loveth damnéd ne'er shall be.

Of some virtuous company I would be fain,

For all that will to heaven needs must come by me,

Chief porter I am in that heavenly city.

And now here will I rest me a little space,

Till it please Jesu of his grace

Some virtuous fellowship for to send.

Then enters Contemplation, and describes himself. His name is written foremost in the Book of Life, and he is "brother to Holy Church that is our Lord's wife."

John Baptist, Antony, and Jerome, with many mo,

Followed me here in holt, heath, and in wilderness;

I, ever with them, went where they did go,

Night and day toward the way of rightwiseness;

I am the chief lantern of all holiness;

Of prelatés and priestés, I am their patrón;

No armuréd so strong in no distress,

Habergón, helmé, ne yet no jeltron.

To fight with Satan, I am the champion

That dare abide and manfully stand;

Fiends fly awayé where they see me come.

But I will shew you why I came to this land;

For to preach and teach, of Goddés truth saws

Against Vice that doth rébel 'gainst Him and His laws.

Pity.

God speed, good brother! from whence came you now?

Contemplation.

Sir, I came from Perseveráncé to seek you.

Pity.

Why, sir, know you me?

Contemplation.

Yea, sir, and have done long; your name is Pitý,

Pity.

Your name fain would I know.

Contemplation.

Indeed I am calléd Contemplation,

That uses to live solitarily;

In woods and in wilderness I walk alone,

Because I would say my prayers devoutly:

I love not with me to have much company.

But Perseveráncé oft with me doth meet

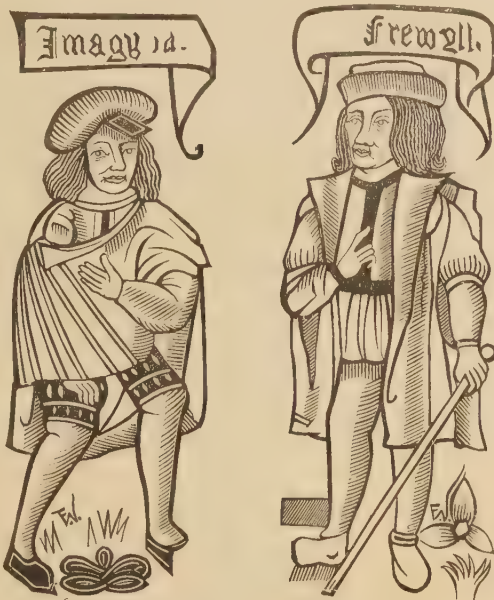
When I think on thoughts that is full heavenly.

Perseverance, therefore, is expected shortly, and does presently enter and declare himself. The three

whom he calls. Then enters Imagination, and tells how he has just come from sitting in the stocks for



CONTEMPLATION AND PERSEVERANCE.



IMAGINATION AND FREEWILL.

Virtues having welcomed one another, Perseverance asks Pity for news—

Pity.

Sir, such as I can I shall shew you:
I have heard many men complain piteously.
They say they be smitten with the sword of povertý,
In every placé where I do go:
Few friends povertý doth find,
And these rich men ben unkind;
For their neighbours they will nought do.

Other tidings of ill times are added, Contemplation is told that there are few or none left—even of the priests—who will meddle with him. Contemplation then parts from his friends; he has a great errand elsewhere, and must be gone, but he hopes to come again. Immediately upon the departure of Contemplation, one of the Vices—Freewill—comes upon the scene, with much pretension. Room must be made for him:

What, sirs, I tell you my name is Freewill,
I may choose whether I do good or ill;
But for all that I will do as me list.
My condition ye know not perdé,
I can fight, chide, and be merrý;
Full soon of my company ye would be weary
An ye knew all.
What, fill the cup and make good cheer,
I trow I have a noble here!
Who lent it me?

his misdeeds, and suffered under the lash of a catch-pole who had taken also his purse.

By'r leave he left me no'er a penný:
So, nought have I but a buckle,
And yet I can imagine things subtle
For to get money plenty.
In Westminster Hall every term I am,
To me is kin many a great gentlemán,
I am knowen in every countré.
An I were dead, the lawyer's thrift were lost,
For this will I do if men would do cost,
Prove right wrong, and all by reason;
And make men lose both house and land,
For all that they can do, in a little season.
'Peach men of treason privily I can;
And when me list to hang a true man,
If they will me money tell
Thieves I can help out of prisón,
And into lord's favour I can get me soon,
And be of their privý counsél.
But, Freewill, my dear brother,
Saw you nought of Hicke-scorner?
He promised me to come hither.

Freewill.

Why, sir, knowest thou him?

Imagination.

Yea, yea, man; he is full nigh of my kin,
And in Newgate we dwelled together,
For he and I were both shackled in a fetter.

And so Freewill proceeds to lively picturing of his dissolute life with Imagination for his comrade, after

Then follow suggestions of the much hanging of thieves on the "great frame" that standeth at

Tyburn. But, says Imagination, they suffer because they—

Could not convey¹ clean;

For an they could have carried by craft as I can,
In process of years each of them should be a gentlemán,
Yet as for me I was never a thief.
If my hands were smitten off, I could steal with my
teeth;

For, ye know well, there is craft in daubing,
I can look in a man's face and pick his purse,
And tell new tidings that was never true iwis,
For my hood is all linéd with leasing.

Freewill.

Yea, but went ye never to Tyburn a pilgrimáge?

Imagination.

No iwis; nor none of my lináge:
For we be clerkés all, and can our neckverse;²
And with an ointment the judges' hand I can grease
That will heal sores that be uncuráble.

Freewill.

Why, were ye never found reprováble?

Imagination.

Yes, onés I stole a horse in the feld,
And leapt on him for to have ridden my way,
At the last a bailie me met and beheld,
And bade me stand. Then was I in affray.
He asked me, whither with that horse would I gon?
And then I told him, it was mine own.
He said, I had stolen him; I said, Nay:
"This is," said he, "my brother's hacknáy!"
For an I had not 'scused me without fail,
By our lady, he would have led me straight to jail.
And then I told him, the horse was like mine,
A brown bay, a long mane, and did halt behine,
Thus I told him, that such another horse I did lack;
(And yet I never saw him, nor came on his back.)
So I delivered him the horse again,
And when he was gone then was I fain;
For an I had not scused me the better
I know well I should have danced in a fetter.³

Freewill.

And said he no more to thee but so?

Imagination.

Yes, he pretended me much harm to do.
But I told him—that morning was a great mist,
That what horse it was I ne wist:
Also I said that in my head I had the megrine
That madé me dazzle so in mine eyne

That I mighté not well see,
And thus he departed shortly from me.

Freewill.

Yea, but where is Hicke-scorner now?

Imagination.

Some of these young men hath hid him in
Their bosoms, I warrant ye.
Let us make a cry, that he may us hear.

Freewill.

How now, Hicke-scorner, appear!
I trow thou be hid in some cornere.

Hicke-scorner.

Ale the helm ale ver shot of vere sayle vera.

Freewill.

What is that, hark, he is a ship on the sea.

Hicke-scorner.

God speed, God speed; who calléd after me?



HICKE-SCORNER.

Imagination.

What, brother, welcome by this precious bodý,
I am glad that I you see,
'Twas toldé me that ye were hanged:
But out of what countrý come ye?

Hicke-scorner.

Sirs, I have been in many a countrý,
As in France, Ireland and in Spain,
Portugal, Seville also in Almaine;
Friesland, Flanders, and in Burgoyne,
Calabre, Poyle and Arragoyne,
Britain, Biscay and also in Gascoyne,
Naplés, Greece, and in mids of Scotland,
At Cape Saint Vincént and in the New found island,
I have been in Gene and in Cowe,
Also in the land of Rumbelow

¹ As Pistol says, "Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase."

² Can our neckverse, know our neckverse. In old time, when the clergy claimed to be exempt from civil jurisdiction, one who pleaded that he was clerk was demanded by his ordinary, and escaped capital or corporal punishment by the civil arm. The evidence that came to be accepted as sufficient to give benefit of clergy was ability to read a verse out of the Bible. As the reading of it saved a man from hanging, it was called his neckverse. Benefit of clergy underwent various modifications, but the ceremony of reading was not abolished until the reign of Queen Anne, and the whole usage was only abolished in the reign of George IV.

³ Danced in a fetter, been hanged in chains. Much smaller thefts than horse-stealing were then capital offences.

Three mile out of hell,
At Rhodes, Constantine, and in Babyllonde,
In Cornewall and in Northumberlonde,
Where men see the rushes in gruel,
Yea, sir, in Chaldee, Tartar and Ind,
And in the land of women that few men doth find,
In all these countries have I be.

Freewill.

Sir, what tidings have ye now on the sea?

Hicke-scorner.

We met of shippés a great navy
Full of people that would into Irelánd;
And they came out of this countrý:
They will never more come to Englánd.

Imagination.

Whence were the ships of them? knowest thou none?

Hicke-scorner gives a list of ships with such names as Michael, Gabriel, George, "the star of Saltash," with the Jesus of Plymouth; having on board all the good monks and nuns, Truth and his kinsmen, Patience, Meekness and Humility, Soberness, Charity, Good Conscience, and Devotion—

True buyers and sellers and almsdeed doers,
Piteous people, that be of sin destroyers,
With just Abstinence and Good Counsellors,
Mourners for sin with lamentation,
And good rich men that help folk out of prison;
True Wedlock was there also
With young men that ever in prayer did go,
The ships were laden with such unhappy company.
But at the last God shope a remedy:
For they all in the sea were drowned,
And on a quicksand they struck to the ground;
The sea swallowed them every one,
I wot well alive there escapéd none.

Imagination.

So, now my heart is glad and merry,
For joy now let us sing derry, derry.

Hicke-scorner.

Fellows, they shall ne'er more us withstand,
For I see them all drowned in the race of Irelánd.

Freewill.

Yea, but yet hark, Hicke-scorner,
What company was in your ship that came o'er?

Hicke-scorner.

Sir, I will said you to understand
There were good fellows above five thousand,
And all they ben kin to us three.
There was Falsehood, Favel¹ and Jollitý,
Yea, thieves, with other good company,
Liars, backbiters, and flatterers the while,
* * * * *
With many other of the devil's officers,
And Hatred, that is so mighty and strong,
Hath made a vow for e'er to dwell in Englánd.

Then Hicke-scorner, answering questions, says that

the ship he came in was of London, a great and mighty vessel called the Envy—

The owner of her is calléd Ill Will

Brother to Jack Potter of Shooter's Hill;

and his own place in it was as keeper of a shop of sensuality. Imagination is delighted at the news, and foresees for himself happy days of license and robbery. But Freewill offends Imagination lightly, and the Vices show their quality in quarrel with each other. Hicke-scorner cries out on Imagination—

Help, help, for the passion of my soul,
He hath made a great hole in my poll
That all my wit is set to the ground!
Alas, a leech for to help my wound!

Then Imagination is falling upon his brother Vice, Freewill, when Pity enters upon the scene of riot—

Pity.

Peace, peace, sirs, I command you.

Imagination.

Avaunt, old churl! whence comest thou?
An thou make too much, I shall break thy brow
And send thee home again.

Pity.

Ah, good sir, the peace I would have kept fain;
Mine office is, to see no man slain,
And where they do amiss to give them good counsél
Sin to forsake, and Goddés law them tell.

Imagination.

Ah, sir, I weenéd thou'dst been drowned and gone;
But I have spied that there escapéd one.

Hicke-scorner.

Imagination, do by the counsel of me,
Be agreed with Freewill, and let us good fellows be;
And then as for this churl Pity,
Shall curse the time that e'er he came to land.

Imagination.

Brother Freewill, give me your hand.

So the Vices are agreed against Pity, and Imagination undertakes to pick a quarrel with him—

Make him a thief, and say he did steal
Of mine, forty pound in a bag.

Now Pity is scorned, accused, and insulted by Hicke-scorner and his companions, the Vices. They charge him with theft, fetter him, and bind him with a halter. Pity warns them in vain against false witness, and reminds Imagination in vain that—

When Death with his mace doth you arrest,
We all to him owe suit and service,
For the ladder of life he will thee down threst,
Then mastership may not help nor great office.

¹ Favel, flattery.

Freewill.

What, Death! an he were he should sit by thee;
Trow'st thou he be able to strive with us three?
Nay; nay; nay.

Imagination.

Well, fellows, now let us go our way,
For at Shooter's Hill we've a game to play.

Hicke-scorner.

Good faith, I will tarry no longer space.

Freewill.

Beshrow him for me that's last out of this place!

So the Vices depart, leaving Pity bound, to bear
all patiently, and lament at length over the corrup-
tions of the time, with a recurring burden to his
lament,—“worse was it never.”

Alas, now is lechery called love indeed,
And murder named manhood in every need,
Extortion is calléd law, so God me speed:—
Worse was it never.

* * * * *

There be many great scornors.
For sin be few mourners;
We've but few true lovers
In no place now-a-days.

Mayors and gentlemen bear hard against truth,
instead of correcting sin. God punishes with sore
sicknesses, men die suddenly of pestilence—

There be some sermons made by noble doctors;
But truly the fiend doth stop men's ears,
For God nor good man some people not fears:—
Worse was it never.
All truth is not best said,
And our preachers now-a-days be half afraid.
When we do amend God would be well apayed:—
Worse was it never.

The other Virtues, Contemplation and Perseverance, now join Pity, who tells them how he has been bound in irons by three perilous men. They unbind him. Perseverance is resolved, if the Vices return, to exhort them to virtuous living, and bring them to good life by the help of Contemplation. Contemplation counsels Pity—

Do my counsel, brother Pity:
Go you, and seek them through the country,
In village, town, borough and city,
Throughout all the realm of Englonde;
When you them meet, lightly them arrest,
And in prison put them fest.
Bind them sure in irons strong,
For they be so fast and sotile
That they will you beguile
And do true men wrong.

Perseverance.

Brother Pity, do as he hath said,
In every quarter look you espy,
And let good watch for them be laid
In all the haste that thou can, and that privily;

For an they come hither they shall not 'scape
For all the craft that they can make.

Pity.

Well, then will I hie me as fast as I may
And travel through every country;
Good watch shall be laid in every way
That they steal not into sanctuary.
Now farewell, brethren, and pray for me,
For I must go hence indeed.

Perseverance.

Now God be your good speed.

Contemplation.

And ever you defend when you have need.

Pity.

Now brethren both, I thanké you.

But as soon as Pity has gone, Freewill enters with
boasting to Perseverance and Contemplation, who are
left upon the stage.

Freewill.

Make you room for a gentleman, sirs, and peace;
Dieugarde, seigneurs, tout le preasse,
And of your jangling if you will cease,
I will tell you where I have been:

He tells in detail how he has been in Newgate
for stealing a cup from a tavern, but was released by
Imagination with help of a hundred pounds cunningly
stolen from an apothecary.

And now will I dance and make royal cheer!
But I would Imagination were here,
For he is peerless at need;
Labour to him, sirs, if ye will your matters speed.
Now will I sing and lustily spring!
But when my fetters on my legs did ring
I was not glad, perdé; but now—Hey, trolly, lolly!
Let us see who can descant on this same:
To laugh and get money it were a good game.
What! whom have we here?
A priest, a doctor, or else a frere.
What, Master Doctor Dotypoll.¹
Cannot you preach well in a black bowl?
Or dispute any divinity?
If ye be cunning, I will put it in prefe:
Good sir, why do men eat mustard with beef?
By question can you assoil me?

Perseverance.

Peace, man, thou talkest lewedly,
And of thy living, I rede, amend thee.

Freewill.

Avaunt, caitiff, dost thou *thou*² me!
I am come of good kin I tell thee.

¹ Dotypoll, dodipol, stupid-head; the dot being the prefix from which a bird is named for its ascribed stupidity Dottrel. Dotypoll is what Skelton, in “Colin Clout,” calls “Doctor Daupatus.” Latimer writes, “Some will say our curate is naught, an ass-head, a dodypoll.” Ben Jonson, in “The Devil is an Ass,” has a Wittipol. A comedy of “The Wisdom of Dr. Dodypole” was printed in 1600.

² Dost thou thou me? In old days, and still in Shakespeare's time, the use of the plural as a pronoun of respect was customary in English

Freewill boasts of corrupt ancestry, is detained by Contemplation and Perseverance—

For thou troubled Pity, and laid on him felony.
Where is Imagination, thy fellow that was?

Freewill.

I defy you both. Will you arrest me?

Perseverance.

Nay, nay, thy great words may not help thee,
From us thou shalt not escape.

Freewill.

Make room, sirs, that I may break his pate!
I will not be taken, for them both.

Contemplation.

Thou shalt abide, wh'er thou be lief or loth;
Therefore, good son, listen unto me,
And mark those wordes that I do tell thee:
Thou'st follow'd thine own will many a day,
And lived in sin without amendment;
Therefore in thy conceit assay
To ask God mercy and keep his commandment
That on thee He will have pity,
And bring thee to Heaven, that joyful city.

Freewill is very restive at the voice of Contemplation. If his pleasures were in hell, he would run thither for them. Perseverance and Contemplation reason with Freewill, who boasts and bullies, draws wit from his experience in Newgate, plays with the risk of voyages to Shooter's Hill in search of fortune.

But yet we have a sure channel at Westminster,
A thousand ships of thieves therein may ride sure;
For if they may have anchor hold, and great spending,
They may live as merry as any king.

Perseverance.

God wot, sir, there is a piteous living!
Then ye dread not the great Master above:
Son, forsake thy amiss for His love,
And then mayst thou come to the bliss also.

Freewill.

Why, what would you that I should do?

Contemplation.

For to go toward Heaven.

Freewill.

Mary, an you will me thither bring
I would do after you.

Freewill now begins to repent, he presently asks mercy for his past sin, which he forsakes, is told that he needs no new name,

For all that will to heaven hie,
By his own freewill he must forsake folly,
Then is he sure and safe.

Contemplation robes him in a new garment, and he resolves never to leave the side of Perseverance. Then enters

Imagination.

Huff, huff, huff! Who sent after me?
I am Imagination, full of jollity.
Lord, that my heart is light!
When shall I perish? I trow never.

Continuing in this strain, he asks presently after his friend Freewill, and recognises him with astonishment in his changed dress.

What, Freewill, my own fere,¹
Art thou out of thy mind?

Freewill.

God grant the way to heaven that I may find,
For I forsake thy company

Imagination, with many an interspersed oath, wonders as Freewill calls upon him to forsake his sin, and tells how Contemplation and Perseverance have been counselling. Then the two Virtues counsel Imagination also, and tell him of the love of Christ. What is that to him, he asks,

I was ten year in Newgate,
And many more fellows with me sate,
Yet he never came there to help me, ne my company.

Contemplation.

Yes, he holp thee, or thou haddest not been here now.

Imagination.

By the mass I cannot shew you,
For he and I never drank together,
Yet I know many an alestake.²

He is still urged by Perseverance to seek heaven, and answers with stubborn derision, till Freewill asks—

Imagination, wilt thou do by the counsel of me?

Imagination.

Yea, sir, by my truth, whatsoever it be.

Freewill.

Amend you, for my sake,
It is better betimes than too late.
How say you? Will you Godde's hests fulfil?

Imagination.

I will do, sir, even as you will.
But, I pray you, let me have a new coat
When I have need, and in my purse a groat,
Then will I dwell with you still.

¹ Fere, comrade.

² Alestake, a pole or stake, with a garland or bunch of twigs at the end of it, was once the sign of an open house of entertainment. The custom gave rise to the phrase still used for keeping open house, "hanging out the broom."

as in other countries, and there was in conversation a distinction between "you" and "thou" like that still made in France between "vous" and "tu," or in Germany between "sie" and "du." It was still customary in the time of Charles I., when the Quakers opposed it as a piece of vain insincerity, and adopted "thou" in addressing any single person. The good sense of the English people has since done all that the Society of Friends desired, by turning the plural pronoun into a singular, and applying it equally to persons of all ranks. We say to a Duke "your Grace" and to a sweep "your broomstick."

Freewill.

Beware; for when thou art buried in the ground
Fewé friendés for thee will be found.
Remember this still.

Imagination.

No thing I dread so sore as death,
Therefore to amend I think it be time.

Then he also asks mercy for his sins, is clothed anew, named anew Good Remembrance, and exhorted by Freewill to wait on Perseverance, while Freewill shall dwell with Contemplation.

Contemplation.

Well, are ye so both agreed?

Imagination.

Yea, sir, so God me speed.

Perseverance

Sir, ye shall wait on me soon,
And be God's servant day and night,
And in every place where ye become
Give good counsél to every wight:
An men ask your name, tell you—*Remembrance*,
That Goddé's law keep truly every day;
And look that ye forget not repentáncé,
Then to Heaven ye shall go the next way;
Where ye shall see in the heavenly quere
The blessed company of saints so holý,
That livéd devoutly while they were here:

Unto the which bliss I beseech God Almighty
To bring there your souls that here be present,
And unto virtuous living that ye may apply,
Truly for to keep his commandémént.

Of all our mirthés here we make an end:
Unto the bliss of heaven Jesu your souls bring,

AMEN.

This, it will be seen, is a sermon in the form of acted allegory, not a play; and the true drama cannot in any sense be said to have risen out of the Morality. There is, however, a sense in which its rise was assisted by the development of another early form of entertainment through personation of characters, the Interlude. To represent any jest or serious thought in action that would help some great lord to entertain his guests agreeably for an hour during the banquet or dessert after their dinner, came to be in many a large household the care of some of the great retinue of servants. A few of them with skill for mimicry would make it a chief business to perform such pieces; and as the custom spread, the writing of these "Interludes" became a part of literature in the days of Henry VIII. John Heywood was most famous as a producer of them. John Heywood, perhaps born at North Mims in Hertfordshire, was a Roman Catholic, and one of the friends of Sir Thomas More, who introduced him to Henry VIII. He retained his post at court under Edward VI. and Mary, and died abroad in 1565. For John Heywood's Interlude of

THE FOUR P's,

Four servants of the household, having learnt their parts, would attire themselves severally as a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedlar. During the banquet Palmer entered, and began to speak thus:—

Now God be here. Who keepeth this place?
Now, by my faith, I cry you mercie;
Of reason I must sue for grace,
My rudeness show'th me so homelio.
Whereof your pardon asked and won
I sue now, as courtesy doth me bind,
To tell this, which shall be begun
In order as may come best in mind.
I am a Palmer, as you see,
Which of my life much part have spent
In many a far and fair country,
As pilgrims do of good intent.

He proceeds to a long list of the shrines he has visited, and the next actor, who has entered meanwhile, dressed as a Pardoner, says at the end of it all—

And when ye have gone as far as you can,
For all your labour and ghostly intent
Ye will come home as wise as ye went.

Palmer.

Why, sir, despise ye pilgrimago?

Pardoner.

Nay, fore God, sir; then did I rage?
I think ye right well occupied
To seek these suints on every side.
Also your pains I not dispraise it,
But yet I discommend your wit.

And the Pardoner's point of view presently appears. He counts it want of wit

To seek so far, and help so nigh;
Even here at home is remedy:
For at your door myself doth dwell
Who could have saved your soul as well
As all your wide wand'ring shall do,
Though ye went thrice to Jericho.
Now since ye might have sped at home,
What have ye won by running to Rome?

Palmer.

If this be true that you have moved,
Then is my wit indeed reproved.
But let us hear first what ye are.

Pardoner.

Truly I am a Pardoner.

Palmer.

Truly a Pardoner, that may be true,
But a true Pardoner doth not ensue.
Right seld is it seen or never
That Truth and Pardoners dwell together.

The Palmer proceeds to point to the weak side of the Pardoner's calling, which the Pardoner himself magnifies, the last part of his self-glorification being

heard by the actor who has entered while he speaks, in dress of an Apothecary.

Give me but a penny or two pence,
And as soon as the soul departeth hence,
In half an hour, or three-quarters at the most,
The soul is in heaven with the Holy Ghost.

Poticary.

Send ye any souls to heaven by water?

Pardoner.

If we do, sir, what is the matter?

The Apothecary would go with him that way. Palmer and Pardoner, he says, are both knaves beside him, in the way of getting souls to heaven.

No soul, ye know, ent'reth heaven's gate
Till from the body he be separate:
And whom have ye knowen die honestly
Without help of the Poticary?

* * * *

Since of our souls the multitude
I send to heaven, when all viewed
Who should best then altogether
Have thank of all their coming thither.

Pardoner.

If ye killed a thousand in an hour space,
When come they to heaven dying out of grace?



THE APOTHECARY.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*."

Poticary.

But if a thousand pardons about your neck were tied,
When come they to heaven if they never died?

While they dispute, the fourth P, the Pedlar, enters, and hears the closing declaration to the Poticary, "That at the least ye seem worse than we," and his rejoinder, "By the mass, I hold us nought all three."

Pedlar.

By our Lady, then I have gone wrong;
And yet to be here I thought it long

Poticary.

Brother, ye have gone wrong no whit,
I praise your fortune and your wit
That can direct you so discreetly,
To plant you in this company.
Thou a Palmer, and thou a Pardoner,
I a Poticary.

Pedlar.

And I a Pedlar.

Then the Four P's are disposed for mirth. The Pedlar is asked to tell what is in his pack, and does so. The Pardoner finding the Pedlar much busied with

Gloves, pins, combs, glasses unspotted,
Pomanders, hooks, and laces unknotted,

wishes to ask

What causeth this

That women after their uprising,
Be so long in their appareling?

Pedlar.

Forsooth, women have many lets,
And they be mask'd in many nets,
As front-lets, fil-lets, part-lets, and braco-lets,
And then their bon-nets and their poy-nets.
By these lets and nets, the let is such
That speed is small when haste is much.

When the Pedlar invites his comrades to buy, the Palmer answers,

Nay, by my troth, we be like friars;
We are but beggars, we be no buyers.

Pedlar.

Well, though this journey acquit no cost,
Yet think I not my labour lost:
For by the faith of my body
I like full well this company.
Up shall this pack, for it is plain
I came not hither for all gain.
Who may not play one day in a week
May think his thrift far to seek.
Devise what pastime that ye think best,
And make ye sure to find me prest.¹

Then follows some lively burlesque talk, introducing any four-part song they wish to sing. The Pardoner thinks the song idle, and revives his argument with the Palmer and Poticary as to the relative worth of their callings. The three shall contend on the matter, and the Pedlar shall be judge. The Pedlar comes to a conclusion that he is unfit for a judge upon the greater matters, but finds they have all one excellence in common, in which he himself boasts skill enough to be a judge, and that is lying. Let them contest for pre-eminence in that.

Palmer.

Sir, for lying, though I can do it,
Yet am I loth for to go to it.

¹ Prest, ready. French "*prêt*."

Pedlar.

Ye have no cause to fear, behold,
For ye may lie uncontrolled.

* * * *

Ye need not care who shall begin:
For each of you may hope to win.

They agree, and the Poticary, confident of victory,
hops with delight.

Palmer.

Here were a hopper to hop for the ring!
But, sir, this gear go'th not by hopping.

Poticary.

Sir, in this hopping I will hop so weel
That my tongue shall hop better than my heel:
Upon which hopping I hope, and not doubt it,
To hop so that ye shall hop without it.

The trial of skill is prefaced with absurdities from the Pardoner in praise of his pretended relics, interrupted constantly by playful comments from the others. Next comes the Poticary, with like praise of his physicks. Then the Poticary is called on to open with his master lie. The Pardoner says to him,

I am content that thou lie first.

Palmer.

Even so am I; now say thy worst.
Now let us hear of all thy lies
The greatest lie thou may'st devise,
And in the fewest words thou can.

Poticary.

Forsooth, you are an honest man.

Pedlar.

There said he much, but yet no lie.

Pardoner.

Now lie ye both, by our Lady.
Thou liest in boast of his honesty;
And he hath lied in affirming thee.

Poticary.

If we both lie, and you say true,
Then of these lies, your part adieu.

They proceed to work more puzzle out of this, and the Pedlar resolves finally

That each of you one tale shall tell,
And which of you tell'th most marvell
And most unlikest to be true,
Shall most prevail, whate'er ensue.

Then the Poticary tells an extravagant story of a cure of the living body; the Pardoner caps it with an extravagant story of his visit to purgatory and hell for the recovery of a dead soul. Being the soul of a woman, it was granted readily by Satan, who said,

And if thou wouldst have twenty mo,
Wert not for justice they should go,
For all the devils within this den
Have more to do with two women
Than with all the charge we have beside.
Wherefore if thou our friend wilt be tried
Apply thy pardons to women so,
That unto us there come no mo.

When the Palmer's turn comes he begins with comment on the Pardoner's story, and expresses great wonderment at the complaint of the devils that they find women so troublesome.

Whereby much marvel to me ensu'th,
That women in hell such shrews can be,
And here so gentle as far as I see.
Yet have I seen many a mile,
And many a woman in the while.
No one good city, town or borough
In Christendom but I've been through,
And this I would ye should understand,
I have seen women five hundred thousand,
And oft with them long time have tarried.
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience.



THE PALMER'S EXPERIENCE.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*."

Poticary.

By the mass, there is a great lie.

Pardoner.

I never heard greater, by our lady.

Pedlar.

A greater! nay, know ye any so great?

So the Palmer wins the award, and the piece ends with a few serious words from the Pedlar on religious duty.

The rudeness of the incidental jesting in this piece indicates the lower social tone that is always associated with a joke welcome to men at the expense of women. When only a few women of the nobility received high intellectual training, and elsewhere throughout society even the poor education given to boys was almost denied to girls, women were really open, through no fault of their own, to jests upon character

unsteadied by developed thought. Their minds really were sick through starvation, when they could be ranged in character even by George Herbert between the sick folks and the passionate. The honest man, sang Herbert, is he

Who when he is to treat

With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way.

Interludes then, as we see, were not true plays; and we shall find that the true modern drama did not arise out of them. But the taste for such entertainments led to the formation and training of skilled companies of actors in the houses of great lords. The skill that pleased in the great hall, pleased also in the servants' hall, and was of a kind that would be welcome elsewhere, and might be exercised with profit, if leave were obtained to amuse public audiences. Leave, therefore, was inevitably sought, and the interludes written for general audiences touched many a question of Church or State in which the people were concerned. Authority then made itself felt, the actors were placed under restrictions, and were liable to penalties for their infringement. And so it was that when, at last, the true plays came in, by a way of their own, there were companies of actors eager to present them.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY AND TRAGEDY: "RALPH ROISTER DOISTER" AND "GORBODUC."—A.D. 1535—A.D. 1562.

THE modern drama had its rise in the Universities of Europe. In the Italian and other Universities the plays of Seneca, Plautus, and Terence were studied by learners of Latin, and at times were acted upon holiday occasions. For occasions of especial interest, as for the entertainment of a princely patron who might visit the University, the wittiest of its Latin scholars would often write original plays, in Latin; constructed in the manner of Seneca when they were tragedies, and when comedies in the manner of Plautus and Terence. This had been usage for some time before it occurred to anybody that such an original play need not add evidence of Latin scholarship to evidence of wit; and that it might be written in the mother-tongue, though it would still be constructed in accordance with a Latin model. In Italy this was first done; indeed, the relation of Italian to Latin had caused some to begin with the experiment of writing plays in Latin words so chosen that an Italian could make out the dialogue. Two such tragedies were written at Padua by Albertino Mussato early in the fourteenth century. The earliest known comedy that was printed in any language of modern Europe was a Latin comedy by Secco Polentone, translated into Italian with its name changed from "*Lusus Ebriorum*" to "*Catinia*," and printed in 1472. In and after 1486 plays of Plautus translated into Italian, and some original plays in Italian, were acted before Duke Ercole I. at Ferrara. One was a

tragedy called "*Panfila*," first printed in 1508; another was a comedy by Boiardo called "*Timone*." Original Latin plays were still produced. One of the most famous, the "*Imber Aureus*" of Antonio Tilesio on the story of Danaë, was acted in 1529, and first printed in 1530. Ariosto wrote his first Italian comedy in 1498. It was in prose, and he turned it into unrhymed verse. The plot was taken, as he said, from "*The Eunuch*" of Terence and "*The Captives*" of Plautus. His other comedies belong to the early years of the sixteenth century. The first Italian tragedy that has kept a place in literature is the "*Sofonisba*" of Giovan Giorgio Trissino, in unrhymed verse, finished in 1515, and printed in 1529. There had been an Italian tragedy of less mark on the same subject by Galotto del Carretto, acted in 1502. Machiavelli, who died in 1527, wrote three comedies in Italian. One of them is from Plautus, one from Terence, and one is of his own invention.

In England no advance had been made beyond imitation of the Latins in Latin plays written by Englishmen, when it occurred, as it would seem, to a head-master of Eton to take the next step. At large public schools, as at the Universities, Latin plays were acted on special occasions. The custom has survived at Westminster, in annual performance of a play of Terence or Plautus before the Christmas holidays. A head-master able to give his boys a Latin play of his own writing to act, probably did so. As head-master of Eton—which office he filled between the years 1534 and 1541—Udall may or may not have substituted such a Latin play of his own for Plautus or Terence at the performance, which usually took place about the time of the feast of St. Andrew; but it seems certainly to have occurred to him that his boys might amuse themselves and their fathers and mothers a great deal more if he wrote them their play in English. Accordingly he appears to have given them "*Ralph Roister Doister*," and possibly one or two more. There is no direct evidence that it was acted at Eton, but some that is indirect, in addition to strong probability. This play could only have been written to be acted; it was not printed until 1566; and its singular freedom from the coarseness that in its time seasoned jesting even before the most select general audience; suggests the schoolmaster's sense of the reverence due to youth, and of what would be unbecoming to his own position. Nicholas Udall was of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in earlier life made teaching of boys his profession. He was about twenty-eight years old when he published, for the use of his boys, "*Floures for Latin Spekyng*," selected from the first three comedies of Terence, and translated into English. His reputation was high as a scholar, and in the following year, when he was not quite thirty, he was made head-master of Eton School. "*Ralph Roister Doister*," therefore, was probably produced in one of the seven years during which he held that office. Udall had Lutheran tendencies that caused him to assent to the removal of images from the College chapel. He was charged with complicity in theft from the chapel; theologic hatred added infamous imputations that

would have ruined him for life had they been true. But he left Eton, retaining a vicarage at Braine-tree in Essex, and was in after life honoured at court, the friend and companion of scholars, a leader in the work of translating into English Erasmus's Paraphrase of the New Testament, and Prebendary of Windsor under Edward VI., who also presented him to the rectory of Calborne in the Isle of Wight. Udall was appointed in 1554 to prepare Dialogues and Interludes for Queen Mary. About 1555 he was made head-master of Westminster School. But his office ceased at the re-establishment of the monastery by Mary in November, 1556, and he died in the following month. His credit as a dramatist is witnessed by the fact that when Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge in August, 1564, she was entertained with "an English play called Ezekias, made by Mr. Udall, and handled by King's College men only." It is significant that Eton College and King's College, Cambridge, were founded together by Henry VI., one to be as a seminary to the other; King's being the college at Cambridge to which, as William Lambarde expressed it, "Eton sendeth annually her ripe fruit." "Ezekias," therefore, may have been another of the Eton plays, acted at King's College by old Etonians who had taken parts in it during their school-days. However it may be, "Ralph Roister Doister," our first English comedy, was written by a University man, a famous Latin scholar, who wrote a school-book formed on Terence, was head-master of Eton School, and also for a time of Westminster, and who derived his inspiration altogether from the Latin comedy, through the use made of it in schools and Universities. Mysteries and Moralities contributed nothing at all to its production. The hero is a shallow fop of the reign of Henry VIII., and this is the play.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

The Prologue.

What creature is in health, either young or old,
But some mirth with modesty will be glad to use,
As we in this Interlude shall now unfold?

Wherein all scurrility we utterly refuse;
Avoiding such mirth wherein is abuse:
Knowing nothing more commendable for a man's recreation,
Than mirth which is used in an honest fashion.

For mirth prolongeth life, and causeth health;
Mirth recreates our spirits, and voideth pensiveness;
Mirth increaseth amity (not hindering our wealth);
Mirth is to be used both of more and less,¹
Being mixed with virtue in decent comeliness,
As we trust no good nature can gainsay the same:
Which mirth we intend to use, avoiding all blame.

The wise poets, long time heretofore,
Under merry comedies, secrets did declare,
Wherein was contained very virtuous lore,
With mysteries and forewarnings very rare.
Such to write, neither Plautus nor Terence did spare,
Which among the learned at this day bears the bell:
These, with such other, therein did excel.

¹ Men of all ranks. So of Macbeth Malcolm says, "Both more and less have given him the revolt."



RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*."²

Our Comedy or Interlude, which we intend to play,
Is naméd Royster Doyster indeed,
Which against the vainglorious doth inveigh,
Whose humour the roystering sort³ continually doth feed.
Thus, by your patience, we intend to proceed
In this our Interlude, by God's leave and grace:
And here I take my leave for a certain space.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

MATHEW MERYGROOKE. *He entereth singing.*

As long liveth the merry man, they say,
As doth the sorry man, and longer by a day;
Yet the grasshopper, for all his summer piping,
Starveth in winter with hungry griping:
Therefore, another said saw doth men advise—
That they be together both merry and wise.
This lesson must I practise, or else, ere long,
With me, Mathew Merygreeke, it will be wrong.
Indeed, men so call me, for, by him that us bought,
Whatever chance betide, I can take no thought.
Yet, wisdom would that I did myself both think
Where to be provided this day of meat and drink;
For, know ye that, for all this merry note of mine,
He might appose me now, that should ask where I dine
My living lieth here and there, of God's grace,
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that place;
Sometime Lewis Loytror biddeth me come near;
Somewhiles Watkin Waster maketh us good cheer;
Sometime Davy Diceplayer when he hath well cast
Maketh revol rout, as long as it will last;
Sometime Tom Titivile⁴ maketh us a feast;

² I apply these contemporary sketches of character to subjects which they fit. They were sketched by Holbein as marginal notes to the book, to express, as he read, various types of the folly satirised by Erasmus.

³ The roystering sort. Royster's name is taken from an old word for a swaggerer. Old French "*rustre*," a ruffian, from the *rustarii* or *rutarii*, freebooters of France in the eleventh century. Hector says, in Shakespeare's "*Troilus and Cressida*:"—

"I have a roystering challenge sent among
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks."

⁴ Titivile was an old name for a worthless knave. Tutivilus was the

Sometime with Sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden guest;
 Sometime at Nichol Nevorthrive's I get a sop;
 Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsoppe;
 Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydodie's sleeve;
 But this day on Ralph Royster Doyster's, by his leave:
 For, truly, of all men he is my chief banker,
 Both for meat and money, and my chief shoot-anchor.
 Forsooth, Roister Doister in that he doth say,
 And require what ye will, ye shall have no nay.
 But now, of Roister Doister somewhat to express,
 That ye may esteem him after his worthiness,
 In these twenty towns, and seek them throughout,
 Is not the like stock whereon to graft a lout.
 All the day long is he facing and craking
 Of his great acts in fighting and fray-making;
 But, when Roister Doister is put to his proof,
 To keep the Queen's peace is more for his behoof.
 If any woman smile, or cast on him an eye,
 Up is he to the hard ears in love, by-and-by;
 And in all the hot haste must she be his wife,
 Else farewell his good days, and farewell his life:
 Maister Ralph Roister Doister is but dead and gone,
 Except she on him take some compassion.
 Then, chief of counsel must be Mathew Merygreeke,—
 What, if I for marriage to such an one seek?
 Then must I sooth it, whatever it is;
 For, what he saith or doth cannot be amiss.
 Hold by his yea and nay, be his own white son:
 Praise and rouse him well, and ye have his heart won;
 For, so well liketh he his own fond fashions,
 That he taketh pride of false commendations.
 But such sport have I with him as I would not leese,¹
 Though I should be bound to live with bread and cheese.
 For, exalt him, and have him as ye lust, in deed;
 Yea, to hold his finger in a hole for a need.
 I can with a word make him fain or loth;
 I can with as much make him pleased or wroth;
 I can, when I will, make him merry and glad;
 I can, when me lust, make him sorry and sad;
 I can set him in hope, and eke in despair;
 I can make him speak rough, and make him speak fair.
 But, I marvel I see him not all this same day;
 I will seek him out. But lo! he cometh this way.
 I have yond espied him sadly coming,
 And in love, for twenty pound, by his glumming.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER; MATHEW MERYGREEKE.

R. Royster. Come, death, when thou wilt; I am weary of my life.

M. Mery. (I told you, I, we should woo another wife.)

R. Royster. Why did God make me such a goodly person?

M. Mery. (He is in, by the week; we shall have sport anon.)

R. Royster. And where is my trusty friend, Mathew Merygreeke?

M. Mery. (I will make as I saw him not: he doth me seek.)

R. Royster. I have him espied, me thinketh; yond is he,—
 Hough! Mathew Merygreeke, my friend, a word with thee.

M. Mery. (I will not hear him, but make as I had haste.)
 Farewell, all my good friends, the time away doth waste;
 And the tide, they say, tarrieth for no man.

R. Royster. Thou must, with thy good counsel, help me, if thou can.

M. Mery. God keep thee, worshipful Maister Roister Doister,
 And farewell the lusty Maister Roister Doister.

R. Royster. I must needs speak with thee a word or twain.

M. Mery. Within a month or two I will be here again.
 Negligence in great affairs, ye know, may mar all.



MATHEW MERYGREEKE.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moria Encomium*."

R. Royster. Attend upon me now, and well reward thee I shall.

M. Mery. I have take my leave, and the tide is well spent.

R. Royster. I die, except thou help; I pray thee be content.

Do thy part well now, and ask what thou wilt;

For, without thy aid, my matter is all spilt.

M. Mery. Then, to serve your turn I will some pains take,

And let all mine own affairs alone for your sake.

R. Royster. My whole hope and trust resteth only in thee.

M. Mery. Then can ye not do amiss, whatever it be.

R. Royster. Gramercies,¹ Merygreeke, most bound to thee I am.

M. Mery. But, up with that heart, and speak out like a ram;

Ye speak like a capon that had the cough now:

Be of good cheer; anon ye shall do well enough.

R. Royster. Upon thy comfort, I will all things well handle.

M. Mery. So lo! that is a breast to blow out a candle.

But, what is this great matter, I would fain know?

We shall find remedy therefore, I trow.

Do ye lack money? you know mine old offers:

Ye have always a key to my purse and coffers.

R. Royster. I thank thee: had ever man such a friend!

M. Mery. Ye give unto me: I must needs to you lend.

R. Royster. Nay, I have money plenty all things to discharge.

name of a demon who carried to hell all the words skipped or mangled by the clergy in their services.

¹ *Leese*, lose.

² *Gramercies*, great thanks.

M. Mery. (That knew I right well, when I made offer so large.)

R. Royster. But, it is no such matter.

M. Mery. What is it, then?

Are ye in danger of debt to any man?

If ye be, take no thought, nor be not afraid;

Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paid.

R. Royster. Tut, I owe nought.

M. Mery. What then? fear ye imprisonment?

R. Royster. No.

M. Mery. No, I wist ye offend not so to be shent;¹

But, if ye had, the Tower could not you so hold,

But to break out at all times ye would be bold.

What is it? hath any man threatened you to beat?

R. Royster. What is he that durst have put me in that heat?

He that beateth me, by his arms, shall well find

That I will not be far from him, nor run behind.

M. Mery. That thing know all men, ever since ye overthrew

The fellow of the lion which Hercules slew.

But what is it then?

R. Royster. Of love I make my moan.

M. Mery. Ah, this foolish love! will't ne'er let us alone?

But, because ye were refuséd the last day,

Ye said ye would ne'er more be entangled that way.

I would meddle no more, since I find all so unkind.

R. Royster. Yea, but I cannot so put love out of my mind.

M. Mery. But, is your love, tell me first, in anywise,

In the way of marriage or of merchandise?

If it may otherwise than lawful be found,

Ye get none of my help for an hundred pound.

R. Royster. No, by my troth, I would have her to my wife.

M. Mery. Then are ye a good man and God save your life!

And what or who is she, with whom ye are in love?

R. Royster. A woman, whom I know not by what means to move.

M. Mery. Who is it?

R. Royster. A woman yond.

M. Mery. What is her name?

R. Royster. Her yonder.

M. Mery. Whom?

R. Royster. Mistress, ah—

M. Mery. Fie, fie, for shame!

Love ye, and know not whom? but "her yond"—"a womán"?

We shall then get you a wife, I cannot tell whan.

R. Royster. The fair woman that supped with us yesterday;

And I heard her name twice or thrice, and had it right.

M. Mery. Yea, ye may see ye ne'er take me to good cheer with you,

If ye had, I could have told you her name now.

R. Royster. I was to blame indeed, but the next time perchance:—

And she dwelleth in this house.

M. Mery. What, Christian Custánce?

R. Royster. Except I have her to my wife, I shall run mad.

M. Mery. Nay, unwise, perhaps; but I warrant you for mad.

R. Royster. I am utterly dead, unless I have my desire.

M. Mery. Where be the bellows that blew this sudden fire?

R. Royster. I hear she is worth a thousand pound and more.

M. Mery. Yea, but learn this one lesson of me afore:

An hundred pound of marriage-money doubtless,

Is ever thirty pound sterling, or somewhat less;

So that her thousand pound, if she be thrifty,

Is much neer about two hundred and fifty.

Howbeit, wooers and widows are never poor.

R. Royster. Is she a widow? I love her better therefore.

M. Mery. But I hear she hath made promise to another.

R. Royster. He shall go without her, and² he were my brother.

M. Mery. I have heard say, I am right well advised, That she hath to Gawin Goodluck promised.

R. Royster. What is that Gawin Goodluck?

M. Mery. A merchant man.

R. Royster. Shall he speed afore me? Nay, sir, by sweet Saint Anne!

Ah, sir! "Backare!" quod Mortimer to his sow:³

I will have her mine own self, I make God avow;

For, I tell thee, she is worth a thousand pound.

M. Mery. Yet a fitter wife for your ma'ship might be found;

Such a goodly man as you might get one with land,

Besides pounds of gold a thousand and a thousand,

And a thousand, and a thousand, and a thousand,

And so to the sum of twenty hundred thousand:

Your most goodly personage is worthy of no less.

R. Royster. I am sorry God made me so comely, doubtless;

For that maketh me each-where so highly favoured,

And all women on me so enamoured.

M. Mery. Enamoured, quod you? have ye spied out that?

Ah, sir! marry, now! I see you know what is what.

Enamoured, ka?⁴ marry, sir, say that again;

But I thought not ye had markéd it so plain.

R. Royster. Yes, each-where they gaze all upon me, and stare.

M. Mery. Yea, malkin, I warrant you, as much as they dare.

And ye will not believe what they say in the street,

When your ma'ship passeth by, all such as I meet,

That sometimes I can scarce find what answer to make.

"Who is this?" (saith one) "Sir Launcelot du Lake?"

"Who is this? great Guy of Warwick?" saith another.

"No" (saith I), "it is the thirteenth Hercules' brother."

"Who is this? noble Hector of Troy?" saith the third:

"No, but of the same nest" (say I) "it is a bird."

"Who is this? great Goliah, Sampson, or Colbrand?"

"No" (say I), "but it is a brute of the Alie land."

"Who is this? great Alexander? or Charle le Maigne?"

"No, it is the tenth worthy," say I to them again:

I know not if I said well—

R. Royster. Yes, for so I am.

M. Mery. Yea, for there were but nine worthies before ye came.

² And, if.

³ This is given among his proverbs by John Heywood. Gremio says to Petruchio in the "Taming of the Shrew,"—

"Backare; you are marvellous forward."

⁴ Ka, quotha.

¹ Shent, shamed. First-English "scendan," to shame, confound, reproach.

To some others, the third Cato I do you call;
 And so, as well as I can, I answer them all,
 "Sir, I pray you what lord or great gentleman is this?"
 "Maister Ralph Roister Doister, dame" (say I), "y'wis."¹
 "O Lord!" (saith she then) "what a goodly man it is!"
 Would [that] I had such a husband as he is!"
 "O Lord!" (say some) "that the sight of his face we lack!"
 "It is enough for you" (say I) "to see his back;
 His face is for ladies of high and noble parâges,
 With whom he hardly 'scapeth great marriages:"
 With much more than this, and much otherwise.
R. Royster. I can thee thank, that thou can such answers
 devise:

But I perceive thou dost me thoroughly know.

M. Mery. I mark your manners for mine own learning, I
 trow.

But such is your beauty, and such are your acts,
 Such is your personage, and such are your facts,
 That all women, fair and foul, more and less,
 They eye you, they lubbe you, they talk of you doubtless.
 Your pleasant look maketh them all merry,
 Ye pass not by, but they laugh till they be weary:
 Yea, and money could I have, the truth to tell,
 Of many to bring you that way where they dwell.

R. Royster. Merygreeke, for this thy reporting well of
 me—

M. Mery. What should I else, sir? it is my duty,
 pardee.

R. Royster. I promise thou shalt not lack, while I have a
 groat.

M. Mery. Faith, sir, and I ne'er had more need of a new
 coat.

R. Royster. Thou shalt have one to-morrow, and gold for
 to spend.

M. Mery. Then, I trust to bring the day to a good end.
 For, as for mine own part, having money enow,
 I could live only with the remembrance of you.
 But now to your widow, whom you love so hot.

R. Royster. By cocke! thou sayest truth, I had almost
 forgot.

M. Mery. What, if Christian Custance will not have
 you, what?

R. Royster. Have me? yes, I warrant you—never doubt
 of that:

I know she loveth me, but she dare not speak.

M. Mery. Indeed, meet it were somebody should it break.

R. Royster. She looked on me twenty times yesternight,
 And laughed so—

M. Mery. That she could not sit upright.

R. Royster. No, faith, could she not.

M. Mery. No, even such a thing I cast.

R. Royster. But, for wooing, thou knowest, women are
 shamefast.

But, and² she knew my mind, I know she would be glad,
 And think it the best chance that e'er she had.

M. Mery. To her, then, like a man, and be bold forth to
 start:

Woocers ne'er speed well that have a false heart.

R. Royster. What may I best do?

M. Mery. Sir, remain ye a while;

Ere long one or other of her house will appear.

Ye know my mind.

R. Royster. Yea, now hardly let me alone.

M. Mery. In the meantime, sir, if you please, I will
 home,

And call your musicians; for, in this your case,
 It would set you forth, and all your wooing grace.
 Ye may not lack your instruments to play and sing.

R. Royster. Thou knowest I can do that

M. Mery. As well as anything.

Shall I go call your folks, that we may show a cast?

R. Royster. Yea, run, I beseech thee, in all possible haste.

M. Mery. I go. [Exit.]

R. Royster. Yea, for I love singing, out of measure,
 It comforteth my spirits, and doth me great pleasure.
 But who cometh forth yond from my sweetheart Custance?
 My matter frameth well: this is a lucky chance.

ACT I.—SCENE 3.

MADGE MUMBLECRUST, spinning on the distaff; TIBET TALKAPACE,
 sewing; ANNOT ALYPACE, knitting; R. ROISTER.

M. Mumb. If this distaff were spun, Margerie Mumble-
 crust—

Tib. Where good stale ale is, we'll drink no water,
 I trust.

M. Mumb. Dame Custance hath promised us good ale and
 white bread.

Tib. Talk. If she keep not promise, I will beshrew her
 head.

But it will be stark night before I shall have done.

R. Royster. I will stand here awhile, and talk with them
 anon.

I hear them speak of Custance, which doth my heart good;
 To hear her name spoken doth even comfort my blood.

M. Mumb. Sit down to your work, Tibet, like a good
 girl.

Tib. Talk. Nurse, meddle you with your spindle and your
 whirl.

No haste but good, Madge Mumblecrust; for, "Whip and
 whur,"

The old proverb doth say, "never made good fur."

M. Mumb. Well, ye will sit down to your work anon, I
 trust.

Tib. Talk. "Soft fire maketh sweet malt," good Madge
 Mumblecrust.

M. Mumb. And sweet malt maketh jolly good ale for the
 nones.

Tib. Talk. Which will slide down the lane without any
 bones. [Cantet.³

Old brown-bread crusts must have much good mumbling;

But, good ale down your throat hath good easy tumbling.

R. Royster. The jolliest wench that e'er I heard! Little
 mouse!

May I not rejoice that she shall dwell in my house?

Tib. Talk. So, sirrah! now this gear beginneth for to
 frame.

M. Mumb. Thanks to God, though your work stand still,
 your tongue is not lame.

Tib. Talk. And though your teeth be gone, both so sharp
 and so fine,

Yet your tongue can run on pattens as well as mine.

M. Mumb. Ye were not for nought naméd Tib Talkapace.

Tib. Talk. Doth my talk grieve you? Alack! God save
 your grace!

M. Mumb. I hold a groat, ye will drink anon for this
 gear.

Tib. Talk. And I will not pray you the stripes for me to
 bear.

M. Mumb. I hold a penny, ye will drink without a cup.

Tib. Talk. Whereinsoe'er ye drink, I wot ye drink all up.

¹ Y'wis, or iwis = First-English "gewis," certainly.

² And, if.

³ Cantet, Here let her sing.

An. Alyface. By cock! and well sewed, my good Tibet Talkapace.

Tib. Talk. And e'en as well knit, my own Annot Alyface.

R. Royster. See what a sort¹ she keepeth that must be my wife:

Shall not I, when I have her, lead a merry life?

Tib. Talk. Welcome, my good wench, and sit here by me just.

An. Alyface. And how doth our old beldame here, Madge Mumblecrust?

Tib. Talk. Chide, and find fault, and threaten to complain.

An. Alyface. To make us poor girls shent, to her is small gain.

M. Mumbl. I did neither chide, nor complain, nor threaten.

R. Royster. It would grieve my heart to see one of them beaten.

M. Mumbl. I did nothing but bid her work, and hold her peace.

Tib. Talk. So would I, if you could your clattering cease; But the de'il cannot make old trot hold her tongue.

An. Alyface. Let all these matters pass, and we three sing a song;

So shall we pleasantly both the time beguile now,
And eke dispatch all our works, ere we can tell how.

Tib. Talk. I shrew them that say nay, and that shall not be I.

M. Mumbl. And I am well content.

Tib. Talk. Sing on then, by-and-by.

R. Royster. And I will not away, but listen to their song;
Yet, Merygreeke and my folks tarry very long.

Tib., An., and Margerie do sing here.

Pipe, merry Annot; &c.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;

Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot: spin, Margerie:

Let us see who will win the victory.

Tib. Talk. This sleeve is not willing to be sewed, I trow.
A small thing might make me all in the ground to throw.

Then they sing again.

Pipe, merry Annot; &c.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margerie!

Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try;

Your fingers be numbed, our work will not lie.

Tib. Talk. If ye do so again, well; I would advise you nay.
In good sooth, one stop more, and I make holiday.

They sing the third time.

Pipe, merry Annot; &c.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Now Tibet, now Annot, now Margerie;

Now whippet apace for the mastery:

But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Tib. Talk. Ah, each finger is a thumb to-day, methink:
I care not to let all alone, choose it swim or sink.

They sing the fourth time.

Pipe, merry Annot; &c.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?

I will not,—I can not,—no more can I.

Then give we all over, and there let it lie!

[*Let her cast down her work.*]

Tib. Talk. There it lieth; the worst is but a curried coat:²
Tut! I am used thereto—I care not a groat.

An. Alyface. Have we done singing since? then will I in again.

Here I found you, and here I leave both twain. [*Exit.*]

M. Mumbl. And I will not be long after. Tib Talk-apace!

Tib. Talk. What is the matter?

M. Mumbl. Yond stood a man all this space,
And hath heard all that e'er we spake together.

Tib. Talk. Marry, the more lout he for his coming hither,

And the less good he can to listen maidens' talk.

I care not and I go bid him hence for to walk:

It were well done to know what he maketh here away.

R. Royster. Now might I speak to them, if I wist what to say.

M. Mumbl. Nay, we will go both of's, and see what he is.

R. Royster. One that heard all your talk and singing y'wis.

Tib. Talk. The more to blame you: a good thrifty husband³

Would elsewhere have had some better matters in hand.

R. Royster. I did it for no harm; but for good love I bear

To your dame, Mistress Custance, I did your talk hear.

And, mistress nurse, I will kiss you for acquaintance.



MADGE MUMBLECRUST.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moria Encomium*."

M. Mumbl. I come anon, sir.

Tib. Talk. Faith, I would our Dame Custance
Saw this gear.

¹ Sort, company; from Latin "*serere*," to bind or join together. In Marlowe's "*Edward II.*" Young Mortimer says to the king—

"Who loves thee but a sort of flatterers?"

Shakespeare's "*Richard II.*" says in the abdication scene—

"Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here."

² I can only be beaten.

³ Husband, housekeeper.

M. Mumbl. I must first wipe all clean, yea, I must.

Tib. Talk. Ill chieve it, doting fool, but it must be cust.¹

M. Mumbl. God yelde you, sir; chad² not so much, I chot not when:

Ne'er since chwas born, chwine, of such a gay gentleman.

R. Royster. I will kiss you too, maiden, for the goodwill I bear ye.

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth! by your leave, ye shall not kiss me.

R. Royster. Yes, be not afeard; I do not disdain you a whit.

Tib. Talk. Why should I fear you? I have not so little wit;

Ye are but a man, I know very well.

R. Royster. Why, then?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, for I will not; I use not to kiss men.

R. Royster. I would fain kiss you too, good maiden, if I might.

Tib. Talk. What should that need?

R. Royster. But to honour you, by this light.

I use to kiss all them that I love, to God I vow.

Tib. Talk. Yea, sir? I pray you, when did you last kiss your cow?

R. Royster. Ye might be proud to kiss me, if ye were wise.

Tib. Talk. What promotion were therein?

R. Royster. Nurse is not so nice.

Tib. Talk. Well, I have not been taught to kissing and licking.

R. Royster. Yet, I thank you, mistress nurse, ye made no sticking.

M. Mumbl. I will not stick for a kiss, with such a man as you.

Tib. Talk. They that list: I will again to my sewing now.

An. Alyface. (Enters again.) Tidings hough! tidings! Dame Custance greeteth you well.

R. Royster. Whom? me?

An. Alyface. You, sir? No, sir; I do no such tale tell.

R. Royster. But, and³ she knew me here.

An. Alyface. Tibet Talkapace,

Your mistress Custance and mine must speak with your grace.

Tib. Talk. With me?

An. Alyface. You must come in to her, out of all doubts.

Tib. Talk. And my work not half done? a mischief on all louts! [Ex. ambo.]

R. Royster. Ah, good, sweet nurse.

M. Mumbl. Ah, good, sweet gentleman.

R. Royster. What?

M. Mumbl. Nay, I cannot tell, sir, but what thing would you?

R. Royster. How doth sweet Custance, my heart of gold—tell me how?

M. Mumbl. She doth very well, sir, and commend me to you.

R. Royster. To me?

M. Mumbl. Yea, to you, sir.

R. Royster. To me, nurse—tell me plain—

To me?

M. Mumbl. Yea.

R. Royster. That word maketh me alive again.

M. Mumbl. She commend me to one, last day, whoe'er it was.

R. Royster. That was e'en to me, and none other, by the mass.

M. Mumbl. I cannot tell you surely, but one it was.

R. Royster. It was I, and none other:—this cometh to good pass.

I promise thee, nurse, I favour her.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. Bid her sue to me for marriage.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. And surely for thy sake she shall speed.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. I shall be contented to take her.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. But at thy request, and for thy sake.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. And, come, hark in thine ear what to say.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.

[Here let him tell her a great long tale in her ear.]

ACT I.—SCENE 4.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE; DOBINET DOUGHTIE; HARFAX; RALPH ROYSTER; MARGERIE MUMBLECEUST.

M. Mery. Come on, sirs, apace, and quit yourselves like men.

Your pains shall be rewarded.

D. Dough. But, I wot not when.

M. Mery. Do your maister worship, as ye have done in time past.

D. Dough. Speak to them: of mine office he shall have a cast.

M. Mery. Harpax, look that thou do well too, and thy fellow.

Harpax. I warrant, if he will mine example follow.

M. Mery. Curtsey, [rascals]! duck you and crouch at every word.

D. Dough. Yes, whether our maister speak earnest or borde.⁴

M. Mery. For this lieth upon his preferment indeed.

D. Dough. Oft is he a wooer, but never doth he speed.

M. Mery. But, with whom is he now so sadly rounding⁵ yond?

D. Dough. With *Nobs nicebecetur miserere* fond.

Mery. God be at your wedding! be ye sped already?

I did not suppose that your love was so greedy.

I perceive now ye have chose of devotion;

And joy have ye, lady, of your promotion.

R. Royster. Tush, fool! thou art deceived, this is not she.

M. Mery. Well, make much of her, and keep her well, I 'vise ye.

I will take no charge of such a fair piece keeping.

M. Mumbl. What aileth thy fellow? he driveth me to weeping.

M. Mery. What, weep on the wedding-day? be merry woman,

Though I say it, ye have chose a good gentleman.

R. Royster. Cock's nownes! what meanest thou, man? tut, a whistle.

M. Mery. Ah, sir, be good to her; she is but a gristle, Ah, sweet lamb and coney.

¹ Cust, kissed.

² Chad, I had; Chot, I wot; Chwas, I was; Chwine, I ween.

³ And, if. So in various places.

⁴ Borde, jest. French "bourde."

⁵ Rounding, whispering (First-English "runian"). Runes were words written, communicated without sound, whence "runian" was to speak under breath, secretly.

R. Royster. Tut! thou art deceived.
M. Mery. Weep no more, lady, ye shall be well received.
 Up with some merry noise, sirs, to bring home the bride!
R. Royster. Gog's arms, knave! art thou mad? I tell thee thou art wide.
M. Mery. Then, ye intend by night to have her home brought.
R. Royster. I tell thee, no.
M. Mery. How then?
R. Royster. 'Tis neither meant ne thought.
M. Mery. What shall we then do with her?
R. Royster. Ah, foolish harebrain!
 This is not she.
M. Mery. No is? Why then unsaid again:
 And what young girl is this with your ma'ship so bold?
R. Royster. A girl?
M. Mery. Yea, I daresay, scarce yet threescore year old.
R. Royster. This same is the fair widow's nurse, of whom ye wot.
M. Mery. Is she but a nurse of a house? hence home, old trot!
 Hence, at once.
R. Royster. No, no.
M. Mery. What, an please your ma'ship,
 A nurse talk so homely with one of your worship?
R. Royster. I will have it so: it is my pleasure and will.
M. Mery. Then I am content. Nurse, come again, tarry still.
R. Royster. What! she will help forward this my suit, for her part.
M. Mery. Then is't mine own pig's-nie, and blessing on my heart.
R. Royster. This is our best friend, man.
M. Mery. Then teach her what to say.
M. Mumbl. I am taught already.
M. Mery. Then go, make no delay.
R. Royster. Yet hark, one word in thine ear.
M. Mery. Back, sirs, from his tail!
R. Royster. Back, villains! will ye be privy of my coun-sail?
M. Mery. Back, sirs! so: I told you afore, ye would be shent.
R. Royster. She shall have the first day a whole peck of argént.
M. Mumbl. A peck! *Nomine Patris*, have ye so much [to] spare?
R. Royster. Yea, and a cart-load thereto, or else were it bare;
 Besides other movables, household stuff and land.
M. Mumbl. Have ye lands too?
R. Royster. An hundred marks.
M. Mery. Yea, a thousand.
M. Mumbl. And have ye cattle too? and sheep too?
R. Royster. Yea, a few.
M. Mery. He is ashamed the number of them to shew.
 E'en round about him as many thousand sheep goes,
 As he and thou and I too have fingers and toes.
M. Mumbl. And how many years old be you?
R. Royster. Forty at least.
M. Mery. Yea, and thrice forty to them.
R. Royster. Nay, thou dost jest.
 I am not so old: thou misreckonest my years.
M. Mery. I know that; but my mind was on bullocks and steers.
M. Mumbl. And what shall I show her your mastership's name is?
R. Royster. Nay, she shall make suit, ere she know that y'wis.

M. Mumbl. Yet, let me somewhat know.
M. Mery. This is he, understand.
 That killed the blue spider in Blanchepouder land.
M. Mumbl. Yea, [holy] William, zee law! did he zo, law?
M. Mery. Yea, and the last elephant that ever he saw,
 As the beast passed by, he start out of a busk¹,
 And e'en with pure strength of arms pluckt out his great tusk.
M. Mumbl. Jesus *Nomine Patris*, what a thing was that!
R. Royster. Yea, but Merygreeke, one thing thou hast forgot.
M. Mery. What?
R. Royster. Of th' other elephant.
M. Mery. Oh, him that fled away?
R. Royster. Yea.
M. Mery. Yea, he knew that his match was in place that day.
 Tut! he beat the king of crickets on Christmas Day,
 That he crept in a hole, and not a word to say.
M. Mumbl. A sore man, by zembletee.
M. Mery. Why, he wrung a club,
 Once in a fray, out of the hand of Belzebub.
R. Royster. And how when Mumfision——
M. Mery. Oh, your coustreling
 Bore the lantern a-field so before the gozeling—
 Nay, that is too long a matter now to be told.
 Never ask his name, nurse, I warrant thee, be bold:
 He conquered in one day from Rome to Naples,
 And won towns, nurse, as fast as thou canst make apples.
M. Mumbl. O Lord! my heart quaketh for fear, he is so sore.
R. Royster. Thou makest her too much afeared, Mery-greeke; no more.
 This tale would fear my sweetheart Custance right evil.
M. Mery. Nay, let her take him, nurse, and fear not the devil.
 But, thus is our song dashed.—Sirs, ye may home again.
R. Royster. No, shall they not. I charge you all, here to remain.
 The villain slaves, a whole day, ere they can be found.
M. Mery. Couch on your marrowbones, [rascals], down to the ground.
 Was it meet he should tarry so long in one place,
 Without harmony of music, or some soláce?
 Whoso hath such bees as your maister in his head
 Had need to have his spirits with music be fed.—
 By your maistership's license. [*Flicks at him.*]
R. Royster. What is that? a mote?
M. Mery. No, it was a fool's feather had light on your coat.
R. Royster. I was nigh no feathers, since I came from my bed.
M. Mery. No, sir, it was a hair that was fall from your head.
R. Royster. My men come when it please them.
M. Mery. By your leave. [*Flicks at him again.*]
R. Royster. What is that?
M. Mery. Your gown was foul spotted with the foot of a gnat.
R. Royster. Their maister to offend they are nothing afeared.— [*M. flicks at him again.*]
 What now?
M. Mery. A lousy hair from your maistership's beard.
 And, sir, for nurse's sake, pardon this one offence.
*Omnes Famulæ.*² We shall not after this shew the like negligence.

¹ Busk, bush.² Omnes famulæ, all the servants.

R. Royster. I pardon you this once; and come, sing ne'er the worse.

M. Mery. How like you the goodness of this gentleman, nurse?

M. Mumbl. God save his maistership, that can so his men forgive;

And I will hear them sing ere I go, by his leave.

R. Royster. Marry, and thou shalt, wench: come, we two will dance.

M. Mumbl. Nay, I will by mine own self foot the song perchance.

R. Royster. Go it, sirs, lustily.

M. Mumbl. Pipe up a merry note.

Let me hear it played, I will foot it for a groat. [*Content. Nurse dancing.*]

Who so to marry a minion wife,
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she lust to do or to say,
Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs soever he go,
He must show her all his mind,
None of his counsel she may be kept fro',
Else is he a man unkind.

R. Royster. Now, nurse, take this same letter here to thy mistress;

And as my trust is in thee, ply my business.

M. Mumbl. It shall be done.

M. Mery. Who made it?

R. Royster. I wrote it each whit.

M. Mery. Then needs it no mending.

R. Royster. No, no.

M. Mery. No, I know your wit.

R. Royster. I warrant it well.

M. Mumbl. It shall be delivered;

But, if ye speed, shall I be considered?

M. Mery. Whough! dost thou doubt of that?

M. Mumbl. What shall I have?

M. Mery. An hundred times more than thou canst devise to crave.

M. Mumbl. Shall I have some new gear? for my old is all spent.

M. Mery. The worst kitchen-wench shall go in ladies' raiment.

M. Mumbl. Yea?

M. Mery. And the worst drudge in the house shall go better

Than your mistress doth now.

M. Mumbl. Then I trudge with your letter.

R. Royster. Now may I repose me: Custance is mine own.

Let us sing and play homeward, that it may be known.

M. Mery. But, are you sure that your letter is well enough?

R. Royster. I wrote it myself!

M. Mery. Then sing we to dinner.

[*Here they sing, and go out singing.*]

ACT I.—SCENE 5.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; MARGERIE MUMBLECRUST.

C. Custance. Who took thee this letter, Margerie Mumblecrust?

M. Mumbl. A lusty gay bachelor took it me of trust, And if ye seek to him, he will love your doing.

C. Custance. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wooing?

M. Mumbl. If to sue to him you will any pains take, He will have you to his wife (he saith) for my sake.

C. Custance. Some wise gentleman, belike. I am bespoken. And I thought verily this had been some token From my dear spouse, Gawin Goodluck, whom, when him please,

God luckily send home, to both our hearts' ease!

M. Mumbl. A jolly man it is, I wot well by report, And would have you to him for marriage resort. Best open the writing, and see what it doth speak.

C. Custance. At this time, nurse, I will neither read nor break.

M. Mumbl. He promised to give you a whole peck of gold.

C. Custance. Perchance, lack of a pint, when it shall be all told.

M. Mumbl. I would take a gay rich husband, and I were you.

C. Custance. In good sooth, Madge, e'en so would I, if I were thou.

But, no more of this fond talk now; let us go in, And see thou no more move me folly to begin; Nor bring me no more letters for no man's pleasure, But thou know from whom.

M. Mumbl. I warrant ye shall be sure.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

D. Dough. Where is the house I go to, before or behind? I know not where, nor when, nor how I shall it find.

If I had ten men's bodies, and legs, and strength, This trotting that I have must needs lame me at length.

And now that my maister is new set on wooing, I trust there shall none of us find lack of doing:

Two pairs of shoes a day will now be too little To serve me, I must trot to and fro so mickle.

"Go bear me this token; carry me this letter;" Now this is the best way; now that way is better.

"Up before day, sirs, I charge you, an hour or twain; Trudge, do me this message, and bring word quick again." If one miss but a minute, then, his arms and wounds,

"I would not have slacked for ten thousand pounds. Nay see, I beseech you, if my most trusty page Go not now about to hinder my marriage."

So fervent hot wooing, and so far from wiving, I trow, never was any creature living;

With every woman is he in some love's pang; Then up to our lute at midnight, twangledom twang.

Then twang with our sonnets, and twang with our dumps, And heigho! from our heart, as heavy as lead lumps.

Then to our recorder, with toodlaloodle-poop, As the owlet out of an ivy-bush should whoop.

Anon to our gittern, thrumpledum thrumpledum thrum, Thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrum.

Of songs and ballads also he is a maker, And that can he as finely do as Jack Raker; Yea, and extempore will he ditties compose; Foolish Marsyas ne'er made the like I suppose; Yet must we sing them, as good stuff, I undertake, As for such a penman is well fitting to make.

"Ah, for these long nights! heigho! when will it be day?
I fear ere I come, she will be wooed away;"
Then, when answer is made, that it may not be,
"O death, why comest thou not?" by and by saith he.
But then, from his heart to put away sorrow,
He is as far in with some new love next morrow.
But, in the mean season, we trudge and we trot,
From dayspring to midnight I sit not, nor rest not.
And now am I sent to Dame Christian Custance;
But I fear it will end with a mock for pastance.¹
I bring her a ring, with a token in a clout,
And, by all guess, this same is her house out of doubt.
I know it now perfect, I am in my right way:
And lo! yond the old nurse, that was with us last day.

ACT II.—SCENE 2.

MADGE MUMBLECRUST; DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

M. Mumb. I was ne'er so shook up afore, since I was born:

That our mistress could not have chid, I would have sworn.
And I pray God I die, if I meant any harm;
But for my lifetime this shall be to me a charm.

D. Dough. God you save and see, nurse; and how is it with you?

M. Mumb. Marry, a great deal the worse it is, for such as thou!

D. Dough. For me? Why so?

M. Mumb. Why, were not thou one of them, say,
That sang and played here with the gentleman last day?

D. Dough. Yes, and he would know if you have for him spoken;

And prays you to deliver this ring and token.

M. Mumb. Now, by the token that God tokened, brother,
I will deliver no token, one nor other.

I have once been so shent for your maister's pleasure,
As I will not be again for all his treasure.

D. Dough. He will thank you, woman.

M. Mumb. I will none of his thank. [*Ex. M. Mumb.*]

D. Dough. I ween I am a prophet; this gear will prove blank.

But what, should I home again without answer go?

It were better go to Rome on my head, than so.

I will tarry here this month but some of the house

Shall take it of me, and then I care not a mouse.

But yonder cometh forth a wench or a lad:

If he have not one Lombard's touch,² my luck is bad.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.

TRUPENIE; D. DOUGH.; TIBET T.; ANNOT AL.

Trupenie. I am clean lost for lack of merry company;

We 'gree not half well within, our wenches and I:

They will command like mistresses, they will forbid;

If they be not served, Trupenie must be chid.

Let them be as merry now, as ye can desire,

With turning of a hand our mirth lieth in the mire.

I cannot skill³ of such changeable mettle,

There is nothing with them but, In dock, out nettle.

D. Dough. Whether is it better, that I speak to him first,

Or he first to me? It is good to cast the worst.

If I begin first, he will smell all my purpóse,

Otherwise I shall not need anything to disclose.

Trupenie. What boy have we yonder? I will see what he is.

D. Dough. He cometh to me.—It is hereabout, y'wis.

Trupenie. Wouldst thou aught, friend, that thou lookest so about?

D. Dough. Yea; but whether ye can help me or no, I doubt.

I seek to one Mistress Custance, here dwelling.

Trupenie. It is my mistress ye seek to, by your telling.

D. Dough. Is there any of that name here, but she?

Trupenie. Not one in all the whole town that I know, pardee.

D. Dough. A widow she is, I trow?

Trupenie. And what and she be?

D. Dough. But ensured to an husband?

Trupenie. Yea, so think we.

D. Dough. And I dwell with her husband that trusteth to be.

Trupenie. In faith then must thou needs be welcome to me.

Let us, for acquaintance, shake hands together,

And, whate'er thou be, heartily welcome hither. [*Maids enter.*]

Tib. Talk. Well, Trupenie, never but flinging?

An. Alyface. And frisking?

Trupenie. Well, Tibet and Annot, still swinging and whisking?

Tib. Talk. But, ye roll⁴ abroad.

An. Alyface. In the street everywhere.

Trupenie. Where are ye twain? in chambers, when ye meet me there?

But, come hither, fools: I have one now by the hand,

Servant to him that must be our mistress' husband;

Bid him welcome.

An. Alyface. To me truly is he welcome.

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, and, as I may say, heartily welcome.

D. Dough. I thank you, mistress maids.

An. Alyface. I hope we shall better know.

Tib. Talk. And, when will our new master come?

D. Dough. Shortly, I trow.

Tib. Talk. I would it were to-morrow; for till he resort,

Our mistress, being a widow, hath small comfort:

And I heard our nurse speak of an husband to-day,

Ready for our mistress; a rich man and a gay.

And we shall go in our French hoods every day;

In our silk cassocks (I warrant you) fresh and gay;

In our trick ferdgewes, and billiments⁵ of gold;

Brave in our suits of change, seven double fold.

Then shall ye see Tibet, sirs, tread the moss so trim;

Nay, why said I tread? ye shall see her glide and swim;

Not lumperde, clumperdee, like our spaniel Rig.

Trupenie. Marry, then, prickmedainty; come, toast me a fig.

Who shall then know our Tib Talkapace, trow ye?

An. Alyface. And why not Annot Alyface as fine as she?

Trupenie. And what, had Tom Trupenie a father, or none?

An. Alyface. Then, our pretty new-come man will look to be one.

Trupenie. We four I trust shall be a jolly merry knot.

Shall we sing a fitte⁶ to welcome our friend, Annot?

¹ Pastance (French "passe-temps"), pastime.

² Of gold or silver. The Lombards being bankers.

³ Skill, find reason.

⁴ Roll, romp, ramble.

⁵ Ferdgewes and billiments, servants' forms of the French "vertugal" and of "habilliment." The old French "vertugal" was the earlier form of the great farthingale of Elizabeth's time, which derived its name from it.

⁶ Fitte, from First-English "fitt," a song.

An. Alyface. Perchance he cannot sing.

D. Dough. I am at all assayes.

Tib. Talk. By cock! and the better welcome to us always.

Here they sing.

A thing very fit
For them that have wit,
And are fellows knit,
Servants in one house to be;
As fast for to sit,
And not oft to flit,
Nor vary a whit,
But lovingly to agree.

No man complaining,
Nor other disdainig,
For loss or for gaining.
But fellows or friends to be;
No grudge remaining,
No work refraining,
Nor help restraining,
But lovingly to agree.

No man for despite,
By word or by write,
His fellow to twite,
But further in honesty;
No good turns entwite,¹
Nor old sores recite,
But let all go quite,
And lovingly to agree.

After drudgerie,
When they be wearie,
Then to be merrie,
To laugh and sing they be free:
With chip and cherrie,
Heigh derry derrie,
Trill on the berrie,
And lovingly to agree.

Tib. Talk. Will you now in with us unto our mistress go?

D. Dough. I have first for my maister an errand or two.

But, I have here from him a token and a ring;
They shall have most thank of her, that first doth it bring.

Tib. Talk. Marry, that will I.

Trupenie. See and Tibet snatch not now.

Tib. Talk. And, why may not I, sir, get thanks as well as you? [*Exeat.*]

An. Alyface. Yet get ye not all, we will go with you both,

And have part of your thanks, be ye never so loth.

[*Exeat omnes.*]

D. Dough. So my hands are rid of it, I care for no more.

I may now return home: so durst I not afore. [*Exeat.*]

ACT II.—SCENE 4.

C. CUSTANCE; TIBET; ANNOT ALYFACE; TRUPENIE.

C. Custance. Nay, come forth all three; and come hither, pretty maid:

Will not so many forewarnings make you afraid?

Tib. Talk. Yes, forsooth.

C. Custance. But still be a-runner up and down:
Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to town?

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth, mistress.

C. Custance. Is all your delight and joy
In whisking and ramping abroad, like a tom-boy?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, these were there too, Annot and Trupenie.

Trupenie. Yea, but ye alone took it, ye cannot deny.

An. Alyface. Yea, that ye did.

Tib. Talk. But, if I had not, ye twain would.

C. Custance. You great calf, ye should have more wit, so ye should.

But, why should any of you take such things in hand?

Tib. Talk. Because it came from him that must be your husband.

C. Custance. How do ye know that?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, the boy did say so.

C. Custance. What was his name?

An. Alyface. We asked not.

C. Custance. No did?

An. Alyface. He is not far gone, of likelihood.

Trupenie. I will see.

C. Custance. If thou canst find him in the street, bring him to me.

Trupenie. Yes. [*Exeat.*]

C. Custance. Well, ye naughty girls, if ever I perceive
That henceforth you do letters or tokens receive,
To bring unto me, from any person or place,
Except ye first show me the party face to face,
Either thou or thou, full truly abyed² thou shalt.

Tib. Talk. Pardon this, and the next time powder me in salt.

C. Custance. I shall make all girls, by you twain, to beware.

Tib. Talk. If I ever offend again, do not me spare.
But, if ever I see that false boy any more,
By your mistressship's license, I tell you afore,
I will rather have my coat twenty times swinged,
Than on the naughty wag not to be avenged.

C. Custance. Good wenches would not so ramp abroad, idelly,

But keep within doors, and ply their work earnestly.
If one would speak with me, that is a man likely,
Ye shall have right good thank to bring me word quickly;
But, otherwise, with messages to come in post,
From henceforth, I promise you, shall be to your cost.
Get you in to your work.

Tib. and Annot. Yes, forsooth.

C. Custance. Hence, both twain.

And let me see you play me such a part again!

[*Ex. Tib. and Annot.*]

Trupenie. Mistress, I have run past the far end of the street,

Yet can I not yonder crafty boy see nor meet.

C. Custance. No?

Trupenie. Yet I looked as far beyond the people,
As one may see out of the top of Paul's steeple.

C. Custance. Hence, in at doors, and let me no more be vexed!

Trupenie. Forgive me this one fault, and lay on for the next.

C. Custance. Now will I in too, for I think, so God me mend,
This will prove some foolish matter in the end. [*Exeat.*]

¹ *Entwite*, answer with blame. First-English "edwitan," from "ed" = Latin *re*-, and "witan," to blame. Thence also *twite* or *twit*.

² *Abye*, pay for it. First-English "abiegan," to buy back.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE.

M. Mery. Now say this again: he hath somewhat to doing¹

Which followeth the trace of one that is wooing:
Specially that hath no more wit in his head,
Than my cousin Roister Doister withal is led.
I am sent in all haste to espy and to mark
How our letters and tokens are likely to wark.
Maister Roister Doister must have answer in haste,
For he loveth not to spend much labour in waste.
Now, as for Christian Custance, by this light,
Though she had not her troth to Gawin Goodluck plight,
Yet, rather than with such a loutish dolt to marry,
I daresay would live a poor life solitary.
But, fain would I speak with Custance, if I wist how,
To laugh at the matter. Yond cometh one forth now.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.

TIBET; M. MERYGREEKE; CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE

Tib. Talk. Ah! that I might but once in my life have a sight

Of him who made us all so ill shent; by this light,
He should never escape, if I had him by the ear,
But, even from his head, I would it bite or tear.
Yea, and if one of them were not enow,
I would bite them both off, I make God avow.

M. Mery. (What is he, whom this little mouse doth so threaten?)

Tib. Talk. I would teach him, I trow, to make girls shent,
or beaten.

M. Mery. (I will call her.)—Maid, with whom are ye so hasty?

Tib. Talk. Not with you, sir, but with a little wag-pasty:
A deceiver of folks, by subtil craft and guile.

M. Mery. (I know where she is: Dobinet hath wrought some wile.)

Tib. Talk. He brought a ring and token, which he said was sent

From our dame's husband, but I wot well I was shent;
For, it liked her as well (to tell you no lies)
As water in her ship, or salt cast in her eyes:
And yet, whence it came, neither we nor she can tell.

M. Mery. (We shall have sport anon: I like this very well.)—

And, dwell ye here with Mistress Custance, fair maid?

Tib. Talk. Yea, marry do I, sir: what would ye have said?

M. Mery. A little message unto her, by word of mouth.

Tib. Talk. No messages, by your leave, nor tokens, forsooth.

M. Mery. Then, help me to speak with her.

Tib. Talk. With a good will that.

Here she cometh forth. Now, speak; ye know best what.

C. Custance. None other life with you, maid, but abroad to skip?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, here is one would speak with your mistresship.

C. Custance. Ah, have ye been learning of more messages now?

Tib. Talk. I would not hear his mind, but bade him show it to you.

C. Custance. In at doors!

Tib. Talk. I am gone.

[*Ex.*]

M. Mery. Dame Custance, God ye save!

C. Custance. Welcome, friend Merygreeke: and what thing would ye have?

M. Mery. I am come to you, a little matter to break.

C. Custance. But see it be honest, else better not to speak.

M. Mery. How feel ye yourself affected here of late?

C. Custance. I feel no manner change, but after the old rate.

But whereby do ye mean?

M. Mery. Concerning marriage.

Doth not love lade you?

C. Custance. I feel no such carriage.

M. Mery. Do ye feel no pangs of dotage? Answer me right.

C. Custance. I do so, that I make but one sleep all the night.

But what need all these words?

M. Mery. Oh, [Mercy]! will ye see

What dissembling creatures these same women be?

The gentleman ye wot of, whom ye do so love

That ye would fain marry him, if he durst it move,

Among other rich widows, which are of him glad,

Lest ye for losing of him perchance might run mad,

Is now contented that, upon your suit making,

Ye be as one in election of taking.

C. Custance. What a tale is this!—That I wot of!
Whom I love!

M. Mery. Yea, and he is as loving a worm again as a dove.

E'en of very pity he is willing you to take,

Because ye shall not destroy yourself for his sake.

C. Custance. Marry, God yield his ma'ship; whatever he be,
It is gentlemanly spoken.

M. Mery. Is it not, trow ye?

If ye have the grace now to offer yourself, ye speed.

C. Custance. As much as though I did; this time it shall not need.

But what gentleman is it, I pray you tell me plain,
That wooeth so finely?

M. Mery. Lo, where ye be again;

As though ye knew him not.

C. Custance. Tush! ye speak in jest.

M. Mery. Nay, sure the party is in good knocking earnest,

And have you he will (he saith), and have you he must.

C. Custance. I am promised during my life; that is just.

M. Mery. Marry, so thinketh he, unto him alone.

C. Custance. No creature hath my faith and troth but one,
That is Gawin Goodluck: and if it be not he,
He hath no title this way, whatever he be,
For I know none to whom I have such word spoken.

M. Mery. Ye know him not, you, by his letter and token?

C. Custance. Indeed, true it is, that a letter I have,
But I never read it yet, as God me save.

M. Mery. Ye a woman? and your letter so long unread!

C. Custance. Ye may thereby know what haste I have to wed.

But now, who is it for my hand? I know by guess.

M. Mery. Ah! well, I say.

C. Custance. It is Roister Doister, doubtless.

M. Mery. Will ye never leave this dissimulation?
Ye know him not?

C. Custance. But by imagination;

For, no man there is but a very dolt and lout
That to woo a widow would so go about.

¹ The man has something to do who follows a wooer.

He shall never have me his wife while he do live.

M. Mery. Then will he have you if he may, so mote I thrive;

And he biddeth you send him word by me,
That ye humbly beseech him ye may his wife be,
And that there shall be no let in you, nor mistrust,
But to be wedded on Sunday next, if he lust;
And biddeth you to look for him.

C. Custance. Doth he bid so?

M. Mery. When he cometh, ask him whether he did or no.

C. Custance. Go, say, that I bid him keep him warm at home,

For, if he come abroad, he shall cough me a mome.¹

My mind was vexed, I 'shrew his head, sottish dolt.

M. Mery. He hath in his head——

C. Custance. As much brain as a birdbolt.

M. Mery. Well, Dame Custance, if he hear you thus play choploge²——

C. Custance. What will he?

M. Mery. Play the devil in the horologe.

C. Custance. I defy him, lout.

M. Mery. Shall I tell him what ye say?

C. Custance. Yea, and add whatsoever thou canst, I thee pray,

And I will avouch it, whatsoever it be.

M. Mery. Then let me alone; we will laugh well, ye shall see:

It will not be long ere he will hither resort.

C. Custance. Let him come when him lust, I wish no better sport.

Fare ye well, I will in, and read my great letter:

I shall to my wooer make answer the better. [Exit.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE; ROISTER DOISTER.

M. Mery. Now that the whole answer in my device doth rest,

I shall paint out our wooer in colours of the best,

And all that I say shall be on Custance's mouth,

She is author of all that I shall speak forsooth.

But yond cometh Roister Doister now, in a trance.

R. Royster. Juno send me this day good luck and good chance!

I cannot but come see how Merygreeke doth speed.

M. Mery. I will not see him, but give him a jut³ indeed.—

I cry your mastership mercy!

R. Royster. And whither now?

M. Mery. As fast as I could run, sir, in post against you.

But why speak ye so faintly, or why are ye so sad?

R. Royster. Thou knowest the proverb,—because I cannot be had.

Hast thou spoken with this woman?

M. Mery. Yea, that I have.

R. Royster. And what, will this gear be?

M. Mery. No, so God me save.

R. Royster. Hast thou a flat answer?

M. Mery. Nay, a sharp answer.

R. Royster. What?

M. Mery. Ye shall not (she saith), by her will, marry her cat.

Ye are such a calf, such an ass, such a block,

Such a lilburne, such a hoball, such a lobcock;⁴

And, because ye should come to her at no season,
She despised your ma'ship out of all reason.

"Beware what ye say" (ko⁵ I) "of such a gent'man!"

"Nay, I fear him not" (ko she), "do the best he can.

He vaunteth himself for a man of prowess great,

Whereas, a good gander, I dare say, may him beat.

And where he is louted and laughed to scorn,

For the veriest dolt that ever was born;

And veriest lubber, sloven, and beast,

Living in this world, from the west to the east;

Yet, of himself hath he such opinion,

That in all the world is not the like minion.

He thinketh each woman to be brought in dotage,

With the only sight of his goodly personage:

Yet, none that will have him: we do him lout and flock,

And make him among us our common sporting-stock;

And so would I now" (ko she) "save only because,"——

"Better nay" (ko I)—"I lust not meddle with daws."

"Ye are happy" (ko I) "that ye are a womán,

This would cost ye your life in case ye were a man."

R. Royster. Yea, an hundred thousand pound should not save her life.

M. Mery. No, but that ye woo her to have her to your wife;

But I could not stop her mouth.

R. Royster. Heigho! alas!

M. Mery. Be of good cheer, man, and let the world pass.

R. Royster. What shall I do or say, now that it will not be?

M. Mery. Ye shall have choice of a thousand as good as she;

And ye must pardon her; it is for lack of wit.

R. Royster. Yea, for were not I an husband for her fit?

Well, what should I now do?

M. Mery. In faith, I cannot tell.

R. Royster. I will go home and die.

M. Mery. Then, shall I bid toll the bell?

R. Royster. No.

M. Mery. God have mercy on your soul! ah, good gentle-mán!

That e'er you should thus die for an unkind womán!

Will ye drink once ere ye go?

R. Royster. No, no, I will none.

M. Mery. How feel your soul to God?

R. Royster. I am nigh gone.

M. Mery. And shall we hence straight?

R. Royster. Yea.

M. Mery. Placebo dilexi.

Master Roister Doister will straight go home and die.

Placebo dilexi.

Our Lord Jesus Christ his soul have mercy upon:

Thus you see to-day a man, to-morrow John.

Yet, saving for a woman's extreme cruelty,

He might have livéd yet a month, or two, or three;

But, in spite of Custance, which hath him wearied,

His ma'ship shall be worshipfully buried.

And while some piece of his soul is yet him within,

Some part of his funerals let us here begin.

Dirige. He will go darkling to his grave;

Neque lux, neque cruz, nisi solum clink;

Never gen'man so went toward heaven, I think.

Yet, sirs, as ye will the bliss of heaven win,

When he cometh to the grave, lay him softly in;

¹ A mome, a fool.

² Choploge, chop-logic.

³ Give him a jut, run against him.

⁴ Lilburne, a heavy, stupid fellow; hoball, idiot; lobcock, lubber.

⁵ Ko, quoth.

And all men take heed, by this one gentlemán,
How you set your love upon an unkind womán;
For these women be all such mad peevish elves,
They will not be won, except it please themselves.

Good night, Roger, old knave; Farewell, Roger, old knave;
Good night, Roger, old knave; knave knap.

Nequando. Audivi vocem. Requiem æternam.

R. Royster. Heigho! alas! the pangs of death my heart do break.

M. Mery. Hold your peace, for shame, sir! a dead man may not speak.

Nequando: what mourners and what torches shall we have?

R. Royster. None.

M. Mery. Dirige. He will go darkling to his grave,—

Neque lux, neque cruz, neque mourners, neque clink,
He will steal to heaven, unknowing to God, I think;

A porta inferi: who shall your goods possess?

R. Royster. Thou shalt be my sectour,¹ and have all, more and less.

M. Mery. Requiem æternam. Now, God reward your mastership,

And I will cry halfpenny dole for your worship.

Come forth, sirs; hear the doleful news I shall you tell.

[*He calls out Roister Doister's servants.*]

Our good maister here will no longer with us dwell,
But in spite of Custance, which hath him wearied,
Let us see his ma'ship solemnly buried;
And while some piece of his soul is yet him within,
Some part of his funerals let us here begin.

Audivi vocem. All men take heed by this one gentleman,

How you set your love upon an unkind woman;
For these women be all such mad, peevish elves,
They will not be won, except it please themselves.

But in faith, Custance, if ever ye come in hell,
Maister Roister Doister shall serve you as well.—

And will ye needs go from us thus in very deed?

R. Royster. Yea, in good sadness.

M. Mery. Now, Jesus Christ be your speed!

Good night, Roger, old knave! farewell, Roger, old knave!

Good night, Roger, old knave, knave knap!

Pray for the late Maister Roister Doister's soul,

And come forth, parish clerk; let the passing-bell toll.

[*Ad servos militis.*²]

Pray for your maister, sirs; and for him ring a peal.

He was your right good maister while he was in heal.

*The Peal of bells, rung by the parish Clerk and
Roister Doister's four men.*

The first Bell, a Triple.—When died he? When died he?

The second.—We have him! We have him!

The third.—Royster Doyster! Royster Doyster!

The fourth Bell.—He cometh! He cometh!

The great Bell. Our own! Our own!

R. Royster. Qui Lazarum.

Heighho!

M. Mery. Dead men go not so fast *In Paradisum.*

R. Royster. Heigho!

M. Mery. Soft, hear what I have cast.

R. Royster. I will hear nothing, I am past.

M. Mery. Whough! wellaway!

Ye may tarry one hour, and hear what I shall say.

Ye were best, sir, for awhile to revive again,

And quit them ere ye go.

R. Royster. Trowest thou so?

M. Mery. Yea, plain.

R. Royster. How may I revive, being now so far past?

M. Mery. I will rub your temples, and fet you again at last.

R. Royster. It will not be possible.

M. Mery. Yes, for twenty pound.³

R. Royster. Arms! what dost thou?

M. Mery. Fet you again out of your sound.⁴

By this cross, ye were nigh gone indeed; I might feel.

Your soul departing within an inch of your heel.

Now, follow my counsel.

R. Royster. What is it?

M. Mery. If I were you,

Custance should eft seek to me, ere I would bow.

R. Royster. Well, as thou wilt have me, even so will I do.

M. Mery. Then, shall ye revive again for an hour or two.

R. Royster. As thou wilt: I am content, for a little space.

M. Mery. Good hap is not hasty: yet in space com'th grace.

To speak with Custance yourself, should be very well;

What good thereof may come, nor I nor you can tell,

But now the matter standeth upon your marriage,

Ye must now take unto you a lusty courage.

Ye may not speak with a faint heart to Custance.

But with a lusty breast and countenance,

That she may know she hath to answer to a man.

R. Royster. Yes, I can do that as well as any can.

M. Mery. Then, because ye must Custance face to face woo,

Let us see how to behave yourself ye can do.

Ye must have a portly brag after your estate.

R. Royster. Tush! I can handle that after the best rate.

M. Mery. Well done; so lo! up, man, with your head and chin;

Up with that snout, man: so lo! now ye begin.

So, that is somewhat like; but prankie cote, nay when?

That is a lusty brute; hands unto your side, man:

So lo! now is it even as it should be;

That is somewhat like, for a man of your degree.

Then must ye stately go, jetting up and down.

Tut! can ye no better shake the tail of your gown?

There lo! such a lusty brag it is ye must make.

R. Royster. To come behind, and make curtsy, thou must some pains take.

M. Mery. Else were I much to blame. I thank your mastership;

The Lord one day allto begrieme you with worship.

Back, sir sauc! let gentlefolks have elbow-room.

Void, sirs! see ye not Maister Roister Doister come?

Make place, my maisters.

R. Royster. Thou justlest now too nigh.

M. Mery. Back, all rude louts.⁵

R. Royster. Tush!

M. Mery. I cry your ma'ship mercy.

Hoighdagh! if fair fine Mistress Custance saw you now,

Ralph Roister Doister were her own, I warrant you.

R. Royster. Near an M. by your girdle?

³ Here Merygreeke raps him smartly over the head.

⁴ Sound, swoon.

⁵ Merygreeke strikes Roister Doister as if in sweeping a clear road before him.

¹ Sectour, executor.

² To Ralph's servants.

M. Mery. Your good mastership's
Mastership, were her own mistressship's mistressship's.
Ye were take-up for hawks; ye were gone, ye were gone:
But, now one other thing more yet I think upon

R. Royster. Show what it is.

M. Mery. A wooer, be he never so poor,
Must play and sing before his best beloved's door.
How much more then you?

R. Royster. Thou speakest well, out of doubt.

M. Mery. And perchance that would make her the sooner
come out.

R. Royster. Go call my musicians; bid them hie apace.

M. Mery. I will be here with them, ere ye can say trey
ace. [Exit.

R. Royster. This was well said of Merygreeke, I love his
wit.

Before my sweetheart's door we will have a fitt,
That if my love come forth, I may with her talk:
I doubt not but this gear shall on my side walk.
But lo! how well Merygreeke is returned sence.

M. Mery. There hath grown no grass on my heel since I
went hence;

Lo! here have I brought that shall make you pastance.

R. Royster. Come, sirs, let us sing, to win my dear love
Custance. [Content.

I mun be married a Sunday;¹
I mun be married a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Royster Doyster is my name;
Royster Doyster is my name;
A lusty brute I am the same:
I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I found;
Christian Custance have I found;
A widow worth a thousand pound!
I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as sweet as honey;
Custance is as sweet as honey;
I her lamb, and she my coney;
I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,
When we shall make our wedding feast,
There shall be cheer for man and beast;
I mun be married a Sunday.

I mun be married a Sunday, &c.

M. Mery. Lo, where she cometh! some countenance to
her make;
And ye shall hear me be plain with her for your sake.

ACT III.—SCENE 4.

CUSTANCE; MERYGREEKE; ROISTER DOISTER.

C. Custance. What gauding and fooling is this afore my
door?

M. Mery. May not folks be honest, pray you, though they
be poor?

C. Custance. As that thing may be true, so rich folks may
be fools.

R. Royster. Her talk is as fine as she had learned in
schools.

M. Mery. Look partly toward her, and draw a little near.

C. Custance. Get ye home, idle folks!

M. Mery. Why may not we be here?

Nay, and ye will haze,² haze; otherwise, I tell you plain,
And will ye not haze, then give us our gear again.

C. Custance. Indeed, I have of yours much gay things;
God save all.

R. Royster. Speak gently unto her, and let her take all.

M. Mery. Ye are too tender-hearted. Shall she make us
daws?

Nay, dame, I will be plain with you in my friend's cause.

R. Royster. Let all this pass, sweetheart, and accept my
service.

C. Custance. I will not be served with a fool, in nowise.
When I choose an husband, I hope to take a man.

M. Mery. And, where will ye find one which can do that
he can?

Now this man toward you being so kind,

Why not make him an answer somewhat to his mind?

C. Custance. I sent him a full answer by you, did I not?

M. Mery. And I reported it.

C. Custance. Nay, I must speak it again.

R. Royster. No, no, he told it all.

M. Mery. Was I not meetly plain?

R. Royster. Yes.

M. Mery. But, I would not tell all; for, faith, if I had,
With you, Dame Custance, ere this hour, it had been bad;
And not without cause: for this goodly personage
Meant no less than to join with you in marriage.

C. Custance. Let him waste no more labour nor suit about
me.

M. Mery. Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I
see;—

He sendeth you such a token, ring and letter.

C. Custance. Marry, here it is; ye never saw a better.

M. Mery. Let us see your letter.

C. Custance. Hold! read it, if ye can;

And see what letter it is to win a woman.

M. Mery.

"To mine own dear coney, bird, sweetheart, and pigsny,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by."

Of this superscription do ye blame the style?

C. Custance. With the rest, as good stuff as ye read a
great while.

M. Mery.

"Sweet mistress, whereas I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and riches chief of all;
For your personage, beauty, demeanour, and wit,
I commend me unto you never a whit.

Sorry to hear report of your good welfare,

For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,

That ye be worthy favour of no living man;

To be abhorred of every honest man.

To be taken for a woman inclined to vice;

Nothing at all to virtue giving her due price.

Wherefore, concerning marriage, ye are thought

Such a fine paragon as ne'er honest man bought.

And now, by these presents, I do you advertise

That I am minded to marry you in nowise.

For your goods and substance, I could be content

To take you as ye are. If ye mind to be my wife,

Ye shall be assured for the time of my life

¹ A Sunday, on Sunday; as afore for on five.

² And ye will haze, if you will have us.

I will keep ye right well from good raiment and fare;
 Ye shall not be kept but in sorrow and care.
 Ye shall in no wise live at your own libertie;
 Do and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me;
 But when ye are merry, I will be all sad;
 When ye are sorry, I will be very glad.
 When ye seek your heart's ease, I will be unkind;
 At no time in me shall ye much gentleness find;
 But all things contráry to your will and mind
 Shall be done: otherwise, I will not be behind
 To speak. And as for all them that would do you wrong,
 I will so help and maintain, ye shall not live long.
 Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you, but I;
 I, whos'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
 Thus, good Mistress Custance, the lord you save and keep
 From me, Royster Doyster, whether I wake or sleep.
 Who favoureth you no less (ye may be bold)
 Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."

C. Custance. How, by this letter of love? is it not fine?

R. Royster. By the arms of Calais, it is none of mine.

M. Mery. Fie! you are foul to blame; this is your own hand.

C. Custance. Might not a woman be proud of such a husband?

M. Mery. Ah, that ye would in a letter show such despite!

R. Royster. Oh, I would I had him here, the which did it indite!

M. Mery. Why, ye made it yourself, ye told me, by this light!

R. Royster. Yea, I meant I wrote it mine own self yesternight.

C. Custance. Y'wis, sir, I would not have sent you such a mock.

R. Royster. Ye may so take it; but, I meant it not so, by cock!

M. Mery. Who can blame this woman, to fume, and fret, and rage?

Tut, tut! yourself now have marred your own marriage.

Well, yet, Mistress Custance, if ye can this remit;

This gentleman otherwise may your love requitte.

C. Custance. No, God be with you both, and seek no more to me. [Exeat.]

R. Royster. Wough! she is gone for ever, I shall her no more see.

M. Mery. What, weep? Fie, for shame! And blubber? For manhood's sake,

Never let your foe so much pleasure of you take.

Rather play the man's part, and do love refrain:

If she despise you, e'en despise ye her again.

R. Royster. By gosse, and for thy sake, I defy her indeed!

M. Mery. Yea, and perchance that way ye shall much sooner speed;

For, one mad property these women have in fey,¹

When ye will, they will not; will not ye? then will they.

Ah, foolish woman! ah, most unlucky Custance!

Ah, unfortunate woman! ah, peevish Custance,

Art thou to thine harms so obstinately bent,

That thou canst not see where lieth thine high preferment?

Canst thou not love this man, which could love thee so well?
 Art thou so much thine own foe?

R. Royster. Thou dost the truth tell.

M. Mery. Well, I lament.

R. Royster. So do I.

M. Mery. Wherefore?

R. Royster. For this thing,

Because she is gone.

M. Mery. I mourn for another thing.

R. Royster. What is it, Merygreeke, wherefore thou dost grief take?

M. Mery. That I am not a woman myself, for your sake.
 I would have you myself, and a straw for yond Gill,
 And make much of you, though it were against my will.
 I would not, I warrant you, fall in such a rage,
 As so to refuse such a goodly personage.

R. Royster. In faith, I heartily thank thee, Merygreeke.

M. Mery. And² I were a woman——

R. Royster. Thou wouldest to me seek.

M. Mery. For, though I say it, a goodly person ye be.

R. Royster. No, no.

M. Mery. Yes, a goodly man as e'er I did see.

R. Royster. No, I am a poor homely man, as God made me.

M. Mery. By the faith that I owe to God, sir, but ye be.
 Would I might, for your sake, spend a thousand pound land.

R. Royster. I dare say thou wouldest have me to thy husband.

M. Mery. Yea, and I were the fairest lady in the shire,
 And knew you as I know you, and see you now here.
 Well, I say no more.

R. Royster. Gramercies, with all my heart.

M. Mery. But, since that cannot be, will ye play a wise part?

R. Royster. How should I?

M. Mery. Refrain from Custance awhile now,
 And I warrant her soon right glad to seek to you,
 Ye shall see her anon come on her knees creeping,
 And pray you to be good to her, salt tears weeping.

R. Royster. But what and² she come not?

M. Mery. In faith, then farewell she.

Or else, if ye be wroth, ye may avenged be.

R. Royster. By cock's precious potstick, and e'en so I shall;

I will utterly destroy her, and house and all.

But, I would be avenged in the mean space

On that vile scribbler, that did my wooing disgrace.

M. Mery. Scribbler, ko you? Indeed, he is worthy no less.

I will call him to you, and² ye bid me, doubtless.

R. Royster. Yes, for although he had as many lives
 As a thousand widows, and a thousand wives,
 As a thousand lions, and a thousand rats,
 A thousand wolves, and a thousand cats,
 A thousand bulls, and a thousand calves,
 And a thousand legions, divided in halves,
 He shall never 'scape death on my sword's point,
 Though I should be torn therefore joint by joint.

M. Mery. Nay, if ye will kill him, I will not fet him,
 I will not in so much extremity set him.

He may yet amend, sir, and be an honest man;

Therefore, pardon him, good soul, as much as ye can.

R. Royster. Well, for thy sake, this once with his life he shall pass;

But, I will hew him all to pieces, by the mass.

M. Mery. Nay, faith, ye shall promise that he shall no harm have,

Else I will not fet him.

R. Royster. I shall, so God me save!

¹ In fey, in faith.

² And, if.

But I may chide him a good.

M. Mery. Yea, that do hardly.

R. Royster. Go, then.

M. Mery. I return, and bring him to you, by-and-by. [*Ex.*]

ACT III.—SCENE 5

ROISTER DOISTER; MATHEW MERYGREEKE; SCRIVENER.

R. Royster. What is a gentleman, but his word and his promise?

I must now save this villain's life, in anywise;

And yet, at him already my hands do tickle,

I shall uneth¹ hold them, they will be so fickle.

But lo, and Merygreeke have not brought him sence!

M. Mery. Nay, I would I had of my purse paid forty pence.

Scrivener. So would I too; but it needed not that stound.

M. Mery. But, the gent'man had rather spent five thousand pound;

For it disgraced him at least five times so much.

Scrivener. He disgraced himself, his loutishness is such.

R. Royster. How long they stand prating! Why com'st thou not away?

M. Mery. Come now to himself, and hark what he will say.

Scrivener. I am not afraid in his presence to appear.

R. Royster. Art thou come, fellow?

Scrivener. How think you? Am I not here?



THE SCRIVENER.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*."

R. Royster. What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villany!

Scrivener. It hath come of thyself, if thou hast had any.

R. Royster. All the stock thou comest of, later or rather, From thy first father's grandfather's father's father, Nor all that shall come of thee, to the world's end, Though to threescore generations they descend, Can be able to make a just recompense For this trespass of thine, and this one offence.

Scrivener. Wheroin?

R. Royster. Did not you make me a letter, brother?

Scrivener. Pay the like hire, I will make you such another.

R. Royster. Nay! see, and these [rascal] Pharisees and Scribes

Do not get their living by polling and bribes.

If it were not for shame——

Scrivener. Nay, hold thy hands still.

M. Mery. Why, did ye not promise that ye would not him spill?²

Scrivener. Let him not spare me.

R. Royster. Why, wilt thou strike me again?

Scrivener. Ye shall have as good as ye bring of me, that is plain.

M. Mery. I cannot blame him, sir, though your blows would him grieve;

For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye give.

R. Royster. Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon.

Scrivener. And, what say ye to me? or else I will be gone.

R. Royster. I say, the letter thou madest me was not good.

Scrivener. Then did ye wrong copy it, of likelihood.

R. Royster. Yes, out of thy copy, word for word, I it wrote.

Scrivener. Then, was it as you prayed to have it, I wote: But in reading and pointing there was made some fault.

R. Royster. I wot not; but, it made all my matter to halt.

Scrivener. How say you, is this mine original, or no?

R. Royster. The selfsame that I wrote out of, so mote I go.

Scrivener. Look you on your own fist, and I will look on this,

And let this man be judge whether I read amiss.

"To mine own dear coney, bird, sweetheart, and pigny,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by."

How now? doth not this superscription agree?

R. Royster. Read that is within, and there ye shall the fault see.

Scrivener.

"Sweet Mistress, whereas I love you; nothing at all Regarding your riches and substance; chief of all For your personage, beauty, demeanour, and wit, I commend me unto you; never a whit Sorry to hear report of your good welfare; For (as I hear say) such your conditions are, That ye be worthy favour; of no living man To be abhorred; of every honest man To be taken for a woman inclined to vice Nothing at all; to virtue giving her due price. Wherefore, concerning marriage, ye are thought Such a fine paragon as ne'er honest man bought. And now, by these presents, I do you advertise That I am minded to marry you; in nowise For your goods and substance; I can be content To take you as ye are. If ye will be my wife, Ye shall be assured for the time of my life, I will keep ye right well: from good raiment and fare Ye shall not be kept: but, in sorrow and care Ye shall in nowise live; at your own liberty, Do and say what ye lust; ye shall never please me But when ye are merry; I will be all sad When ye are sorry;³ I will be very glad

² Spill, destroy.

³ Suggested probably by lines in a song of Sir Thomas Wyatt's—

"When ye be merry, then I am glad;
When ye be sorry, then I am sad;
Such grace or fortune I would I had
You for to please, howe'er I were bestad."

¹ Uneth, with difficulty. First-English "*eáthe*," easily.

When ye seek your heart's ease ; I will be unkind
At no time ; in me shall ye much gentleness find.
But, all things contrary to your will and mind
Shall be done otherwise. I will not be behind
To speak ; and as for all they that would do you wrong
(I will so help and maintain ye), shall not live long.
Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you ; but I,
I, who e'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
Thus, good Mistress Custance, the Lord you save and
keep !

From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep,
Who favoureth you no less (ye may be bold)
Than this letter purporteth which ye have unfold."

Now, sir, what default can ye find in this letter ?

R. Royster. Of truth, in my mind, there cannot be a better.
Scrivener. Then was the fault in reading, and not in
writing,

No, nor, I daresay, in the form of inditing.

But, who read this letter, that it sounded so nought ?

M. Mery. I read it in deed.

Scrivener. Ye read it not as ye ought.

R. Royster. Why, thou wretched villain, was all this same
fault in thee ?

M. Mery. I knock your costard, if ye offer to strike me.

R. Royster. Strikest thou indeed, and I offer but in jest ?

M. Mery. Yea, and rap ye again, except ye can sit in
rest.

And I will no longer tarry here, me believe.

R. Royster. What, wilt thou be angry, and I do thee for-
give ?

Fare thou well, scribbler ; I cry thee mercy indeed.

Scrivener. Fare ye well, bibbler, and worthily may ye
speed.

R. Royster. If it were another than thou, it were a knave.

M. Mery. Ye are another yourself, sir, the Lord us both
save ;

Albeit, in this matter I must your pardon crave.

Alas ! would ye wish in me the wit that ye have ?

But, as for my fault, I can quickly amend :

I will show Custance it was I that did offend.

R. Royster. By so doing her anger may be reformed.

M. Mery. But if by no entreaty she will be turned,

Then set light by her, and be as testy as she,

And do your force upon her with extremity.

R. Royster. Come on, therefore, let us go home in sad-
ness.

M. Mery. That if force shall need, all may be in
readiness.

And as for this letter, hardly let all go ;

We will know whe'er she refuse you for that or no.

[*Exeant am.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

SIM. SURESBY.

Sim. Sure. Is there any man but I, Sim Suresby, alone,
That would have taken such an enterprise him upon,
In such an outrageous tempest as this was,
Such a dangerous gulf of the sea to pass ?
I think, verily, Neptune's mighty godship,
Was angry with some that was in our ship,
And, but for the honesty which in me he found,
I think for the other's sake we had been drowned.
But, fie on that servant which for his maister's wealth
Will stick for to hazard both his life and his health.
My maister, Gawin Goodluck, after me a day,
Because of the weather, thought best his ship to stay ;

And, now that I have the rough surges so well past,
God grant I may find all things safe here at last :
Then will I think all my travel well spent.—
Now, the first point wherefore my maister hath me sent,
Is to salute Dame Christian Custance, his wife
Espoused, whom he tend'reth no less than his life.
I must see how it is with her, well or wrong,
And whether for him she doth not now think long.
Then to other friends I have a message or tway ;
And then so to return and meet him on the way.
Now will I go knock, that I may dispatch with speed
But lo ! forth cometh herself happily indeed.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE ; SIM. SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come to see if any more stirring be here.
But what stranger is this, which doth to me appear ?

Sim. Sure. I will speak to her.—Dame, the Lord you save
and see.

C. Custance. What, friend Sim Suresby ? Forsooth,
right welcome ye be.

How doth mine own Gawin Goodluck, I pray thee tell ?

Sim. Sure. When he knoweth of your health, he will be
perfect well.

C. Custance. If he have perfect health, I am as I would be.

Sim. Sure. Such news will please him well. This is as it
should be.

C. Custance. I think now long for him.

Sim. Sure. And he as long for you.

C. Custance. When will he be at home ?

Sim. Sure. His heart is here e'en now ;

His body cometh after.

C. Custance. I would see that fain.

Sim. Sure. As fast as wind and sail can carry it amain.

But what two men are yond coming hitherward ?

C. Custance. Now, I shrew their best Christmas cheeks,
both togetherward !

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE ; SIM. SURESBY ; RALPH ROISTER ; MATHEW
MERYGREEKE ; TRUPENIE.

C. Custance. (What mean these lewd fellows, thus to
trouble me still ?

Sim Suresby here, perchance, shall thereof deem some ill,
And shall suspect in me some point of naughtiness,
And they come hitherward).

Sim. Sure. What is their business ?

C. Custance. I have nought to them, nor they to me, in
sadness.

Sim. Sure. Let us hearken them ; somewhat there is, I
fear it.

R. Royster. I will speak out aloud best, that she may
hear it.

M. Mery. Nay, alas ! ye may so fear her out of her wit.

R. Royster. By the cross of my sword, I will hurt her no
whit.

M. Mery. Will ye do no harm indeed ? Shall I trust
your word ?

R. Royster. By Roister Doister's faith I will speak but in
borde.¹

Sim. Sure. Let us hearken them : somewhat there is, I
fear it.

R. Royster. I will speak out aloud, I care not who hear it.—
Sirs, see that my harness, my tergat, and my shield,
Be made as bright now, as when I was last in field,

¹ Borde, jest.

As white as I should to war again to-morrow :
 For, sick shall I be, but I work some folks sorrow.
 Therefore, see that all shine as bright as Saint George
 Or as doth a key newly come from the smith's forge.
 I would have my sword and harness to shine so bright,
 That I might therewith dim mine enemies' sight :
 I would have it cast beams as fast, I tell you plain,
 As doth the glittering grass after a shower of rain.
 And see that, in case I should need to come to arming,
 All things may be ready at a minute's warning.
 For such chance may chance in an hour, do ye hear ?

M. Mery. As perchance shall not chance again in seven year.

R. Royster. Now, draw we near to her, and hear what shall be said.

M. Mery. But I would not have you make her too much afraid.

R. Royster. Well found, sweet wife, I trust, for all this your sour look.

C. Custance. Wife!—why call ye me wife ?

Sim. Sure. (Wife! This gear goeth acrook).

M. Mery. Nay, Mistress Custance, I warrant you, our letter

Is not as we read e'en now, but much better ;
 And, where ye half stomached this gentleman afore,
 For this same letter ye will love him now therefore ;
 Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a queen,
 That should break marriage between you twain, I ween.

C. Custance. I did not refuse him for the letter's sake.

R. Royster. Then, ye are content me for your husband to take.

C. Custance. You for my husband to take ! Nothing less, truly.

R. Royster. Yea, say so, sweet spouse ; afore strangers hardly.

M. Mery. And though I have here his letter of love with me,

Yet, his rings and tokens he sent, keep safe with ye.

C. Custance. A mischief take his tokens, and him, and thee too !—

But, what prate I with fools ? Have I nought else to do ?
 Come in with me, Sim Suresby, to take some repast.

Sim. Sure. I must, ere I drink, by your leave, go in all haste

To a place or two, with earnest letters of his.

C. Custance. Then come drink here with me.

Sim. Sure. I thank you.

C. Custance. Do not miss.

You shall have a token to your maister with you.

Sim. Sure. No tokens this time, gramercies. God be with you. [Exeat.

C. Custance. Surely, this fellow misdeemeth some ill in me ;

Which thing, but¹ God help, will go near to spill² me.

R. Royster. Yea, farewell fellow, and tell thy maister Goodluck,

That he cometh too late of this blossom to pluck.

Let him keep him there still, or at leastwise make no haste ;

As for his labour hither he shall spend in waste.

His betters be in place now.

M. Mery. As long as it will hold.

C. Custance. I will be even with thee, thou beast, thou may'st be bold.

R. Royster. Will ye have us then ?

C. Custance. I will never have thee.

R. Royster. Then, will I have you.

C. Custance. No, the de'il shall have thee.

I have gotten this hour more shame and harm by thee,
 Than all thy life days thou canst do me honestly.

M. Mery. Why, now may ye see what it com'th to in the end,

To make a deadly foe of your most loving friend :

And, y'wis this letter, if ye would hear it now——

C. Custance. I will hear none of it.

M. Mery. In faith, would ravish you.

C. Custance. He hath stained my name for ever, this is clear.

R. Royster. I can make all as well in an hour——

M. Mery. As ten year.

How say ye, will ye have him ?

C. Custance. No.

M. Mery. Will ye take him ?

C. Custance. I defy him.

M. Mery. At my word ?

C. Custance. A shame take him !

Waste no more wind, for it will never be.

M. Mery. This one fault with twain shall be mended, ye shall see.

Gentle Mistress Custance now, good Mistress Custance,
 Honey Mistress Custance now, sweet Mistress Custance,
 Golden Mistress Custance now, white Mistress Custance,
 Silken Mistress Custance now, fair Mistress Custance.

C. Custance. Faith, rather than to marry with such a doltish lout,

I would match myself with a beggar, out of doubt.

M. Mery. Then, I can say no more ; to speed we are not like,

Except ye rap out a rag of your rhetorike.

C. Custance. Speak not of winning me ; for it shall never be so.

R. Royster. Yes, dame, I will have you, whether ye will or no.

I command you to love me ! wherefore should ye not ?

Is not my love to you chafing and burning hot ?

M. Mery. To her ! that is well said.

R. Royster. Shall I so break my brain,

To dote upon you, and ye not love us again ?

M. Mery. Well said yet.

C. Custance. Go to, thou goose !

R. Royster. I say, Kit Custance,

In case ye will not haze,³ well ; better yes, perchance.

C. Custance. Avaunt, lozell ! pick thee hence !

M. Mery. Well, sir, ye perceive,

For all your kind offer, she will not you receive.

R. Royster. Then a straw for her, and a straw for her again !

She shall not be my wife, would she never so fain ;

No, and though she would be at ten thousand pound cost.

M. Mery. Lo, dame ! ye may see what an husband ye have lost.

C. Custance. Yea, no force ;⁴ a jewel much better lost than found.

M. Mery. Ah, ye will not believe how this doth my heart wound.

How should a marriage between you be toward,

If both parties draw back, and become so froward ?

R. Royster. Nay, dame, I will fire thee out of thy house,

And destroy thee and all thine, and that by and by.⁵

M. Mery. Nay, for the passion of God, sir, do not so.

R. Royster. Yes, except she will say yea to that she said no.

¹ But, unless.

² Spill, destroy.

³ Haze, "ha's," have us. ⁴ No force, no matter. ⁵ By and by, at once.

C. Custance. And what, be there no officers, trow we, in town,

To check idlo loiterers, bragging up and down?

Where be they by whom vagabonds should be repress,

That poor silly widows might live in peace and rest?

Shall I never rid thee out of my company?

I will call for help. What ho! come forth, Trupenie!

Trupenie. Anon. What is your will, mistress? Did ye call me?

C. Custance. Yea: go, run apace, and, as fast as may be,

Pray Tristram Trusty, my most assuréd friend,

To be here by and by, that he may me defend.

Trupenie. That message so quickly shall be done, by God's grace,

That at my return, ye shall say, I went apace. [*Exeat.*]

C. Custance. Then shall we see, I trow, whether ye shall do me harm.

R. Royster. Yes, in faith, Kit, I shall thee and thine so charm,

That all women incarnate by thee may beware.

C. Custance. Nay, as for charming me, come hither if thou dare.

I shall clout thee till thou stink, both thee and thy train,

And coil¹ thee mine own hands, and send thee home again.

R. Royster. Yea, sayst me that, dame? Dost thou me threaten?

Go we, I will see whether I shall be beaten.

M. Mery. Nay, for the puisho² of God, let me now treat peace;

For, bloodshed will there be, in case this strifo increase.

Ah, good Dame Custance, take better way with you!

C. Custance. Let him do his worst!

M. Mery. Yield in time.

R. Royster. Come hence, thou!

[*Exeant Royster and Mery.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; ANNOT ALYFACE; TIBET TALKAPACE; M. MUMBLECRUST.

C. Custance. So, sirrah! If I should not with him take this way,

I should not be rid of him, I think, till doom's-day.

I will call forth my folks, that, without any mocks,

If he come again, we may give him raps and knocks.

Madge Mumblecrust, come forth, and Tibet Talkapace;

Yea, and come forth too, Mistress Annot Alyface.

An. Alyface. I come.

Tib. Talk. And I am here.

M. Mumbi. And I am here too, at length.

C. Custance. Like warriors, if need be, ye must show your strength.

The man that this day hath thus beguiled you

Is Ralph Roister Doister, whom ye know well enow;

The most lout and dastard that ever on ground trod.

Tib. Talk. I see all folks mock him, when he goeth abroad.

C. Custance. What, pretty maid, will ye talk when I speak?

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth, good mistress.

C. Custance. Will ye my tale break?

He threateneth to come hither, with all his force, to fight; I charge you, if he come, on him with all your might.

M. Mumbi. I, with my distaff, will reach him one rap.

Tib. Talk. And I, with my new broom, will sweep him one swap;

And then, with our great club, I will reach him one rap.

An. Aly. And I, with our skimmer, will fling him one flap.

Tib. Talk. Then, Trupenie's fire-fork will him shrewdly fray:

And you, with the spit, may drive him quite away.

C. Custance. Go, make all ready, that it may be e'en so.

Tib. Talk. For my part, I shrew them that last about it go. [*Exeant.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE 5.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; TRUPENIE; TRISTRAM TRUSTY.

C. Custance. Trupenie did promise me to run a great pace, My friend Tristram Trusty to fet into this place.

Indeed, he dwelleth hence a good start, I confess;

But yet, a quick messenger might twice since, as I guess,

Have gone and come again. Ah! yond I spy him now.

Trupenie. Ye are a slow goer, sir, I make God avow;

My Mistress Custance will in me put all the blame;

Your legs be longer than mine: come apace, for shame.

C. Custance. I can thee thank,³ Trupenie; thou hast done right well.

Trupenie. Maistress, since I went, no grass hath grown on my heel:

But Maister Tristram Trusty, here, maketh no speed.

C. Custance. That he came at all, I thank him, in very deed;

For, now have I need of the help of some wise man.

T. Trusty. Then may I be gone again, for none such I am.

Trupenie. Ye may be, by your going; for, no alderman Can go, I dare say, a sadder⁴ pace than ye can.

C. Custance. Trupenie, get thee in; thou shalt among them know

How to use thyself like a proper man, I trow.

Trupenie. I go. [*Ex.*]

C. Custance. Now, Tristram Trusty, I thank you right much;

For, at my first sending, to come ye never grutch.

T. Trusty. Dame Custance, God ye save; and, while my life shall last,

For my friend Goodluck's sake ye shall not send in wast.

C. Custance. He shall give you thanks.

T. Trusty. I will do much for his sake.

C. Custance. But alack! I fear, great displeasure shall he take.

T. Trusty. Wherefore?

C. Custance. For a foolish matter.

T. Trusty. What is your cause?

C. Custance. I am ill accumbered with a couple of daws.

T. Trusty. Nay, weep not, woman; but tell me what your cause is.

As concerning my friend is anything amiss?

C. Custance. No, not on my part; but here was Sim Suresby—

T. Trusty. He was with me, and told me so.

C. Custance. And he stood by

¹ Coil, when it means ringing round as a serpent or cable, belongs to the Latin group of languages; Portuguese "colher," Italian "cogliere," Latin "colligare;" when it means stir, or noise, "What a coil is here," it is another word, and from the Celtic. "Coilliedd" in Gaelic is stir, movement, or noise.

² Paishe, Pascha.

³ I can thee thank. To "can" or "con" (owe) thanks" was a common Old English phrase. See "Shorter English Poems," page 93, note 3.

⁴ Sadder, weightier, more serious. Sad originally meant "firm," "settled," "fixed," in that sense "serious," and "so," in later English "sorrowful."

While Ralph Roister Doister, with help of Merygreeke,
For promise of marriage did unto me seek.

T. Trusty. And had ye made any promise before them
twain?

C. Custance. No, I had rather be torn in pieces, and slain.
No man hath my faith and troth, but Gawin Goodluck,
And that, before Suresby did I say, and there stuck;
But of certain letters there were such words spoken—

T. Trusty. He told me that too.

C. Custance. And of a ring and token:

That Suresby, I spied, did more than half suspect,
That I my faith to Gawin Goodluck did reject.

T. Trusty. But was there no such matter, Dame Custance
indeed?

C. Custance. If ever my head thought it, God send me ill
speed!

Wherefore, I beseech you, with me to be a witness,
That in all my life I never intended thing less.

And what a brainsick fool Ralph Roister Doister is,
Yourself know well enough.

T. Trusty. Ye say full true, y'wis.

C. Custance. Because to be his wife I ne grant nor apply,
Hither will he come, he sweareth, by and by,
To kill both me and mine, and beat down my house flat;
Therefore, I pray your aid.

T. Trusty. I warrant you that.

C. Custance. Have I so many years livéd a sober life,
And showed myself honest, maid, widow, and wife,
And now to be abuséd in such a vile sort?
To see how poor widows live, all void of comfort!

T. Trusty. I warrant him do you no harm nor wrong
at all.

C. Custance. No, but Mathew Merygreeke doth me most
appal;

That he would join himself with such a wretched lout.

T. Trusty. He doth it for a jest, I know him out of
doubt.

And here cometh Merygreeke.

C. Custance. Then shall we hear his mind.

ACT IV.—SCENE 6.

MERYGREEKE; CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; TRIST. TRUSTY.

M. Mery. Custance and Trusty both, I do you here well
find.

C. Custance. Ah! Mathew Merygreeke, ye have used me
well!

M. Mery. Now, for altogether, ye must your answer tell.
Will ye have this man, woman? Or else, will ye not?
Else will he come,—never boar so brim,¹ nor toast so hot.

C. Custance. But why join ye with him?

T. Trusty. For mirth?

C. Custance. Or else in sadness?

M. Mery. The more fond² of you both, hardly the matter
guess.

T. Trusty. Lo! how say ye, dame?

M. Mery. Why, do ye think, Dame Custance,
That in this wooing I have meant ought but pastance?

C. Custance. Much things ye spake, I wot, to maintain
his dotage.

M. Mery. But well might ye judge, I spake it all in
mockage;

For why? Is Roister Doister a fit husband for you?

T. Trusty. I dare say ye never thought it.

M. Mery. No, to God I vow.

And did not I know afore of the insurance

Between Gawin Goodluck and Christian Custance?

And did not I, for the nonce, by my conveyance,

Read his letter in a wrong sense, for dalliance?

That if you could have take it up at the first bound,

We should thereat such a sport and pastime have found,

That all the whole town should have been the merrier.

C. Custance. Ill ache your heads both! I was never
wearier,

Nor never more vext, since the first day I was born.

T. Trusty. But, very well I wist, he here did all in scorn.

C. Custance. But I feared thereof to take dishonesty.

M. Mery. This should both have made sport, and showed
your honesty;

And Goodluck, I dare swear, your wit therein would 'low.

T. Trusty. Yea, being no worse than we know it to be
now.

M. Mery. And nothing yet too late: for, when I come to
him,

Hither will he repair with a sheep's look full grim,

By plain force and violence, to drive you to yield.

C. Custance. If ye two bid me, we will with him pitch a
field,

I and my maids together.

M. Mery. Let us see; be bold!

C. Custance. Ye shall see women's war.

T. Trusty. That fight will I behold.

M. Mery. If occasion serve, taking his part full brim,³
I will strike at you, but the rap shall light on him.

When we first appear—

C. Custance. Then will I run away,

As though I were afeard.

T. Trusty. Do you that part well play,

And I will sue for peace.

M. Mery. And I will set him on;

Then will he look as fierce as a Cotswold lion.⁴

T. Trusty. But when go'st thou for him?

M. Mery. That do I very now.

C. Custance. Ye shall find us here.

M. Mery. Well, God have mercy on you. [*Ex.*]

T. Trusty. There is no cause of fear; the least boy in the
street—

C. Custance. Nay, the least girl I have, will make him
take his feet.

But hark! methink they make preparation.

T. Trusty. No force,⁵ it will be a good recreation.

C. Custance. I will stand within, and step forth speedily,
And so make as though I ran away dreadfully.

ACT IV.—SCENE 7.

R. ROYSTER; M. MERYGREEKE; C. CUSTANCE; D. DOUGHTIE;
HARPAX; TRISTRAM TRUSTY.

R. Royster. Now, sirs, keep your ray,⁶ and see your
hearts be stout.

But where be these catiffs? Methink they dare not rout.⁷

How sayst thou, Merygreeke? What doth Kit Custance
say?

M. Mery. I am loth to tell you.

R. Royster. Tush! speak, man. Yea, or nay?

¹ Brim, raging, fierce. Icelandic "brim," surf; violent beating of the sea upon the shore.

² Fond, foolish, the first sense of the word. The modern sense is derived from an unreasoning and excessive partiality for any one or any thing.

³ Brim, furiously.

⁴ Cotswold lion, sheep.

⁵ No force, no matter.

⁶ Ray, row, line, order.

⁷ Rout, strike. Icelandic "rota," to stun by a blow.

M. Mery. Forsooth, sir, I have spoken for you all that I can;

But if ye win her, ye must e'en play the man;
E'en to fight it out ye must a man's heart take.

R. Royster. Yes, they shall know, and thou knowest, I have a stomach.

M. Mery. A stomach, quod you? yea, as good as e'er man had.

R. Royster. I trow, they shall find and feel that I am a lad.

M. Mery. By this cross, I have seen you eat your meat as well

As any that e'er I have seen of, or heard tell.

A stomach, quod you? He that will that deny,

I know, was ne'er at dinner in your company.

R. Royster. Nay, the stomach of a man it is that I mean.

M. Mery. Nay, the stomach of a horse or a dog, I ween.

R. Royster. Nay, a man's stomach, with a weapon, mean I.

M. Mery. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoon in a pie.

R. Royster. Nay, the stomach of a man to try in strife.

M. Mery. I never saw your stomach cloyed yet in my life.

R. Royster. Tush; I mean in strife or fighting to try.

M. Mery. We shall see how ye will strike now, being angry.

R. Royster. Have at thy pate, then, and save thy head if thou may.

M. Mery. Nay, then, have at your pate again, by this day.

R. Royster. Nay, thou mayst not strike at me again, in nowise.

M. Mery. I cannot in fight make to you such warrantise: But, as for your foes here, let them the bargain buy.

R. Royster. Nay, as for they shall every mother's child die.

And, in this my fume, a little thing might make me
To beat down house and all: and else, the de'il take me.

M. Mery. If I were as ye be, by gog's dear mother, I would not have one stone upon another.

Though she would redeem it with twenty thousand pounds.

R. Royster. It shall be even so, by his lily wounds!

M. Mery. Be not at one with her, upon any amends.

R. Royster. No, though she make to me never so many friends.

Not if all the world for her would undertake:

No, not God himself neither, shall not her peace make.

On, therefore! march forward! Soft, stay awhile yet.

M. Mery. On!

R. Royster. Tarry.

M. Mery. Forth!

R. Royster. Back.

M. Mery. On!

R. Royster. Soft. Now forward set.

Enter C. CUSTANCE.

C. Custance. What business have we here? Out, alas, alas!¹

R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Didst thou see that, Merygreeke, how afraid she was?

Didst thou see how she fled apace out of my sight?

Ah, good sweet Custance! I pity her, by this light!

M. Mery. That tender heart of yours will mar altogether;

Thus will ye be turned with wagging of a feather.

R. Royster. On, sirs, keep your ray.

M. Mery. On, forth, while this gear is hot.

R. Royster. Soft! the arms of Calais! I have one thing forgot.

M. Mery. What lack we now?

R. Royster. Retire, or else we be all slain.

M. Mery. Back, for the pashe of God! back, sirs, back again!

What is the great matter?

R. Royster. This hasty forth-going

Had almost brought us all to utter undoing;

It made me forget a thing most necessary.

M. Mery. Well remembered of a captain, by Saint Mary.

R. Royster. It is a thing must be had.

M. Mery. Let us have it then.

R. Royster. But I wot not where or how.

M. Mery. Then wot not I when.

But what is it?

R. Royster. Of a chief thing I am to seek.²

M. Mery. Tut! so will ye be, when ye have studied a week.

But tell me what it is.

R. Royster. I lack yet an headpiece.

M. Mery. The kitchen collocavit³ the best hens to grease; Run, fetch it, Dobinet, and come at once withal, And bring with thee my potgun, hanging by the wall.

I have seen your head with it, full many a time,

Covered as safe as it had been with a scrine:⁴

And, I warrant it save your head from any stroke,

Except, perchance, to be amazed⁵ with the smoke:

I warrant your head therewith, except for the mist,

As safe as if it were fast locked up in a chist.

And lo, here our Dobinet cometh with it now.

D. Dough. It will cover me to the shoulders well enow.

M. Mery. Let me see it on.

R. Royster. In faith, it doth meetly well.

M. Mery. There can be no fitter thing. Now ye must us tell

What to do.

R. Royster. Now forth in ray, sirs, and stop no more.

M. Mery. Now, Saint George to borrow!⁶ Drum, dub a dub afore.

T. Trusty. What mean you to do, sir? Commit man-slaughter?

R. Royster. To kill forty such is a matter of laughter.

T. Trusty. And who is it, sir, whom ye intend thus to spill?

R. Royster. Foolish Custance here forceth me against my will.

T. Trusty. And is there no mean your extreme wrath to slake?

She shall some amends unto your good ma'ship make.

R. Royster. I will none amends.

T. Trusty. Is her offence so sore?

M. Mery. And⁷ he were a lout, she could have done no more.

² To seek, wanting. In early English, and still in Milton's time, being "to seek" meant being deficient in it.

³ Kitchen collocavit, large kitchen pot. In Mr. Thomas Wright's volume of "Vocabularies," "colok = cantharus," a large pot; and in Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic Words," "collock" is given as in Northern dialect, a pail. As all sorts of things find their way into such a pot, Udall plays on the analogy to Latin "collocare," and calls it a "collocavit."

⁴ Scrine, case, chest, box. Latin "scrinium," whence shrine.

⁵ Amazed, stupefied. See "Shorter English Poems," page 174. Note 1.

⁶ To borrow, for our surety. First-English "borga," a surety.

⁷ And, if.

¹ Here she runs away.

She hath called him fool, and dressed him like a fool,
Mocked him like a fool, used him like a fool.

T. Trusty. Well, yet the sheriff, the justice, or constable,
Her misdemeanour to punish might be able.

R. Royster. No, sir; I mine own self will, in this present
cause,

Be sheriff, and justice, and whole judge of the laws.
This matter to amend, all officers be I shall:

Constable, bailiff, sergeant—

M. Mery. And hangman and all.

T. Trusty. Yet, a noble courage, and the heart of a man,
Should more honour win by bearing with a woman.
Therefore, take the law, and let her answer thereto.

R. Royster. Merygreeke, the best way were even so to do.
What honour should it be with a woman to fight?

M. Mery. And what, then, will ye thus forego and lose
your right?

R. Royster. Nay, I will take the law on her, withouten
grace.

T. Trusty. Or, if your ma'ship could pardon this one
trespace,

I pray you, forgive her.

R. Royster. Hoh!

M. Mery. Tush, tush, sir! do not.

T. Trusty. Be good maister to her.

R. Royster. Hoh!

M. Mery. Tush! I say, do not.

And what! shall your people here, return straight home?

R. Royster. Yea, levy¹ the camp, sirs, and hence again,
each one.

But be still in readiness, if I hap to call;

I cannot tell what sudden chance may befall.

M. Mery. Do not off your harness, sirs, I you advise,
At the least for this fortnight, in no manner wise.

Perchance, in an hour, when all ye think least,

Our maister's appetite to fight will be best.

But soft, ere ye go, have once at Custance' house.

R. Royster. Soft, what wilt thou do?

M. Mery. Once discharge my harquebouse;

And, for my heart's ease, have once more with my potgoon.

R. Royster. Hold thy hands! else is all our purpose clean
fordoon.

M. Mery. And it cost me my life—

R. Royster. I say, thou shalt not.

M. Mery. By the mat, but I will have once more with
hail shot.

I will have some pennyworth; I will not lose all.

ACT IV.—SCENE 8.

*M. MERYGREEKE; C. CUSTANCE; R. ROYSTER; TIB. T.; AN. ALYFACE;
M. MUMBLECRUST; TRUPENIE; DOBINET DOUGHTIE; HARPAX.*

Two Drums with their Ensigns.

C. Custance. What caitiffs are those, that so shake my
house wall?

M. Mery. Ah, sirrah! now, Custance, if ye had so much
wit,

I would see you ask pardon, and yourselves submit.

C. Custance. Have I still this ado with a couple of fools?

M. Mery. Hear ye what she saith?

C. Custance. Maidens, come forth with your tools,
In a ray.²

M. Mery. Dubba-dub, sirrah!

R. Royster. In a ray!

They come suddenly on us.

M. Mery. Dubbadub!

R. Royster. In a ray!

That ever I was born! we are taken tardy.

M. Mery. Now, sirs, quit yourselves like tall men and
hardy.

C. Custance. On afore, Trupenie! Hold thine own,
Annot!

On toward them, Tibet, for 'scape us they cannot!

Come forth, Madge Mumblecrust! so, stand fast together.

M. Mery. God, send us a fair day!

R. Royster. See, they march on hither.

Tib. Talk. But, mistress.

C. Custance. What sayst thou?

Tib. Talk. Shall I go fetch our goose?

C. Custance. What to do?

Tib. Talk. To yonder captain I will turn her loose.

And³ she gape and hiss at him, as she doth at me,
I durst jeopard my hand she will make him flee.

C. Custance. On forward!

R. Royster. They come.

M. Mery. Stand!

R. Royster. Hold!

M. Mery. Keep!

R. Royster. There!

M. Mery. Strike!

R. Royster. Take heed!

C. Custance. Well said, Trupenie!

Trupenie. Ah, [rascals]!

C. Custance. Well done, indeed!

M. Mery. Hold thine own, Harpax! Down with them,
Dobinet!

C. Custance. Now, Madge; there, Annot; now stick them,
Tibet!

Tib. Talk. All my chief quarrel is to this same little
knave,

That beguiled me last day; nothing shall him save.

D. Dough. Down with the little quean, that hath at me
such spite!

Save you from her, maister, it is a very sprite!

C. Custance. I myself will Mounsire Grand Captain under-
take.

R. Royster. They win ground!

M. Mery. Save yourself, sir, for God's sake!⁴

R. Royster. Out, alas! I am slain: help!

M. Mery. Save yourself!

R. Royster. Alas!

M. Mery. Nay, then, have at you, mistress.

R. Royster. Thou hittest me, alas!

M. Mery. I will strike at Custance here.

R. Royster. Thou hittest me!

M. Mery. So I will.

Nay, Mistress Custance.

R. Royster. Alas! thou hittest me still.

Hold!

M. Mery. Save yourself, sir!

R. Royster. Help! out, alas! I am slain!

M. Mery. Truce! hold your hands! truce, for a while,
or twain.

Now, how say you, Custance? for saving of your life,

Will ye yield, and grant to be this gentleman's wife?

C. Custance. Ye told me he loved me: call ye this love?

M. Mery. He loved awhile, even like a turtle-dove.

C. Custance. Gay love, God save it; so soon hot, so soon
cold.

³ And, if.

⁴ Here Custance attacks Ralph on one side, and Merygreeke pro-
fessing to strike at her from the other side of him, Ralph gets a drub-
bing from them both.

¹ Levy, raise. French "lever."

² In a ray, in a row.

M. Mery. I am sorry for you: he could love you yet, so he could.
R. Royster. Nay, by cock's precious, she shall be none of mine.
M. Mery. Why so?
R. Royster. Come away; by the mat, she is man-kind! I durst adventure the loss of my right hand, If she did not slay her other husband.
 And see, if she prepare not again to fight!
M. Mery. What then? Saint George to borrow, Our Lady's knight.
R. Royster. Slay else whom she will, by gog, she shall not slay me.
M. Mery. How then?
R. Royster. Rather than to be slain, I will flee.
C. Custance. To it again, my knightesses! down with them all!
R. Royster. Away, away, away! she will else kill us all.
M. Mery. Nay, stick to it, like an hardy man and a tall.

And see that no false surmises thou¹ me tell.
 Was there such ado about Custance, of a truth?
Sim. Sure. To report that I heard and saw to me is ruth;
 But both my duty, and name, and propriety, Warneth me to you to show fidelity.
 It may be well enough, and I wish it so to be, She may herself discharge, and try her honesty;
 Yet, their claim to her, methought, was very large, For with letters, rings, and tokens, they did her charge.
 Which when I heard and saw, I would none to you bring.
G. Good. No, by Saint Mary, I allow thee in that thing.
 Ah, sirrah! now I see truth in the proverb old, "All things that shineth is not by and by² pure gold:"
 If any do live a woman of honesty,
 I would have sworn Christian Custance had been she.
Sim. Sure. Sir, though I to you be a servant true and just,
 Yet do not ye therefore your faithful spouse mistrust;



GOODLUCK RETURNED. (From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*."')

R. Royster. Oh, bones, thou hittest me! Away, or else die we shall.
M. Mery. Away, for the pashe of our sweet Lord Jesus Christ!
C. Custance. Away, lout and lubber, or I shall be thy priest! [Exeant om.
 So, this field is ours; we have driven them all away.
Tib. Talk. Thanks to God, mistress, ye have had a fair day.
C. Custance. Well, now go ye in, and make yourself some good cheer.
Omnes pariter. We go.
T. Trusty. Ah, sir! what a field we have had here!
C. Custance. Friend Tristram, I pray you be a witness with me.
T. Trusty. Dame Custance, I shall depose for your honesty.
 And now, fare ye well, except something else ye would.
C. Custance. Not now, but when I need to send, I will be bold. [Exeat.
 I thank you for these pains. And now I will get me in
 Now Roister Doister will no more wooing begin. [Ex.

But examine the matter, and if ye shall it find
 To be all well, be not ye for my words unkind.
G. Good. I shall do that is right, and as I see cause why.
 But here cometh Custance forth; we shall know by and by.

ACT V.—SCENE 2.

C. CUSTANCE; GAWIN GOODLUCK; SIM. SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come forth to see and hearken for news good;
 For about this hour is the time, of likelihood,
 That Gawin Goodluck, by the sayings of Suresby,
 Would be at home; and lo! yond I see him, I.
 What, Gawin Goodluck! the only hope of my life,
 Welcome home, and kiss me, your true espoused wife.

G. Good. Nay, soft, Dame Custance; I must first, by your licence,
 See whether all things be clear in your conscience.
 I hear of your doings to me very strange.

C. Custance. What! fear ye that my faith towards you should change?

¹ *Thou, thee, ye, you.* The reader may conveniently observe in this short dialogue the use of "thou" to a retainer and "you" to a superior. Also the old right use of "ye" and "you" as nominative and accusative = *thou* and *thee*.

² *By and by*, at once. This is the first sense of the phrase, which like "presently" and "anon" has acquired the sense of delay. The phrase has its old sense in Matthew xiii. 21, "When tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended." The first form is an emphatic use of "by" in the sense of nearness. The phrase occurs again twice in the last scene of this play.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

GAWIN GOODLUCK; SIM. SURESBY.

G. Good. Sim Suresby, my trusty man, now advise thee well,

G. Good. I must needs mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled,
For I hear that certain men with you have wrangled
About the promise of marriage by you to them made.

C. Custance. Could any man's report your mind therein
persuade?

G. Good. Well, ye must therein declare yourself to stand
clear,

Else, I and you, Dame Custance, may not join this year.

C. Custance. Then would I were dead, and fair laid in my
grave.

Ah! Suresby, is this the honesty that ye have,

To hurt me with your report, not knowing the thing?

Sim. Sure. If ye be honest, my words can hurt you
nothing;

But what I heard and saw, I might not but report.

C. Custance. Ah, Lord, help poor widows, destitute of
comfort!

Truly, most dear spouse, nought was done but for pastance.

G. Good. But such kind of sporting is homely dalliance.

C. Custance. If ye knew the truth, ye would take all in
good part.

G. Good. By your leave, I am not half well skilled in that
art.

C. Custance. It was none but Roister Doister, that foolish
mome.

G. Good. Yea, Custance, better (they say) a bad 'scuse,
than none.

C. Custance. Why, Tristram Trusty, sir, your true and
faithful friend,

Was privy both to the beginning and the end.

Let him be the judge, and for me testify.

G. Good. I will the more credit that¹ he shall verify;

And, because I will the truth know, e'en as it is,

I will to him myself, and know all, without miss.

Come on, Sim Suresby, that before my friend thou may

Avouch thee the same words, which thou didst to me say.

[*Exeant.*

ACT V.—SCENE 3.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.

C. Custance. O Lord! how necessary it is now of days,
That each body live uprightly all manner ways;
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.
How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought,
And yet, see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought.
But thou, Lord, knowest all folks' thoughts, and eke intents;
And thou art the deliverer of all innocents.
Thou didst help the adulteress, that she might be amended;
Much more then help, Lord, that never ill intended.
Thou didst help Susanna, wrongfully accused,
And no less dost thou see, Lord, how I am now abused.
Thou didst help Hester, when she should have died;
Help also, good Lord, that my truth may be tried.
Yet, if Gawin Goodluck with Tristram Trusty speak,
I trust of ill report the force shall be but weak;
And lo! yond they come, sadly² talking together:
I will abide, and not shrink for their coming hither.

ACT V.—SCENE 4.

GAWIN GOODLUCK; TRISTRAM TRUSTY; C. CUSTANCE; SIM. SURESBY.

G. Good. And was it none other than ye to me report?

T. Trusty. No; and here were ye wished, to have seen
the sport.

¹ That, that which.

² Sadly, seriously.

G. Good. Would I had, rather than half of that in my
purse.

S. Sure. And I do much rejoice the matter was no worse.
And like as to open it I was to you faithful,
So of Dame Custance' honest truth I am joyful.

For, God forfend that I should hurt her by false report.

G. Good. Well, I will no longer hold her in discomfort.

C. Custance. Now come they hitherward: I trust all shall
be well.

G. Good. Sweet Custance, neither heart can think, nor
tongue tell,

How much I joy in your constant fidelity.

Come now, kiss me, the pearl of perfect honesty.

C. Custance. God let me no longer to continue in life
Than I shall towards you continue a true wife.

G. Good. Well, now to make you for this some part of
amends,

I shall desire first you, and then such of our friends

As shall to you seem best, to sup at home with me,

Where at your fought field we shall laugh and merry be.

Sim. Sure. And, mistress, I beseech you, take with me
no grief;

I did a true man's part, not wishing your reproof.

C. Custance. Though hasty reports, through surmises
growing,

May of poor innocents be utter overthrowing,

Yet, because to thy maister thou hast a true heart,

And I know mine own truth, I forgive thee, for my part.

G. Good. Go we all to my house, and of this gear no
more.

Go, prepare all things, Sim Suresby; hence, run afore!

Sim. Sure. I go.

[*Ex.*

G. Good. Good. But who cometh yond? Mathew Mery-
greeke?

C. Custance. Roister Doister's champion; I shrew his
best cheek.

T. Trusty. Roister Doister's self, your wooer, is with him
too.

Surely, something there is with us they have to do.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.

M. MERYGREEKE; RALPH ROISTER; GAWIN GOODLUCK; TRISTRAM
TRUSTY; C. CUSTANCE.

M. Mery. Yond I see Gawin Goodluck, to whom lieth
my message.

I will first salute him after his long voyage,

And then make all things well concerning your behalf.

R. Roister. Yea, for the pashe of God.

M. Mery. Hence! out of sight, ye calf,
Till I have spoke with them, and then I will you fet.

R. Roister. In God's name.

M. Mery. What, Master Gawin Goodluck! well met;
And, from your long voyage, I bid you right welcome home.

G. Good. I thank you.

M. Mery. I come to you from an honest mome.

G. Good. Who is that?

M. Mery. Roister Doister, that doughty kite.

C. Custance. Fie! I can scarce abide ye should his name
recite.

M. Mery. Ye must take him to-favour, and pardon all
past;

He heareth of your return, and is full ill aghast.

G. Good. I am right well content he have with us some
cheer.

C. Custance. Fie upon him, beast! then will not I be
there.

G. Good. Why, Custance, do ye hate him more than ye love me?
C. Custance. But for your mind, sir, where he were, would I not be.
T. Trusty. He would make us all laugh.
M. Mery. Ye ne'er had better sport.
G. Good. I pray you, sweet Custance, let him to us resort.
C. Custance. To your will I assent.
M. Mery. Why, such a fool it is,
 As no man for good pastime would forego or miss.
G. Good. Fet him, to go with us.
M. Mery. He will be a glad man. [Ex.
T. Trusty. We must, to make us mirth, maintain him all we can.
 And lo, yond he cometh, and Merygreeke with him.
C. Custance. At his first entrance, ye shall see I will him trim.
 But first, let us hearken the gentleman's wise talk.
T. Trusty. I pray you, mark if ever ye saw crane so stalk!

ACT V.—SCENE 6.

*R. Royster; M. Merygreeke; C. Custance; G. Goodluck;
 T. Trusty; D. Doughtie; Harpax.*

R. Royster. May I then be bold?
M. Mery. I warrant you on my word.
 They say they shall be sick but¹ ye be at their board.
R. Royster. They were not angry, then?
M. Mery. Yes, at first, and made strange;
 But when I said your anger to favour should change,
 And therewith had commended you accordingly,
 They were all in love with your ma'ship by and by;
 And cried you mercy, that they had done you wrong.
R. Royster. For why? no man, woman, nor child can hate me long.
M. Mery. "We fear" (quod they) "he will be avenged one day;
 Then for a penny give all our lives we may."
R. Royster. Said they so indeed?
M. Mery. Did they? yea, even with one voice.
 "He will forgive all," quod I. Oh, how they did rejoice!
R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha!
M. Mery. "Go fetch him" (say they) "while he is in good mood;
 For, have his anger who lust, we will not, by the rood."
R. Royster. I pray God that it be all true, that thou hast me told—
 And that she fight no more.
M. Mery. I warrant you; be bold.
 To them, and salute them.
R. Royster. Sirs, I greet you all well.
Omnes. Your maistership is welcome.
C. Custance. Saving my quarrel.
 For sure I will put you up into the Exchequer.
M. Mery. Why so? Better nay. Wherefore?
C. Custance. For an usurer.
R. Royster. I am no usurer, good mistress, by his arms.
M. Mery. When took he gain of money, to any man's harms?
C. Custance. Yes, a foul usurer he is, ye shall see else.
R. Royster. Didst not thou promise she would pick no more quarrels?
C. Custance. He will lend no blows, but he have in recompense
 Fifteen for one, which is too much, of conscience.

R. Royster. Ah, dame! by the ancient law of arms, a man
 Hath no honour to foil his hands on a woman.
C. Custance. And where other usurers take their gains yearly,
 This man is angry but he have his by and by.
G. Good. Sir, do not for her sake bear me your displeasure.
M. Mery. Well, he shall with you talk thereof more at leisure.
 Upon your good usage, he will now shake your hand.
R. Royster. And much heartily welcome from a strange land.
M. Mery. Be not afeared, Gawin, to let him shake your fist.
G. Good. Oh! the most honest gentleman that e'er I wist²
 I do beseech your ma'ship to take pain to sup with us.
M. Mery. He shall not say you nay (and I too, by the mass),³
 Because ye shall be friends, and let all quarrels pass.
R. Royster. I will be as good friends with them as e'er I was.
M. Mery. Then, let me fet your choir, that we may have a song.
R. Royster. Go.
G. Good. I have heard no melody all this year long.
M. Mery. Come on, sirs, quickly.
R. Royster. Sing on, sirs, for my friends' sake.
D. Dough. Call ye these your friends?
R. Royster. Sing on, and no more words make.

Here they sing.

G. Good. The Lord preserve our most noble queen of renown.
 And her virtues reward with the heavenly crown.
C. Custance. The Lord strengthen her most excellent majesty,
 Long to reign over us in all prosperity.
T. Trusty. That her godly proceedings, the faith to defend,
 He may stablish and maintain through to the end.
M. Mery. God grant her, as she doth, the Gospel to protect,
 Learning and virtue to advance, and vice to correct.
R. Royster. God grant her loving subjects both the mind and grace,
 Her most godly proceedings worthily to embrace.
Harpax. Her highness' most worthy counsellors, God prosper,
 With honour and love of all men to minister.
Omnes. God grant the nobility her to serve and love,
 With all the whole commonty, as doth them behove!

AMEN.

All plays by Udall were supposed to have perished until a single copy of "Ralph Roister Doister," without its title-page, was found in 1818 by the Rev. T. Briggs, an old Etonian, who presented it to the

² Wist, knew.

³ By the mass. This, which the rhyme shows to have been written, was changed to "Jesus" in the printed edition under Elizabeth. The word "mass" was not repudiated by the earlier reformers, and is used in Edward VI.'s first Service Book; but "Ralph Roister Doister" was written in the reign of Henry VIII. The old "God Save the Queen" with which the play ends is, it will be seen, an addition made in Elizabeth's reign, thoroughly Protestant, by the same hand that had just struck the word "mass" out of the copy.

¹ But, unless.

Library of Eton College. Though its date is gone with the title-page, it is, no doubt, a copy of the edition known to have been printed in 1566. The much earlier date of the play itself is proved by a reference to it in 1553, in the third edition of Sir Thomas Wilson's "Rule of Reason, conteynynge the Arte of Logique." In that book, under the head of "The Ambiguitie," Ralph's love-letter is given as "An Example of soche doubtful writing, whiche by reason of poincting maie have double sense, and contrarie meaning, taken out of an entrelude made by Nicolas Vdal." Still among scholars, we turn now from Eton to the Inner Temple.¹ The first English tragedy, "Gorboduc," was produced five years after the death of Nicholas Udall. It was written for the Christmas festivities of the Inner Temple in the

accord with the doctrine and discipline of Calvin at Geneva. As a youth of eighteen, he was employed and favoured by the Protector Somerset, and published a translation into English of Peter Martyr's letter to Somerset. After the death of the Protector, whom he is said to have served as a state amanuensis, Norton in 1555 turned to the law, and entered himself as a student of the Inner Temple. His strong interest in the religious questions of his time continued throughout all his life. A few months before his participation in the writing of "Gorboduc," he published in a folio of nine hundred pages (about one hundred and fifty being a table of matters contained in the book) a translation into English of Calvin's great summary of his doctrine, "The Institutes," which had been completed at Geneva but two years



ETON COLLEGE.

year 1561 by two young members of that Inn—Thomas Norton, then twenty-nine years old, and Thomas Sackville, then aged twenty-five.

Thomas Norton was the eldest son of a Bedfordshire gentleman, who lived to old age on the manor of Sharpenhoe, in the parish of Streatley, and died there in 1583, when his heir had but another year to live. As a youth, Thomas Norton became a ready Latin scholar, but was not sent to either of the Universities. It was not until nearly four years after he had taken part in the writing of "Gorboduc" that he entered himself at Pembroke Hall, Oxford, where he remained until he graduated as M.A. in 1569, when he was thirty-seven years old. Thomas Norton's early training, whatever it was, had developed in him deep religious feeling and an active interest in the Reformation of the Church, which he would have been glad to see brought into

before. A few months after "Gorboduc" was acted, there appeared the completion of Sternhold's version of the Psalms into English as "The Whole Booke of Psalmes collected into English metre by T. Sternhold, L. Hopkins, and others," in which one of the "others" was Thomas Norton; versions of twenty-eight psalms were contributed by him.²

Thomas Sackville, who joined Norton in the writing of "Gorboduc," had an advantage over his fellow-labourer in being really a poet. He was the son of Sir Richard Sackville, and was born at Buckhurst, in the parish of Withyham, in Sussex, in the year 1536. He was at Oxford for a time, but removed to Cambridge, and there graduated. Thomas Sackville, married when he was nineteen, was a member of Parliament for the county of Westmoreland at twenty-one, and at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign entered Parliament again as member for East Grinstead, which is the town nearest to Buckhurst. He was also much employed in private attendance on the queen, whom his father served as Privy Councillor, and who recognised in him a touch of

¹ Mr. Edward Arber has included in his admirable series of "English Reprints" "Ralph Roister Doister," with its text exactly printed from the copy at Eton, which was made accessible to him by the kindness of the Provost and Fellows of the College. Its price is sixpence; and every book produced by Mr. Arber may be obtained by post, direct from the editor, for its price in postage-stamps. His address is E. Arber, Esq., F.S.A., Bowes, Southgate, N.

² See Vol. II. of this Library, "Illustrations of English Religion," pages 149 and 173.

blood relationship, for his grandmother had been aunt to the queen's mother. His career was to be that of a statesman. He had brought from the universities, and since maintained, reputation as a wit and poet. In 1560, Jasper Heywood wrote how

"Sackville's sonnets sweetly sauced
And featly finéd be,"

and the part taken by him in the production of "The Mirror for Magistrates" has been told in another volume of this Library, which contains the work of his that best assures his place among the poets.¹

He was Mr. Thomas Sackville in 1561, when he joined in the writing of "Gorboduc," and had entered himself of the Inner Temple, not that he might study law as his profession, but that he might obtain the knowledge of law necessary to a statesman. He was not knighted until 1567, when he was also made on the same day a baron of the realm, as Lord Buckhurst, and from that day forward his public life was exclusively political. He became first Earl of Dorset in 1604, and died in 1608.

The performance of "Gorboduc" in 1561 was at one of the "Grand Christmasses" kept by the members of the Inner Temple. The question as to the keeping of a "Grand Christmas" was discussed in a parliament of the Inn, held on the eve of St. Thomas's Day, December 21st. If it was resolved upon, the two youngest of those who served as butlers for the festival lighted two torches, with which they preceded the benchers to the upper end of the hall.



OLD HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

The senior bencher there made a speech; officers were appointed for the occasion, "and then, in token

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 169—177. On page 170 there is a portrait of Sackville, and on pages 170—177 will be found the whole of Sackville's "Induction" to "The Mirror for Magistrates," followed by other illustrations of that work on pages 177—184.

of joy and good liking, the Bench and company pass beneath the hearth, and sing a carol."²

The revellings began on Christmas Eve, when three Masters of the Revels sat at the head of one of the tables. All took their places to the sound of music played before the hearth. Then the musicians withdrew to the buttery, and were themselves feasted. They returned when dinner was ended to sing a song at the highest table. Then all tables were cleared, and revels and dancing were begun, to be continued until supper and after supper. The senior master of the Revels, after dinner and after supper, sang a carol or song, and commanded other gentlemen there present to join him. This form of high festivity was maintained during the twelve days of Christmas, closing on Twelfth Night. On Christmas Day (which in 1561 was a Thursday), at the first course of the dinner, the boar's head was brought in upon a silver platter, followed by minstrelsy. On St. Stephen's Day, December the 26th, the Constable Marshal entered the hall in gilt armour, with a nest of feathers of all colours on his helm, and a gilt pole-axe in his hand; with him sixteen trumpeters, four drums and fifes, and four men armed from the middle upward. Those all marched three times about the hearth, and the Constable Marshal, then kneeling to the Lord Chancellor, made a speech, desiring the honour of admission into his service, delivered his naked sword, and was solemnly seated. That was the usual ceremonial when a grand Christmas was kept. At this particular Christmas, 1561, in the fourth year of Elizabeth, it was Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, who was Constable Marshal, and with chivalrous gallantry, taking in fantastic style the name of Palaphilos, Knight of the Honourable Order of Pegasus, Pegasus being the



ARMORIAL DEVICE OF THE INNER TEMPLE,

he contributed to the splendour of this part of the entertainment. After the seating of the Constable Marshal, on the same St. Stephen's Day, December the 26th, the Master of the Game entered in green velvet, and the Ranger of the Forest in green satin; these also went three times about the fire, blowing their hunting-horns. When they also had been ceremoniously seated, there entered a huntsman with a fox and a cat bound at the end of a staff. He was followed by nine or ten couple of hounds, who hunted the fox and cat to the blowing of horns, and killed

² Sir William Dugdale's "Origines Juridicales," in which full details are given of the usages at a "Grand Christmas" in the Inner Temple.

them beneath the fire. After dinner, the Constable Marshal called a burlesque court, and began the Revels, with help of the Lord of Misrule. At seven o'clock in the morning of St. John's Day, December the 27th (which was a Saturday in 1561), the Lord of Misrule was afoot with power to summon men to breakfast with him when service had closed in the church. After breakfast, the authority of this Christmas official was in abeyance till the after-dinner Revels. So the ceremonies went on till the Banqueting Night, which followed New Year's Day. That was the night of hospitality. Invitations were sent out to every House of Court, that they and the Inns of Chancery might see a Play and Masque. The hall was furnished with scaffolds for the ladies who were then invited to behold the sports. After

to general tranquillity," and spoke of "concord and unity, the very marks which they were now to shoot at." But unity was hard to attain. When she had been queen not quite a year, the Spanish Ambassador reported from London to the Count de Feria, "It is the devil's own business here. But the Catholics grow stronger daily; and the heretics are quarrelling with one another so bitterly that they have forgotten their other enemies." To say nothing of other jarring notes, in August, 1561, Mary Stuart landed in Scotland. Sackville and Norton, therefore—one of them a young poet with the aspirations of a statesman, the other a man intensely interested in the contest against Roman Catholic influence—resolved to present before their audience of privy councillors, lawyers, and other foremost men, a play



ACTING TERENCE. (Copied by Strutt from an early-printed edition of Terence.)

the Play, there was a Banquet for the ladies in the library; and in the hall there was also a Banquet for the Lord Chancellor and invited ancients of other Houses. On Twelfth Day, the last of the Revels, there were brawn, mustard, and malmsey for breakfast after morning prayer, and the dinner as on St. John's Day. It was for the Banqueting Day of the Grand Christmas of the Inner Templars that the two members of that Inn, Thomas Sackville, whose father was then governor of the Temple, and Thomas Norton, wrote a play in English upon the model of the tragedies of Seneca, as "Ralph Roister Doister" had been written on the model of Plautus or Terence, and acted instead of "Andria" or "Phormio."

There was a reason for their choice of subject. Elizabeth had not been very long upon the throne. Before her accession England had been a house divided against itself by strong conflicts of opinion. Elizabeth was queen of a divided people. In her first speech from the throne she said that her desire was "to secure and unite the people of this realm in one uniform order, to the honour and glory of God, and

that should urge with all possible force "concord and unity" as the very mark at which a nation must shoot. Their patriotic purpose was to insist on the queen's thought, by writing a play that should dwell throughout upon the danger hanging over any nation that is as a house divided against itself. They found a tale of civil strife to suit their purpose in the same old chronicle which has yielded also to poetry the story of King Lear, and which brought King Arthur again among us, Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle of British kings. The story chosen by them is, indeed, in the chronicle the next narrative after that of Lear. Cordelia in Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle enabled her father to defeat his sons-in-law, and end his life as King of all Britain. She succeeded him, and was for five years queen; then she was rebelled against by her sister's sons, Margan and Cunedagius. They overcame her, and divided the island between themselves. But Margan then attacked Cunedagius, who, by overthrowing his cousin, again brought Britain under single rule. And this is said by the ingenious chronicler to have happened at the time when

Romulus and Remus founded Rome. Then Geoffrey goes on to the story which seemed to Sackville and Norton fitted for their purpose:

At last Cunodagius dying, was succeeded by his son Rivallo, a fortunate youth, who diligently applied himself to the affairs of the government. In his time it rained blood three days together, and there fell vast swarms of flies, followed by a great mortality among the people. After him succeeded Gurgustius his son; after him Sisillius; after him Jago, the nephew of Gurgustius; after him Kinmarcus the son of Sisillius; after him Gorbogudo, who had two sons, Ferrex and Porrex.

When their father grew old they began to quarrel about the succession; but Porrex, who was the most ambitious of the two, formed a design of killing his brother by treachery, which the other discovering, escaped, and passed over into Gaul. There he procured aid from Suard, king of the Franks, with which he returned and made war upon his brother; coming to an engagement, Ferrex was killed and all his forces cut to pieces. When their mother, whose name was Widon, came to be informed of her son's death, she fell into a great rage, and conceived a mortal hatred against the survivor. For she had a greater affection for the deceased than for him, so that nothing less would appease her indignation for his death, than her revenging it upon her surviving son. She took, therefore, her opportunity when he was asleep, fell upon him, and with the assistance of her women tore him to pieces. From that time a long civil war oppressed the people, and the island became divided under the power of five kings, who mutually harassed one another.

Having arranged this story for their purpose, the authors of our first tragedy parted the work between them; Norton writing the first, second, and third acts, and Sackville the fourth and fifth, though, as they worked in fellowship, each may have had some hand in the part chiefly entrusted to the other. They divided the story into five acts, each closed with a chorus, exactly in Seneca's manner, and the verse they agreed to use was the blank verse upon which Italian poets had been experimenting. Experiment of that kind had been first tried among us at the close of Henry VIII's reign, when the Earl of Surrey, imitating the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, or the poet Molza, who allowed that Cardinal to take all credit for his work, translated into blank verse the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid*. Very little blank verse had been tried in England, and that had not been printed until just before Elizabeth's accession. The use of it in our first tragedy was, therefore, a trial made accidentally of a new-fashioned measure. When other tragedies followed, the more familiar forms of rhyming verse were at first generally used, and "Gorboduc" had probably no part in determining the later adoption of blank verse by English dramatists. We have blank verse now as it has been developed by the genius of two such poets as Shakespeare and Milton. Only in England has it thus been created anew by supreme masters of song. For that reason we have it as a national measure, and the worthiest that ever any nation called its own. In "Gorboduc" there was slight indication of its undeveloped powers.

The story, as arranged for representation, was

set forth in an Argument by the two dramatists. When put thus baldly, it is, with its "kill, kill, kill," a little ludicrous through the intensity of its suggestion that disunion may lead to the extremest ills.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDY.

Gorboduc, King of Britain, divided his realm in his lifetime to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to dissension. The younger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

The play was received with great applause. Lord Robert Dudley, high in honour at that particular grand Christmas in the Inner Temple, and first favourite of the queen, would add his witness to the common report of that zeal for the welfare of England, which had caused the writers of the play to insist with all their might upon concord and unity as the very mark at which good Englishmen should aim. The queen, therefore, added to the lesson all emphasis in her power by commanding the play to be repeated about a fortnight later—that is to say, on the 18th of January, 1562 (new style)—before herself and her court at Whitehall. It thus had the conspicuous success that, in a new thing, always suggests imitation.

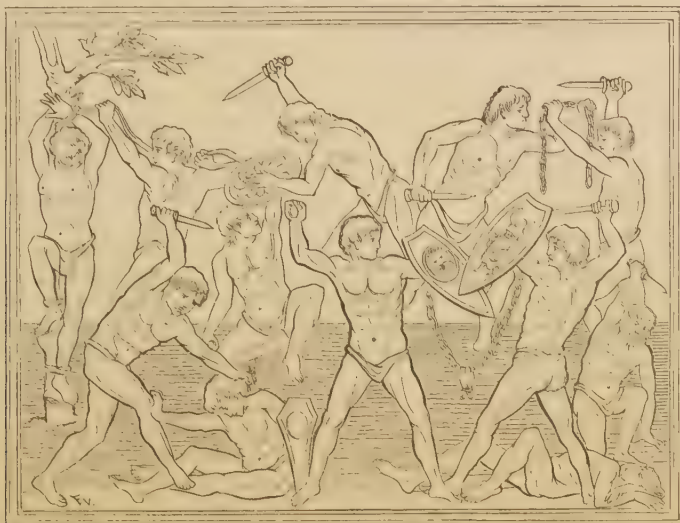
A contemporary MS. note¹ says of the performance before Queen Elizabeth that "on the 18th of January, 1561" (new style, 1562), "there was a play in the Queen's hall at Westminster by the gentlemen of the Temple after a great mask, for there was a great scaffold in the hall, with great triumph as has been seen; and the morrow after, the scaffold was taken down."

The fame of the play caused some young Templar in the year 1565 (the year after the birth of Shakespeare) to sell a copy of it—perhaps one of the MS. copies used by the performers in learning their parts—to William Griffith, a bookseller, whose shop was opposite the Temple in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, and by him it was first published on the 22nd of September of that year as "The Tragedie of Gorboduc, whereof three Actes were wrytten by Thomas Nortone, and the two last by Thomas Sackvyle. Set forth as the same was shewed before the Queen's most excellent Maiestie, in her highnes Court of Whitehall, the xviii. day of January, Anno Domini, 1561. By the gentlemen of Thynner Temple in London." This was an unauthorised publication; upon which the following note was made in the authorised edition, which did not appear until the beginning of 1571 (1570, old style):—"Where this Tragedy was for furniture of part of the Grand Christmas in the Inner Temple, first written about nine years ago by the right honourable Thomas, now Lord Buckhurst, and by T. Norton, and afterwards

¹ Cotton MSS., Vit. F. v.

showed before Her Majesty, and never intended by the authors thereof to be published: yet one W. G." [William Griffith] "getting a copy thereof at some young man's hand that lacked a little money and much discretion, in the last great Plague, anno 1565, about five years past, while the said lord was out of England, and T. Norton far out of London, and neither of them both made privy, put it forth exceedingly corrupted"—and so here was a true copy, printed by John Day, at Aldersgate. Probably to distinguish this edition from the spurious one, the title of the play was altered from "Gorboduc"—under which name it must certainly have been presented—to "Ferrex and Porrex." The title of this edition was "The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex, set forth without addition or alteration, but altogether as the same was shewed on stage before the Queens Maiestie about nine yeares past, vz. the xviii. day of Januarie, 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple." The first, second, and third acts it will be enough to describe with occasional quotation; the fourth and fifth acts (Sackville's part) are the

best, and shall be given complete. The text quoted is, of course, that of the authorised edition; but all variations from it in the edition of 1565, published by William Griffith, will be found in foot-notes. Each act was preceded by an allegorical masque foreshadowing the meaning of its story, and closed with meditative stanzas spoken by a Chorus of four wise elders of Britain. As the original name of the play was "Gorboduc"—for the young man "that lacked a little money and much discretion" would not have been so indiscreet as to raise money upon its credit by selling it under any other name than its own—we may set aside as an after-thought the change of title. It may be true, however, that besides the distinguishing clearly by a difference of name authorised from the unauthorised copies, the central thought of the play—strife, and the ruin in its train—is better marked by the names of the two brothers between whom the feud began, than by the single name of the father whose establishment of a divided power in the land caused all the misery that followed.



STRIFE.

From a Relievo in Terra-cotta by Antonio Pollaiuolo (in the South Kensington Museum).

GORBODUC.

THE ORDER OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIRST ACT,
AND THE SIGNIFICATION THEREOF.

First, the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on¹ his neck a fagot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strength² to break; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them pulled³ out one of the sticks, and brake it: and the rest plucking out all the other sticks, one after another, did easily break them,⁴ the same being severed: which being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force, but being divided, is easily destroyed: as befell on

Duke Gorboduc dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy; and upon the dissension of the brethren, to whom it was divided.

ACT I.

has two scenes, one for the Queen Videna, one for the King Gorboduc.

SCENE 1.—Queen Videna, wife to King Gorboduc, is, at night, in anxious dialogue with her elder son, Ferrex, because her husband has resolved, by dividing his kingdom between both sons, to spoil Ferrex of his birthright. On the day then about to dawn

He will endeavour to procure assent
Of all his council to his fond devise.

Fer. Their ancestors from race to race have borne
True faith to my forefathers and their seed:
I trust they eke will bear the like to me.

¹ On, in. (W. G.'s copy.)

² Strengths. (W. G.)

³ Plucked. (W. G.)

⁴ "Them" omitted. (W. G.)

Vid. There resteth all. But if they fail thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill¹ success,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I pray the gods requite it them;
And so they will, for so is wont to be,
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,
To please the present fancy of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governance,
Murders, mischief, and civil sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right succeeding line returns again,
By Jove's just judgment and deserved wrath,
Brings them to cruel² and reproachful death
And roots their names and kindreds from the earth.

Fer. Mother, content you, you shall see the end.

Vid. The end! thy end I fear: Jove end me first!

SCENE 2.—Gorboduc, King of Great Britain, is consulting with two of his lords, Arostus and Philander, and his secretary, Eubulus, whose name is Greek for good counsel, and from whom especially proceeds good counsel for the English. Gorboduc first tells his friends that he needs faithful advice from them, for the well-being of himself and of his sons. Arostus promises for all that he shall have it. Gorboduc then says—

My lords, I thank you all. This is the case:
Ye know, the gods, who have the sovereign care
For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weals,
Gave me two sons in my more lusty age,
Who now, in my decaying³ years, are grown
Well towards riper state of mind and strength,
To take in hand some greater princely charge.
As yet they live and spend their hopeful days
With me, and with their mother, here in court.
Their age now asketh other place and trade,
And mine also doth ask another change,
Theirs to more travail, mine to greater ease.
When fatal death shall end my mortal life,
My purpose is to leave unto them twain
The realm divided in⁴ two sundry parts:
The one, Ferrex, mine elder son, shall have;
The other, shall the younger,⁵ Porrex, rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly⁶ stand,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I mean forthwith to place them in the same;
That in my life they may both learn to rule,
And I may joy to see their ruling well.
This is, in sum, what I would have you weigh:
First, whether ye allow⁷ my whole devise,
And think it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our country, mother of us all:
And if ye like it and allow it well,
Then, for their guiding and their governance,
Shewe forth the such means of circumstance,
As ye think meet to be both known and kept.
Lo, this is all; now tell me your advice.

Arostus agrees with the king smoothly in a speech of seventy lines; finding reasons to show that his grace hath wisely thought. Philander, in a speech of a hundred lines, partly agrees with Arostus, partly differs from him:—

As for dividing of this realm in twain,
And lotting out the same in equal parts
To either of my lords, your grace's sons,
That think I best for this your realm's behoof,
For profit and advancement of your sons,
And for your comfort and your honour eke:
But so to place them while your life do last,
To yield to them your royal governance,
To be above them only in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I think not good for you, for them, nor us.

It is good that the brothers should have equal state:—

But now the head to stoop beneath them both,
No kind, no reason, no good orders bears.
And oft it hath been seen, where nature's course⁸
Hath been perverted in disordered wise,
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
The children cease to know they should obey;
And often over-kindly⁹ tenderness
Is mother of unkindly stubbornness.

So let the sons divide rule of the kingdom, but hold power subject to their father, who remains the "prince and father of the commonweal." It is then the turn of Eubulus to advise, which he does in a speech of ninety lines. His argument is—

To part your realm unto my lords your sons
I think not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worst of all for this our native land.
Within one land, one single rule is best:
Divided reigns do make divided hearts;
But peace preserves the country and the prince.
Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,
So great is his desire to climb aloft,
In worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,
That faith and justice, and all kindly love,
Do yield unto desire of sovereignty,
Where equal state doth raise an equal hope
To win the thing that either would attain.
Your grace remembreth how in passéd years,
The mighty Brute, first prince of all this land,
Possess'd the same, and ruled it well in one:
He, thinking that the compass did suffice
For his three sons three kingdoms eke to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twain.
But how much British¹⁰ blood hath since been spilt,
To join again the sundred unity!
What princes slain before their timely hour!¹¹
What waste of towns and people in the land!
What treasons heaped on murders and on spoils!
Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthful remembrance is yet raw¹² in mind.

¹ Euyll. (W. G.)

² Civil. (W. G.)

³ Deceyunge (deceiving). (W. G.)

⁴ Into. (W. G.)

⁵ Other. (W. G.)

⁶ Framely. (W. G.)

⁷ Allow, approve. French "allouer;" Latin "allocare." The word was commonly applied to the admission of a charge in accounts, as in our phrase of "allowing the witness his expenses."

⁸ That where nature. (W. G.)

⁹ Our unkindly. (W. G.)

¹⁰ Brutish. (W. G.)

¹¹ Honour. (W. G.)

¹² Had. (W. G.)

The gods forbid the like to chance again :
And you, O king, give not the cause thereof.

Eubulus forecasts what may happen if Gorboduc should carry out his purpose, and says—

Good is I grant of all to hope the best,
But not to live still dreadless of the worst.
So trust the one that th' other be foreseen.

Gorboduc having thus taken counsel of others, follows his own ; and with his resolve to do so, thus the act ends :—

Gor. I take your faithful hearts in thankful part :
But sith I see no cause to draw my mind,
To fear the nature of my loving sons,
Or to misdeem that envy or disdain
Can there work hate, where nature planteth love ;
In one self purpose do I still abide.
My love extendeth equally to both,
My land sufficeth for them both also.
Humber shall part the marches of their realms :
The southern part the elder shall possess,
The northern shall Porrex, the younger, rule.
In quiet I will pass mine aged days,
Free from the travail and the painful cares
That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.
But lest the fraud, that ye do seem to fear,
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
And wrieth¹ them to the ways of youthful lust,
To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their careful charge,
Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,
Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,
Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,
To tread down truth, or favour false deceit ;
I mean to join to either of my sons
Some one of those whose long approv'd faith
And wisdom tried may well assure my heart
That mining fraud shall find no way to creep
Into their fenced ears with grave advice.
This is the end ; and so I pray you all
To bear my sons the love and loyalty
That I have found within your faithful breasts.

Aros. You, nor your sons, my sovereign lord, shall want

Our faith and service, while our hearts² do last.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

When settled stay doth hold the royal throne
In steadfast place, by known and doubtless right,
And chiefly when descent on one alone
Makes single and unperted reign to light ;
Each change of course unjoins the whole estate,
And yields it thrall to ruin by debate.

The strength that, knit by fast³ accord in one,
Against all foreign power of mighty foes
Could of itself defend itself alone,
Disjoin'd once, the former force doth lose.
The sticks, that sundered brake so soon in twain,
In fagot bound attempted were in vain.

Of tender mind, that leads the partial eye
Of erring parents in their children's love,
Destroys the wrongly⁴ lov'd child thereby.
This doth the proud son of Apollo prove,
Who, rashly set in chariot of his sire,
Inflam'd the parch'd earth with heaven's fire.

And this great king that doth divide his land,
And change⁵ the course of his descending crown,
And yields the rein into his children's hand,
From blissful state of joy and great renown
A mirror shall become to princes all,
To learn to shun the cause of such a fall.

The First Act being ended, a Dumb Show pre-
luded in this manner the Second Act :—

First, the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up unto him a cup of wine in a glass, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman, and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art ; so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, ne yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill-advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words beareth deadly poison, which destroyeth the prince that receiveth it. As befell in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advise of grave counsellors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.

ACT II.

has two scenes, one for Ferrex and his counsellors, one bad, one good ; the other for Porrex and his counsellors, one bad, one good.

SCENE I.—Ferrex, the elder brother, consults with two advisers, Hermon, a parasite, and Dordan, a counsellor assigned to him by his father. He marvels why his father should have taken from him half his birthright. Hermon agrees in wondering : it would have looked more reasonable if he had rebelled, or murdered some one of his kin. But Ferrex invokes on himself eternal plagues and never-dying wars—

If ever I conceived so foul a thought
To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

Then Dordan interposes words that make for love and peace :—

Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,
Did ever think so foul a thing of you ;
For he, with more than father's tender love,
While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,

¹ Wrieth, turns awry.

² Lives. (W. G.)

³ Last. (W. G.)

⁴ Wrongful. (W. G.)

⁵ Changed. (W. G.)

(Who long might live to see your ruling well)
 To you, my lord, and to his other son,
 Lo, he resigns his realm and royalty ;
 Which never would so wise a prince have done,
 If he had once misdeemed that in your heart
 There ever lodgéd so unkind a thought.
 But tender love, my lord, and settled trust
 Of your good nature, and your noble mind,
 Made him to place you thus in royal throne,
 And now to give you half his realm to guide ;
 Yea, and that half which, in¹ abounding store
 Of things that serve² to make a wealthy realm,
 In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,
 In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
 In things of needful use, which friendly sea

And thus to match his younger son with me
 In equal power, and in as great degree ?
 Yea, and what son ?

Hermon inflames yet more the anger that good
 Dordan seeks to cool. In vain Dordan warns :—

Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,
 That raising such mistrustful fear in you,
 Sowing the seeds of such unkindly hate,
 Travail by treason to destroy you both.

Hermon flatters in Ferrex the "noble gifts of
 princely qualities" that make him worthy of his



A DUMB SHOW IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.³

Transports by traffic from the foreign parts,⁴
 In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,
 Doth pass the double value of the part
 That Porrex hath allotted to his reign.
 Such is your case, such is your father's love.

Fer. Ah, love, my friends! Love wrongs not whom
 he loves.

Dor. Ne yet he wrongeth you that giveth you
 So large a reign ere that the course of time
 Bring you to kingdom by descended right,
 Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Fer. Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
 My native right of half so great a realm,

birthright. In mildness and in sober governance he
 far excels his brother, to whose fiery head, Hermon
 suggests, mild sufferance of so great a wrong would
 presently give courage to invade the whole. There-
 fore, advises Hermon,

While yet therefore sticks in the people's mind
 The loathed wrong of your disheritance ;
 And ere your brother have, by settled power,
 By guileful cloak of an alluring show,
 Got him some force and favour in the⁵ realm ;
 And while the noble queen, your mother, lives,
 To work and practise all for your avail ;
 Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself
 Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,
 Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,
 In your own kingdom triumphs over you.
 Show now your courage meet for kingly state,⁶
 That they which have avow'd to spend their goods,

¹ Which, in, within. (W. G.)

² Sema. (W. G.)

³ This cut is taken from Strutt's "Manners and Customs of the English." It was copied from a large painting on wood that surrounded the portrait of Sir Henry Unton, with pictured incidents in his life. Sir Henry Unton died in debt in the year 1596. The incident here pictured is the masque held at his wedding, and it serves to show the method of presenting such an entertainment.

⁴ Ports. (W. G.)

⁵ This. (W. G.)

⁶ Estate. (W. G.)

Their lands, their lives and honours in your cause,
 May be the bolder to maintain your part,
 When they do see that coward fear in you
 Shall not betray, ne fail their faithful hearts.
 If once the death of Porrex end the strife,
 And pay the price of his usurp'd reign,
 Your mother shall persuade the angry king,
 The lords, your friends, eke shall appease his rage.
 For they be wise, and well they can foresee,
 That ere long time your agéd father's death
 Will bring a time when you shall well requite
 Their friendly favour or their hateful spite,
 Yea, or their slackness to advance your cause.
 Wise men do not so hang on passing state
 Of present princes, chiefly in their age,
 But they will further cast their reaching eye
 To view and weigh the times and reigns to come.
 Ne is it likely, though the king be wroth,
 That he yet will, or that the realm will bear,
 Extreme revenge upon his only son:
 Or, if he would, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterprise?
 And here you be now placéd in your own,
 Amid your friends, your vassals, and your strength:
 We shall defend and keep your person safe,
 Till either counsel turn his tender mind,
 Or age or sorrow end his weary days.
 But if the fear of gods, and secret grudge
 Of nature's law, repining at the fact,
 Withhold your courage from so great attempt,
 Know ye, that lust of kingdoms hath no law.
 The gods do bear and well allow in kings
 The things that they abhor in rascal routs.
 When kings on slender quarrels run to wars,
 And then in cruel and unkindly wise
 Command thefts, rapes, murders of innocents,
 The¹ spoil of towns, ruins² of mighty realms;
 Think you such princes do suppose³ themselves
 Subject to laws of kind, and fear of gods?
 Murders and violent thefts in private men
 Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach;
 Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name
 Of noble conquests, in the hands of kings.⁴
 But if you like not yet so hot devise,
 Ne list to take such vantage of the time,
 But though, with peril of your own estate,
 You will not be the first that shall invade;
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,
 And for your safety stand upon your guard.

Dor. O heaven! was there ever heard or known,
 So wicked counsel to a noble prince?
 Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace
 This heinous tale, what mischief it contains;
 Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,
 Your present murder and eternal shame.
 Hear me, O king, and suffer not to sink
 So high a treason in your princely breast.

Fer. The mighty gods forbid that ever I
 Should once conceive such mischief in my heart!
 Although my brother hath bereft my realm,
 And bear, perhaps, to me an hateful mind,

Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?
 Or shall I so destroy my father's life
 That gave me life? The gods forbid, I say:
 Cease you to speak so any more to me;
 Ne you, my friend, with answer once repeat
 So foul a tale. In silence let it die.
 What lord or subject shall have hope at all,
 That under me they safely shall enjoy
 Their goods, their honours, lands, and liberties,
 With whom, neither one only brother dear,
 Ne father dearer, could enjoy their lives?
 But, sith I fear my younger brother's rage,
 And sith, perhaps, some other man may give
 Some like advice, to move his grudging head
 At mine estate; which counsel may perchance
 Take greater force with him than this with me,
 I will in secret so prepare myself,
 As, if his malice or his lust to reign
 Break forth in⁵ arms or sudden violence,
 I may withstand his rage and keep mine own.

[*Exeunt FERREX and HERMON.*]

Dordan remains to utter his misgiving, and leaves
 to warn Gorboduc of the traitorous counsel that now

—will whirl about

The youthful heads of these unskilful kings.

Reverence of him, perhaps, shall stay the growing
 mischiefs:—

If this help not, then woe unto themselves,
 The prince, the people, the divided land!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 2.—Porrex, the younger brother, consults
 with two advisers, Tyndar, a parasite, and Philander,
 a counsellor assigned to him by his father. He is
 told by the parasite of these preparations for war
 which his brother had resolved to make as safeguard
 against outbreak from Porrex, and which are now
 made into reasons for attacking him:—

Por. And is it thus? and doth he so prepare
 Against his brother as his mortal foe?
 And now, while yet his agéd father lives?
 Neither regards he him, nor fears he me?
 War would he have? and he shall have it so.

The hot temper of Porrex is quickened by the
 reports of Tyndar, the parasite. Philander urges in
 vain that Porrex should send to his brother for ex-
 planation before moving unkindly war, and send to
 Gorboduc, who would appease the kindled minds of
 his sons, and rid Porrex of this fear:—

Por. Rid me of fear! I fear him not at all;
 Ne will to him, ne to my father send.
 If danger were for one to tarry there,
 Think ye it safety to return again?
 In mischiefs, such as Ferrex now intends,
 The wonted courteous laws to messengers
 Are not observ'd, which in just war they use.
 Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
 Shall I betray my trusty friends to him,

⁵ With. (W. G.)

¹ To. (W. G.)

² And reigns. (W. G.)

³ Suppress. (W. G.)

⁴ Of the preceding four lines the two beginning "Yet none offence"
 preceded in William Griffith's edition the two beginning "Murders
 and violent thefts."

That have disclosed his¹ treason unto me,
 Let him entreat that fears; I fear him not.
 Or shall I to the king, my father send?
 Yea, and send now, while such a mother lives,
 That loves my brother, and that hateth me?
 Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,
 To Ferrex to oppress me all² unware?
 I will not; but I will invade his realm,
 And seek the traitor prince within his court.
 Mischief for mischief is a due reward.
 His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
 Of this his treason and his hate to me.
 Shall I abide, and treat,³ and send, and pray,
 And hold my yelden throat to traitor's knife,
 While I, with valiant mind and conquering force,
 Might rid myself of foes, and win a realm?
 Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,
 Then to the king, my father, will I send.
 The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:
 If not, I will defend me as I may.

[*Exeunt PORREX and TYNDAR.*]

Philander remains to utter his misgivings, and leaves to warn Gorboduc, "ere this mischief come to the likely end." Then the Chorus sums up the act thus:—

CHORUS.

When youth, not bridled with a guiding stay,
 Is left to random of their own delight,
 And wields whole realms by force of sovereign sway,⁴
 Great is the danger of unmastered might,
 Lest skillless rage throw down, with headlong fall,
 Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling breast,
 And greedy lust doth raise the climbing mind,
 Oh, hardly may the peril be repressed.

Ne fear of angry gods, ne lawes kind,
 Ne country's care⁵ can fired hearts restrain,
 When force hath armed envy and disdain.

When kings of foreset⁶ will neglect the rede
 Of best advice, and yield to pleasing tales
 That do their fancies' noisome humour feed,
 Ne reason nor regard of right avails,
 Succeeding heaps of plagues shall teach, too late,
 To learn the mischiefs of misguided⁷ state.

Foul fall the traitor false, that undermines
 The love of brethren, to destroy them both.
 Woe to the prince, that pliant ear inclines,
 And yields his mind to poisonous tale that flow'th
 From flattering mouth! And woe to wretched land,
 That wastes itself with civil sword in hand!
 Lo, thus it is, poison in gold to take,
 And wholesome drink in homely cup forsake.

The Second Act being ended, a Dumb Show pre-
 luded in this manner the Third Act:—

*First, the music of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners, all clad in black, be-
 tokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised mis-
 government and dissension of brethren, as befell upon the
 murder of Ferrex by his younger brother. After the mourners
 had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and then the
 music ceased.*

ACT III.

has only one scene, which opens with Gorboduc between his good counsellor, Eubulus, and his flatterer, Arostus, in extreme grief at news of the growth of discord, sent in a letter from Dordan, the good counsellor of Ferrex:—

Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here;
 Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm,
 If timely speed provide not hasty help.

* * * * *

Read, read my lords; this is the matter why
 I called ye now, to have your good advice.

The letter from DORDAN, the Counsellor of the elder Prince.

EUBULUS readeth the letter.

My sovereign lord, what I am loath to write,
 But loathest am to see, that I am forced
 By letters now to make you understand.
 My lord Ferrex, your eldest son, misled
 By traitorous fraud⁸ of young untemper'd wits,
 Assembleth force against your younger son,
 Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat
 And furious pangs of his inflam'd head.
 Disdain, saith he, of his disinheritance⁹
 Arms him to wreak the great pretended¹⁰ wrong
 With civil sword upon his brother's life.
 If present help do not restrain this rage,
 This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you.

Your Majesty's faithful,
 and most humble subject,
 DORDAN.

Arostus advises that both sons be sent for, and that Gorboduc trust to their reverence of his honour, age, and state; if that be not enough, let him join force against whichever son is disobedient. But then enters Philander, the good counsellor of Porrex, to tell that the brothers are in arms against each other. Gorboduc gives way to anger and despair. Philander suggests that loving Jove may have

—tempered so the time

Of this debate to happen in your days,
 That you yet living may the same appease,
 And add it to the¹¹ glory of your latter age,
 And they, your sons, may learn to live in peace.

Eubulus says, "Lo, here the peril that was erst foreseen," but it is a time for action, not for vain lament. Some wise and noble personage must carry

¹ That hath disclosed this. (W. G.)

² At. (W. G.)

³ And treat, entreat. (W. G.)

⁴ Fray. (W. G.)

⁵ Countrie, care. (W. G.)

⁶ Foreset, a set purpose before asking counsel, as was Gorboduc's case. Not to be confounded with foresight.

⁷ Misguiding. (W. G.)

⁸ Traitours framde. (W. G.)

⁹ Inheritance. (W. G.)

¹⁰ Pretended, offered, held forth.

¹¹ Add it to the, pronounced swiftly "add't'the," upon the principle of the dropped d of the past tense in words with a root-ending in't, runs the four syllables into two.

warning to one of the sons, while the father prepares force wherewith, if necessary, by the terror of his power to stay the rage of both, or yet of one at least. But it is too late. After the manner of the ancient drama, which related, but did not show, violent deeds, a messenger enters, and the act ends with his tidings:—

O king, the greatest grief that ever prince did hear,
That ever woeful messenger did tell,
That ever wretched land hath seen before,
I bring to you: Porrex your younger son
With sudden force invaded hath the land
That you to Ferrex did allot to rule;
And with his own most bloody hand he hath
His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.

Gor. O heavens, send down the flames of your revenge!

Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire
The traitor son, and then the wretched sire!
But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful gods.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regard of right,
No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath:
But with contempt of gods, and man's despite,
Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
To fatal sceptre and accurséd reign.
The son so loathes the father's lingering days,
Ne dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain.
O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet record
The yet fresh murders done within the land
Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
Bereft Morgan his life with cousin's hand?
Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,
Whose murderous hand, imbrued with guiltless blood,
Asks vengeance still¹ before the heaven's face,
With endless mischiefs on the curséd brood.
The wicked child thus² brings to woeful sire
The mournful plaints to waste his very³ life.
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife;
And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
The dead black streams of mourning,⁴ plaints, and woe.

Sackville's Fourth and Fifth Acts are now given without abridgment:—

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FOURTH ACT.

First, the music of hautboys began to play, during which there came forth from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Allecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone, clad in black garments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spread with serpents instead of hair, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand: each driving before them a king and a queen; which, moved by furies, unnaturally had slain their own children. The names of the kings and queens were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambyeses, Althæa; after

that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrice, they departed, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow; that is to say, Porrex slain by his own mother, and of King Gorboduc and Queen Videna, killed by their own subjects.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

VIDENA *sola.*

Why should I live, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distress?
O me, most woeful wight, whom no mishap
Long ere this day could have bereavéd hence.
Might not these hands, by fortune or by fate,
Have pierc'd this breast, and life with iron reft?
Or in this palace here, where I so long
Have spent my days, could not that happy hour
Once, once have happ'd, in which these hugy frames
With death by fall might have oppresséd me?
Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,
So oft where I have press'd my wretched steps,
Sometime had ruth of mine accurséd life,
To rend in twain, and swallow me therein?
So had my bones possesséd now in peace
Their happy grave within the closéd ground,
And greedy worms had gnawn this pinéd heart
Without my feeling pain: so should not now
This living breast remain the ruthless tomb,
Wherein my heart, yielde to death, is gravéd;
Nor dreary thoughts, with pangs of pining grief,
My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.
O my beloved son! O my sweet child!
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight!
Is my belovéd⁵ son, is my sweet child,
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight,
Murder'd with cruel death? O hateful wretch!
O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth!
Thou, Porrex, thou this damnéd deed hast wrought;
Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye⁶ the same.
Traitor to kin and kind, to sire and me,
To thine own flesh, and traitor to thyself:
The gods on thee in hell shall wreak the⁷ wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitiff wight.
If after blood so eager were thy thirst,
And murderous mind had so possesséd thee,
If such hard heart of rock and stony flint
Liv'd in thy breast, that nothing else could like
Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood:
Wild savage beasts, might not their⁸ slaughter serve
To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst
Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands
With blood deserv'd, and drink thereof thy fill?
Or if nought else but death and blood of man
Might please thy lust, could none in Britain land
Whose heart betorn out of his panting⁹ breast
With thine own hand, or work what death thou would'st,
Suffice to make a sacrifice to 'pease¹⁰
That deadly mind and murderous thought in thee,
But he who in the selfsame womb was wrapp'd,
Where thou in dismal hour receivédst life?
Or if needs, needs thy hand must slaughter make,
Mightest thou not have reach'd a mortal wound,

¹ "Still" is omitted in W. G.'s edition.

² This. (W. G.)

³ Wery. (W. G.)

⁴ Mourning. (W. G.)

⁵ Well beloved. (W. G.)

⁶ Abye. (W. G.) See Note 2, page 31.

⁷ Their. (W. G.)

⁸ The. (W. G.)

⁹ Loving. (W. G.)

¹⁰ Appease. (W. G.)

And with thy sword have pierc'd this curséd womb
That the accuséd Porrex brought to light,
And given me a just reward therefore?
So Ferrex yet¹ sweet life might have enjoyed,
And to his agéd father comfort brought,
With some young son in whom they both might live.
But whereunto waste I this ruthful speech,
To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?
Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?
That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?
No, traitor, no; I thee refuse for mine:
Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.
Never, O wretch, this womb conceivéd thee;
Nor never bode I painful throes for thee.
Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew.
Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,
Thou never suck'd the milk of woman's breast;
But, from thy birth, the cruel tiger's teats
Have nurséd thee;² nor yet of flesh and blood
Form'd is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought;
And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.
But canst thou hope to 'scape my just revenge?
Or that these hands will not be wroked on thee?
Dost thou not know that Ferrex' mother lives,
That lovéd him more dearly than herself?
And doth she live, and is not venged on thee?

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

GORBODUC; AROSTUS.

Gor. We marvel much, whereto this ling'ring stay
Falls out so long: Porrex unto our court,
By order of our letters, is return'd;
And Eubulus received from us behest,
At his arrival here, to give him charge
Before our presence straight to make repair,
And yet we have no word whereof he stays.

Aros. Lo where he comes, and Eubulus with him.

Enter EUBULUS and PORREX.

Eub. According to your highness' hest to me,
Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort
As from his wearied horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such haste therein.

Gor. We like and praise this speedy will in you,
To work the thing that to your charge we gave.
Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,
And from those bounds which law³ of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,
In cruel murder of thy brother's life,
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.
No; we should not offend the law of kind,
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murder'd him, whose heinous death
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
By blood again; and justice forceth us
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet sithens thou 'rt our child, and sith as yet
In this hard case what word thou canst allege
For thy defence, by us hath not been heard,
We are content to stay our will for that
Which justice bids us presently to work,

And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.

Por. Neither, O king, I can or will deny
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft:
Which fact how much my doleful heart doth wail,
Oh! would it might as full appear to sight,
As inward grief doth pour it forth to me.
So yet, perhaps, if ever ruthful heart
Melting in tears within a manly breast,
Through deep repentance of his bloody fact;
If ever grief, if ever woeful man
Might move regret with sorrow of his fault,
I think the torment of my mournful case,
Known to your grace as I do feel the same,
Would force even Wrath herself to pity me.
But as the water, troubled with the mud,
Shows not the face which else the eye should see;
Even so your ireful mind with stirréd thought
Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.
But this unhap, amongst so many haps,
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to myself I must reserve⁴ my woe,
In pining thoughts of mine accuséd fact;
Sithens I may not show⁵ my smallest grief,
Such as it is, and as my breast endures,
Which I esteem the greatest misery
Of all mishaps that fortune now can send.
Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears
To⁶ purchase life; for to the gods I clepe⁷
For true record of this my faithful speech;
Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread
To die the death that by your grace's doom,
By just desert, shall be pronounced to me:
Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speech,
Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live.
I mean not this as though I were not touch'd
With care of dreadful death, or that I held
Life in contempt: but that I know the mind
Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail.
And for my guilt, I yield the same so great
As in myself I find a fear to sue
For grant of life.

Gor. In vain, O wretch, thou showest
A woeful heart: Ferrex now lies in grave,
Slain by thy hand.

Por. Yet this, O father, hear;
And then I end. Your majesty well knows,
That when my brother Ferrex and myself
By your own hest were join'd in governance
Of this your grace's realm of Britain land,
I never sought nor travailed for the same;
Nor by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,
But from your highness' will alone it sprung,
Of your most gracious goodness bent to me.
But how my brother's heart even then repined
With swollen disdain against mine equal rule,
Seeing that realm, which by descent should grow
Wholly to him, allotted half to me;
Even in your highness' court he now remains,
And with my brother then in nearest place,
Who can record what proof thereof was showed,
And how my brother's envious heart appeared.
Yet I that judgéd it my part to seek
His favour and good will, and loath to make

¹ Or. (W. G.)² "Thee" omitted. (W. G.)³ Laws. (W. G.)⁴ Refer. (W. G.)⁵ "Here" added. (W. G.)⁶ Should. (W. G.)⁷ Clepe, call. First-English "clypian."

Your highness know the thing which should have brought
Grief to your grace, and your offence to him ;
Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won
A loving heart within a brother's breast,
Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love
And faithful heart, he gave to me his hand.
This made me think that he had banished quite
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
Such hearty love as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your grace's court,
And from your highness' presence lived apart,
This equal rule still, still did grudge him so,
That now those envious sparks which erst lay raked
In living cinders of dissembling breast,
Kindled so far within his heart¹ disdain,
That longer could he not refrain from proof
Of secret practice to deprive me life
By poison's force; and had bereft me so,
If mine own servant hired to this fact,
And moved by truth with² to work the same,
In time had not bewrayed it unto me.
When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,
All honest league and faithful promise broke,
The law of kind and truth thus rent in twain,
His heart on mischief set, and in his breast
Black treason hid; then, then did I despair
That ever time could win him friend to me;
Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
Wrapp'd under cloak, then saw I deep deceit
Lurk in his face and death prepared for me:
Even nature moved me then to hold my life
More dear to me than his, and bade this hand,
Since by his life my death must needs ensue,
And by his death my life mote³ be preserved,
To shed his blood, and seek my safety so.
And wisdom willéd me without protract⁴
In speedy wise to put the same in ure.⁵
Thus have I told the cause that movéd me
To work my brother's death; and so I yield
My life, my death, to judgment of your grace.

Gor. O cruel wight, should any cause prevail
To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?
But what of thee we will resolve to do
Shall yet remain unknown. Thou in the mean
Shalt from our royal presence banished be,
Until our princely pleasure further shall
To thee be showed. Depart therefore our sight,
Accurséd child! [*Exit PORREX.*] What cruel destiny,
What froward fate hath sorted us this chance,
That even in those where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.⁶

Aros. Your grace should now, in these grave years
of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys;
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,

To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither shall nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The arméd breast where force doth light in vain.

Gor. Many can yield right sage and grave⁷ advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;⁸
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

Enter MARCELLA.

Mar. Oh where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? is all the world
Drownéd in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas! within the mother's breast
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;
If ruth be banish'd thence, if pity there
May have no place, if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?

Gor. Madam, alas, what means your woeful tale?

Mar. O silly woman I! why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
With her own hand to slay her only son?
But out, alas! these eyes beheld the same:
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas! is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woeful thing to tell,
While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stabb'd in with knife, is reft of life.

Gor. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed! O hateful Light,
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death!
Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech!

Eub. Patient, your grace; perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound received, but not of certain death.

Gor. Oh let us then repair unto the place,
And see if Porrex live,⁹ or thus be slain.

[*Exeunt GORBODUC and EUBULUS.*]

Mar. Alas, he liveth not! it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
E'en with a twinkle¹⁰ a senseless stock I saw.

Aros. O damnéd deed!

Mar. But hear his ruthful end:
The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,¹¹
Whose strength now failing straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes, e'en now¹² unclos'd,
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help.
We then, alas! the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name

¹ Hearts. (W. G.)

² With hate. (W. G.) The word is omitted by accident in the authorised edition, the sense being that the servant was moved by a true nature with hatred of the thing he was to do.

³ To. (W. G.)

⁴ Protract, delay.

⁵ Ure, use.

⁶ Grave. (W. G.)

⁷ Grave and sage. (W. G.)

⁸ Kind, nature.

⁹ If that Porrex. (W. G.)

¹⁰ Twink. (W. G.)

¹¹ Start for started, the ed being lost in the final t of the root-word.

¹² New. (W. G.)

Of Mother, and to cry to her for aid
 Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
 Pitying (alas! for nought else could we do)
 His ruthless end, ran to the woeful bed,
 Despoiled straight his breast, and all we might
 Wiped in vain, with napkins next at hand,
 The sudden streams of blood that flush'd fast
 Out of the gaping wound. O what a look!
 O what a ruthless steadfast eye methought
 He fix'd upon my face! which to my death
 Will never part from me, when with a braid¹
 A deep-fetch'd sigh he gave, and therewithal
 Claspings his hands, to heaven he cast his sight;
 And straight, pale death pressing within his face,
 The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.

Aros. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Mar. O hard and cruel hap, that thus assign'd
 Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
 But most hard cruel heart that could consent
 To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
 By which, alas! so heinous crime was wrought.
 O Queen of adamant! O marble breast!
 If not the favour of his comely face,
 If not his princely cheer and countenance,
 His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
 If not his fair and seemly personage,
 His noble limbs in such proportion cast
 As would have rapt a silly woman's thought;
 If this might not have moved thy bloody heart,
 And that most cruel hand, the wretched weapon
 Ev'n to let fall, and kiss'd him in the face,
 With tears for ruth to reave such one by death;
 Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
 O mother! thou to murder thus thy child!
 E'en Jove with justice must with lightning flames
 From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee.
 Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
 Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
 Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
 And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
 And charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,
 That bowed the head-piece of thy friendly foe!
 How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
 How oft in arms on foot to break the sword:—
 Which never now these eyes may see again!

Aros. Madam, alas! in vain these complaints are shed;
 Rather with me depart, and help to 'swage²
 The thoughtful griefs that in the aged king
 Must needs by nature grow by death of this
 His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

Mar. What wight is that which saw that I did see,
 And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?
 Not I, alas! that heart is not in me.
 But let us go, for I am grieved anew,
 To call to mind the wretched father's woe. [Exeunt.]

CHORUS.

When greedy lust in royal seat to reign
 Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men;
 And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain,
 Within ambitious breast are lodg'd, then
 Behold how Mischief wide herself displays,
 And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain the³ heaven's face,
 Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,
 The mighty god ev'n moveth from his place,
 With wrath to wreak: then sends he forth with speed
 The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night,
 With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
 With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
 With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.
 These, for revenge of wretched murder done,
 Do make the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:
 Jove, by his just and everlasting doom,
 Justly hath ever so requited it.

The times before record, and times to come
 Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
 Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight, that suffers not the snare
 Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood;
 And happy he, that can in time beware
 By others' harms, and turn it to his good.
 But woe to him that, fearing not to offend,
 Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIFTH ACT.

First, the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of harguebussiers, and of armed men, all in order of battle. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drums and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, arms, and civil wars to follow, as fell in the realm of Great Britain, which, by the space of fifty years and more, continued in civil war between the nobility, after the death of King Gorboduc and of his issues, for want of certain limitation in the succession of the crown, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchy.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

CLOTYN; MANDUD; GWENARD; FERGUS;⁴ EUBULUS.

Clot. Did ever age bring forth such tyrant hearts?
 The brother hath bereft the brother's life;
 The mother, she hath dyed her cruel hands
 In blood of her own son; and now at last
 The people, lo, forgetting truth and love,
 Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,
 Ev'n they have slain their sovereign lord and queen.

Man. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunish'd
 rest?

Ev'n yet they cease not, carried on⁵ with rage,
 In their rebellious routs, to threaten still
 A new bloodshed unto the prince's kin,
 To slay them all, and to uproot the race
 Both of the king and queen; so are they moved
 With Porrex' death, wherein they falsely charge
 The guiltless king, without desert all;⁶
 And traitorously have murder'd him therefore,
 And eke the queen.

Gwen. Shall subjects dare with force

³ This. (W. G.)

⁴ Clotyn is Duke of Cornwall; Mandud is Duke of Lloegria, in the south; Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland; and Fergus, Duke of Albany, or Scotland, the north. These were all the divisions of the kingdom.

⁵ Out. (W. G.)

⁶ At all. (W. G.)

¹ Braid, sudden start.

² Assuage. (W. G.)

To work revenge upon their prince's fact ?
 Admit the worst that may : as sure in this
 The deed was foul, the queen to slay her son :
 Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,
 Arise against his lord, and slay his king ?
 O wretched state, where those rebellious hearts
 Are not rent out ev'n from their living breasts,
 And with the body thrown unto the fowls,
 As carrion food, for terror of the rest.

Ferg. There can no punishment be thought too great
 For this so grievous crime : let speed therefore
 Be used therein, for it behooveth so.

Eub. Ye all, my lords, I see, consent in one,
 And I as one consent with ye in all.
 I hold it more than need, with¹ sharpest law
 To punish this² tumultuous bloody rage.
 For nothing more may shake the common state,
 Than sufferance of uproars without redress ;
 Whereby how some kingdoms of mighty power,
 After great conquests made, and flourishing
 In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought,
 I pray to Jove that we may rather wail
 Such hap in them than witness in ourselves.
 Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees,³
 Though kings forget to govern as they ought,
 Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.
 But now, my lords, before ye farther wade,
 Or spend your speech, what sharp revenge shall fall
 By justice' plague on these rebellious wights ;
 Methinks ye rather should first search the way,
 By which in time the rage of this uproar
 Might be repressed, and these great tumults ceased.
 Even yet the life of Britain land doth hang
 In traitors' balance of unequal weight.
 Think not, my lords, the death of Gorboduc,
 Nor yet Videna's blood, will cease their rage :
 Ev'n our own lives, our wives, and children dear,⁴
 Our country, dear'st of all, in danger stands,
 Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
 And by ourselves a conquest to ensue.
 For, give once sway unto the people's lusts,
 To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
 And as the stream that rolleth down the hill,
 So will they headlong run with raging thoughts
 From blood to blood, from mischief unto more,
 To ruin of the realm, themselves, and all :
 So giddy are the common people's minds,
 So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.
 Ye see, my lords, what strength these rebels have,
 What huge number is assembled still :
 For though the traitorous fact, for which they rose,
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field ;
 So that, how far their furies yet will stretch,
 Great cause we have to dread. That we may seek

By present battle to repress their power,
 Speed must we use to levy force therefore ;
 For either they forthwith will mischief work,
 Or their rebellious roars forthwith will cease.
 These violent things may have no lasting long.⁵
 Let us, therefore, use this for present help ;
 Persuade by gentle speech, and offer grace
 With gift of pardon, save unto the chief ;
 And that upon condition that forthwith
 They yield the captains of their enterprise,
 To bear such guerdon of their traitorous fact
 As may be both due vengeance to themselves,
 And wholesome terror to posterity.
 This shall, I think, scatter⁶ the greatest part
 That now are holden with desire of home,
 Wearied in field with cold of winter's nights,
 And some, no doubt, stricken with dread of law.
 When this is once proclaimed, it shall make
 The captains to mistrust the multitude,
 Whose safety bids them to betray their heads ;
 And so much more, because the rascal routs,
 In things of great and perilous attempts,
 Are never trusty to the noble race.
 And while we treat, and stand on terms of grace,
 We shall both stay their furious rage the while,
 And eke gain time, whose only help sufficeth
 Withouten war to vanquish rebels' power.
 In the mean while, make you in readiness
 Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.
 Horsemen, you know, are not the commons' strength,
 But are the force and store of noble men,
 Whereby the unchosen and unarmed sort
 Of skillless rebels, whom none other power
 But number makes to be of dreadful force,
 With sudden brunt may quickly be oppressed.
 And if this gentle mean of proffered grace
 With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail
 As to assuage their desprate courages ;
 Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
 As present age, and eke posterity,
 May be adrad with horror of revenge
 That justly then shall on these rebels fall.
 This is, my lords, the sum of mine advice.

Clot. Neither this case admits debate at large ;
 And though it did, this speech that hath been said,
 Hath well abridged the tale I would have told.
 Fully with Eubulus do I consent
 In all that he hath said : and if the same
 To you, my lords, may seem for best advice,
 I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

Man. My lords, then let us presently depart,
 And follow this that liketh us so well.

[*Exeunt* CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD, and
 EUBULUS.]

Ferg. If ever time to gain a kingdom here
 Were offered man, now it is offered me.
 The realm is reft both of their king and queen,
 The offspring of the prince is slain and dead,
 No issue now remains, the heir unknown,
 The people are in arms and mutinies,
 The nobles, they are busied how to cease
 These great rebellious tumults and uproars ;
 And Britain land, now desert left alone,
 Amid these broils uncertain where to rest,
 Offers herself unto that noble heart

¹ With the. (W. G.) ² The. (W. G.)
³ The following lines here followed in the unauthorised edition of 1565. They must have been written, or they would not have been in W. G.'s copy. Their omission implies a shrinking from responsibility for so unreserved a definition of royal prerogative :—

"That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
 Call to account the doings of his prince,
 Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,
 No more than may the hand cut off the head ;
 In act nor speech, no not in secret thought
 The subject may rebel against his lord,
 Or judge of him that sits in Caesar's seat,
 With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes."

⁴ "Dear" omitted in W. G.'s edition.

⁵ Lond. (W. G.)

⁶ Flatter. (W. G.)

That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.
 Shall I, that am the Duke of Albany,
 Descended from that line of noble blood
 Which hath so long flourished in worthy fame
 Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts
 Of right should rest above the baser sort,
 Refuse to venture life to win a crown?
 Whom shall I find enemies that will withstand
 My fact herein, if I attempt by arms
 To seek the same now in these times of broil?
 These dukes' power can hardly well appease
 The people that already are in arms.
 But if, perhaps, my force be once in field,
 Is not my strength in power above the best
 Of all these lords now left in Britain land?
 And though they should match me with power of men,
 Yet doubtful is the chance of battles joined.
 If victors of the field we may depart,
 Ours is the sceptre then of Great Britaine;
 If slain amid the plain this body lie,
 Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
 But that I died giving the noble charge
 To hazard life for conquest of a crown.
 Forthwith, therefore, will I in post depart
 To Albany, and raise in armour there
 All power I can: and here my secret friends
 By secret practice shall solicit still,
 To seek to win to me the people's hearts.

[Exit.

ACT V.—SCENE 2.

EUBULUS solus.

Eub. O Jove, how are these people's hearts abused!
 What blind fury thus headlong carries them?
 That though so many books, so many rolls
 Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues
 Light on these rebels aye, and though so oft
 Their ears have heard their aged fathers tell
 What just reward these traitors still receive;
 Yea, though themselves have seen deep death and blood
 By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword
 To such assign'd, yet can they not beware,
 Yet cannot stay their lewd rebellious hands;¹
 But suffering, lo,² foul treason to disdain
 Their wretched minds, forget their loyal heart,
 Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.
 A ruthless case, that those, whom duty's bond,³
 Whom grafted law, by nature, truth, and faith,
 Bound to preserve their country and their king,
 Born to defend their commonwealth and prince,
 E'en they should give consent thus to subvert
 Thee, Britain land, and from thy⁴ womb should spring,
 O native soil, those that will needs destroy
 And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.
 For lo, when once the dukes had offer'd grace
 Of pardon sweet, the multitude, misled
 By traitorous fraud of their ungracious heads,
 One sort⁵ that saw the dangerous success
 Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,
 And knew the difference of prince's power
 From headless number of tumultuous routs,
 Whom common country's care, and private fear
 Taught to repent the error of their rage,

Laid hands upon the captains of their band,
 And brought them bound unto the mighty dukes:
 And⁶ other sort, not trusting yet so well
 The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
 Their own offence than that they could conceive
 Such hope of pardon for so foul misdeed,
 Or for that they their captains could not yield,
 Who, fearing to be yielded, fled before,
 Stole home by silence of the secret night:
 The third unhappy and enrag'd⁷ sort
 Of desp'rate hearts, who, stain'd in princes' blood,
 From traitorous furor could not be withdrawn
 By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by fear,
 By proffered life, ne yet by threatened death,
 With minds hopeless of life, dreadless of death,
 Careless of country, and aweless of God,
 Stood bent to fight, as furies did them move
 With violent death to close their traitorous life.
 These all by power of horsemen were oppressed,
 And with revenging sword slain in the field,
 Or with the strangling cord hanged on the trees,
 Where yet their carrion carcases do preach
 The fruits that rebels reap of their uproars,
 And of the murder of their sacred prince.
 But lo, where do approach the noble dukes
 By whom these tumults have been thus appeased.

Enter CLOTYNN, MANDUP, GWENARD, and AROSUS.

Clot. I think the world will now at length beware
 And fear to put on arms against their prince.

Man. If not, those traitorous hearts that dare rebel,
 Let them behold the wide and hugy fields
 With blood and bodies spread of⁸ rebels slain;
 The lofty trees clothed with the corpses⁹ dead
 That, strangled with the cord, do hang thereon.

Aros. A just reward; such as all times before
 Have ever lotted to those wretched folks.

Gwen. But what means he that cometh here so fast?

Enter NUNTIVS.

Nun. My lords, as duty and my troth doth move,
 And of my country work a¹⁰ care in me,
 That, if the spending of my breath avail'd¹¹
 To do the service that my heart desires,
 I would not shun to embrace a present death;
 So have I now, in that wherein I thought
 My travail might perform some good effect,
 Ventured my life to bring these tidings here:
 Fergus, the mighty duke of Albany,
 Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field
 With twenty thousand men: hither he bends
 His speedy march, and minds to invade the crown.
 Daily he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad,
 That to this realm no certain heir remains,
 That Britain land is left without a guide,
 That he the sceptre seeks for nothing else
 But to preserve the people and the land,
 Which now remain as ship without a stern.¹²
 Lo, this is that which I have here to say.¹³

Clot. Is this his faith? and shall he falsely thus
 Abuse the vantage of unhappy times?

⁶ An. (W. G.)⁷ Unraged. (W. G.)⁸ Body spread, with. (W. G.)⁹ Corpses were in Old English bodies living or dead, as in Latin "corpus," French "corps."¹⁰ And. (W. G.)¹¹ Avail. (W. G.)¹² Stern, rudder.¹³ Hereto said. (W. G.)¹ Yet can they not stay their rebellious hands. (W. G.)² To. (W. G.)³ Bound. (W. G.)⁴ The. (W. G.)⁵ Sort, band, company of men. (See Note 1, page 26.)

O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
His cruel and untempered wilfulness,
His deep dissembling shows of false pretence,
Should once attain the crown of Britain land!
Let us, my lords, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Man. Though we remain without a certain prince,
To wield the realm, or guide the wand'ring rule,
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native land, our country, that contains
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all
That ever is or may be dear to man,
Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.
Let us advance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwen. Yea, let us so, my lords, with hasty speed.
And ye, O gods, send us the welcome death,
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not
In loathsome life to linger out our days,¹
To see the huge heaps of these unhaps,
That now roll down upon the wretched land,
Where empty place of princely governance,
No certain stay now left of doubtless heir,
Thus leave this guideless realm an open prey
To endless storms and waste of civil war.

Aros. That ye, my lords, do so agree in one,
To save your country from the violent reign
And wrongfully usurp'd tyranny
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realm, and in this realm yourselves,
From foreign thralldom of so proud a prince,
Much do I praise; and I beseech the gods,
With happy honour to requite it you.
But, O my lords, sith now the heaven's wrath
Hath reft this land the issue of their prince;
Sith of the body of our late sovereign lord
Remains no more, since the young kings be slain,
And of the title of the descended crown
Uncertainly the divers minds do think,
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly
Will partial fancy and affection deem;
But most uncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reign withdraw to² sundry parts
The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.
When once this noble service is achieved
For³ Britain land, the mother of ye all,
When once ye have with arm'd force repress'd
The proud attempts of this Albanian prince,
That threatens thralldom to your native land;
When ye shall vanquishers return from field,
And find the princely state an open prey
To greedy lust and to usurping power,
Then, then, my lords, if ever kindly care
Of ancient honour of your ancestors,
Of present wealth and nobless of your stocks,
Yea, of the lives and safety yet to come
Of your dear wives, your children, and yourselves,
Might move your noble hearts with gentle ruth,
Then, then, have pity on the torn estate;
Then help to salve the well-near hopeless sore!
Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withhold
The slaying knife from your own mother's throat.
Her shall you save, and you, and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbear

Once to lay hand, or take unto yourselves
The crown, by colour of pretended right,
Or by what other means soe'er it be,
Till first by common counsel of you all
In parliament, the regal diadem
Be set in certain place of governance;
In which your parliament, and in your choice,
Prefer the right, my lords, without⁴ respect
Of strength or friends, or whatsoever cause
That may set forward any other's part:
For right will last, and wrong cannot endure.
Right mean I his or hers, upon whose name
The people rest by mean of native line,
Or by the virtue of some former law
Already made their title to advance.
Such one, my lords, let be your chosen king,
Such one so born within your native land;
Such one prefer, and in no wise admit
The heavy yoke of foreign governance:
Let foreign titles yield to public wealth,
And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare
Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,
With that same heart, my lords, keep out also
Unnatural thralldom of stranger's reign;
Ne suffer you, against the rules of kind,
Your mother land to serve a foreign prince.

Eub. Lo, here the end of Brutus' royal line,
And lo, the entry to the woeful wrack
And utter ruin of this noble realm!
The royal king and eke his sons are slain;
No ruler rests within the regal seat;
The heir, to whom the sceptre 'longs, unknown;
That to each force of foreign princes' power,
Whom vantage of our wretched state may move⁵
By sudden arms to gain so rich a realm,
And to the proud and greedy mind at home,
Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire,
Lo, Britain realm is left an open prey,
A present spoil by conquest to ensue.
Who seeth not now how many rising minds
Do feed their thoughts with hope to reach a realm?
And who will not by force attempt to win
So great a gain, that hope persuades to have?
A simple colour shall for title serve.
Who wins the royal crown will want no right,
Nor such as shall display by long descent
A lineal race to prove him lawful king.⁶
In the mean while these civil arms shall rage,
And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,
And far and near spread thee, O Britain land:
All right and law shall cease, and he that had
Nothing to-day to-morrow shall enjoy
Great heaps of gold; and he that flow'd in wealth,
Lo, he shall be bereft⁷ of life and all;
And happiest he that then possessest least.
The children fatherless shall weep and wail;
With fire and sword thy native folk shall perish,
One kinsman shall bereave another's life,
The father shall unwitting slay the son,
The son shall slay the sire and know it not.
Women and maids the cruel soldier's sword
Shall pierce to death, and silly children lo,
That playing in the streets and fields are found,

⁴ With. (W. G.)

⁵ "May move" was omitted in W. G.'s edition.

⁶ To prove himself a king. (W. G.)

⁷ Shall be reft. (W. G.)

¹ Lives. (W. G.) ² From. (W. G.) ³ From. (W. G.)

By violent hands shall close their latter day.
 Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier
 Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?
 Ev'n thou, O wretched mother, half alive,
 Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child
 Slain with the sword while he yet sucks thy breast.
 Lo, guiltless blood shall thus each where be shed.
 Thus shall the wasted soil yield forth no fruit,
 But dearth and famine shall possess the land.
 The towns shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
 The peopled cities shall wax desolate;
 And thou, O Britain,¹ whilom in renown,
 Whilom in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,
 Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twain,
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed:
 These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.
 Hereto it comes when kings will not consent
 To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
 This is the end, when in fond² princes' hearts
 Flattery prevails, and sage rede hath no place:
 These are the plagues, when murder is the mean
 To make new heirs unto the royal crown.
 Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath
 Nought but the blood of her own child may swage;
 These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise
 To work revenge and judge their prince's fact.
 This, this ensues, when noble men do fail
 In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.
 And this doth grow, when lo, unto the prince,
 Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
 No certain heir remains, such certain heir,³
 As not all only is the rightful heir,
 But to the realm is so made known⁴ to be:
 And truth thereby vested in subjects' hearts,
 To owe faith there where right is known to rest.
 Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
 When is of parliament no hope at all,
 Which, though it be assembled by consent,
 Yet is not likely with consent to end;
 While each one for himself, or for his friend,
 Against his foe, shall travail what he may;
 While now the state, left open to the man
 That shall with greatest force invade the same,
 Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope;
 When will they once with yielding hearts agree?
 Or in the while, how shall the realm be used?
 No, no: then parliament should have been holden,
 And certain heirs appointed to the crown,
 To stay their title on⁵ established right,
 And in the people plant⁶ obedience
 While yet the prince did live, whose name and power
 By lawful summons and authority
 Might make a parliament to be of force,
 And might have set the state in quiet stay.
 But now, O happy man, whom speedy death
 Deprives of life, ne is enforced to see
 These hugy mischiefs, and these miseries,
 These civil wars, these murders, and these wrongs.
 Of justice, yet must God in fine restore
 This noble crown unto the lawful heir:
 For right will always live, and rise at length,
 But wrong can never take deep root to last.

THE ENDE OF THE TRAGEDIE OF KYNGE GORBODUC.

Conspicuous success bred imitation. Young barristers and others from the Universities, with their careers before them and their bread to earn, could see in the success of "Gorboduc" their opportunity if they had wit. There was pleasure to be given to large audiences by real plays in English, and there were companies of actors, servants of great houses trained to the playing of interludes, ready enough to apply their skill to more attractive matter. They lost their licences to act if in their interludes they were held to have touched religion or government; as actors of plays, in the true classical sense of the word, they would earn more from the people and be less molested by the government. Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, had a company of theatrical servants, and had written in 1559, a year or two before the production of "Gorboduc," to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord President of the North, asking leave for them to play in Yorkshire, they having leave already to play in other shires. In 1560, a few months before the production of "Gorboduc," Sir Thomas Cawarden died, and was succeeded by Sir Thomas Benger in his office of Master of the Revels and Masks (Magister Jocorum, Revellorum, et Mascorum). Queen Mary's expenditure on players and musicians had been between two and three thousand pounds a year in salaries. Elizabeth reduced this establishment, but still paid salaries to interlude players and musicians, to a keeper of bears and mastiffs, as well as to the gentlemen and children of the chapel. The master of the children had a salary of forty pounds a year; the children had largesse at high feasts, and when additional use was made of their services; and each gentleman of the chapel had nineteenpence a day, with board and clothing.

The master of the chapel who at this time had the training of the children was Richard Edwards, who had written lighter pieces for them to act before her Majesty, and now applied his skill to the writing of English comedies, and teaching his boys to act them for the pleasure of the Queen. The new form of entertainment made its way at Court and through the country, "Gorboduc" having been acted before the Queen at Whitehall, on the 18th of January, 1562, on the 1st of February following there was a play of "Julius Cæsar" acted at Court.

In 1563 there was a plague in London, of which 21,530 persons died. Archbishop Grindal advised Sir William Cecil, the secretary (afterwards Lord Burleigh) to forbid all plays for one year, and if it were for ever, he said, that would not be amiss. They were acted on scaffolds in public places, like the interludes; and, like them, with no more stage appointment than the dressing of the actors. Now that the public thronged to be thus entertained, the place of acting commonly chosen was one of the large inn-yards, which have not yet everywhere disappeared. The yard was a great square rudely paved, entered by an archway, and surrounded by the buildings of the inn, which had an outside gallery on the level of the first floor, and a second gallery sometimes surrounding the yard on the floor above. Chaucer's "Tabard" in Southwark—its name afterwards perverted to the "Talbot"—which stood until 1874 as it had been rebuilt in Elizabeth's reign, may serve as an example. The inn-yard having

¹ Britain land. (W. G.)

² Young. (W. G.)

³ Certainty. (W. G.)

⁴ Unknown. (W. G.)

⁵ Of. (W. G.)

⁶ Plant the people in. (W. G.)

been hired for a performance, saving, of course, the rights of customers whose horses were stabled round about, a stage was built at one end under the surrounding gallery. It was enclosed by curtains tent-fashion, which hung from above and included a bit of the inn-gallery for uses of the drama. The platform was strewn with rushes. Musicians were placed in the gallery outside the curtain. One sound of the trumpet called the public in, and they stood on the rough stones in the yard—the original “pit”—unless they engaged rooms that opened upon the surrounding gallery, in which they might enjoy themselves, and from which they could look out on the actors. Those rooms were the first private boxes, and when buildings were erected for the acting of plays, their private

who were exacting in their notions of wit. The writers were young University men, with credit for wit at stake; and while the plays in the inn-yards could not satisfy the crowd that paid to see them unless they told good stories vigorously and sent their scenes home to the common sympathies of men, the poets who wrote them were compelled to keep in mind the taste of the polite world, by whose judgment socially they must needs stand or fall. Plays written, not for the inn-yards, but for the Court, might appeal only to appetite for wit, and, neglecting the deeper passions of life, play fancifully with a classical fable, or work out ingeniously through mythological details some subtle under-thought or delicate piece of compliment to the Queen.



TALBOT INN-YARD. CHAUCER'S TABARD. (From a Sketch in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1812.)

boxes were at first called “rooms.” The inn-gallery has been developed into the “dress circle” of modern times. The second flourish of trumpets invited all spectators to settle themselves in their places. After the third sound of the trumpet, the curtain was drawn, and the actors began to represent in action the story made for them into a play. There was no scenery. The bit of inn-gallery included between the curtains might be a balcony for a Juliet, a town-wall or a tower to be defended, a palace-roof, or any raised place that was required by the action. The writer and the actors of the play were the whole play. They alone must present everything by their power to the imaginations of those upon whom they exercised their art. At Court, for the Queen's pleasure, there was still only the scaffold on which to present the story, and beyond the dressing of the actors, only the most indispensable bits of stage appointment; as a seat, if the story required that one should sit, or a table if necessary. But if the poet wanted scene-painting, he must paint his own scene in his verse. It is evident also from contemporary satires that the actors did not stint sound and fury where the play allowed it. But although the greater part of the audience was uneducated, there were present also the courtiers, scholars, and poets,

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE DATE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH TRAGEDY TO THE YEAR IN WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED THAT SHAKESPEARE CAME TO LONDON—A.D. 1561 TO A.D. 1586.

THOMAS PRESTON, M.A., a Fellow of King's College, who became LL.D., and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is said to have pleased Queen Elizabeth so greatly by his acting in the tragedy of “Dido,” presented before her by his University, in 1564, that she granted him twenty pounds a year for doing so. Perhaps this included recognition of skill as a dramatist, for he was the author of the play of “Cambyses,” to which Shakespeare is supposed to have alluded when he made Falstaff, in the first part of “Henry IV.,” offer to rebuke the Prince in character of his father, saying, “Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it might be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.” The play is said to have been acted in 1561, as early as “Gorboduc,” and it is called a comedy, but it is neither comedy nor tragedy. The Vice of the Morality appears in it as the furtherer of mischief, whose duplicity gives him the name of Ambidexter. Other allegorical characters help to

work out the lesson upon the responsibility of kings and magistrates which is drawn from the story of Cambyzes. In the printed black-letter copy there is indication of the manner in which the numerous characters of the piece were distributed among eight actors; one man playing Lord Smirdis, Ruff, and Venus.

KING CAMBISES.

THE DIVISION OF THE PARTES.

<i>Council.</i>	}	<i>For one man.</i>
<i>HUF.</i>		
<i>PRAXASPES.</i>		
<i>Murder.</i>		
<i>LOB.</i>		
<i>The 3 Lord.</i>	}	<i>For one man.</i>
<i>Lord.</i>		
<i>RUF.</i>		
<i>Commons cry.</i>		
<i>Commons Complaint.</i>		
<i>Lord SMIRDIS.</i>	}	<i>For one man.</i>
<i>VENUS.</i>		
<i>Knight.</i>		
<i>SNUF.</i>		
<i>Small habitie.</i>		
<i>Proof.</i>	}	<i>For one man.</i>
<i>Execution.</i>		
<i>Attendance.</i>		
<i>Second Lord.</i>		
<i>CAMBISES.</i>		
<i>Epilogus.</i>	}	<i>For one man.</i>
<i>Prologue.</i>		
<i>SISAMNES.</i>		
<i>Diligence.</i>		
<i>Crueltie.</i>		
<i>HOB.</i>	}	<i>For one man.</i>
<i>Preparation.</i>		
<i>The 1 Lord.</i>		
<i>AMBIDEXTER.</i>		
<i>Triall.</i>		
<i>Meretrix.</i>	}	<i>For one man.</i>
<i>Shame.</i>		
<i>OTIAN.</i>		
<i>Mother.</i>		
<i>Lady.</i>		
<i>Queene.</i>	}	<i>For one man.</i>
<i>Yung Childe.</i>		
<i>CUPID.</i>		

First, to set forth the purpose of the play,

The PROLOGUE Entereth.

Agathon, he whose counsel wise to princes well extended,
By good advice unto a prince three things he hath commended;
First is, that he hath government, and ruleth over men;
Secondly, to rule with laws, eke justice (saith he) then;
Thirdly, that he must well conceive he may not always reign:
Lo, thus the rule unto a prince, Agathon squared plain.
Tully the wise whose sapience in volumes great doth tell,
Who in wisdom in that time did many men excel,
A prince (saith he) is of himself a plain and speaking law,
The law a schoolmaster divine, this by his rule I draw.
The sage and witty Seneca his words thereto did frame;
The honest exercise of kings, men will ensue the same.
But contrary wise if that a king abuse his kingly seat,
His ignominy and bitter shame in fine shall be more great.
In Persia there reigned a king who Cyrus hight by name,
Who did deserve, as I do read, the lasting blast of fame:
But he, when sisters three had wrought to shear his vital
thread,

As heir due to take the crown, Cambyzes did proceed;
He in his youth was trained up by trace of virtue's lore,
Yet (being king) did clean forget his perfect race before.

Then cleaving more unto his will such vice did imitate,
As one of Icarus his kind, forwarning then did hate;
Thinking that none could him dismay, nor none his facts
could see;

Yet at the last a fall he took, like Icarus to be.

Else as the fish, which oft had take the pleasant bait from
hook,

In safe did spring and pierce the streams when fisher fast did
look

To hoist up from the watery waves unto the dried land,
Then scaped, at last by subtle bait come to the fisher's hand:
Even so this king Cambyzes here, when he had wrought his
will,

Taking delight the innocent his¹ guiltless blood to spill,
Then mighty Jove would not permit to prosecute offence,
But what mesure the king did mete the same did Jove
commence,

To bring to end with shame his race; two years he did not
reign:

His cruelty we will dilate, and make the matter plain;
Craving that this may suffice now your patience to win:
I take my way; behold, I see the players coming in.

After the Prologue, King Cambyzes enters with a knight and counsellor. His father Cyrus, he says, is dead, he has become King of Persia, and means war against the rebellious Egyptians. His counsellor bids him go forward and merit just reward.

But then your grace must not turn back from this pretencéd²
will,

For to proceed in virtuous life employ endeavour still;
Extinguish vice, and in that cup to drink have no delight:
To martial feats and kingly sport fix all your whole delight.

His knight promises doughty support, but as the drums strike up for the march, his counsellor reminds Cambyzes that he must appoint some one to rule the land in his absence. The king, therefore, sends his knight to fetch Sisamnes, whom the counsellor holds also to be a fit man, though a lord adds—

Report declares he is a man that to himself is nigh;
One that favoureth much the world, and too much sets thereby.

Cambyzes, therefore, warns Sisamnes that he will be punished severely if he do not look well to his bond. Then the King leaves for the wars to sound of drum and trumpet. Sisamnes remains to express his new sense of unlimited power, with a resolve to do his duty. Then "Enter the Vice with an old cap-case on his head, an old pail about his hips for harness, a scummer and a potlid by his side, and a rake on his shoulder." The Vice³ of the Morality-play played

¹ The innocent his, for "of the innocent," a form used in misconception of the origin of *s* as a genitive sign. It was wrongly supposed to be a contraction of *his*. Really it was from *es*, once the genitive sign of masculine and neuter nouns ending in a consonant.

² Pretence, intended. So pretence was used also for *intention*, as when Macbeth says,

"Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice."

³ The Vice usually wore a fool's dress and became the clown of the old plays. In the comment at the end of the second act of Ben Jonson's "Staple of News," Mirth asks, "How like you the Vice in the play?" Says Expectation, "Which is he?" Mirth: "Three or four: Old Covetousness, the sordid Pennybody," &c. Tattle: "But

clown's tricks while he represented the spirit prompting man to evil. The entertainment furnished by him was continued in the early drama by adding a clown to the *dramatis personæ*. The Vice in burlesque arms, like those of Roister Doister in his battle with Christian Custance, enters with "Stand away, stand away!"

Ambidexter.

Harnessed I am prepared to the field :

I would have been content at home to have bod,
But I am sent forth with my spear and shield.
I am appointed to fight against a snail,
And Wilkin Wren the ancient¹ shall bear;
I doubt not but against him to prevail.
To be a man my deeds shall declare.

* * * * *

Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,
To see if I can all men beguile.

Ha, my name, my name would you so fain know?

Yea, iwis,² shall ye, and that with all speed:

I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show;

A, a, now I have it, I have it in deed.

My name is Ambidexter, I signify one

That with both hands finely can play;

Now with king Cambyases, and by and by³ gone:

Thus do I run this and that way.

For while I mean with a soldier to be,

Then give I a leap to Sisamnes the judge;

I dare avouch, ye shall his destruction see:

To all kind of estates I mean for to trudge.

Ambidexter, nay he is a fellow if ye knew all:

Cease for a while, hereafter hear more ye shall.

Now "enter three Ruffians, Huff, Ruff, and Snuff, singing." They swear much, as they are going to the wars. Seeing the Vice, they propose to bump him against a post. He attacks them. "Here let him swinge them about." Presently they draw swords. He is terrified. They shake hands and become friends. Meretrix enters, and Ruff and Snuff fight for her favour. "Here draw and fight. Here she must lay on and coil them both, the Vice must run his way for fear, Snuff fling down his sword and buckler and run his way." The woman then beats Ruff and makes him her servant. When they are gone the Vice, Ambidexter, returns and looks for Sisamnes. Sisamnes enters, and the Vice presently tempts him. The old spelling shall now be left untouched:

Ambidexter. Jesu, maister Sisamnes, with me you are wel acquainted:

By me rulers may be trimly painted.

Ye are unwise, if ye take not time while ye may:

If ye wil not now, when ye would ye shall have nay.

What is he, that of you dare make exclamation,

here is never a fiend to carry him away; besides, he has never a wooden dagger. I would not give a rush for a Vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap at everybody he meets." Mirth: "That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hocus Pocus in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts like the knave of clubs."

¹ Ancient, ensign, standard. A standard-bearer, or ensign, was called an ancient. So "Ancient Pistol" was equivalent to Ensign Pistol.

² Iwis. First-English "gewis," certainly.

³ By and by, immediately. See Note 2, p. 44.

Of your wrong dealing to make explication?

Can you not play with bothe hands, and turn with the winde?

Sisamnes. Believe me, your words draw deep in my minde.

In colloure wise unto this day to bribes I have inclyned:

More the same for to frequent, of trueth I am now minded.

Behold, even now unto me suters doo proceed.

Small Habilitie. I beseech you heer, good maister judge, a poor mans cause to tender;

Condemne me not in wrongful wise, that never was offender.

You knowe right wel, my right it is, I have not for to give;

You take away from me my due, that should my corps⁴ releeve.

The *Commons* of you doo complain, from them you devocate:⁵

With anguish great, and greevous words, ther hearts doo penetrate.

The right you sel unto the wrong, your private gain to win;

You violate the simple man, and count it for no sin.

Sisamnes. Holde thy tung, thou prating knave, and give to me reward;

Els in this wise, I tel thee trueth, thy tale wil not be heard.

Ambidexter, let us go hence, and let the knave alone.

Amb. Farewel, *Small Habilitie*, for helpe now get ye none.

Bribes hath corrupt him, good lawes to pollute. [*Exeunt.*]

S. Habilitie. A naughtie man that wil not obey the kings constitute.

With hevy hart I wil return, til God redresse my pain.

[*Exit.*]

Enter SHAME, with a trumpet black.

Shame. From among the grisly gasts I come, from tyrants testy train;⁶

Unseemly *Shame*, of sooth I am procuréd to make plain

The odious facts and shameless deeds that *Cambises* king dooth use;

All pietie, and vertuose life, he dooth it clene refuse

Lechery and drunkennes, he dooth it much frequent;

The tigers kinde to immitate, he hath given ful consent.

He nought esteemes his *Council* grave, ne vertuous bringing up;

But dayly stil receives the drink of damnéd vice's cup:

He can bide no instructiön, he takes so greet delight,

In working of iniquitie, for to frequent his spight.

As Fame dooth sound the royall trump of worthy men and trin,

So Shame dooth blowe with strained blast the trump of shame on him. [*Exit.*]

Enter the KING, LORD, PRAXASPES, and SISAMNES.

King. My judge, since my departure hence, have you used judgement right?

If faithful stuard I ye find, the same I wil requite.

Sisamnes. No dout, your grace shal not once hear, that I have doon amis.

Pra. I much rejoyce to heare so good news as this.

Enter COMMONS CRY running in speak this verse, go out again hastily.

Com. Cry. Alas, alas! how are the *Commons* oppressed by that vile judge, *Sisamnes* by name?

I doo not knowe, how it should be redressed; to amend the life no whit he dooth frame.

We are undoon, and thrown out of doore, his damnable dealing dooth us so torment:

At his hand we can find no releaf nor succoure. God grant him grace for to repent! [*Run away crying.*]

⁴ Corps, body, as in French, not necessarily a dead body.

⁵ Devocate, call down (complaint).

⁶ We find in "tyrant's testy train"

A sample of "Cambyases vein."

King. What doleful cryes be these, my lord, that sound doo in mine eare?

Intelligence if you can give, unto your king declare.

To me it seemeth my *Commons* all they doo lament and cry Out of *Sisannes* judge most cheef, even now standing us by.

Prax. Even so (o king) it seemed to me as you rehearsall made:

I dout the judge culpable be in some respect or trade.

Sisannes. Redouted king, have no mistrust, no whit your mind dismay;

There is not one that can me charge, or ought against me lay.

Enter COMMONS COMPLAINT, with PROOF, and TRIALL.

Com. Complaint. *Commons Complaint* I represent, with thrall of dolful state,

By urgent cause erected foorth my grief for to dilate.

Unto the king I will prepare my misery to tel,

To have releef of this my greif, and fettered feet so fel.

Redouted prince, and mightie king, my self I prostrate heer;

Vouchsafe (o king) with me to beare for this that I appear.

With humble sute I pardon crave of your moste royall grace,

To give me leave my minde to breke, before you in this place.

King. Commons Complaint, keep nothing back, fear not thy tale to tel:

What ere he be within this land that hath not used thee wel, As princes mouth shall sentence give, he shall receive the same;

Unfolde the secrets of thy brest, for I extinguish blame.

Com. Complaint. God preserve your royall grace, and send you blissful dayes,

That all your deeds might stil accord to give the Gods the praise.

My complaint is (o mightie king) against that judge you by; Whose careless deeds, gain to receive, hath made the *Commons* cry:

He, by taking bribes and gifts, the poore he dooth oppresse, Taking releef from infants yung, widowes and fatherlesse.

King. Untrustful traitor, and corrupt judge, how likest thou this complaint?

Forewarning I to thee did give, of this to make restraunte:

And hast thou done this divelish deed, mine ire to augment?

I sentence give, thou *Judas* judge; thou shalt thy deed repent.

Sisannes. O pusant prince, it is not so, his complaint I deny.

Com. Complaint. If it be¹ not so (most mightie king) in place then let me dye:

Beholde that I have brought with me, bothe *Proof* and *Tryall* true,

To stand even heer, and sentence give, what by him did insue.

Proof. I, *Proof*, doo him in this appeal, he did the *Commons* wrong;

Unjustly he with them hath delt, his greedy was so strong:

His hart did covet in to get, he caréd not which way;

The poor did leese their due and right, because they want to pay

Unto him for bribes indeed, this was his wunted use:

Wheras your grace good lawes did make, he did the same abuse.

Tryall. I, *Tryall*, heer to verify what *Proof* dooth now unfold,

To stand against him in his wrong as now I dare be bolde.

King. How likest thou this, thou caitive vile? canst thou the same deny?

Sisannes. O noble king, forgive my fact, I yeeld to thy mercy.

King. Complaint, and Proof, redresse will I all this your misery:

Depart with speed from whence you came, and straight commaund by me

The execution man to come before my grace with haste.

All. For to fulfil this your request, no time we meane to waste. [*Exeunt they three.*]

King. My lord, before my grace go call *Otian* this judges sonne;

And he shall heare, and also see, what his father hath doon.

The father he shall suffer death, the sonne his rounge succeed;

And if that he no better proove, so likewise shall he speed.

Prax. As your grace hath commaundment given, I meane for to fulfil. [*Step aside and fetch him.*]

King. Accurséd judge, couldst thou consent to do this curséd il?

According unto thy demaund, thou shalt for this thy gilt

Receive thy death before mine eyes, thy blood it shalbe spilt.

Prax. Beholde (o king) *Sisannes* sonne, before you dooth appeere.

King. Otian, this is my minde, therefore to me come neer:

Thy father heer for judgment wrong procuréd hath his death,

And thou his sonne shalt him succeed, when he hath lost his breth;

And if that thou doost once offend, as thou seest thy father have,

In likewise shalt thou suffer death, no mercy shall thee save.

Otian. O mightie king, vouchsafe your grace, my father to remit;

Forgive his fault, his pardon I doo aske of you as yet.

Alas, although my father hath your princely hart offended,

Amends for misse he wil now make, and faults shalbe amended.

Instead of his requested life, pleaseth your grace take mine:

This offer I as tender childe, so duty dooth me binde.

King. Doo not intreat my grace no more, for he shall dye the death;

Where is the execution man, him to bereave of breath?

Enter EXECUTION.

Execution. At hand, and if it like your grace, my duty to dispatch;

In hope that I, when deed is doon, a good reward shall catch.

King. Dispatch with sword this judges life, extinguish fear and cares.

So doon, draw thou his cursed skin, strait over both his eares.

I wil see the office doon, and that before mine eyes.

Execution. To doo the thing my king commaunds, I give the enterprise.

Sisannes. Otian, my sonne, the king to death by law hath me condemned;

And you in rounge and office mine, his graces wil hath placed:

Use justice therefore in this case, and yeeld unto no wrong,

Lest thou do purchase the like death, or ever² it be long.

Otian. O father deer, these words to hear, that you must dye by force,

Bedewes my cheeks with stilléd tears; the king hath no remorse.

The greivous greef and strained sighes, my hart doth breke in twain,

And I deplore, moste woeful childe, that I should see you slain.

O false, and fickle, frowning dame, that turneth as the winde, Is this the joy in fathers age, thou me assignest to find?

O doleful day, unhappy houre, that looving childe should see:

His father deer before his face, thus put to death should bee.

Yet, father, give me blessing thine, and let me once embrace

Thy comely corps in foulded armes, and kisse thy ancient face.

¹ If it be, pronounced "if 't be." Even heer, e'en here. In reading the lines aloud such contractions should not be forgotten.

² Or ever — ere ever. First-English "æ'r," before.

Sisannes. O childe, thou makes mine eyes to run, as rivers doo by streame;

My leave I take of thee my sonne, beware of this my beame.

King. Dispatch even now, thou man of death, no longer seeme to stay.

Execution. Come M. *Sisannes*, come on your way, my office I must pay;

Forgive therefore my deed.

Sisannes. I doo forgive it thee, my friend; dispatch therefore with speed.

[*Smite him in the neck with a sword to signify his death.*]

Prax. Beholde (o king) how he doth bleed, beeing of life bereft.

King. In this wise he shall not yet be left.

'Pul his skin over his eares, to make his death more vile:

A wretch he was, a cruel theef, my *Commons* to begile.

[*Flee him with a false skin.*]

Otian. What child is he of natures mould could bide the same to see,

His father dead in this wise? Oh how it greeveth me!

King. *Otian*, thou seest thy father dead, and thou art in his rume:

If thou beest proud as he hath been, even thereto shalt thou come.

Otian. O king, to me this is a glasse, with greef in it I view Example that unto your grace I doo not prove untrue.

Prax. *Otian*, convey your father hence, to tomb where he shall lye.

Otian. And if it please your lordship, it shalbe doon by and by.

Good execution man, for need, help me with him away.

Execution. I wil fulfil as you to me did say.

[*They take him away.*]

King. My lord, now that my grace hath seen, that finisht is this deed,

To question mine give tentative eare, and answer make with speed.

Have not I doon a gracious deed, to redresse my *Commons* wo?

Prax. Yea, truely, if it please your grace, ye have in deed doon so:

But now (o king) in friendly wise I counsel you in this;

Certain vices for to leave that in you placéd is:

The vice of drunkenness (o king) which dooth you sore infect, With other great abuses, which I wish you to detect.

King. Peace, my lord; what needeth this? of this I wil not hear:

To pallsaice now I wil return, and there to make good cheer.

God *Bacchus* he bestowes his gifts, we have good store of wine;

And also that the ladyes be both passing brave and fine:

But, stay; I see a lord now come, and eke a valiant knight.

What newes, my lord? to see you heer my hart it dooth delight.

Enter LORD and KNIGHT to meet the KING.

Lord. No newes, (o king) but of duty come, to wait upon your grace.

King. I thank you, my lord, and looving knight, I pray you with me trace.

My lords, and knight, I pray ye tel, I wil not be offended:

Am I worthy of any crime once to be reprehended?

Prax. The *Persians* much praise your grace, but one thing discommend,

In that to wine subject you be, wherein you doo offend.

Sith that the might of wines effect dooth oft subdue your brain,

My counsel is, to please their harts, from it you would refrain.

Lord. No, no, my lord, it is not so; for this of prince they tel,

For vertuous proof and princely facts *Cirus* he dooth excel; By this his grace by conquest great the *Egyptians* did convice; Of him reporte abroad dooth passe, to be a worthy prince.

Knight. In person of *Cresus* I answer make, we may not his grace compare

In whole respect for to be like *Cirus* the kings father:

In so much your grace hath yet no childe as *Cirus* left behinde, Even you I meane, *Cambises* king, in whome I favour finde.

King. *Cresus* said wel in saying so: but, *Praxaspes*, tel me why

That to my mouth in such a sort, thou should avouch a lye, Of drunkenness me thus to charge: but thou with speed shalt see

Whether that I a sober king or els a drunkard bee.

I knowe thou hast a blisful babe, wherein thou doost delight:

Me to revonge of these thy words I wil go wreke this spight.

When I the most have tasted wine, my bowe it shalbe bent,

At hart of him even then to shoot, is now my whole intent:

And if that I his hart can hit, the king no drunkard is;

If hart of his I doo not kil, I yeeld to thee in this.

Therefore, *Praxaspes*, fetch to me thy yungest sonne with speed;

There is no way, I tel thee plain, but I wil doo this deed.

Praxaspes. Redouted prince, spare my sweet childe, he is mine only joy:

I trust, your grace to infants hart no such thing wil employ.

If that his mother hear of this, she is so nigh her flight,

In clay her corps wil soon be shrinde, to passe from worlds delight.

King. No more adoo, go fetch me him, it shalbe as I say:

And if that I doo speak the woord how dare ye once say nay?

Praxaspes. I wil go fetch him to your grace; but so, I trust, it shall not be.

King. For feare of my displeasure great, go fetch him unto me.

Is he gone? Now, by the Gods, I will doo as I say:

My lord, therefore, fil me some wine, I hartely you pray;

For I must drink to make my brain somewhat intoxicate:

When that the wine is in my hed, oh, trimly I can prate.

Lord. Heere is the cup with filléd wine, therof to take repaste.

King. Give it me to drink it of, and see no wine be waste: [Drink.]

Once again inlarge this cup; for I must taste it still: [Drink.]

By the gods, I think, of pleasant wine I cannot take my fil.

Now drink is in, give me my bowe, and arrowes from sir knight;

At hart of child I meane to shoot, hoping to cleave it right.

Knight. Beholde (o king) wher he dooth come, his infant yung in hand.

Prax. O mightie king your grace behest with sorow I have scand,

And brought my childe fro mothers knee before you to appeare, And she therof no whit dooth knowe that he in place is heere.

King. Set him up my mark to be, I wil shoot at his hart.

Prax. I beseech your grace not so to doo, set this pretence¹ a parte.

Farewel, my deer and looving babe; come kisse thy father deer:

A groeuous sight to me it is, to see thee slain even heere.

Is this the gain now from the king for giving counsel good.

Before my face with such despite to spil my sonnes hart blood?

O hevvy day to me this is, and mother in like case.

¹ Pretence, intention.

Yung Childe. O father, father, wipe your face, I see the tears run from your eye :

My mother is at home sowing of a band ; alas, deer father, why doo you cry ?

King. Before me as mark now let him stand ; I wil shoot at him my minde to fulfil.

Yung Childe. Alas ! father, wil you me kil ?
Good master king, doo not shoot at me, my mother loves me best of all. [Shoot.

King. I have despatched him, down he dooth fall ;
As right as a line his hart I have hit :

Nay thou shalt see, *Praxaspes*, stranger newes yet.

My knight, with speed his hart cut out, and give it unto me.

Knight. It shalbe doon (o mightie king) with all seleritie.

Lord. My Lord *Praxaspes*, this had not been but your tung must be walking,

To the king of correction you must needs be talking.

Prax. No correction (my lord), but counceel for the best.

Knight. Heere is the hart, according to your graces behest.

King. Beholde, *Praxaspes*, thy sonnes own hart : oh, how wel the same was hit !

After this wine to doo this deed, I thought it very fit :
Esteeme thou maist right wel therby, no drunkard is the king,
That in the midst of all his cups could do this valiant thing.
My lord, and knight, on me attend ; to pallaice we wil go,
And leave him heer to take his sonne when we are gone him fro.

All. With all our harts we give consent to wait upon your grace.

Prax. A woful man (o lord) am I, to see him in this case :
My dayes I deem desires their end, this deed will help me hense.

To have the blossoms of my feeld destroyed by violence.

Enter MOTHER.

Mother. Alas, alas ! I doo heare tel, the king hath kild my sonne :

If it be so, wo worth the deed, that ever it was doon.
It is even so, my lord I see, how by him he dooth weep :
What ment I that from hands of him this childe I did not keep ?

Alas ! husband and lord, what did you meane to fetch this child away ?

Prax. O lady wife, I little thought for to have seen this day.

Mother. O blissful babe, o joy of womb, harts comfort and delight,

For counceel given unto the king is this thy just requite ?
O hevye day, and doleful time, these mourning tunes to make !
With blubred eyes into mine armes from earth I wil the take,
And wrap thee in mine apron white : but oh ! my heavy hart !
The spightful pangs that it sustains would make it in two to part

The death of this my sonne to see ; O hevye mother now,
That from thy sweet and sugred joy, to sorrow so shouldst bow.
What greef in womb did I retain, before I did thee see ?
Yet, at the last, when smart was gone, what joy wert thou to me ?

How tender was I of thy food for to preserve thy state ?
How stilléd I thy tender hart at times early and late ?
With velvet paps I gave thee suck, with issue from my breast,
And dauncéd thee upon my knee to bring thee unto rest.
Is this the joy of thee I reap (o king) of tigers brood ?
Oh, tigers whelp, hadst thou the hart, to see this childes hart blood ?

Nature inforceth me, alas ! in this wise to deplore ;
To wring my hands, o wele away, that I should see this houre !
Thy mother yet will kisse thy lips, silk soft and pleasant white ;
With wringing hands lamenting for to see thee in this plight.

My lording deer, let us go home, our mourning to augment.

Prax. My lady deer, with hevye hart to it I doo consent ;
Between us bothe the child to bere unto our lordly place.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter AMBIDEXTER.

Amb. In deed, as ye say, I have been absent a long space :
But is not my cosin *Cutpurse* with you in the mene time ?

To it, to it, *Cosin* ; and doo your office fine.

How like you *Sisammes* for using of me ?

He plaid with bothe hands, but he sped il favouredly.

The king him self was godly up trained ;

He professed virtue, but I think it was fained :

He playes with bothe hands good deeds and ill ;

But it was no good deed, *Praxaspes* sonne for to kil :

As he for the good deed on the judge was commended,

For all his deeds els he is reprehended.

The moste evil disposed person that ever was,

All the state of his life he would not let passe,

Some good deeds he wil do though they be but few :

The like things this tirant *Cambices* dooth shew.

No goodness from him to none is exhibited :

But still malediction abrode is distributed.

And yet ye shall see in the rest of his race,

What infamy he wil woork against his owne grace.

Whist, no more woords : heer comes the kings brother.

Enter lord SMIRDIS, with ATTENDANCE and DILIGENCE.

Smirdis. The kings brother by birth am I, issued from *Cirus* loynes :

A greef to me it is to hear of this the kings repines.

I like not wel of those his deeds, that he dooth still frequent ;

I wish to God, that otherwise his minde he could content :

Yung I am, and next to him, no mo of us there be ;

I would be glad a quiet realme in this his reign to se.

Atten. My lord, your good and willing hart the gods wil recompence,

In that your minde so pensife is, for those his great offence.

My lord his grace shall have a time to pair and to amende :

Happy is he that can escape, and not his grace offend.

Dili. If that wicked vice he could refrain, from wasting wine forbere,

A moderate life he would frequent, amending this his square.

Ambi. My lord, and if your honor it shall please,

I can informe you what is best for your ease ;

Let him alone, of his deeds do not talke,

Then by his side ye may quietly walke ;

After his death you shalbe king,

Then may you reforme eche kinde of thing.

In the meane time live quietly, doo not with him deale ;

So shall it redownd much to your weale.

Smirdis. Thou saist true, my friend, that is the best :

I knowe not whether he love me, or doo me detest.

Atten. Learne from his company all that you may ;

I faithful *Attendance* will your honor obay.

If against your honor he take any ire,

His grace is as like to kindle his fire

To your honors destruction as otherwise.

Dili. Therefore, my lord, take good advise,

And I *Diligence* your case wil so tender,

That to his grace your honor shalbe none offender.

Smirdis. I thank you bothe, intire freends, with my honor stil remain.

Ambi. Beholde, where the king dooth come with his train.

Enter KING, and 1 LORD.

King. O lording deer, and brother mine, I joy your state to see ;

Súrming much what is the cause you absent thus from mee.

Smirdis. Pleaseth your grace, no absence I, but redy to fulfil,
At all assayes, my prince and king, in that your grace me wil,
What I can doo in true defence, to you, my prince, aright;
In redynes I alwaies am to offer forth my might.

King. And I the like to you again doo heer avouch the same.

All. For this your good agreement heer, now praised be Gods name.

Ambi. But hear ye, noble prince;—hark in your eare:—
It is best to doo as I did declare.

King. My lord and brother *Smirdis* now, this is my minde and wil,

That you to court of mine return, and there to tarry stil
Til my return within short space your honor for to greet.

Smirdis. At your behest so wil I doo, til time again we meet:

My leave I take from you (o king); even now I doo departe.

[*Exeunt SMIRDIS, ATTENDANCE, and DILIGENCE.*]

King. Farewel, lord and brother mine, farewel with all my hart.

My lord, my brother *Smirdis* is of youth and manly might;
And in his sweet and pleasant face my hart dooth take delight.

Lord. Yea, noble prince, if that your grace before his honor dye,

He wil succeed, a vertuous king, and rule with equitie.

King. As you have said, my lord, he is cheef heire next my grace:

And if I dye to morrow, next he shall succeed my place.

Ambi. And if it please your grace (o king) I herd him say,
For your death unto the God day and night he ded pray;
He would live so vertuously, and get him such a praise,
That *Fame* by trump his due deserts, his honor should up raise.

He said, your grace deserved had the cursing of all men;
That ye should never after him get any praise agen.

King. Did he speak thus of my grace, in such dispightful wise?

Or els doost thou presume to fil my princely ears with lies?

Lord. I cannot think it in my hart that he would report so.

King. How sayst thou? speake the truth, was it so or no?

Ambi. I think so, if it please your grace, but I cannot tel.

King. Thou plaist with bothe hands, now I perceive wel,
But for to put all douts aside, and to make him leese his hope,
He shall dye by dent of sword, or els by choking rope.

Shall he succeed when I am gone, to have more praise than I?

Were he father, as brother mine, I swere, that he shall dye.

To pullaice mine I wil therefore, his death for to pursue.

[*Exit.*]

Ambi. Are ye gone? straight way I wil followe you.

How like ye now, my maisters? dooth not this geer cotton?¹

The proverbe olde is verified, soon ripe and soon rotten.

He wil not be quiet til his brother be kild:

His delight is wholly to have his blood spild.

Mary. sir, I tolde him a notable lye:

If it were to doo again, man, I durst doo it I.

Mary. when I had doon, to it I durst not stand:

Thereby you may perceive I use to play with eche hand.

But how now, cosin *Cutpurse*?² with whome play you?

Take heed, for his hand is groping even now:

Cosin, take heed, if ye do secretly grope;

If ye be taken, cosin, ye must looke through a rope. [*Exit.*]

¹ Cotton, succeed. The phrase is from cloth-making, the cloth cottoned when it rose to a regular nap. The word passed from the sense of prosperous issue to accord or agreement.

² Here the Vice professes to see a pickpocket among the audience.

Enter lord SMIRDIS alone.

Smirdis. I am wandring alone, heer and there to walke;
The court is so unquiet, in it I take no joy:
Solitary to myself now I may talke;
If I could rule, I wist what to say.

Enter CRUELTY and MURDER, with bloody hands.

Crueltie. My coequal partner *Murder*, come away;
From me long thou maist not stay.

Murder. Yes, from thee I may stay, but not thou from me:
Therefore I have a prerogative abooove thee.

Crueltie. But in this case we must together abide:

Come, come; lord *Smirdis* I have spide:

Lay hands on him with all festination,³

That on him we may woork our indignation.

Smirdis. How now, my freends? What have you to doo with me?

Murder. King *Cambises* hath sent us unto thee,
Commanding us straightly,⁴ with out mercy or favour,
Upon thee to bestow our behaviour;
With *Crueltie* to murder you, and make you away.

[*Strike him in divers places.*]

Smirdis. Yet pardon me, I hartely you pray:

Consider, the king is a tirant tyrannious;

And all his dooings be damnable and parnitious:

Favour me therefore, I did him never offend.

[*A little bladder of vinegar prikt.*]

Crueltie. No favour at all; your life is at an end.

Even now I strike his body to wound:

Beholde now his blood springs out on the ground.

Murder. Now he is dead, let us present him to the king.

Crueltie. Lay to your hand, away him to bring.

[*Exeunt.*]

Then *Ambidexter* the Vice enters, and both weeps and laughs over what has happened, after which there is another clownish scene, with the rude fighting that excited laughter. *Hob* and *Lob*, two rustics, are setting out for market at five in the morning, and though the scene is in Persia, *Hob* says—

Chave⁵ two goslings, and a chine of pork.

There is no vatter⁶ between this and York.

Presently they gossip over the deeds of King *Cambyes*. *Ambidexter* threatens to report them. Each accuses the other of having been first to broach treason, and, says the stage direction, "Here let them fight with their staves, not come near another by three or four yards; the Vice set them on as hard as he can; one of their wives come out and all to beat the Vice, he run away.—Enter *Marian*—may-be-good, *Hob's* wife, running in with a broom and part them." But when *Hob* and *Lob* have shaken hands, *Marian* attacks the Vice, and, says the stage direction, "Here let her swinge him in her broom, she gets him down, he her down, thus one on the top of another make pastime." At last when she is down, he runs away, and she jumps up to run after him. Then enters *Venus* with *Cupid* who has his bow and two

³ Festination, speed.

⁴ Straightly, strictly.

⁵ Chave, I have. Ch as an initial sound to verbs in the first person for the old "ic" or "ich," I, was often used in old plays as a sign of rustic English.

⁶ Vatter, fatter.

shafts, one headed with gold and one with lead. Venus means that King Cambyses shall be enamoured of a lady who is kin to him, and bids Cupid shoot at him when she shall give the word. The lady enters with her waiting-maid and a lord who says—

Lady dear, to king akin, forthwith let us proceed
To trace abroad the beauty fields as erst we had decreed, &c.

They do so proceed, and king Cambyses enters with a lord and knight to see the lady "trace up and down." Venus bids Cupid shoot. Venus and Cupid then depart, and the king offers marriage to the lady who is his "cousin german nigh of birth by mother's side come in." The lady declines, but the king compels, and Ambidexter describes presently the haste to the wedding. Next enters Preparation to set out the wedding feast, and the Vice picks quarrel enough to secure the entertainment of another comic fight. Then they are friends. The Vice helps to set the table and upsets a dish of nuts. After more words from the Vice, Ambidexter,

Enter KING, QUEEN, LORDS, &c.

King. My queen, and lords, to take repast let us attempt the same;

Heer is the place, delay no time, but to our purpose frame.

Queen. With willing harts your whole behest we minde for to obey.

All. And we, the rest of princes train, will do as you do say.
[*Sit at the banquet.*]

King. Me think, mine cares dooth wish the sound of musicks hermony;

Heer for to play before my grace, in place I would them spy.
[*Play at the banquet.*]

Ambi. They be at hand, sir, with stick and fiddle;
They can play a new daunce called, *Hey, didle, didle.*

King. My queen, perpend, what I pronounce I will not violate;

But one thing which my hart makes glad, I minde to explicate:
You knowe, in court up trainéd is a Lyon very yung,
Of on¹ litter two whelps beside, as yet not very strong:
I did request on whelp to see and this young Lyon fight:
But Lyon did the whelp convince by strength of force and might;

His brother whelp, perceiving that the Lyon was too good,
And he by force was like to see the other whelp his blood,
With force to lion he did run his brother for to help;
A wonder great it was to see that friendship in a whelp.
So then the whelpes between them both the lion did convince;²
Which thing to see before mine eyes did glad the hart of prince.
[*At this tale told let the QUEENE weep.*]

Queene. These woords to hear makes stilling³ teares issue from christall eyes.

King. What doost thou meane, my spouse, to weep for losse of any prise?

Queen. No, no, (o king) but as you see friendship in brothers whelp,

When one was like to have repulse, the other yielded help.
And was this favour showd in dogs, to shame of royall king?
Alack, I wish these eares of mine had not once heard this thing.

Even so should you (o mightie king) to brother been a stay;
And not without offence to you, in such wise him to slay.
In all assayes it was your parte, his cause to have defended;
And who so ever had him misused, to have them reprehended:
But faithful loove was more in dog, than it was in your grace.

King. O cursed caitive, vicious and vile, I hate thee in this place.

This banquit is at an end, take all these things away:
Before my face thou shalt repent the woords that thou doost say.

O wretch most vile, didst thou the cause of brother mine so tender,

The losse of him should greeve thy hart, he being none offender.

It did me good his death to have, so will it to have thine;
What friendship he had at my hands, the same even thou shalt finde.

I give consent, and make a vow, that thou shalt dye the death:
By *Cruels* sword, and *Murder* fel, even thou shalt lose the breth.

Ambidexter, see with speed to *Crueltie* ye go;

Cause him hether to approach, *Murder* with him also.

Ambi. I redy am for to fulfil, if that it be your graces wil.

King. Then nought oblight⁴ my message given, absent thy self away.

Ambi. Then in this place I wil no longer stay.

If that I durst, I would mourne your case;

But, alas! I dare not for feare of his grace.

[*Exit AMBIDEXTER.*]

King. Thou cursed gil,⁵ by all the gods I take an oathe and swere,

That flesh of thine these hands of mine in pieces small could tere;

But thou shalt dye by dent of sword, there is no freend ne fee
Shall finde remorce at princes hand, to save the life of thee.

Queene. Oh, mightie king and husband mine, vouchsafe to heer me speke,

And licence give to spouse of thine, her patient mind to breke:
For tender loove unto your grace my woords I did so frame,
For pure loove dooth hart of king me violate and blame.

And to your grace is this offense that I should purchase death?
Then curséd time that I was queen, to shorten this my breth:
Your grace doth know by mariage true, I am your wife and spouse,

And one to save an others helth (at troth plight) made our vows.

Therefore, o king, let looving queen, at thy hand find remorse,
Let pitie be a meane to quench that cruel raging force:

And pardon plight from princes mouth, yeeld grace unto your queen,

That amitie with faithful zeal may ever be us between.

King. A, caitive vile, to pitie thee, my hart it is not bent;
Ne yet to pardon your offence, it is not mine intent.

Two lords having pleaded to the king in vain for mercy to the queen, and only set his heart on fire thereby,

Enter CRUELTY and MURDER.

Crueltie. Come, *Murder*, come; let us go forth with might,
Once again the kings commaundement we must fulfil.

Murder. I am contented to doo it with a good wil.

King. *Murder* and *Crueltie*, for bothe of you I sent,
With all festination your offices to frequent:

¹ On, one.

² Convince. Latin "convincere," completely overcome.

³ Stilling, dropping. Latin "stillare," to drop; whence "still" and "distil." So "stilled," in the speech of Otian, p. 68.

⁴ Oblight. Latin "oblitus," forgotten.

⁵ Gil, Jill; used to the Queen as a name of contempt by her false Jack, Cambyses.

Lay holde on the queen, take her to your power,
And make her away with in this houre ;
Spare for no feare, I doo you ful permit :
So I from this place doo meane for to flit.

Bothe. With couragious harts (o king) we wil obey.

King. Then come, my lords, let us departe away.

Both the Lords. With hevvy harts we wil doo all your grace dooth say. [*Exeunt KING and LORDS.*]

Crueltie. Come, lady and queen, now are you in our handling :

In faith, with you we wil use no dandling.

Murder. With all expedition, I, *Murder*, wil take place,
Thou thou¹ be a queene, ye be under my grace.

Queene. With patience I wil you bothe obey.

Crueltie. No more words, but go with us away.

Queen. Yet, before I dye, some psalme to God let me sing.

Bothe. We be content to permit you that thing.

Queen. Farewel, you ladyes of the court, with all your masking hew :

I doo forsake these broderd gardes, and all the facions new,
The court and all the courtly train, wherin I had delight ;
I banished am from happy sporte, and all by spiteful spight.
Yet with a joyful hart to God a psalme I meane to sing,
Forgiving all, and the king, of eche kind of thing.

[*Sing and Exeunt.*]

Enter AMBIDEXTER weeping.

Ambi. A, a, a, a ; I cannot chuse but weep for the queene :
Nothing but mourning now at the court there is seen.
Oh, oh, my hart, my hart ; oh, my [sides] wil break :
Very Greef so torments me that scarce I can speake.
Who could but weep for the losse of such a lady ?
That can I not doo, I swear by mine honesty.
But, lord ! so the ladyes mourne crying, alack !
Nothing is worne now but onely black ;
I believe, all cloth in *Watling street* to make gownes would
not serve :

If I make a lye the devil let ye sterve :
All ladyes mourne bothe yung and olde ;
There is not one that weareth a points worth of gold.
There is a sorte for feare for the king doo pray,
That would have him dead, by the masse I dare say.
What a king was he that has used such tyranny ?
He was a kin to bishop *Bonner*,² I think verily ;
For bothe their delights was to shed blood,
But never intended to do any good.
Cambises put a judge to death, that was a good deed ;
But to kil the yung childe was worse to proceed ;
To murder his brother, and then his owne wife !
So help me God, and holidam, it is pitie of his life.
Hear ye ? I wil lay twentie thousand pound,
That the king him self dooth dye by some wound ;
He hath shed so much blood, that his wil be shed :
If it come so to passe, in faith then he is sped.

Enter the KING without a gown, a sword thrust up into his side bleeding.

King. Out alas ! what shall I doo ? my life is finished ;
Wounded I am by sudain chaunce, my blood is minished :
Gogs hart, what meanes might I make my life to preserve ?
Is there nought to be my help ? nor is there nought to serve ?

¹ *Thou thou*, though thou.

² Edmund Bonner had been deprived of his bishopric under Edward VI., restored under Mary, and deprived again as well as imprisoned under Elizabeth, to whom he refused to swear allegiance. He was living when these lines were written, and died in the Marshalsea in 1569.

Out upon the court, and lords that there remain !

To help my Greef in this my case, will none of them take pain ?
Who but I in such a wise his death wounds could have got ?
As I on horse back up did leepe, my sword from scabard shot,
And ran me thus into the side, as you right wel may see.
A mervels chaunce, unfortunate, that in this wise should be.
I feele my self a dying now, of life bereft am I ;
And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood I spy.

Thus gasping heer on ground I lye, for nothing I doo care ;
A just reward for my misdeeds my death dooth plain declare.

[*Here let him quake and stir.*]

Ambi. Now now, noble king ? pluck up your hart ;

What, wil you die, and from us departe ?

Speeke to me, and³ you be alive :

He cannot speake ; but beholde, how with death he dooth strive.

Alas, good king ! alas, he is gone !

The devil take me, if for him I make any mone.

I did prognosticate of his end, by the masse ;

Like as I did say, so is it come to passe.

I wil be gone ; if I should be found heer,

That I should kil him, it would appeer :

For feare with his death they doo me charge,

Farewel, my maisters, I wil go take barge ;

I meane to be packing, now is the tide :

Farewel, my maisters ; I wil no longer abide.

[*Exit Ambidexter.*]

Enter three LORDS.

First Lord. Behold, my lords, it is even so as he to us did tel ;

His grace is dead upon the ground, by dent of sword moste fel.

Second Lord. As he in saddle would have lept, his sword from sheath did go,

Goring him up into the side ; his life was ended so.

Third Lord. His blood so fast did issue out, that nought could him prolong :

Yet before he yeilded up the ghost, his hart was very strong.

First Lord. A just rewarde for his misdeeds the God above hath wrought ;

For certainly the life he led was to be counted nought.

Second Lord. Yet a princely buriall he shall have, according his estate ;

And more of him heer at this time, we have not to dilate.

Third Lord. My lords, let us take him up, to carry him away.

Bothe. Content we are with one accord, to do as you do say.
[*Exeunt all.*]

EPILOGUS.

Right gentle audience, heere have you perused

The tragically history of this wicked king ;

According to our duty, we have not refused,

But to our best intent exprest every thing :

We trust none is offended for this our dooing.

Our author craves likewise, if he have squared amisse,

By gentle admonicion to knowe where the fault is.

His good wil shall not be neglected to amende the same ;

Praying all to beare therfore with his simple deed,

Until the time serve a better he may frame :

Thus yeielding you thanks, to end we decreed

That you so gently have suffred us to proceed,

In such patient wise as to hear and see :

We can but thank ye therfore, we can doo no more we.

³ And, if.

As duty bindes us, for our noble queene let us pray,
 And for her honorable counceyl, the trueth that they may
 use,
 To practise justice, and defend her grace eche day;
 To maintain Gods woord they may not refuse,
 To correct all those, that would her grace and graces lawes
 abuse;
 Beseeching God over us she may reign long,
 To be guided by trueth, and defended from wrong.
 Amen q.¹ Thomas Preston.

At Christmas, 1564-65, a tragedy by Richard Edwards was acted before the Queen, in her palace of Whitehall—Wolsey's York Place—by the children



PART OF OLD WHITEHALL PALACE.

From J. T. Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster."

of Her Majesty's Chapel, of whom he had become Master in 1561. Edwards was born in Somersetshire in 1523, was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, at its foundation in 1547, and at Elizabeth's Court was known as musician as well as poet. The tragedy of his acted before the Court at Christmas, 1564, is supposed to have been his "Tragical Comedy," as he called it, of "Damon and Pythias," which was not printed until 1582. Richard Edwards's

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

is a play through which there runs the worth of friendship as a central thought. The speaker of the prologue thus began his address to the assembled company, with a reference to the old interludes:—

On every side whereas I glance my roving eye,
 Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy:

¹ q, quoth.

But if your eager looks do long such toys to see
 As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to be,
 Your lust is lost, and all the pleasure that you sought
 Is frustrate quite of toying plays. A sudden change is
 wrought:

For lo, our author's Muse that mask'd in delight
 Hath forced his pen against his kind no more such sports to
 write.

But he justifies comedy that is fitly written in
 accordance with the rules of Horace:—

Which hath our author taught at school, from whom he doth
 not swerve,

In all such kind of exercise decorum to observe.

Thus much for his defence he saith, as poets erst have done
 Which heretofore in comedies the selfsame race did run:

But now for to be brief, the matter to express

Which here we shall present is this: Damon and Pythias,

A rare example of friendship true, it is no legend lie,

But a thing once done indeed, as histories do descry.

Which done of yore, in long time past, yet present shall be
 here,

Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall appear:

Lo, here, in Syr'cuse th' ancient town which once the Romans
 won,

Here Dionysius' palace² within whose court the thing most
 strange was done,

Which matter mixt with mirth and care, a just name to apply,
 As seems most fit we have it termed a tragical comedy.

Wherein talking of courtly toys, we do protest this flat,

We talk of Dionysius' court, we mean no court but that.

And that we do so mean, who wisely call'th to mind

The time, the place, the author, here most plainly shall it find.

Lo this I spake for our defence, lest of others we should be
 shent.³

But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things as they be
 meant;

Whose upright judgment we do crave with heedful ear and
 eye,

To hear the cause and see the effect of this new Tragical
 Comedy.

The Prologue having thus secured candid attention from the English Queen and Court to a lesson on the worth of friendship and the Prince's need of a true, equal friend, the scene, supposed to be before the palace of King Dionysius at Syracuse, opens with the entrance of Aristippus, a philosopher, who seeks as a parasite his own advantage. The real Aristippus is said to have been born at Cyrene, and, though once a disciple of Socrates, to have founded, in philosophy, the Cyrenaic school, which encouraged full, refined enjoyment of the pleasure of the sense.⁴

² The measure is got by contraction into "Di'n'y's pal'ce;" or, if "palace" was a dissyllable, by contraction of the next word "wi'n."

³ Shent, blamed.

⁴ "Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res, Temptantem majora fere presentibus equum."

See the rest of the passage in Horace's Epistle 17 of Book I. Thomas Creech thus translated it:—

"If Aristippus patiently could dine
 On herbs, he would the courts of kings decline;
 If he that censures me knew how to use
 The courts of kings, he would his herbs refuse.
 Now which of these you think is best declare;
 Or else, my junior you, with patience hear

His freedom of life offended the Athenians, and he left Athens to become a flatterer of Dionysius of Syracuse, who died A.D. 367. Aristippus begins the play by saying that it may seem strange for a philosopher to have become a courtier, but

Lovers of wisdom are termed philosophers
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?
For in loving of wisdom, proof doth this try,
That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi*.¹
I am wise for myself, then tell me of troth,
Is not that great wisdom as the world go'th?
Some philosophers in the streets go ragged and torn
And feed on vile roots, whom boys laugh to scorn,
But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius's palace,
Wherein with dainty fare myself I do solace.
I can talk of philosophy as well as the best,
But the strait kind of life I leave to the rest.



SYRACUSE.

When Aristippus has completed this setting forth of his own character, there enters to him Carisophus, a parasite of simpler sort, who complains that Aristippus, since his coming to Syracuse, has usurped his place.

— none but Aristippus now makes the king sport.
Ere you came hither, poor I was some body,
The king delighted in me, now I am but a noddy.

Aristippus replies that he did not come to be the king's fool. Carisophus is a great parasite, whom the king often feeds from his table:—

I envy not your state, nor yet your great favour;
Then grudge not at all if in any behaviour

Why Aristippus' humour's best; for thus
He bobb'd the Cynic, as the story goes:
I for myself, to please the people you
Break jests; my way's the better of the two:
I make my court, am free from fear or force;
To carry me the king provides a horse,
Whilst you beg scraps, and though you boast you live
And nothing want, are less than those that give.
All fortune fitted Aristippus well.
Aiming at greater, pleased with what befell."

¹ He is wise in vain, who is not wise to himself. A Latin version of a line in the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus.

I make the king merry with pleasant urbanitie
Whom I never abused to any man's injurie.

"But," says Carisophus, "you get more in one day than I do in five." Aristippus replies that there has been change in the taste for mirth; a finer sort is in fashion. If he has prospered in applying himself to it, that comes not of his desert, but of the king's favour:—

Caris. It may so be; yet in your prosperitie
Despise not an old courtier, Carisophus is he,
Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humour;
Diligently to please, still at hand, there never was rumour
Spread in the town of any small thing, but I
Brought it to the king in post by and by:²
Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may attain,
Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise you again;

So we two linked in friendship, brother and brother,
Full well in the court may help one another.

Friendship being the theme of the play, and the self-denial that true friendship involves, we have here, as foil in the setting of Damon and Pythias, the friendship between self-seekers. Aristippus flatters Carisophus:—

Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail,
While his life lasteth, never to fail.

Caris. A thousand thanks I give you, O friend Aristippus.

Arist. O friend Carisophus.

Caris. How joyful am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now!

Arist. None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God avow,

I speak as I think, believe me.

Caris. Sith we are now so friendly joined, it seemeth to me
That one of us help each other in every degree:
Prefer you my cause, when you are in presence,
To further your matters to the king let me alone in your absence.

² By and by, immediately.

Arist. Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as ye would wish :

But I pray you tell me thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place will you take your journey?

Caris. I will not dissemble, that were against friendship.
I go into the city some knavés to nip
For talk, with their goods to increase the king's treasure ;
In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure.
Farewell, Aristippus, now for a time. [Exit.]

Aristippus, being left alone, muses philosophically upon the jest of friendship between a philosopher and an ass :—

We are as like in conditions as Jack Fletcher and his bolt ;¹
I brought up in learning, but he is a very dolt
As touching good letters, but otherwise such a crafty knave
If you seek a whole region his like you cannot have :
A villain, for his life ; a varlet dyed in grain ;
You lose money by him if you sell him for one knave, for
he serves for twain ;

A flattering parasite, a sycophant also,
A common accuser of men ; to the good an open foe.
Of half a word he can make a legion of lies
Which he will avouch with such tragical cries
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth.
Were he indeed to be hanged by and by
He cannot tell one tale, but twice he must lie.
He spareth no man's life to get the king's favour,
That he will never leave. Methink then that I
Have done very wisely to join in friendship with him, lest
perhaps I,

Coming in his way, might be nipt ; for such knaves in pre-
sence

We see oft times put honest men to silence.
Yet have I played with his beard in knitting this knot :
I promised friendship, but—you love few words—I spake it,
but I mean it not.

Who markes this markés friendship between us two
Shall judge of the worldly friendship without more ado ;
It may be a right pattern thereof ; but true friendship indeed
Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed.

Having thus brought the scene into relation with the central motive of the play, while the errand on which Carisophus departs leads on to the main action, Richard Edwards made Aristippus check himself for talking philosophy when he had taken only "the fine kind of courtesy" for his profession. The king must be stirring ; it is now bright day, and as he means to prosper, he will lose no time in hastening to court. He departs, therefore, to attend on Dionysius.

Then enter Damon and Pythias as mariners, who have just landed from Greece after a stormy passage, to pay a visit of curiosity to the famous city of Syracuse. Pythias is still sea-sick, and, anxious for lodging, calls their servant, Stephano. He enters presently much cumbered with the luggage of his masters, and in wrath at the drunken sailors who would not help him to carry it up.

Damon. Stephano, leave thy raging, and let us enter Siracusai.

We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be eased of this burden by and by.

Steph. Good master, make haste, for I tell you plain
This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.

Pythias. Come on thy ways ; thou shalt be eased, and that anon. [Exeunt.]

Carisophus then enters in search of prey, complaining that his game has become shy :

— now, not with one I can meet
That will join in talk with me ; I am shunned in the street.
My credit is cracked where I am known, but I hear say
Certain strangers are arrived ; they were a good prey
If haply I might meet with them. I fear not, I,
But in talk I should trip them, and that very finely.

Carisophus departs to court to watch the practices of his friend Aristippus, whom he cannot trust long out of sight, and the stage is then occupied for a short time by Will, the servant-boy of Aristippus, and Jack, the servant-boy of Carisophus. They discuss their masters, and the new court-favour of Aristippus, which Jack fears will put out of conceit his master Carisophus :—

Will. Fear not that, Jack ; for like brother and brother
They are knit in true friendship the one with the other ;
They are fellows, you know, and honest men both,
Therefore the one to hinder the other they will be loth.

Jack. Yea, but I have heard say there is falsehood in
fellowship ;
In the court sometimes one gives another the slip.

When Will and Jack have hurried away lest they be caught idling, the one servant of Damon and Pythias enters, and describes the love between his masters, who are as one to each other and to him their man :—

For I, Stephano, lo, so naméd by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,
And love them alike ; the one and the other
I duly obey, I can do no other.
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me.
To him I stand bond, yet serve I another,
Whom Damon, my master, loves as his own brother.
A gentleman, too, and Pythias he is named,
Fraught with virtue, whom vice never defamed :
These two, since at school they fell acquainted,
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted,
But loved so kindly and friendly each other,
As though they were brothers by father and mother :
Pythagoras' learning these two have embraced,
Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced,
That all their whole doings do fall to this issue,
To have no respect, but only to virtue :
All one in effect, all one in their going,
All one in their study, all one in their doing :
These gentlemen both, being of one condition,
Both alike of my service have all the fruition.
Pythias is joyful, if Damon be pleased :
If Pythias be served, then Damon is eased.

¹ Jack Fletcher is the arrow-maker, and his bolt is "an arrow with a round or half-round bobb at the end of it, with a sharp-pointed arrow-head proceeding therefrom." A shaft had not the round button behind its point. A bird bolt had no point before its button.

Serve one, serve both, so near, who would win them ;
 I think they have but one heart between them.
 In travelling countries, we three have contrived¹
 Full many a year : and this day arrived
 At Siracusæ in Sicilia, that ancient town,
 Where my masters are lodged ; and I up and down
 Go seeking to learn what news here are walking,
 To hark of what things the people are talking.

I like not this soil : for as I go plodding,
 I mark there two, there three, their heads always nodding,
 In close secret wise, still whispering together.
 If I ask any question, no man doth answer :
 But shaking their heads, they go their ways speaking,
 I mark how with tears their wet eyes are leaking :
 Some strangeness there is, that breedeth this musing.
 Well, I will to my masters, and tell of their using,
 That we may learn, and walk wisely together :
 I fear we shall curse the time we came hither.

[Exit.

Every day he sheweth some token of cruelty,
 With blood he hath filled all the streets in the city :
 I tremble to hear the people's murmuring,
 I lament, to see his most cruel dealing :
 I think there is no such tyrant under the sun ;
 O my dear masters, what hath he done !

Damon. What is that ? tell us quickly.

Steph. As I this morning passed in the street,
 With a woful man (going to his death) did I meet.
 Many people followed, and I of one secretly
 Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die ?
 He whispered in mine ear, nought hath he done but thus,
 In sleep he dreamed he had killed Dionysius ;
 Which dream told abroad, was brought to the king in post,
 By whom condemned for suspicion, his life he hath lost :
 Marcia was his name, as the people said.

Pythias. My dear friend Damon, I blame not Stephano
 For wishing we had not come hither ; seeing it is so,
 That for so small cause, such cruel death doth ensue.



THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

The play was printed without division into acts and scenes ; but if we are to consider it a play in five acts, here we may say that a short first act ends. Then enters Aristippus, in dialogue with his lackey Will upon the attention paid by the ladies to the pleasure-loving philosopher ; and Will is bidden to learn secretly how they talk of his master in the court. One purpose of this short scene is to allow imagined time for Stephano to seek Damon and Pythias ; therefore, when Aristippus and Will leave the stage, Stephano enters with the friends, and Damon asks :—

Stephano, is all this true that thou hast told me ?

Steph. Sir, for lies, hitherto ye never controlled me.
 Oh that we had never set foot on this land,
 Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a hand !

Damon. My Pythias, where tyrants reign, such cases are not new,

Which fearing their own state with cruelty,
 To sit fast as they think, do execute speedily
 All such as any light suspicion have tainted.

Steph. With such quick carvers, I list not be acquainted.

Damon. So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion still,
 When one is made away, they take occasion another to kill :
 Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void of all people's love,
 And in their own conscience a continual hell they prove.

Pythias. As things by their contraries are always best proved,

How happy are then merciful princes of their people beloved !
 Having sure friends every where, no fear doth touch them,
 They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at night

*Securè dormiunt in utranque aurem.*²

¹ *Conteined*, passed away (or worn-out) time. From Latin "contrivi," past of "contero." So in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew,"—

"Please you we may contrive this afternoon,
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health."

(Quoted in Nares's "Glossary illustrating English Authors," edited by Halliwell and Wright, a book of much value to English students.)

² They sleep securely at either ear. The phrase is from Terence's "Heautontimoroumenos," where Syrus advises Clitipho to play a certain trick that he may sleep at ease with both his ears—"in aurem utramvis otiose ut dormias." To sleep with either ear, or to sleep with the right ear, was a Roman phrase for security. The tyrant Dionysius is said to have needed more than his natural ear. The Ear of Dionysius pictured above is a chamber among the Latomia or caverns formed in quarrying to build Syracuse. They were used as prisons. One cavern nearly sixty feet high, and winding some two

O my Damon, if choice were offered me, I would choose to be
Pythias

As I am (Damon's friend) rather than be King Dionysius.

Steph. And good cause why: for you are entirely beloved
of one,

And as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved of none.

Damon. That state is most miserable: thrice happy are we,
Whom true love hath joined in perfect amity:

Which amity first sprung, without vaunting be it spoken, that
is true,

Of likeness of manners, took root by company, and now is
conserved by virtue;

Which virtue always, though worldly things do not frame,

Yet doth she achieve to her followers immortal fame:

Whereof if men were careful, for virtue's sake only

They would honour friendship, and not for commodity:

But such as for profit in friendship do link,

When storms come, they slide away sooner than a man will
think:

My Pythias, the sum of my talk falls to this issue,

To prove no friendship is sure, but that which is grounded on
virtue.

Pythias. My Damon, of this thing there needs no proof
to me,

The gods forbid, but that Pythias with Damon in all things
should agree.

For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse*,¹

But that true friends should be two in body, but one in
mind?

As it were one transformed into another, which against kind
Though it seem, yet in good faith, when I am alone,

I forget I am Pythias, methinks I am Damon.

Steph. That could I never do, to forget myself, full well I
know

Wheresoever I go, that I am *pauper* Stephano:

But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophy,

See that in this court you walk very wisely:

You are but newly come hither, being strangers ye know,

Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as ye go:

Many spies are abroad, you cannot be too circumspect.

Damon. Stephano, because thou art careful of me thy
master, I do thee praise;

Yet think this for a surety, no state to displease

By talk or otherwise my friend and I intend; we will here be
As men that come to see the soil and manners of all men of
every degree.

Pythagoras said, that this world is like unto a stage,

Whereon many play their parts: the lookers-on the sage

Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn

The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to
discern.

Steph. Good faith, sir, concerning the people they are not
gay,

And as far as I see they be mummers, for nought they say,

For the most part, whatsoever you ask them.

The soil is such, that to live here I cannot like.

Damon. Thou speakest according to thy learning, but I say,

hundred feet into the rock, tapered to a point, from which a passage
led to a small chamber near the top, in which, says the legend,
Dionysius sat to overhear the conversation of his prisoners. Visitors
drawn up into the chamber by means of a rope and chair can hear the
tearing of a dry piece of paper in the cave below, and conversations
below can be heard, if not in whisper.

¹ A friend is another self. Edwards quotes Cicero, "De Amicitia,"
where the phrase is "alter idem." Unless, says Cicero, we take this
thought into friendship, a true friend will never be found: "est enim
is quidem tanquam alter idem."

Omnis solum fortis patria:² a wise man may live every where;
Therefore, my dear friend Pythias,
Let us view this town in every place,
And then consider the people's manners also.

But first Pythias suggests that they dine: a good
notion for Stephano. They depart in search of a
dinner, leaving the stage for Carisophus, who enters
seeking prey, and hoping to find it in the strangers.
When Damon and Stephano return, he retires to
watch them. They return from short commons.
Stephano's comment on their ill-fare causes Damon
to remark as he dismisses him,—and bids him
return to wait on Pythias, who for a purpose stays
at home,—

Damon. Not in vain, the poet sayeth: *Naturam furcæ
expellas, tamen usque recurrit*.³

For train up a bondman never to so good behaviour,

Yet in some point of servility he will favour:

As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, is loving and kind,

Yet touching his belly, a very bondman I him find:

He is to be borne withal, being so just and true,

I assure you, I would not change him for a new:

But methinks, this is a pleasant city,

The seat is good, and yet not strong, and is great pity.

Caris. I am safe, he is mine own.

Damon. The air is subtle and fine, the people should be
witty,

That dwell under this climate in so pure a region,

A trimmer plot⁴ I have not seen in my peregrination:

Nothing misliketh me in this country,

But that I hear such muttering of cruelty:

Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius,

But king's matters passing our reach, pertain not to us.

Caris. Dionysius (quoth you?) since the world began,

In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man:

A despiteful tyrant to all men, I marvel I,

That none makes him away, and that suddenly.

Damon. My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing,

That any man should lift up his sword against the king:

Or seek other means by death him to prevent,

Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent:

But, my friend, leave off this talk of King Dionysius.

Caris. Why, sir? he cannot hear us.

Damon. What then?

It is not safe talking of them that strike afar off:

But leaving king's matters, I pray you show me this courtesy,

To describe in few words the state of this city.

A traveller I am, desirous to know

The state of each country, wherever I go:

Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience thereby:

It is not for nought, that the poet doth cry,

² From Ovid's "Fasti." Probably the printer, and not Edwards
himself, is answerable for "omnis solum."

"Omne solum forti patria est; ut piscibus æquor;
Ut volucri, vacuo quicquid in orbe patet."

(To the brave every soil is fatherland; as sea to fish; as to the bird
the wide void over earth.)

³ Horace, Ep. 1. It should be "Naturam expelles furcæ, tamen
usque recurrit." (You may thrust out Nature with a pitchfork, but
she will always hasten back.)

⁴ Plot, space of ground.

"In Cambridge then I found agen
A resting plot." (Tusser.)

*Die mihi, Musa, virum, capte post tempora Trojæ,
Multorum hominum mores qui vidit et urbes.*¹

In which verses, as some writers do scan,

The poet describeth a perfect wise man :

Even so, I being a stranger, addicted to philosophy,

To see the state of countries myself I apply.

Caris. Sir, I like this intent; but may I ask your name without scorn?

Damon. My name is Damon, well known in my country, a gentleman born.

Caris. You do wisely, to search the state of each country, To bear intelligence thereof, whither you lust: he is a spy. Sir, I pray you, have patience awhile, for I have to do hereby: View this weak part of this city as you stand, and I very quickly

Will return to you again, and then will I show The state of all this country, and of the court also. [*Exit.*

Damon. I thank you for your courtesy. This chanceth well that I

Met with this gentleman so happily, Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something, Else he would not talk so boldly of the king, And that to a stranger: but look where he comes in haste.

Here entereth CARISOPHUS and SNAP.

This is the fellow, Snap, snap him up: away with him.

Snap. Good fellow, thou must go with me to the court.

Damon. To the court, sir? and why?

Caris. Away with him, I say.

Damon. Use no violence, I will go with you quietly. [*Exeunt omnes.*

And here, perhaps, we may suppose the end of a short second act.

Then Aristippus enters, happy in new gifts obtained by pleasing Dionysius:

With sundry sports and taunts, yesternight I delighted the king,

That with his loud laughter the whole court did ring,

And I thought he laughed not merrier than I, when I got this money.

But, mumbudget, for Carisophus I espy

In haste to come hither: I must handle the knave finely.

O Carisophus, my dearest friend, my trusty companion!

What news with you? where have you been so long?

Here entereth CARISOPHUS.

My best beloved friend Aristippus, I am come at last, I have not spent all my time in waste.

I have got a prey, and that a good one I trow.

Arist. What prey is that? fain would I know.

Caris. Such a crafty spy I have caught, I dare say,

As never was in Sicilia before this day;

Such a one as viewed every weak place in the city,

Surveyed the haven, and each bulwark, in talk very witty:

And yet by some words himself he did betray.

Arist. I think so in good faith, as you did handle him.

Caris. I handled him clerkly, I joined in talk with him courteously:

But when we were entered, I let him speak his will, and I Sucked out thus much of his words, that I made him say plainly

He was come hither to know the state of the city.

And not only this, but that he would understand

The state of Dionysius' court, and of the whole land;

Which words when I heard, I desired him to stay,

Till I had done a little business of the way,

Promising him to return again quickly: and so did convey Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff, which came and up-snatched him,

Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge dispatched him.

After² I ran to Dionysius, as fast as I could,

And betrayed this matter to him, which I have you told:

Which thing when he heard, being very merry before,

He suddenly fell in dump and, foaming like a boar,

At last he swore in great rage, that he should die

By the sword, or the wheel, and that very shortly.

I am too shamefaced for my travel and toil,

I crave nothing of Dionysius, but only his spoil:

Little hath he about him, but a few moth-eaten crowns of gold,

I've pouched them up already, they are sure in hold:

And now I go into the city, to say sooth,

To see what he hath at his lodging, to make up my mouth.

Arist. My Carisophus, you have done good service; but what is the spy's name?

Caris. He is called Damon, born in Greece, from whence lately he came.

Arist. By my troth, I will go see him, and speak with him too if I may.

Caris. Do so, I pray you; but yet by the way,

As occasion serveth, commend my service to the king.

Arist. *Dictum sapienti sat est.*³ friend Carisophus, shall I forget that thing?

No, I warrant you, though I say little to your face,

I will lay on with my mouth for you to Dionysius, when I am in place.

If I speak one word for such a knave, hang me. [*Exit.*

Carisophus remains to utter his distrust of his philosophical friend. Then he calls his boy Jack to follow him to Damon's lodging, and support him if any stir arise. For, says Carisophus, "Rather than I will lose the spoil I will blade it out."

Here entereth PYTHIAS and STEPHANO.

What strange news are these? ah, my Stephano!

Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go?

Steph. It is true, oh cruel hap! he is taken for a spy,

And as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth condemned to die.

Pythias. To die? alas! for what cause?

Steph. A sycophant falsely accused him: other cause there is none;

But, O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,

Seest thou this injustice, and wilt thou stay any longer

From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire,

To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?

¹ From Horace's "Art of Poetry," a version of the opening of Homer's "Odyssey" there cited with praise. But Edwards gives inaccurately the second line. "Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes." Roger Ascham, in his "Schoolmaster," quoted with praise his friend Mr. Watson's English version of the lines Latinised by Horace:—

"All travellers do gladly report great praise of Ulysses.

For that he knew many men's manners, and saw many cities."

² After, afterwards.

³ A word to the wise is sufficient. From the "Persa" of Plautus, act iv., end of scene 7:—

"Saturio. Tace.

Tonilus. Ubi cum lenone me videbis colloqui,

Tum turbam facito.

Saturio. Dictum sapienti sat est."

Alas! master Pythias, what shall we do?

Being in a strange country, void of friends, and acquaintance too.

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day?

To see thy true master unjustly made away?

Pythias. Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremity,

Let us make virtue our friend, of mere necessity:

Run thou to the court, and understand secretly

As much as thou canst of Damon's cause, and I

Will make some means to entreat Aristippus:

He can do much (as I hear) with King Dionysius.

Steph. I am gone, sir—ah, would to God my travel and pain

Might restore my master to his liberty again!

Pythias. Ah, woful Pythias! sith now I am alone,

What way shall I first begin to make my moan?

What words shall I find apt for my complaint?

Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril, of force¹ I must now faint.

But no music, as in joyful tunes thy merry notes I did borrow

So now lend me thy yernful² tunes, to utter my sorrow.

Here Pythias sings, and the regals play.

Awake, ye woful wights,

That long have wept in woe:

Resign to me your complaints and tears,

My hapless hap to show.

My woe no tongue can tell,

No pen can well descry:

Oh, what a death is this to hear!

Damon my friend must die.

The loss of worldly wealth

Man's wisdom may restore,

And physic hath provided too

A salve for every sore:

But my true friend once lost,

No art can well supply:

Then, what a death is this, to hear

Damon my friend must die!

My mouth refuse the food,

That should my limbs sustain:

Let sorrow sink into my breast,

And ransack every vein:

You furies all at once

On me your torments try:

Why should I live, seeing I hear

Damon my friend must die?

Gripe me, you greedy griefs,

And present pangs of death,

You sisters three, with cruel hands,

With speed come stop my breath:

Shrine me in clay alive,

Some good man stop mine eye:

O death, come now, seeing I hear

Damon my friend must die.

He speaketh this after the song.

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my complaint;
But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint?

*Multum juvat in re mala animus bonus.*³

I will to the court myself, to make friends, and that presently,
I will never forsake my friend in time of misery—

But do I see Stephano amazed hither to run?

Here entereth STEPHANO.

O Pythias, Pythias, we are all undone!

Mine own ears have sucked in mine own sorrow;

I heard Dionysius swear, that Damon should die to-morrow.

Pythias. How camest thou so near the presence of the king,
That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak this thing?

Steph. By friendship I got into the court, where, in great audience,

I heard Dionysius with his own mouth give this cruel sentence,
By these express words: that Damon the Greek, that crafty spy,

Without further judgment, to-morrow should die:

Believe me, Pythias, with these ears I heard it myself.

Pythias. Then how near is my death also? ah, woe is me!

Ah, my Damon, another myself: shall I forego thee?

Steph. Sir, there is no time of lamenting now, it behoveth us
To make means to them which can do much with Dionysius,
That he be not made away ere his cause be fully heard; for
we see

By evil report things be made to princes far worse than
they be.

But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great favour with King
Dionysius,

Entreat him to speak a good word to the king for us:

And in the mean season, I will to your lodging, to see all
things safe there.

Pythias. To that I agree; but let us slip aside his talk to
hear.

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS.

Here is a sudden change, indeed, a strange metamorphosis,
This court is clean altered, who would have thought this?

Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,

Is quite changed now into such melancholy,

That nothing can please him: he walked up and down,

Fretting and chafing, on every man he doth frown:

Insomuch, that when I in pleasant words began to play,

So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me up so short,

I perceive it is not safe playing with lions but when it please
them;

If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease⁴ them,

And so perhaps get a clap: mine own proof taught me this,

That it is very good to be merry and wise:

The only cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that wicked
man,

Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor gentleman;

And hath incensed the king against him so despitefully,

That Dionysius hath judged him to-morrow to die.

I have talked with Damon, whom though in words I found
very witty,

Yet was he more curious than wise, in viewing this city:

³ When things go badly a good heart helps much. The line (inaccurately quoted) is from the "Captivi" of Plautus, act ii., sc. 1:—

"Philocrates. Oh, oh, oh!

Luridus. Ejulatione haud opus est: oculis multam miseriam additis.
In re mala animo si bono utare, adjuvat."

There is a like thought in another of the plays of Plautus, "Pseudolus," act i., sc. 5: A good heart, when things go badly, halves the ill. "Bonus animus in mala re dimidium est mali."

⁴ Disease, make uneasy.

¹ Of force, of necessity.

² Yernful, full of grief. First-English "geornfull," full of desire, eager, anxious; also "geornest," earnest.

But truly, for ought I can learn, there is no cause why
So suddenly and cruelly he should be condemned to die :
Howsoever it be, this is the short and long,
I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong :
I am sorry, and that is all I may or can do in this case,
Nought availeth persuasion, where froward opinion taketh
place.

Pythias. Sir, if humble suits you would not despise,
Then bow unto me your pitiful eyes :
My name is Pythias, in Greece well known,
A perfect friend to that woful *Damón*,
Which now a poor captive in this court doth lie,
By the king's own mouth, as I hear, condemned to die :
For whom I crave your mastership's goodness,
To stand his friend in this great distress :
Nought hath he done worthy of death, but very fondly,¹
He being a stranger, he viewed this city,
For no evil practices, but to feed his eyes.
But seeing *Dionysius* is informed otherwise,
My suit is to you, when you see time and place,
To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his grace ;
In which doing, you shall not do good to one only,
But you shall further two, and that fully.

Arist. My friend, in this case I can do you no pleasure.

Pythias. Sir, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

Arist. I am of the court, but none of the counsel.

Pythias. As I hear, none is in greater favour with the king,
than you at this day.

Arist. The more in favour the less I dare say.

Pythias. It is a courtier's praise to help strangers in misery.

Arist. To help another and hurt myself, it is an evil point
of courtesy.

Pythias. You shall not hurt yourself to speak for the inno-
cent.

Arist. He is not innocent whom the king thinketh nocent.

Pythias. Why, sir, do you think this matter past all
remedy ?

Arist. So far past, that *Dionysius* hath sworn, *Damon*
to-morrow shall die.

Pythias. This word, my trembling heart cutteth in two :

Ah, sir, in this woful case what wist I best to do ?

Arist. Best to content yourself, when there is no remedy,

He is well relieved that foreknoweth his misery :

Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in *Eubulus*,

The chiefest counsellor about King *Dionysius* :

Which pitieth *Damon's* case in this great extremity,

Persuading the king from all kinds of cruelty.

Pythias. The mighty gods preserve you, for this word of
comfort :

Taking my leave of your goodness, I will now resort

To *Eubulus*, that good counsellor.

But hark, methink I hear a trumpet blow.

Arist. The king is at hand, stand close in the press :
beware, if he know

You are friend to *Damon*, he will take you for a spy also :

Farewell, I dare not be seen with you.

*Here entereth KING DIONYSIUS, EUBULUS the Counsellor,
and GRONNO the Hangman.*

Dion. Gronno, do my commandments, strike off *Damon's*
irons by and by,²

Then bring him forth, I myself will see him executed pre-
sently.

Gronno. O mighty king, your commandment will I do
speedily.

Dion. *Eubulus*, thou hast talked in vain, for sure he shall
die.

Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of every spy ?

Eub. That he conspired against your person, his accuser
cannot say.

He only viewed your city, and will you for that make him
away ?

Dion. What he would have done, the guess is great he
minded me to hurt,

That came so slyly, to search out the secret state of my court :
Shall I still live in fear ? no, no : I will cut off such imps
betime,

Lest that to my further danger too high they climb.

Eub. Yet have the mighty gods immortal fame assigned

To all worldly princes, which in mercy be inclined.

Dion. Let Fame talk what she list, so I may live in safety.

Eub. The only mean to that, is, to use mercy.

Dion. A mild prince the people despiseth.

Eub. A cruel king the people hateth.

Dion. Let them hate me, so they fear me.

Eub. That is not the way to live in safety.

Dion. My sword and power shall purchase my quietness.

Eub. That is sooner procured by mercy and gentleness.

Dion. *Dionysius* ought to be feared.

Eub. Better for him to be well beloved.

Dion. Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.

Eub. Believe her not, she is a light goddess, she can laugh
and lure.

Dion. A king's praise standeth in the revenging of his
enemy.

Eub. A greater praise to win him by clemency.

Dion. To suffer the wicked to live, it is no mercy.

Eub. To kill the innocent it is great cruelty.

Dion. Is *Damon* innocent, which so craftly undermined
Carisophus,

To understand what he could of King *Dionysius* ?

Which surveyed the haven, and each bulwark in the city,

Where battery might be laid, what way best to approach ?
shall I

Suffer such a one to live that worketh me such despite ?

No, he shall die ; then I am safe, a dead dog cannot bite.

Eub. But yet, O mighty king, my duty bindeth me :

To give such counsel, as with your honour may best agree :

The strongest pillars of princely dignity

I find is justice with mercy and prudent liberality :

The one judgeth all things by upright equity ;

The other rewardeth the worthy, flying each extremity.

As to spare those which offend maliciously

It may be called no justice, but extreme injury :

So upon suspicion of each thing not well proved

To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused,

It seemeth of tyranny ; and upon what fickle ground all
tyrants do stand,

Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it be rightly scann'd.

And not only these citizens, but who curiously seeks

The whole histories of all the world, not only of Romans and
Greeks,

Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruinous fall,

Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but hated of all.

Of merciful princes, to set out their passing felicity

I need not, enough of that even these days do testify ;³

They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound, they dread
no enemy,

They are feared and loved : and why ? they rule with justice
and mercy,

³ Reverence here by the actor towards Queen Elizabeth, who sits in
front.

¹ Fondly, foolishly.

² By and by, immediately.

Extending justice to such as wickedly from justice have swerved,
 Mercy unto those where opinion is that they have mercy deserved.

Of liberality nought I say, but only this thing,
 Liberality upholdeth the state of a king;
 Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to this issue,
 To reward none but such as deserve it for virtue.

Which merciful justice if you would follow, and provident liberality,

Neither the caterpillars of all courts, *Et fruges consumere nati*,¹
 Parasites with wealth puffed up, should not look so high;
 Nor yet, for this simple fact, poor Damon should die.

Dion. With pain mine ears have heard this vain talk of mercy;

I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings only;
 Till he be gone whom I suspect, how shall I live quietly?
 Whose memory with chilling horror fills my breast day and night violently,

My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest; on bed I lie
 Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield his throat to Damon's sword:

This quaking dread, nothing but Damon's blood can stay.
 Better he die than I to be tormented with fear alway:
 He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto,
 It is lawful for kings as they list all things to do.

Here entereth GRONNO, bringing in DAMON, and PYTHIAS meeteth him by the way.

Pythias. Oh, my Damon!

Damon. Oh, my Pythias, seeing death must part us, farewell for ever.

Pythias. O Damon, my sweet friend!

Snap. Away from the prisoner! what a press have we here?

Gronno. As you commanded, O mighty king, we have brought Damon.

Dion. Then go to, make ready; I will not stir out of this place

Till I see his head stricken off before my face.

Gronno. It shall be done, sir. Because your eyes² have made such ado,

I will knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-window too.

Damon. O mighty king, whereas no truth my innocent life can save,

But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,
 Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against your person:
 Yet now I plead not for life, nor will I crave your pardon;
 But seeing in Greece, my country, where well I am known,
 I have worldly things fit for my alliance,³ when I am gone,
 To dispose them or⁴ I die, if I might obtain leisure,
 I would account it, O king, for a passing great pleasure;
 Not to prolong my life thereby, for which I reckon not this,
 But to set my things in a stay: and surely I will not miss,
 Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to embrace,
 To return again at your time to appoint, to yield my body here in this place.

Grant me, O king, such time to dispatch this injury,
 And I will not fail when you appoint, even here my life to yield speedily.

Dion. A pleasant request! as though I could trust him absent,

Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present;

And yet though I swear the contrary, do that I require,
 Give me a pledge for thy return, and have thy own desire.—
 He is as near now as he was before.

Damon. There is no surer nor greater pledge than the faith of a gentleman.

Dion. It was wont to be, but otherwise now the world doth stand;

Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy neck to the sword.

If I might with my honour, I would recall my word.

Pythias. Stand to your word, O king, for kings ought nothing say,

But that they would perform in perfect deeds alway.

A pledge you did require when Damon his suit did move,
 For which with heart and stretched hands most humble thanks I give:

And that you may not say but Damon hath a friend
 That loves him better than his own life, and will do to his end,
 Take me, O mighty king, my life to pawn for his,
 Strike off my head if Damon hap at his day for to miss.

Dion. What art thou that chargest me with my word so boldly here?

Pythias. I am Pythias, a Greek born, which hold Damon my friend full dear.

Dion. Too dear perhaps to hazard thy life for him: what fondness⁵ moveth thee?

Pythias. No fondness, but perfect amity.

Dion. A mad kind of amity! advise thyself, if Damon fail at his day,

Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to mo his life to pay?

Pythias. Most willingly, O mighty king. If Damon fail, let Pythias die.

Dion. Thou seemest to trust his words, that pawnest thy life so frankly.

Pythias. What Damon sayeth, Pythias believeth assuredly.

Dion. Take heed, for life worldly men break promise in many things.

Pythias. Though worldly men do so, it never haps amongst friends.

Dion. What callest thou friends, are they not men? is not this true?

Pythias. Men they be, but such men as love one another for virtue.

Dion. For what virtue dost thou love this spy, this Damon?

Pythias. For that virtue which yet to you is unknown.

Dion. Eubulus, what shall I do? I would dispatch this Damon fain,

But this foolish fellow so chargeth me, that I may not call back my word again.

Eub. The reverent majesty of a king stands chiefly in keeping his promise.

What you have said this whole court beareth witness.

Save your honour whatsoever you do.

Dion. For saving mine honour, I must forbear my will. Go to,

Pythias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee,

For two months he is thine, unbind him, I set him free;
 Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon,

Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon.

Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his bed,
 If he return not then, thou shalt either hang or lose thy head.

¹ Born to consume the fruits. From Horace's first Epistle.

² This is spoken to Damon, who was condemned for use of his eyes.

³ Fit for my alliance, fit to be bequeathed to my kindred.

⁴ Or, ere.

⁵ Fondness, foolishness.

Pythias. For this, O mighty king, I yield immortal thanks.
O joyful day!

Dion. Gronno, take him to thee, bind him, see him kept in safety.

If he escape, assure thyself for him thou shalt die.

Eubulus, let us depart, to talk of this strange thing within.

Eub. I follow.

Gronno. Damon, thou servest the gods well to-day, be thou of comfort.

As for you, sir, I think you will be hanged in sport.

You heard what the king said? I must keep you safely:

By cock, so I will; you shall rather hang than I.

Come on your way.

Pythias. My Damon, farewell; the gods have you in his keeping.

Damon. Oh, my Pythias, my pledge, farewell; I part from thee weeping,

But joyful at my day appointed I will return again,

When I will deliver thee from all trouble and pain.

Stephano will I leave behind me to wait upon thee in prison alone. [home.

And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this misery, will walk Ah, my Pythias, my pledge, my life, my friend, farewell.

Pythias. Farewell, my Damon.

Damon. Loth I am to depart, sith sobs my trembling tongue doth stay;

O music, sound my doleful complaints when I am gone my way.

[*Exit Damon.*]

Gronno. I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept too. Come, Pythias,

So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish case:

Wilt thou venture thy life for a man so fondly?

Pythias. It is no venture; my friend is just, for whom I desire to die.

Gronno. Here is a mad man! I tell thee, I have a wife whom I love well,

And if I would die for her, I would I were in hell.

Wilt thou do more for a man than I would do for a woman?

Pythias. Yea, that I will.

Gronno. Then come on your ways, you must to prison in haste;

I fear you will repent this folly at last.

Pythias. That shalt thou never see; but O music, as my Damon requested thee,

Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of calamity.

The music may be said, perhaps, to mark the place of transition from the third act to the fourth.

Here the regals¹ play a mourning song, and Damon cometh in in mariner's apparel, and Stephano with him.

Weep no more, Stephano, this is but destiny;

Had not this hap, yet I know I am born to die,

Where, or in what place, the gods know alone,

To whose judgment myself I commit; therefore leave off thy moan,

And wait upon Pythias in prison till I return again,

In whom my joy, my care and life doth only remain.

Steph. Oh, my dear master, let me go with you; for my poor company

Shall be some small comfort in this time of misery.

Damon. O Stephano, hast thou been so long with me,

And yet dost not know the force of true amity?

I tell thee once again, my friend and I are but one:

Wait upon Pythias, and think thou art with Damon.

Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away;
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey:
Therefore farewell, Stephano, commend me to my friend Pythias,

Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this woful case.

Steph. Farewell, my dear master, since your pleasure is so, O cruel hap! O poor Stephano!

O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragedy!—

But what a noise is this? is all well within, trow ye?

I fear all be not well within; I will go see.—

Come out, you weasel; are you seeking eggs in Damon's chest?

Then follows a scene, in which Carisophus, unsupported by his boy Jack, is ignominiously thrashed by Stephano for plundering in Damon's lodgings.

Caris. Oh, sir, I am a courtier; when courtiers shall hear tell,

How you have used me, they will not take it well.

Steph. Nay, all right courtiers will ken me thank;² and wot you why?

Because I handled a counterfeit courtier in his kind so finely.

What, sir? all are not courtiers that have a counterfeit show?

In a troop of honest men, some knaves may stand, ye know,

Such as thy stealth creep in under the colour of honesty,

Which sort under that cloak do all kind of villainy:

A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full of urbanity,

Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of villainy:

But such as thou art, fountains of squirility,³ and vain delights;

Though you hang by the courts, you are but flattering parasites,

As well deserving the right name of courtesy,

As the coward knight the true praise of chivalry:

I could say more, but I will not, for that I am your well-willer.

In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a caterpillar,

A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave;

Whether I will or no, these names you must have:

How well you deserve this, by your deeds it is known,

For that so unjustly thou hast accused poor Damon,

Whose woful case the gods help alone.

Caris. Sir, are you his servant, that you pity his case so?

Steph. No, bum troth,⁴ good man Grumbe, his name is Stephano;

I am called Onaphets, if needs you will know.

The knave beginneth to sift me, but I turn my name in and out,

Cretise cum Cretense,⁵ to make him a lout. [*Aside.*]

When left by Stephano, Carisophus takes revenge by thrashing his boy Jack; and departs to get a dressing for his bruises.

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS.

By mine own experience I prove true that many men tell,
To live in court not beloved, better be in hell:

What crying out, what cursing is there within of Carisophus,

Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius?

Even now he came whining and crying into the court for the nonce,

Showing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sconce.

² Ken me thank, owe me thanks. The old phrase, "Con me thank."

³ Squirility, scurrility.

⁴ Bum troth. A contraction of *by my troth*.

⁵ I Cretise with a Cretan. An ancient proverb to express meeting a liar with lies. Compare St. Paul's quotation from Epimenides (Titus i. 12).

¹ Regals. Italian "regale," a small portable organ.

Which strange name when they heard, every man laughed heartily,
And I by myself scanned his name secretly;
For well I knew it was some mad-headed child
That invented this name, that the log-headed knave might be beguiled:

In tossing it often with myself to and fro,
I found out that Onaphets backward, spell'd Stephano.
I smiled in my sleeve, how to see by turning his name he dressed him,
And how for Damon his master's sake, with a wooden cudgel he blessed him.

None pitied the knave, no man nor woman, but all laugh'd him to scorn,

To be thus hated of all, better unborn.

Far better Aristippus had provided, I trow;

For in all the court I am beloved both of high and low.

I offend none, insomuch that women sing this to my great praise,

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.*¹

But in all this jollity one thing amazeth me,

The strangest thing that ever was heard or known,

Is now happened in this court, by that Damon

Whom Carisophus accused; Damon is now at liberty,

For whose return Pythias his friend lieth in prison, alas! in great jeopardy.

To-morrow is the day, which day by noon if Damon return not earnestly

The king hath sworn that Pythias should die,

Whereof Pythias hath intelligence very secretly,

Wishing that Damon may not return till he have paid

His life for his friend. Hath it been heretofore ever said,

That any man for his friend would die so willingly?

O noble friendship! O perfect amity!

Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly.

The king himself museth hereat, yet is he far out of square,

That he trusteth none to come near him,

Not his own daughters will he have

Unsearched to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbers his beard to shave,

Not with knife or razor, for all edge-tools he fears,

But with hot burning nutshells they singe off his hairs.

Was there ever man that lived in such misery?

Well, I will go in with a heavy and pensive heart too,

To think how Pythias, this poor gentleman, to-morrow shall die. [Exit.]

Now follows an episode of the shaving of Grim the Collier, slightly connected with the plot by a few allusions, but essentially a distinct interlude. It allows inartistically for an imagined interval before the crowning incident of the play, and occupies, with irrelevant matter, the greater part of what should represent the fourth act, in which interest and expectation ought to be raised to the utmost. It is early morning before the palace gate. Jack and Will enter; quarrel about their masters; fight together before the palace gate; are quieted by angry words from Snap, the tipstaff, who passes by; become friends; and then unite in jesting talk with Grim the Collier, who has been long waiting for somebody to open the gate, and take in the coals he has brought "for the king's mouth."² Grim boasts

of his savings; lectures the two mischievous pages on their bombast hose; is plied with wine by them; and asks—

Is that true that abroad is blown?

Jack. What is that?

Grim. Hath the king made those fair damsels his daughters
To become now fine and trim barbers?

Jack. Yea, truly, to his own person.

Grim. Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands,
I would give one sack of coals to be washed at their hands:
If I came so near them, for my wit I'd not give three chips,
If I would not steal one swap at their lips.

Jack. Will, this knave is drunk; let us dress him,
Let us rifle him so, that he have not one penny to bless him,
And steal away his debentures too.

Will. Content; invent the way, and I am ready.

Jack. Faith, and I will make him a noddy.

Father Grim, if you pay me well, I will wash you and shave you too,

Even after the same fashion as the king's daughters do:

In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress you trim and fine.

Grim. Should³ fain learn that: come on then, I'll give thee a whole pint of wine

At tavern for thy labour, when I've money for my bentures here.

Here Will fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot with water, a razor, and clothes, and a pair of spectacles.

Jack. Come, mine own father Grim, sit down.

Then follows a burlesque scene of the shaving, during which Grim is robbed of his money, and a burlesque three-part song is sung to a burden of "too nidden, and toddle doo nidden," with Grim's rejoicing that "me think ich am lighter than ever ich was." They all depart happy, but Grim soon returns with outcry on his loss, and finding Snap, the tipstaff, is taken by him into the palace to identify the rogues.

Then what may be called the fifth act opens, with a scene of the false friendship before the demonstration of the true. Carisophus, having opposed himself to Eubulus, has fallen into disgrace at court, and looks in vain for aid to his "friend" Aristippus.

Caris. A friend ought to shun no pain, to stand his friend instead.

Arist. Where true friendship is, it is so indeed.

Caris. Why, sir, hath not the chain of true friendship linked us two together?

Arist. The chiefest link lacked thereof, it must needs disserve.

Caris. What link is that? fain would I know.

Arist. Honesty.

Caris. Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

Arist. Yea, truly, and that knot so knit will never slip.

Caris. Belike then, there is no friendship but between honest men.

Arist. Between the honest only: for, *amicitia inter bonos*; saith a learned man.

English Poems" the reference to Skelton's "Bouge of Court," page 129.

³ Should, I would. See Note 5, page 71.

⁴ Friendship is between the good. (Cicero.)

¹ See Note 4, p. 74.

² The bouche (mouth) or bouge of court was the old name for court provisioning and right of eating at the royal table. See in "Shorter

Caris. Yet evil men use friendship in things dishonest,
where fancy doth serve.

Arist. That is no friendship, but a lewd liking, it lasts but
awhile.

Caris. What is the perfectest friendship among men that
ever grew?

Arist. Where men love one another, not for profit, but for
virtue.

Caris. Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart?

Arist. They must needs, for in two bodies they have but
one heart.

Caris. Friend Aristippus, deceive me not with sophistry,
Is there no perfect friendship, but where is virtue and
honesty?

Arist. What a devil then meant Carisophus
To join in friendship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is as much virtue, truth and honesty,
As there are true feathers in the three cranes of the vintry:¹
Yet their feathers have the shadow of lively feathers, the
truth to scan,

But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest man.
To be plain, because I know thy villainy,
In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,
Under the cloak of friendship I played with his head,
And sought means how thou with thine own fancy might be
led:

My friendship thou soughtest for thine own commodity,
As worldly men do, by profit measuring amity:
Which I perceiving, to the like myself I framed,
Wherein, I know, of the wise I shall not be blamed:
If you ask me, *Quare*?² I answer, *Quia prudentis est multum
dissimulare.*

To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go,
In faith Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretiso*:
Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in one thing,
I do not dissemble, now I say I will not speak for thee to the
king:

Therefore sink in thy sorrow, I do not deceive thee,
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee. [*Exit.*

Caris. He is gone! is this friendship to leave his friend in
the plain field?

Well, I see now I myself have beguiled,
In matching myself with that false fox in amity,
Which hath me used to his own commodity:
Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes his ways,
Lo this is the perfect friendship among men now-a-days:
Which kind of friendship toward him I used secretly;
And he with me the like, hath requited me craftily.
It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly,
For all the world may know, *Incidi in foveam quam feci*.³
Well, I must content myself, none other help I know,
Until a merry gale of wind may hap to blow. [*Exit.*

Eub. Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,
When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway,
Must yield of force, there need no subtle sleight,
No vaunted speech the matter to convey.
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire,
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.

This thing I prove in Pythias' woful case,
Whose heavy hap with tears I do lament:
The day is come, when he in Damon's place
Must lose his life: the time is fully spent,
Nought can my words now with the king prevail,
Against the wind and striving streams I fail:
For die thou must, alas! thou seely Greek.
Ah, Pythias, now come is thy doleful hour:
A perfect friend, none such in a world to seek.
Though bitter death shall give thee sauce full sour,
Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name,
Among the gods, within the book of fame.

Then the Muses sing:—

Alas! what hap hast thou, poor Pythias, now to die!
Woe worth⁴ the man which for his death hath given us cause
to cry.

Eub. Who knoweth his case, and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.
Methink I hear, with yellow rented hairs,
The Muses frame their notes, thy state to moan:
Among which sort, as one that mourn'th with heart,
In doleful tunes myself will bear a part.

Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.

Eub. With yellow rented hairs, come on you Muses nine,
Fill now my breast with heavy tunes, to me your plaints
resign:

For Pythias I bewail, which presently must die,
Woe worth the man which for his death, &c.

Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.

Eub. Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?
I think even from the heavens above, the gods did him down
send
To show such friendship's power, which forced thee now to
die.

Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.

Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.

Eub. What tiger's whelp was he, that Damon did accuse?
What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death dost not
refuse?

O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy!

Woe worth the man, &c.

Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.

Eub. Thou young and worthy Greek, that showest such
perfect love,
The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens above:
Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.
Woe worth the man which for his death, &c.

Muses. Woe worth the man which for his death hath given
us cause to cry.

Eub. Eternal be your fame, ye Muses, for that in misery
Ye did vouchsafe to strain⁵ your notes to walk:
My heart is rent in two with this miserable case,
Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth, to see this place
At all points ready for the execution of Pythias.
Need hath no law: will I, or nill⁶ I, must be done.
But lo, the bloody minister is even here at hand.
Gronno, I came hither now to understand,

¹ The three cranes of the Vintry were used at the Vintry wharf in Thames Street for unloading the wine casks from the ships that brought them. They also supplied a name to a neighbouring tavern in the Three Cranes Lane.

² *Quare*, wherefore? I answer, Because it is the part of the prudent to dissemble much.

³ "I have fallen into the pit which I digged." (Proverbs xxviii. 10.)

⁴ Woe worth, woe befall. First-English "weorthan," to become.

⁵ *Strain*, constrain. So Shakespeare in "The Merchant of Venice," "On what compulsion must I, tell me that? The quality of Mercy is not strained."

⁶ In First English "nellan" was a recognised negative of "willan," and here "nill," as a negative of "will," is as much an English verb as "will" itself. It only lives now in the phrase "willy nilly."

If all things are well appointed for the execution of Pythias;
The king himself will see it done here in this place.

Gronno. Sir, all things are ready, here is the place, here is the hand, here is the sword,

Here lacketh none but Pythias, whose head at a word,

If he were present, I could finely strike off.

You may report that all things are ready.

Eub. I go with heavy heart to report it. Ah, woful Pythias!
Full near now is thy misery. [Exit.]

Gronno. I marvel very much, under what constellation
All hangmen are born, for they are hated of all, beloved of none:

Which hatred is showed by this point evidently,

The hangman always dwells in the vilest place of the city:

That such spite should be, I know no cause why,

Unless it be for their office sake, which is cruel and bloody.

Yet some men must do it, to execute laws.

Methink they hate me without any just cause.

But I must look to my toil, Pythias must lose his head at one blow,

Else the boys will stone me to death in the street as I go.

But hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king also:

I see there is no help, Pythias his life must forego.

Here entereth DIONYSIUS and EUBULUS.

Dion. Bring forth Pythias, that pleasant companion,
Which took me at my word, and became pledge for Damon.

It pricketh fast upon noon, I do him no injury,

If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,

If Damon return not, which now in Greece is full merry:

Therefore shall Pythias pay his death, and that by and by.

He thought belike, if Damon were out of the city,

I would not put him to death, for some foolish pity:

But seeing it was his request, I will not be mocked; he shall die.

Bring him forth.

Here entereth SNAP.

Snap. Give place, let the prisoner come by; give place.

Dion. How say you, sir? where is Damon, your trusty friend?

You have played a wise part, I make God avow:

You know what time a day it is, make you ready.

Pythias. Most ready I am, mighty king, and most ready also

For my true friend Damon this life to forego,

Even at your pleasure.

Dion. A true friend! a false traitor, that so breaketh his oath.

Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loath.

Pythias. I am not loath to do whatsoever I said,

Nor at this present pinch of death am I dismayed:

The gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer,

That they have reserved me to this passing great honour,

To die for my friend, whose faith even now I do not mistrust,

My friend Damon is no false traitor, he is true and just:

But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do as he may;

The wind may be contrary, sickness may let¹ him, or some misadventure by the way,

Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory,

That fame may resound how Pythias for Damon did die:

He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he can,

His mind is here, he hath some let, he is but a man.

That he might not return, of all the gods I did require,

Which now to my joy do grant my desire.

But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one man's death

May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath?

O thou minister of justice, do thine office by and by,²

Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.

Stephano, the right pattern of fidelity,

Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon, and of him crave liberty

When I am dead, in my name; for thy trusty service

Hath well deserved a gift far better than this.

O my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true friend, to me most dear;

While life doth last, my mouth shall still talk of thee;

And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witness of amity,

Shall hover about the place wheresoever thou be.

Dion. Eubulus, this gear is strange, and yet because

Damon hath falsed his faith, Pythias shall have the law.

Gronno, despoil him, and eke dispatch him quickly.

Gronno. It shall be done: since you came into this place

I might have stricken off seven heads in the space.

By'r lady, here are good garments, these are mine by the rood,

It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.

Now, Pythias, kneel down, ask me blessing like a pretty boy.

And with a trice, thy head from thy shoulders I will convey.

Here entereth DAMON running, and stays the sword.

Stay, stay, stay! for the king's advantage stay!

O mighty king, mine appointed time is not yet fully past;

Within the compass of mine hour, lo! here I come at last;

A life I owe, and a life I will pay:

Ah! my Pythias, my noble pledge, my constant friend!

Ah, woe is me! for Damon's sake, how near were thou to thy end!

Give place to me, this room is mine, on this stage must I play;

Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionysius his blood to pay.

Gronno. Are you come, sir? you might have tarried if you had been wise,

For your hasty coming you are like to know the price.

Pythias. O thou cruel minister, why didst not thou thine office?

Did not I bid thee make haste in anywise?

Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twice?

Not to die for my friend, is present death to me; and alas!

Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before my face?

What double death is this? but, O mighty Dionysius,

Do true justice now, weigh this aright, thou noble Eubulus.

Let me have no wrong as now stands the case,

Damon ought not to die, but Pythias:

By misadventure, not by his will, his hour is past; therefore I,

Because he came not at his just time, ought justly die:

So was my promise, so was thy promise, O king,

All this court can bear witness of this thing.

Damon. Not so, O mighty king, to justice it is contrary,

That for another man's fault the innocent should die:

Not yet is my time plainly expired, it is not fully noon

Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks in the town.

Pythias. Believe no clock, the hour is past by the sun.

Damon. Ah, my Pythias, shall we now break the bonds of amity?

Will you now overthwart me, which heretofore so well did agree?

Pythias. My Damon, the gods forbid but we should agree; Therefore agree to this, let me perform the promise I made for thee,

Let me die for thee; do me not that injury,

¹ Let, hinder.

² By and by, immediately.

Both to break my promise and to suffer me to see thee die,
Whom so dearly I love: this small request grant me,
I shall never ask thee more, my desire is but friendly:
Do me this honour, that fame may report triumphantly,
That Pythias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

Damon. That you were contented for me to die, fame
cannot deny;

Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villainy,
To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pythias, for him,
guiltless, to die;

Therefore content thyself, the gods requite thy constant faith,
None but Damon's blood can appease Dionysius' wrath.
And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I convey,
Because you gave me leave my worldly things to stay,
To requite that good turn ere I die, for your behalf this I say,
Although your regal state Dame Fortune decketh so,
That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly ye show,
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants tread,
A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt their restless
head;

No trusty band, no faithful friends, do guard thy hateful
state.

And why? whom men obey for deadly fear, sure them they
deadly hate.

That you may safely reign, by love get friends, whose con-
stant faith

Will never fail, this counsel gives poor Damon at his death:
Friends are the surest guard for kings; gold in time does
wear away,

And other precious things do fade, friendship will ne'er
decay.

Have friends in store therefore, so shall you safely sleep;
Have friends at home, of foreign foes so need you take no
keep.

Abandon flattering tongues, whose clacks truth never tells;
Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom Dame Virtue
dwells;

Let them your playfellows be: but O, you earthly kings,
Your sure defence and strongest guard stands chiefly in faith-
ful friends;

Then get you friends by liberal deeds; and here I make an
end.

Accept this counsel, mighty king, of Damon, Pythias' friend.
O my Pythias! now farewell for ever, let me kiss thee ere I
die;

My soul shall honour thee, thy constant faith above the
heavens shall fly.

Come, Gronno, do thine office now; why is thy colour so
dead?

My neck is so short, that thou wilt never have honesty in
striking off this head.

Dion. Eubulus, my spirits are suddenly appalled, my limbs
wax weak;

This strange friendship amazeth me so, that I can scarce
speak.

Pythias. O mighty king, let some pity your noble heart
move;

You require but one man's death, take Pythias, let Damon
live.

Eub. O unspeakable friendship!

Damon. Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why
My constant friend Pythias for Damon's sake should die.
Alas, he is but young, he may do good to many.

Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let me die?

Gronno. My hand with sudden fear quivereth.

Pythias. O noble king, show mercy upon Damon, let
Pythias die.

Dion. Stay, Gronno, my flesh trembleth. Eubulus, what
shall I do?

Were there ever such friends on earth as were these two?

What heart is so cruel that would divide them asunder?

O noble friendship, I must yield; at thy force I wonder.

My heart this rare friendship hath pierced to the root,
And quenched all my fury. This sight hath brought all this
about,

Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and learn'd persuasion
could never do.

O noble gentlemen, the immortal gods above

Hath made you play this tragedy, I think, for my behove:

Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship meant.

My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and wholly bent;

My fearful life I thought with terror to defend,

But now I see there is no guard unto a faithful friend,

Which will not spare his life at time of present need.

O happy kings who in your courts have two such friends
indeed!

I honour friendship now, which that you may plainly see,

Damon, have thou thy life, from death I pardon thee;

For which good turn, I crave this honour do me lend,

O friendly heart, let me link with you two to make me the
third friend.

My court is yours; dwell here with me, by my commission
large;

Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I commit to your
charge:

Make me a third friend, more shall I joy in that thing,

Than to be called as I am, Dionysius, the mighty king.

Damon. O mighty king, first for my life most humble
thanks I give;

And next, I praise the immortal gods that did your heart so
move,

That you would have respect to friendship's heavenly lore,
Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath true friends in
store.

For my part, most noble king, as a third friend, welcome to
our friendly society;

But you must forget you are a king, for friendship stands in
true equality.

Dion. Unequal though I be in great possessions,

Yet full equal shall you find me in my changed conditions.

Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I cast away;

Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy:

True friendship will I honour unto my life's end,

My greatest glory shall be to be counted a perfect friend.

Pythias. For this your deed, most noble king, the gods
advance your name,

And since to friendship's lore you list your princely heart to
frame,

With joyful heart, O king, most welcome now to me,

With you will I knit the perfect knot of amity:

Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amity the mighty force, and eke the
joyful end:

And how that kings do stand upon a fickle ground,

Within whose realm at time of need no faithful friends are
found.

Dion. Your instruction will I follow, to you myself I do
commit.

Eubulus, make haste to set new apparel fit

For my new friends.

Eub. I go with joyful heart, O happy day! [*Exit.*

Gronno. I am glad to hear this word; though their lives
they do not lease,

It is not reason the hangman should lose his fees:

These are mine,¹ I am gone with a trice.

[Exit.

Here entereth EUBULUS with new garments.

Dion. Put on these garments now, go in with me, the jewels of my court.

Damon and Pythias. We go with joyful hearts.

Steph. O Damon, my dear master, in all this joy remember me.

Dion. My friend Damon, he asketh reason.

Damon. Stephano, for thy good service, be thou free.

[*Ex. all but Stephano.*

Steph. O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and triumphant day!

Poor Stephano now shall live in continual joy :

Vive le roi, with Damon and Pythias, in perfect amity.

Vive tu Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality :

Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest won,

I am a free man, none so merry as I now under the sun.

Farewell, my lords, now the gods grant you all the sum of perfect amity,

And me long to enjoy my long-desiréd liberty.

[Exit.

Most safely sitteth in his seat, and sleeps devoid of fear.

Purged is the court of vice, since friendship entered in,

Tyranny quails, he studieth now with love each heart to win ;

Virtue is had in price, and hath his just reward ;

And painted speech, that glosseth for gain, from gifts is quite debarr'd.

One loveth another now for virtue, not for gain ;

Where virtue doth not knit the knot there friendship cannot reign,

Without the which, no house, no land, no kingdom can endure,

As necessary for man's life, as water, air, and fire ;

Which fram'th the mind of man, all honest things to do ;

Unhonest things friendship ne crav'th, nor yet consents thereto.

In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay,

A sweet companion in each state, true friendship is alway :

A sure defence for kings, a perfect trusty band,

A force to assail, a shield to defend the enemy's cruel hand,



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT SYRACUSE.

Here entereth EUBULUS beating CARISOPHUS.

Eub. Away, villain, away, you flattering parasite,
Away the plague of this court : thy filed tongue that forged lies

No more here shall do hurt : away, false sycophant, wilt thou not ?

Caris. I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure.

Why whip ye me alone ? a plague take Damon and Pythias ;
since they came hither

I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas ! I know not whither.

Yet Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall try,

There shall be found even in this court as great flatterers as I.

Well, for a while I will forego the court, though to my great pain ;

I doubt not but to spy a time when I may creep in again.

[Exit.

Eub. The serpent that eats men alive, Flattery, with all her brood,

Is whipped away in princes' courts, which yet did never good.

What force, what mighty power true friendship may possess,

To all the world, Dionysius' court now plainly doth express,

Who since to faithful friends he gave his willing ear,

A rare, and yet the greatest gift that God can give to man :
So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful friends have been
since the world began.

A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kings to have :
But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant
faith,

The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen
Elizabeth.

The Last Song.

The strongest guard that kings can have,
Are constant friends their state to save :
True friends are constant both in word and deed,
True friends are present, and help at each need :
True friends talk truly, they gloss for no gain ;
When treasure consumeth, true friends will remain :
True friends for their true prince refuse not their death :
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth.

Long may she govern in honour and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health :
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire :
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith,
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth !

¹ Running away with the cloak, &c., of which Pythias had been despoiled before laying his head on the block for Damon.

The modern drama was developed, as we have seen, somewhat earlier in Italy than in the other countries of Europe, and when developing it was supported by literary societies or academies, who built for it many theatres, or began to do so, before we had any such buildings in England. Sansovino, the sculptor and architect, whose work was so highly prized that he shared with Titian the honour of exemption from a public tax, built one of the first Italian theatres at Canareggio; and Sansovino died, aged ninety-one, in 1570. Palladio, whose famous work on architecture appeared in that year 1570, built a theatre at Carita in which was represented the "Antigono," a tragedy by the Conte di Monte Vicentino, printed in 1565. The Florence theatres were built by the academies of the *Infocati*, the *Immobili*, and the *Sorgenti*; in Siena by the academies of the *Rozzi* and the *Intronati*. The plan of these Italian theatres was almost invariably based on the ancient model. Such amphitheatres were erected in Venice by Sansovino and Palladio, and used by the companies of the *Sempiterni*, the *Accesi*, and the *Calza*. At Ferrara, the Duke Alfonso II. of Este, who married Lucrezia Borgia in 1501, built, before Sansovino or Palladio, a theatre from designs made for him by the poet Ariosto, who provided both the theatre and plays. He wrote for this house five comedies, beginning in 1498, when he was twenty-four years old; and with these the history of modern Italian comedy may be said to begin. Ariosto even appeared on the stage sometimes as speaker in his own person of the prologue to one of his own plays.

In 1566, two plays by George Gascoigne, the author of the "Steel Glas,"¹ were acted in the Hall of Gray's Inn. One was a translation into English prose of one of the earliest Italian comedies, produced at Ferrara, "I Suppositi," one of the five comedies written by Ariosto. The other play of Gascoigne's was a tragedy, "Jocasta," taken, not from the "Phœnisæ" of Euripides, but also from an Italian original, the "Giocasta" of Ludovico Dolce, printed by Paul son of Aldus Manutius, at Venice in 1549.

Ariosto meant by his "I Suppositi"²—according to both an Italian and Latin sense of the word—persons put in place of one another, the Substitutes; and this sense is so far from being suggested by Gascoigne's title, "The Supposes," that he sprinkles the margin of his text with a few indications of supposings of the common kind that can be got out of the story. This is Gascoigne's prologue, based on Ariosto's.

THE SUPPOSES.

THE PROLOGUE, OR ARGUMENT.

I suppose you are assembled here, supposing to reap the fruit of my travails: and, to be plain, I mean presently to present you with a comedy called SUPPOSES; the very name whereof may, peradventure, drive into every of your heads a sundry suppose, to suppose the meaning of our supposes. Some, perchance, will suppose we mean to occupy your ears with sophisticated handling of subtle suppositions; some other will

suppose, we go about to decipher unto you some quaint conceits, which hitherto have been only supposed as it were in shadows; and some I see smiling, as though they supposed we would trouble you with the vain suppose of some wanton suppose. But understand, this our suppose is nothing else but a mistaking or imagination of one thing for another: for you shall see the master supposed for the servant, the servant for the master, the freeman for a slave, and the bond-slave for a freeman, the stranger for a well-known friend, and the familiar for a stranger. But what? I suppose that even already you suppose me very fond that have so simply disclosed unto you the subtleties of these our supposes; where, otherwise indeed, I suppose, you should have heard almost the last of our supposes, before you could have supposed any of them aright. Let this then suffice.

Gascoigne's translation is a free and lively one, from Ariosto's unrhymed verse into prose, and it is the first prose comedy in our literature. The descent from the Latin drama is still clearly marked. In the prologue to the edition of his "Suppositi," published at Venice in 1525, Ariosto pointed out that he framed his story from "The Eunuch" of Terence and "The Captives" of Plautus.

The first act opens with a scene between Polynesta, "the young woman," and Balia, her nurse, who calls her out of the house when none are by to warn her that she will "be spied one day talking with Dulippo." Dulippo and Erostrato are the chief "Supposes," one a supposed servant, and the other a supposed master; Dulippo, the feigned servant, being lover, and Erostrato, the feigned master, suitor to Polynesta. Balia, who had been paid for recommending Dulippo and giving him opportunities of meeting Polynesta, wishes she had not chosen for her darling a poor servant of her father. Polynesta replies to the nurse in riddle, "I would thou knewest I love not Dulippo nor any of so mean estate, but have bestowed my love more worthily than thou deemest; but I will say no more at this time." "I am glad," says Balia, "you have changed your mind yet." "Nay," answers the lady, "I neither have changed, nor will change it." Presently she explains:—

Polynesta. Well, hear you me then: this young man whom you have always taken for Dulippo, is a noble born Sicilian, his right name Erostrato, son to Philogano, one of the worthiest men in that country.

Balia. How? Erostrato? Is it not our neighbour which—

Polynesta. Hold thy talking, nurse, and hearken to me, that I may explain the whole case unto thee. The man whom to this day you have supposed to be Dulippo is, as I say, Erostrato, a gentleman that came from Sicilia to study in this city, and even at his first arrival met me in the street, fell enamoured of me; and of such vehement force were the passions he suffered, that immediately he cast aside both long gown and books, and determined on me only to apply his study. And to the end he might the more commodiously both see me, and talk with me, he exchanged both name, habit, clothes, and credit with his servant Dulippo (whom only he brought with him out of Sicilia); and so with the turning of a hand, of Erostrato a gentleman, he became Dulippo, a serving-man, and soon after sought service of my father, and obtained it.

Balia. Are you sure of this?

Polynesta. Yea, out of doubt. On the other side, Dulippo

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pp. 194 to 198.

² "Questa supposizione nostra significa

Quel che in volgar si dice porre in cambio."

(Ariosto's Prologue.)

took upon him the name of Erostrato, his master, the habit, the credit, books, and all things needful to a student; and in short space profited very much, and is now esteemed as you see.

Balia. Are there no other Sicilians here, nor none that pass this way, which may discover them?

Polynesta. Very few that pass this way, and few or none that tarry here any time.

Balia. This hath been a strange adventure; but, I pray you, how hang these things together, that the student, whom you say to be the servant and not the master, is become an earnest suitor to you, and requireth you of your father in marriage?

Polynesta. That is a policy devised between them, to put Dr. Dotipoll¹ out of conceit; the old dotard, he that so instantly doth lie upon my father for me.—But look, where he comes; [Heaven] help me, it is he; out upon him! what a luskie² younker is this? yet had I rather be a nun a thousand times, than be cumbered with such a coystrel.

Balia. Daughter, you have reason; but let us go in before he come any nearer.

[POLYNESTA goeth in, and BALIA stayeth a little while after, speaking a word or two to the doctor, and then departeth.]

SCENE II.

CLEANDER, doctor; PASIPHILLO, parasite; BALIA, nurse.

Cle. Were these dames here, or did mine eyes dazzle?

Pas. Nay, sir, here were Polynesta and her nurse.

Cle. Was my Polynesta here? alas! I knew her not.

Balia. He must have better eyesight that should marry your Polynesta, or else he may chance to oversee the best point in his tables sometimes.

Pas. Sir, it is no marvel; the air is very misty to-day; I myself know her better by her apparel than by her face.

Cle. In good faith, and I thank God I have mine eyesight good and perfect, little worse than when I was but twenty years old.

Pas. How can it be otherwise? you are but young.

Cle. I am fifty years old.

Pas. He tells ten less than he is.

Cle. What sayest thou of ten less?

Pas. I say I would have thought you ten less; you look like one of six and thirty, or seven and thirty at the most.

Cle. I am no less than I tell.

Pas. You are like enough to live fifty more; show me your hand.

Cle. Why, is Pasiphillo a chiromancer?

Pas. What is not Pasiphillo? I pray you, show me it a little.

Cle. Here it is.

Pas. Oh, how strait and infract³ is this line of life! You will live to the years of Melchisedeck.

Cle. Thou wouldst say, Methusalem.

Pas. Why, is it not all one?

Cle. I perceive you are no very good Bibler, Pasiphillo.

Pas. Yes, sir, an excellent good bibbeler, specially in a

bottle. Oh, what a mouth⁴ of Venus here is; but this light serveth not very well; I will behold it another day, when the air is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peradventure, to your contentation.

Cle. You shall do me great pleasure; but tell me, I pray thee, Pasiphillo, whom dost thou think Polynesta liketh better, Erostrato or me?

Pas. Why, you out of doubt; she is a gentlewoman of a noble mind, and maketh greater account of the reputation she shall have in marrying your worship, than that poor scholar, whose birth and parentage God knoweth, and very few else.

Cle. Yet he taketh it upon him bravely in this country.

Pas. Yea; where no man knoweth the contrary; but let him brave it, boast his birth, and do what he can; the virtue and knowledge that is within this body of yours is worth more than all the country he came from.

Cle. It becometh not a man to praise himself, but, indeed, I may say, and say truly, that my knowledge had stood me in better stead at a pinch, than could all the goods in the world. I came out of Otranto when the Turks won it;⁵ and, first, I came to Padua, after, hither; where by reading, counselling, and pleading, within twenty years I have gathered and gained as good as ten thousand ducats.

Pas. Yea, marry, this is the right knowledge; philosophy, poetry, logic, and all the rest are but pigling sciences in comparison to this.

Cle. But pickling indeed, whereof we have a verse:

"The trade of law doth fill the boisterous bags;
They swim in silk when other roist in rags."

Pas. O excellent verse! who made it? Virgil?

Cle. Virgil? Tush! it is written in one of our glosses.

The old lawyer says that he has doubled or quadrupled his wealth since he left Otranto, but he lost there his only son, a child of five years old. Now he complains that his suit to Polynesta is put off by Damon, her father, with delays. Pasiphillo, the parasite, was to have told him that Dr. Cleander offered a dower of two thousand ducats; to which, says Pasiphillo, Damon answered, "Nothing, but that Erostrato had proffered the like." Pasiphillo is broker on both sides, and dines better with Erostrato than with the rich and penurious doctor. Dr. Cleander sends the parasite again upon his suit for Damon's daughter, and bids him unwillingly to dinner when he shall have come back. But Erostrato dines early, and Dulippo sends him to dine with Erostrato before he has yet started on his errand. Then Dulippo, after lament over his position, dreading that the rich doctor of law may yet carry away Polynesta, says—

Dul. I hoped to have cast a block in his way, by the means that my servant (who is supposed to be Erostrato, and with my habit and credit is well esteemed) should proffer himself a suitor, at the least to countervail the doctor's proffers. But my master, knowing the wealth of the one, and doubting the state of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with fair words, but to accept the doctor (whom he right well knoweth) for his son-in-law. Well, my servant promised me yesterday to devise yet again some new conspiracy to drive

¹ Dr. Dotipoll. See Note 1, page 16.

² Luskie, lazy. Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary renders "Falowrdin, a luske, lout, lurden, a lubberly sloven, heavie sot, lumpish hoyden." Spenser uses the word in the "Faerie Queen," VI. i. 35:—

"But when he saw his foe before in view,

He shook off luskishness."

Probably allied to Latin "laxus," lax, loose; Italian "lasco;" Provencal "lasc;" French "lâche."

³ Infract, unbroken.

⁴ Perhaps mount.

⁵ That was in 1480, when the appearance of the Turks in Italy with this success caused stir in Christendom.

master doctor out of conceit, and to lay a snare that the fox himself might be caught in; what it is I know not, nor I saw him not since he went about it. I will go see if he be within, that, at least if he help me not, he may yet prolong my life for this once. But here cometh his lackey.—Ho, Jack Pack, where is Erostrato?

[*Here must CRAPINO be coming in with a basket and a stick in his hand.*]

SCENE IV.

CRAPINO, the lackey; DULIPPO.

Cra. Erostrato? Marry, he is in his skin.

Dul. Ah, boy, I say, how shall I find Erostrato?

Cra. Find him; how mean you, by the week or by the year?

Dul. You crack-halter, if I catch you by the ears, I'll make you answer directly.

Cra. Indeed!

Dul. Tarry me a little.

Cra. In faith, sir, I have no leisure.

Dul. Shall we try who can run fastest?

Cra. Your legs be longer than mine, you should have given me the advantage.

Dul. Go to; tell me, where is Erostrato?

Cra. I left him in the street, where he gave me this casket (this basket I would have said), and bade me bear it to Dalio, and return to him at the duke's palace.

Dul. If thou see him, tell him I must needs speak with him immediately; or, abide awhile, I will go seek him myself rather than be suspected by going to his house.

[*CRAPINO departeth, and DULIPPO also; after, DULIPPO cometh in again seeking EROSTRATO.*]

Here ends the first act. The second opens with a scene between the "Supposes," Dulippo and Erostrato, which developes a third substitute. The servant supposed to be master has gained a fortnight's delay in deciding who bids highest to be Polynesta's husband. He had offered as large a dowry as the doctor.

Eros. I said further that I received letters lately from my father, whereby I understood that he would be here very shortly to perform all that I had proffered; therefore I required to request Damon on my behalf that he would stay his promise to the doctor for a fortnight or more.

Dul. This is somewhat yet; for by this means I shall be sure to linger and live in hope one fortnight longer; but at the fortnight's end when Philogano cometh not, how shall I then do? Yea, and though he came, how may I any way hope of his consent, when he shall see, that, to follow this amorous enterprise, I have set aside all study, all remembrance of my duty, and all dread of shame? Alas, alas! I may go hang myself.

Eros. Comfort yourself, man, and trust in me: there is a salve for every sore; and doubt you not to this mischief we shall find a remedy.

Dul. O friend, revive me, that hitherto since I first attempted this matter have been continually dying.

Eros. Well, hearken awhile then. This morning I took my horse, and rode into the fields to solace myself, and as I passed the ford beyond St. Antony's Gate, I met at the foot of the hill a gentleman riding with two or three men, and, as methought by his habit and his looks, he should be none of the wisest. He saluted me, and I him; I asked him from whence he came, and whither he would. He answered that he had come from Venice, then from Padua, now was going

to Ferrara, and so to his country, which is Siena. As soon as I knew him to be a Siennese, suddenly lifting up mine eyes (as it were, with an admiration), I said unto him, Are you a Siennese, and come to Ferrara? Why not, said he. Quoth I (half and more with a trembling voice), Know you the danger that should ensue if you be known in Ferrara to be a Siennese? He (more than half amazed) desired me earnestly to tell him what I meant.

Dul. I understand not whereto this tendeth.

Eros. I believe you; but hearken to me.

Dul. Go to, then.

Eros. I answered him in this sort: Gentleman, because I have heretofore found very courteous entertainment in your country, being a student there, I account myself as it were bound to a Siennese; and, therefore, if I knew of any mishap towards any of that country, God forbid, but I should disclose it. And I marvel that you knew not of the injury that your countrymen offered the other day to the ambassadors of County Hercules.¹

Dul. What tales he telleth me! What appertain these to me?

Eros. If you will hearken awhile, you shall find them no tales, but that they appertain to you more than you think for.

Dul. Forth.

Eros. I told him further, these ambassadors of County Hercules had divers mules, waggons, and chariots, laden with divers costly jewels, gorgeous furniture, and other things, which they carried as presents (passing that way) to the King of Naples; the which were not only stayed in Siene by the officers whom you call customers, but searched, ransacked, tossed, and turned, and in the end exacted for tribute, as if they had been the goods of a mean merchant.

Dul. Whither will he? Is it possible that this gear appertain any thing to my cause? I find neither head nor foot in it.

Eros. Oh, how impatient you are! I pray you, stay awhile.

Dul. Go to, yet awhile then.

Eros. I proceeded that, upon these causes, the duke sent his chancellor to declare the case unto the senate there, of whom he had the most uncourteous answer that ever was heard; whereupon he was so enraged with all of that country that, for revenge, he had sworn to spoil as many of them as ever should come to Ferrara, and to send them home in their doublet and their hose.

Dul. And, I pray thee, how couldst thou upon the sudden devise or imagine such a lie, and to what purpose?

Eros. You shall hear by and by a thing as fit for our purpose as any could have happened.

Dul. I would fain hear you conclude.

Eros. You would fain leap over the stile, before you come at the hedge; I would you had heard me, and seen the gestures that I enforced to make him believe this.

Dul. I believe you, for I know you can counterfeit well.

Eros. Further, I said, the Duke had charged upon great penalties, that the innholders and victuallers should bring word daily of as many Siennese as came to their houses. The gentleman being, as I guessed at the first, a man of small *sapientia*, when he hear these news, would have turned his horse another way.

Dul. By likelihood he was not very wise, when he would believe that of his country, which, if it had been true, every man must needs have known it.

Eros. Why not, when he had not been in his country for a

¹ Ariosto's play being acted in Ferrara, he lays the scene there, in the time of Duke Hercules, then very recent.

month past? and I told him this had happened within these seven days.

Dul. Belike he was of small experience.

Eros. I think of as little as may be; but best of all for our purpose, and good adventure it was that I met with such an one. Now hearken, I pray you.

Dul. Make an end, I pray thee.

Eros. He, as I say, when he heard these words, would have turned the bridle, and I, feigning a countenance as though I were somewhat pensive and careful for him, paused awhile, and after, with a great sigh, said unto him,—Gentleman, for the courtesy, as I said, I have found in your country, and because your affairs shall be the better dispatched, I will find the means to lodge you in my house, and you shall say to every man that you are a Sicilian of Cathanea, your name Philogano, father to me, that am indeed of that country and city, called here Erostrato; and I, to pleasure you, will, during your abode here, do you reverence as you were my father.

Dul. Out upon me! What a gross-headed fool am I? Now I perceive whereto this tale tendeth.

Eros. Well, and how like you of it?

Dul. Indifferently; but one thing I doubt.

Eros. What is that?

Dul. Marry, that when he hath been here two or three days he shall hear of every man that there is no such thing between the duke and the town of Siene.

Eros. As for that, let me alone. I do entertain, and will entertain him so well, that within these two or three days I will disclose unto him all the whole matter, and doubt not but to bring him in for performance of as much as I have promised to Damon; for what hurt can it be to him when he shall bind a strange name and not his own?

Dul. What, think you he will be entreated to stand bound for a dower of two thousand ducats by the year?

Eros. Yea, why not? if it were ten thousand, as long as he is not indeed the man that is bound?

Dul. Well, if it be so, what shall we be the nearer to our purpose?

Eros. Why, when we have done as much as we can, how can we do any more?

Dul. And where have you left him?

Eros. At the inn, because of his horses; he and his man shall lie in my house.

Dul. Why brought you him not with you?

Eros. I thought better to use your advice first.

Dul. Well, go take him home, make him all the cheer you can; spare for no cost, I will allow it.

Eros. Content; look, where he cometh.

Dul. Is this he? go meet him. By my troth, he looks like a good soul; he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a cod's head. I will rest here awhile to decipher him.

[EROSTRATO *espieth the SIENESE, and goeth towards him; DULIPPO stands aside.*

SCENE II.

The SIENESE; PAQUETTO and PETRUCHIO, his servants;

EROSTRATO.

Siene. He that travelleth in this world passeth by many perils.

Paq. You say true, sir; if the boat had been a little more laden this morning at the ferry we had been all drowned; for, I think, there are none of us that could have swam.

Siene. I speak not of that.

Paq. Oh, you mean the foul way that we had since we came from this Padua; I promise you I was afraid twice or thrice that your mule would have lien fast in the mire.

Siene. What a blockhead thou art! I speak of the peril we are in presently since we came into this city.

Paq. A great peril, I promise you, that we were no sooner arrived but you found a friend that brought you from the inn and lodged you in his own house.

Siene. Yea, marry; God reward the gentle young man that we met, for else we should have been in a wise case by this time. But have done with these tales, and take you heed—and you also, sirrah—take heed that none of you say we be Sieneſes, and remember that you call me Philogano of Cathanea.

Paq. Sure, I shall never remember these outlandish words; I could well remember Haccanea.

Siene. I say Cathanea, and not Haccanea, with a vengeance.

Paq. Let another name it then when need is, for I shall never remember it.

Siene. Then hold thy peace, and take heed thou name not Siene.

Paq. How say you, if I feign myself dumb, as I did once in the house of Crisobolus?

Siene. Do as thou thinkest best; but look, where cometh the gentleman whom we are so much bound unto.

Eros. Welcome, my dear father, Philogano.

Siene. Gramercy, my good son Erostrato.

Eros. That is well said; be mindful of your tongue, for these Ferrareſes be crafty.

Siene. No, no; be you sure, we will do as you have bidden us.

Eros. For, if you should name Siene, they would spoil you immediately, and turn you out of the town, with more shame than I would should befall you for a thousand crowns.

Siene. I warrant you; I was giving them warning as I came to you, and I doubt not but they will take good heed.

Eros. Yea, and trust not the servants of my household too far, for they are Ferrareſes all; and never knew my father, nor never came in Sicilia. This is my house; will it please you to go in? I will follow.

[*They go in; DULIPPO tarrieth, and espieth the doctor coming in with his man.*

The doctor seeks the sycophant Pasiphilo to bid him to dinner and send him on errand then to Damon, Polynesta's father. The doctor's man, Carion, has misgivings as to the effect of another mouth on the small quantity of dinner in the house. Dulippo then intervenes as Damon's man, and turns the doctor's wrath against the parasite by pouring on him abuse, which he gives in solemn confidence as the sketch of Cleander with which Pasiphilo amuses both Damon and his daughter, while he really serves Erostrato. With the establishing of this new element of confusion, the second act ends.

The third act opens with a quarrel between Dalio, the cook, and Crapino, the lackey of the supposed Erostrato. Both are laden, and the lackey has a basket of eggs. Erostrato separates them, and gives directions for a feast that is afoot. Dulippo enters and asks for the supposed Philogano, who is within. Erostrato asks for Pasiphilo.

Dul. He dined this day with my master; but whether he went from thence I know not: what would you with him?

Eros. I would have him go tell Damon, that Philogano, my father, is come, and ready to make assurance of as much as he shall require. Now shall I teach master doctor a school point; he travaileth to none other end but to catch *cornua*,

and he shall have them; for as old as he is, and as many subtleties as he has learned in the law, he cannot go beyond me one ace.

Dul. O dear friend, go thy ways; seek Pasiphilo; find him out, and conclude somewhat to our contentation.

Eros. But where shall I find him?

Dul. At the feasts, if there be any; or else in the market with the poulterers or fishmongers.

Eros. What should he do with them?

Dul. Marry, he watcheth whose caters buy the best meat. If any buy a fat capon, a good breast of veal, fresh salmon, or any such good dish, he followeth to the house; and either with some news, or with some stale jest, he will be sure to make himself a guest.

Eros. In faith, and I will seek there for him.

Dul. Then must you needs find him; and when you have doné I will make you laugh.

Eros. Whereat?

Dul. At certain sport I made to-day with master doctor.

Eros. And why not now?

Dul. No, it asketh further leisure; I pray thee dispatch, and find out Pasiphilo, that honest man.

[*DULIPPO tarrieth. EROSTRATO goeth out.*]

Dulippo, remaining, compares his controversy with the doctor to a game at primero. Then enters Damon:—

Damon. Dulippo?

Dul. Here, sir.

Damon. Go in, and bid Nevola and his fellows come hither, that I may tell them what they shall go about; and go you into my study, there upon the shelf you shall find a roll of writings which John of the dean made to my father, when he sold him the grange farm, endorsed with both their names; bring it hither to me.

Dul. It shall be done, sir.

Damon. Go; I will prepare other manner of writings for you than you are aware of. O fools that trust any man but themselves now-a-days! O spiteful fortune! thou dost me wrong, I think, that from the depth of hell-pit thou hast sent me this servant to be the subversion of me and all mine.

[*The servants come in.*]

Come hither, sirs; and hear what I shall say unto you: go into my study, where you shall find Dulippo; step to him all at once, take him, and with a cord that I have laid on the table for the nonce, bind him hand and foot, carry him into the dungeon under the stairs, make fast the door, and bring me the key, it hangeth by upon a pin on the wall. Dispatch, and do this gear as privily as you can; and thou, Nevola, come hither to me again with speed.

Ner. Well, I shall.

Left to himself, Damon laments his discovery of the relations between his daughter Polynesta and the supposed servant Dulippo. Nevola then returns:—

Ner. Sir, we have done as you bade us, and here is the key.

Damon. Well, go then, Nevola, and seek master Castling, the jailer; he dwelleth by St. Anthony's Gate; desire him to lend me a pair of the fetters he useth for his prisoners, and come again quickly.

Ner. Well, sir.

Damon. Hear you: if he ask what I would do with them, say you cannot tell; and tell neither him nor any other what is become of Dulippo.

[*DAMON goeth out.*]

Ner. I warrant you, sir. Fie upon the devil, it is a thing almost impossible for a man now-a-days to handle money, but the metal will stick on his fingers. I marvelled alway at this fellow of mine, Dulippo, that of the wages he received he could maintain himself so bravely apparelled; but now I perceive the cause, he had the disbursing and receipt of all my master's affairs, the keys of the granary; Dulippo here, Dulippo there; in favour with my master, in favour with his daughter, what would you more? He was *magister factotum*, he was as fine as the crusado,¹ and we silly wretches as coarse as canvas. Well, behold what it is come to in the end; he had better to have done less.

[*PASIPHILLO subito et improvise venit.*]

Pasiphilo, who has overheard all while lying in a barn after too much dinner, suddenly appears. He had overheard also how Psiteria, an old hag living in the house, who next comes on the stage, had betrayed the secret to Damon when in anger, because the nurse had scolded her. Psiteria is sorry now—"It pitieth me to see the poor young woman how she weeps, wails, and tears her hair, not esteeming her own life half so dear as poor Dulippo's; and her father, he weeps on the other side, that it would pierce a heart of stone with pity." The third act ends here, and the fourth opens with another complication of the plot. The supposed Erostrato is in perplexity:—

Eros. What shall I do? Alas, what remedy shall I find for my rueful estate? What escape, or what excuse may I now devise to shift over our subtle supposes? for though to this day I have usurped the name of my master, and that without check or control of any man, now shall I be openly deciphered, and that in the sight of every man; now shall it openly be known whether I be Erostrato, the gentleman, or Dulippo, the servant. We have hitherto played our parts in abusing others; but now cometh the man that will not be abused, the right Philogano, the right father of the right Erostrato. Going to seek Pasiphilo, and hearing that he was at the water-gate, behold I espied my fellow Litio, and by and by my old master Philogano setting forth his first step on land. I to fuge² and away hither as fast as I could to bring word to the right Erostrato of his right father Philogano, that to so sudden a mishap some subtle shift might be on the sudden devised. But what can be imagined to serve the turn, although we had months' respite to beat our brains about it, since we are commonly known, at the least supposed, in this town, he for Dulippo, a slave and servant to Damon, and I for Erostrato, a gentleman and a student? But, behold, run, Crapino, to yonder old woman before she get within the doors, and desire her to call out Dulippo; but hear you, if she ask who would speak with him, say thyself and none other.

[*EROSTRATO espieth PSITERIA coming, and sendeth his lackey to her.*]

Crapino is sent to ask whether Dulippo be within. The crone answers, with his prison in her mind, "Yes, that he is, I warrant him." Lackey and crone quarrel till Crapino is called away by Erostrato, who spies the true Philogano coming, "and runneth about to hide him." Philogano entering with Ferrarese, an inn-

¹ The *crusado* was a Portuguese coin, so named from the cross that was on one side of it. It was of gold, and weighed two pennyweights six grains, equivalent to nine shillings English.

² To fuge, took flight.

keeper, and Litio, his servant, says "there is no love to be compared like the love of the parents towards their children." He has come out of Sicily only to see his son and have him home with him. He has suffered much, for an old man, from bad lodging on the way, but most from the custom-house searchers :

Fer. Well, this passage shall seem pleasant unto you when you shall find your child well and in health ; but I pray you, sir, why did you not rather send for him into Sicilia, than to come yourself, specially since you had none other business ? Peradventure you had rather endanger yourself by this noisome journey than hazard to draw him from his study.

Phil. Nay, that was not the matter ; for I had rather have him give over his study altogether, and come home.

Fer. Why, if you minded not to make him learned, to what end did you send him hither at the first ?

Phil. I will tell you. When he was at home he did as most young men do : he played many mad pranks, and did many things that liked me not very well, and I, thinking that by that time he had seen the world he would learn to know himself better, exhorted him to study, and put in his election what place he would go to. At the last he came hither, and I think he was scarce here so soon as I felt the want of him in such sort, as from that day to this I have passed few nights without tears. I have written to him very often that he should come home, but continually he refused, still beseeching me to continue his study ; wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profit greatly.

Fer. Indeed, he is very much commended of all men, and specially of the best reputed students.

Phil. I am glad he hath not lost his time ; but I care not greatly for so much knowledge. I would not be without the sight of him again so long for all the learning in the world. I am old now, and if God should call me in his absence, I promise you I think it would drive me into desperation.

Fer. It is commendable in a man to love his children, but to be so tender over them is more womanlike.

Phil. Well, I confess it is my fault ; and yet I will tell you another cause of my coming hither, more weighty than this. Divers of my country have been here since he came hither, by whom I have sent unto him, and some of them have been thrice, some four or five times at his house, and yet could never speak with him. I fear he applies his study so, that he will not lease the minute of an hour from his book. What, alas ! he might yet talk with his countrymen for a while ; he is a young man, tenderly brought up : and if he fare thus continually night and day at his book, it may be enough to drive him into a frenzy.

Fer. Indeed, enough were as good as a feast. Lo you, sir, here is your son Erostrato's house ; I will knock.

Phil. Yea, I pray you knock.

Fer. They hear not.

Phil. Knock again.

Fer. I think they be on sleep.

Litio. If this gate were your grandfather's soul you could not knock more softly ; let me come. Ho, ho ! is there any body within ?

[DALIO cometh to the window, and there maketh them answer.]

SCENE IV.

DALIO, the cook ; FERRARESE, the innholder ; PHILOGANO ;
LITIO, his man.

Dalio. What is there ? I think he will break the gates in pieces.

Litio. Marry, sir, we had thought you had been on sleep within, and therefore we thought best to wake you. What doth Erostrato ?

Dalio. He is not within.

Phil. Open the door, good fellow, I pray thee.

Dalio. If you think to lodge here, you are deceived, I tell you ; for here are guests enough already.

Phil. A good fellow, and much for thy master's honesty, by our lady ; and what guests, I pray thee ?

Dalio. Here is Philogano, my master's father, lately come out of Sicilia.

Phil. Thou speakest truer than thou art aware of ; he will be, by that time thou hast opened the door ; open, I pray thee heartily.

Dalio. It is a small matter for me to open the door, but here is no lodging for you ; I tell you plain, the house is full.

Phil. Of whom ?

Dalio. I told you : here is Philogano, my master's father, come from Cathanea.

Phil. And when came he ?

Dalio. He came three hours since or more ; he lighted at the Angel, and left his horses there ; afterwards my master brought him hither.

Phil. Good fellow, I think thou hast good sport to mock me.

Dalio. Nay, I think you have good sport to make me tarry here, as though I have nothing else to do ; I am matched with an unruly mate in the kitchen, I will go look to him another while.

Phil. I think he be drunken.

Fer. Sure he seems so ; see you not how red he is about the gills ?

Phil. Abide, fellow ; what Philogano is it whom thou talkest of ?

Dalio. An honest gentleman, father to Erostrato, my master.

Phil. And where is he ?

Dalio. Here within.

Phil. May we see him ?

Dalio. I think you may if you be not blind.

Phil. Go to, go tell him here is one would speak with him.

Dalio. Marry, that I will willingly do.

Phil. I cannot tell what I should say to this gear. Litio, what thinkest thou of it ?

Litio. I cannot tell you what I should say, sir ; the world is large and long : there may be more Philoganos and more Erostratos than one, yea, and more Ferraras, more Sicilias, and more Cathaneas : peradventure, this is not that Ferrara which you sent your son unto.

Phil. Peradventure thou art a fool, and he was another that answered us even now. But be you sure, honest man, that you mistake not the house ?

Fer. Nay then, God help, think you I know not Erostrato's house ? Yes, and himself also ; I saw him here no longer since than yesterday. But here comes one that will tell us tidings of him ; I like his countenance better than the other's that answered us at the window erewhile.

[DALIO draweth his head in at the window, the SIENESE cometh out.]

SCENE V.

SIENESE ; PHILOGANO ; DALIO.

Sien. Would you speak with me, sir ?

Phil. Yes, sir, I would fain know whence you are.

Sien. Sir, I am a Sicilian, at your commandment.

Phil. What part of Sicilia?

Sien. Of Cathanea.

Phil. What shall I call your name?

Sien. My name is Philogano.

Phil. What trade do you occupy?

Sien. Merchandise.

Phil. What merchandise brought you hither?

Sien. None; I came only to see a son that I have here, whom I saw not these two years.

Phil. What call they your son?

Sien. Erostrato.

Phil. Is Erostrato your son?

Sien. Yea, verily.

Phil. And are you Philogano?

Sien. The same.

Phil. And a merchant of Cathanea?

Sien. What need I tell you so often? I will not tell you a lie.

Phil. Yes, you have told me a false lie, and thou art a villain, and no better.

Sien. Sir, you offer me great wrong with these injurious words.

Phil. Nay, I will do more than I have yet proffered to do; for I will prove thee a liar and a knave to take upon thee that thou art not.

Sien. Sir, I am Philogano of Cathanea out of all doubt; if I were not, I would be loath to tell you so.

Phil. Oh, see the boldness of this brute beast! what a brazen face he setteth on it!

Sien. Well, you may believe me if you list; what wonder you?

Phil. I wonder at thy impudency: for thou nor nature that framed thee can ever counterfeit thee to be me, ribald villain, and lying wretch that thou art.

Dalio. Shall I suffer a knave to abuse my master's father thus? Hence, villain, hence, or I will sheathe this good falchion in your paunch; if my master Erostrato find you prating here on this fashion to his father, I would not be in your coat for more coneyskins than I gat these twelve months. Come you in again, sir, and let this cur bark here till he burst.

[DALIO pulleth the SIENESE in at the doors.

SCENE VI.

PHILOGANO; LITIO; FERRARESE.

Phil. Litio, how liketh thou this gear?

Litio. Sir, I like it as evil as may be; but have you not often heard tell of the falsehood of Ferrara? and now may you see it falleth out accordingly.

Fer. Friend, you do not well to slander the city; these men are no Ferrarese, you may know by their tongue.

Litio. Well, there is never a barrel better herring between you both; but indeed your officers are most to blame, that suffer such faults to escape unpunished.

Fer. What know the officers of this? think you they know of every fault?

Litio. Nay, I think they will know as little as may be, specially when they have no gains by it; but they ought to have their ears as open to hear of such offences, as the inn-gates be to receive guests.

Phil. Hold thy peace, fool.

Litio. By the mass, I am afeard that we shall be proved fools both two.

Phil. Well, what shall we do?

Litio. I would think best we should go seek Erostrato himself.

Fer. I will wait upon you willingly, and either at the schools or at the convocations we shall find him.

Phil. By our lady, I am weary; I will run no longer about to seek him; I am sure hither he will come at the last.

Litio. Sure my mind gives me that we shall find a new Erostrato ere it be long.

Fer. Look where he is; whither runs he? Stay you awhile; I will go tell him you are here.—Erostrato, Erostrato, ho! Erostrato, I would speak with you.

[EROSTRATO is espied upon the stage, running about.

SCENE VII.

Feigned EROSTRATO; FERRARESE; PHILOGANO; LITIO; DALIO.

Eros. Now I can hide me no longer. Alas, what shall I do? I will set a good face on, to bear out the matter.

Fer. O Erostrato, Philogano, your father, is come out of Sicilia.

Eros. Tell me that I know not. I have been with him, and seen him already.

Fer. Is it possible? and it seemeth by him that you know not of his coming.

Eros. Why, have you spoken with him? when saw you him, I pray you?

Fer. Look, where he stands; why go you not to him? Look you, Philogano, behold your dear son Erostrato.

Phil. Erostrato? this is not Erostrato. This seemeth rather to be Dulippo; and it is Dulippo indeed.

Litio. Why, doubt you of that?

Eros. What saith this honest man?

Phil. Marry, sir, indeed you are so honourably clad, it is no marvel if you look big.

Eros. To whom speaketh he?

Phil. What! God help, do you not know me?

Eros. As far as I remember, sir, I never saw you before.

Phil. Hark, Litio, here is good gear; this honest man will not know me.

Eros. Gentlemen, you take your mark amiss.

Litio. Did not I tell you of the falsehood of Ferrara, master? Dulippo hath learned to play the knave indifferently well since he came hither.

Phil. Peace, I say.

Eros. Friend, my name is not Dulippo; ask you throughout this town of great and small, they know me; ask this honest man that is with you, if you will not believe me.

Fer. Indeed, I never knew him otherwise called than Erostrato; and so they call him, as many as know him.

Litio. Master, now you may see the falsehood of these fellows; this honest man your host is of council with him, and would face us down that it is Erostrato; beware of these mates.

Fer. Friend, thou doest me wrong to suspect me, for sure I never heard him otherwise called than Erostrato.

Eros. What name could you hear me called by, but by my right name? But I am wise enough, to stand prating here with this old man; I think he be mad.

Phil. Ah, runagate! ah villain, traitor! dost thou use thy master thus? What hast thou done with my son, villain?

Dalio. Doth this dog bark here still? and will you suffer him, master, thus to revile you?

Eros. Come in, come in; what wilt thou do with this pestle?

Dalio. I will rap the old [driveller] on the costard.

Eros. Away with it;—and you, sirrah, lay down these stones. Come in at door, every one of you;—bear with him for his age;—I pass not for his evil words.

[EROSTRATO taketh all his servants in at the door.

SCENE VIII.

PHILOGANO; FERRARESE; LITIO.

Phil. Alas! who shall relieve my miserable estate; to whom shall I complain? since he whom I brought up of a child, yea, and cherished him as if he had been mine own, doth now utterly deny to know me; and you, whom I took for an honest man, and he that should have brought me to the sight of my son, are compact with this false wretch, and would face me down that he is Erostrato. Alas! you might have some compassion of my age, to the misery I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all comfort in this country; or at the least you should have feared the vengeance of God, the Supreme Judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts), in bearing this false witness with him, whom heaven and earth do know to be Dulippo, and not Erostrato.

Litio. If there be many such witnesses in this country, men may go about to prove what they will in controversies here.

Fer. Well, sir, you may judge of me as pleaseth you, and how the matter cometh to pass I know not; but truly ever since he came first hither, I have known him by the name of Erostrato, the son of Philogano, a Cathanese. Now whether he be so indeed, or whether he be Dulippo (as you allege), let that be proved by them that knew him before he came hither. But I protest before God, that which I have said is neither a matter compact with him, nor any other, but even as I have heard him called and reputed of all men.

Phil. Out and alas! he whom I sent hither with my son to be his servant and to give attendance on him, hath either cut his throat, or by some evil means made him away, and hath not only taken his garments, his books, his money, and that which he brought out of Sicilia with him, but usurpeth his name also, and turneth unto his own commodity the bills of exchange that I have always allowed for my son's expenses. O miserable Philogano! O unhappy old man! O eternal God, is there no judge, no officer, no higher powers whom I may complain unto for redress of these wrongs?

Fer. Yes, sir, we have potentates, we have judges, and above all, we have a most just prince; doubt you not but you shall have justice, if your cause be just.

Phil. Bring me then to the judges, to the potentates, or to whom thou thinkest best; for I will disclose a pack of the greatest knavery, a fardle¹ of the foulest falsehood that ever was heard of.

Litio. Sir, he that will go to the law, must be sure of four things: first, a right and a just cause; then a righteous advocate to plead; next, favour *coram iudice*;² and, above all, a good purse to procure it.

Fer. I have not heard that the law hath any respect to favour; what you mean by it I cannot tell.³

¹ *Fardle* or *fardel*, a burden, a pack. Low Latin "fardellus;" French "fardeau."

² *Coram iudice*, before the judge.

³ The ignorance of a Ferrarese as to the meaning of corruption in high places was designed by Ariosto as a compliment to the Duke of Ferrara, in whose theatre the play was acted. The passage may be interesting to some readers as a specimen of the verses that George Gascoigne turned into prose. I begin at Gascoigne's "Yes, sir, we have potentates."

Ferrarese. Ci abbiamo Podestà, ci abbiamo i Giudici,
E sopra tutti un Principe giustissimo,
Voi non avete da temer, Filogono,
Che vi si manchi di ragione, avendola.

Filogono. Per vostra fe, venite, andiamo al Principe,
Al Podestade, o sia a qual altro Giudice;
Che la maggior bARRIERA vò che intendano,

Phil. Have you no regard to his words, he is but a fool.

Fer. I pray you, sir, let him tell me what is favour.

Litio. Favour call I to have a friend near about the judge who may so solicit thy cause, as, if it be right, speedy sentence may ensue without any delays; if it be not good, then to prolong it, till at the last, thine adversary being weary, shall be glad to compound with thee.

Fer. Of thus much (although I never heard thus much in this country before) doubt you not, Philogano, I will bring you to an advocate that shall speed you accordingly.

Phil. Then shall I give myself, as it were, a prey to the lawyers, whose insatiable jaws I am not able to feed, although I had here all the goods and lands which I possess in mine own country, much less being a stranger in this misery. I know their cautions of old; at the first time I come they will so extol my cause, as though it were already won; but within a sevennight or ten days, if I do not continually feed them as the crow doth her brats, twenty times in an hour, they will begin to wax cold, and to find cavils in my cause, saying, that at the first I did not well instruct them, till at the last, they will not only draw the stuffing out of my purse, but the marrow out of my bones.

Fer. Yea, sir, but this man that I tell you of is half a saint.

Litio. And the other half a devil, I hold a penny.

Phil. Well said, Litio; indeed I have but small confidence in their smooth looks.

Fer. Well, sir, I think this whom I mean is no such manner of man; but if he were, there is such hatred and evil will between him and this gentleman (whether he be Erostrato or Dulippo, whatsoever he be), that I warrant you he will do whatsoever he can do for you, were it but to spite him.

Phil. Why, what hatred is betwixt them?

Fer. They are both in love and suitors to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a wealthy man in this city.

Phil. Why, is the villain become of such estimation that he dare presume to be a suitor to any gentlewoman with a good family?

Fer. Yes, sir, out of all doubt.

Phil. How call you his adversary?

Fer. Cleander, one of the excellentest doctors in our city.

Phil. For God's love, let us go to him.

Fer. Go we then.

Here is the knot of the comedy well tied at the end of the fourth act, and in the fifth act follows the unravelling.

The supposed Erostrato is seeking to give up his false position that has brought him into trouble. Pasiphilo enters, and is to be sent to Damon's house,

E lo più abbominevol malefizio

Che potesse uom pensar, non che commettere.

Lizio. Padron, a chi vuol litigar bisognano

Quattro cose: ragion primo bonissima:

E poi chi ben la sappia dire: e terzo

Chi la faccia: e favor poi.

Ferrarese. Di quest' ultima

Parte non odo, che le leggi facciano

Mezzion alcuna: che cosa è? Chiariscilo.

Lizio. Aver amici potenti; ch' al Giudice

Raccomandin la causa tua, che vincere

Dovendo, brevemente la espedischino,

E se tu hai torto che la differischino,

E giorni, e mesi, e tanto in lungo menino,

Che stanco al fin di spese, affanni, e strazii,

Brami accordarsi teco il tuo avversario.

Ferrarese. Di questa parte, quantunque, Filogono,
Non s'usi in questa terra.

where he will "ask for Dulippo, and tell him." But Dulippo is in prison, in a vile dungeon within Damon's house. Then the supposed Erostrato hears all that had happened to his master, the supposed Dulippo. That he may be alone under emotion, Erostrato sends the parasite to do as he will in the kitchen, savoury with the great feast that was on foot. What shall he do? He can think of no deceit that will save him. He is driven upon the last resource—telling the truth:—

Eros. Well, sith there is no other remedy, I will go to my M. Philogano, and to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may provide in time, before his son feel the smart of some sharp revenge and punishment. This is the best, and thus will I do. Yet I know, that for mine own part I shall do better penance for my faults forepassed; but such is the good will and duty that I bear to Erostrato, as even with the loss of my life I must not stick to adventure anything which may turn to his commodity. But what shall I do; shall I go seek my master about the town, or shall I tarry his return hither? If I meet him in the streets he will cry out upon me, neither will he hearken to anything that I shall say, till he have gathered all the people wondering about me as it were an owl. Therefore I were better to abide here; and yet if he tarry long I will go seek him, rather than prolong the time to Erostrato's peril.

[PASIPHILLO returneth to EROSTRATO.

SCENE IV.

PASIPHILLO, *feigned* EROSTRATO.

Pas. Yea, dress them, but lay them not to the fire till they will be ready to sit down. This gear goes in order, but if I had not gone in there had fallen a foul fault.

Eros. And what fault, I pray thee?

Pas. Marry, Dalio would have laid the shoulder of mutton and the capon both to the fire at once, like a fool; he did not consider that the one would have more roasting than the other.

Eros. Alas, I would this were the greatest fault.

Pas. Why? and either the one should have been burned before the other had been roasted, or else he must have drawn them off the spit, and they would have been served to the board either cold or raw.

Eros. Thou hast reason, Pasiphillo.

Pas. Now, sir, if it please you I will go into the town and buy oranges, olives, and capers, for without such sauce the supper were more than half lost.

Eros. There are within already, doubt you not, there shall lack nothing that is necessary. [EROSTRATO *exit*.

Pas. Since I told him these news of Dulippo, he is clean beside himself; he hath so many hammers in his head, that his brains are ready to burst; and let them break, so I may sup with him to-night, what care I? But is not this *Dominus noster Cleandrus* that comes before? Well said, by my troth, we will teach master doctor to wear a cornered cap of a new fashion. [Marry], Polynesta shall be his, he shall have her out of doubt, for I have told Erostrato such news of her, that he will none of her.

[CLEANDER and PHILOGANO come in talking of the matter in controversy.

SCENE V.

CLEANDER; PHILOGANO; LITIO; PASIPHILLO.

Cle. Yea, but how will ye prove that he is not Erostrato, having such presumptions to the contrary; or how shall it be thought that you are Philogano when another taketh upon

him this same name, and for proof bringeth him for a witness which hath been ever reputed here for Erostrato?

Phil. I will tell you, sir: let me be kept here fast in prison, and at my charges let there be some man sent into Sicilia, that may bring hither with him two or three of the honestest men in Cathanea, and by them let it be proved if I or this other be Philogano, and whether he be Erostrato, or Dulippo, my servant; and if you find me contrary, let me suffer death for it.

Pas. I will go salute master doctor.

Cle. It will ask great labour and great expenses to prove it this way, but it is the best remedy that I can see.

Pas. God save you, sir.

Cle. And reward you as you have deserved.

Pas. Then shall he give me your favour continually.

Cle. He shall give you a halter, knave and villain that thou art.

Pas. I know I am a knave, but no villain; I am your servant.

Cle. I neither take thee for my servant, nor for my friend.

Pas. Why, wherein have I offended you, sir?

Cle. Hence, to the gallows, knave!

Pas. What, soft and fair, sir, I pray you; *I præ, sequar*,¹ you are mine elder.

Cle. I will be even with you be you sure, honest man.

Pas. Why, sir, I never offended you.

Cle. Well, I will teach you. Out of my sight, knave!

Pas. What! I am no dog, I would you list.

Cle. Pratest thou yet, villain? I will make thee.

Pas. What will you make me? I see well the more a man doth suffer you, the worse you are.

Cle. Ah, villain, if it were not for this gentleman, I would tell you what I——

Pas. Villain? nay, I am as honest a man as you.

Cle. Thou liest in thy throat, knave.

Phil. Oh, sir, stay your wisdom.

Pas. What, will you fight? marry, come on.

Cle. Well, knave, I will meet with you another time; go your way.

Pas. Even when you list, sir, I will be your man.

Cle. And if I be not even with thee, call me out.

Pas. Nay, by the mass, all is one, I care not, for I have nothing; if I had either lands or goods, peradventure you would pull me into the law.

Phil. Sir, I perceive your patience is moved.

Cle. This villain,—but let him go, I will see him punished as he hath deserved. Now to the matter, how said you?

Phil. This fellow hath disquieted you, sir; peradventure you would be loth to be troubled any farther.

Cle. Not a whit, say on, and let him go with a vengeance.

Phil. I say, let them send at my charge to Cathanea.

Cle. Yea, I remember that well, and it is the surest way as this case requireth. But tell me, how is he your servant, and how came you by him. Inform me fully in the matter.

Phil. I will tell you, sir. When the Turks won Otranto——

Cle. Oh, you put me in remembrance of my mishap.

Phil. How, sir?

Cle. For I was driven among the rest out of the town, it is my native country, and there I lost more than ever I shall recover again while I live.

Phil. Alas, a pitiful case, by St. Anne.

Cle. Well, proceed.

Phil. At that time (as I said) there were certain of our

¹ Go before, I will follow.

country that scoured those coasts upon the seas, with a good bark well appointed for the purpose, and had espial of a Turkey vessel that came laden from thence with great abundance of riches.

Cle. And peradventure most of mine.

Phil. So they boarded them, and in the end overcame them, and brought the goods to Palermo, from whence they came; and amongst other things that they had, was this villain, my servant, a boy at that time, I think not past five years old.

Cle. Alas! I lost one of that same age there.

Phil. And I being there, and liking the child's favour well, proffered them four-and-twenty ducats for him, and had him.

Cle. What! was the child a Turk, or had the Turks brought him from Otranto?

Phil. They said he was a child of Otranto; but what is that to the matter? Once twenty-four ducats he cost me, that I wot well.

Cle. Alas! I speak it not for that, sir; I would it were he whom I mean.

Phil. Why, whom mean you, sir?

Litio. Beware, sir, be not too lavish.

Cle. Was his name Dulippo then, or had he not another name?

Litio. Beware what you say, sir.

Phil. What the devil hast thou to do? Dulippo? No, sir, his name was Carino.

Litio. Yea, well said; tell all and more too, do.

Cle. O Lord, if it be as I think, how happy were I. And why did you change his name then?

Phil. We called him Dulippo because when he cried as children do sometimes, he would always cry on that name, Dulippo.

Cle. Well, then I see well he is mine own only child whom I lost when I lost my country. He was named Carino after his grandfather, and this Dulippo whom he always remembered in his lamenting, was his foster father that nourished and brought him up.

Litio. Sir, have I not told you enough of the falsehood of Ferrara? This gentleman will not only pick your purse, but beguile you of your servant also, and make you believe he is his son.

Cle. Well, good fellow, I have not used to lie.

Litio. Sir, no, but everything hath a beginning.

Cle. Fie, Philogano! have you not the least suspect that may be of me?

Litio. No, marry; but it were good he had the most suspect that may be.

Cle. Well, hold thou thy peace a little, good fellow.—I pray you tell me, Philogano, hath the child any remembrance of his father's name, his mother's name, or the name of his family?

Phil. He did remember them, and could name his mother also: but sure I have forgotten the name.

Litio. I remember it well enough.

Phil. Tell it then.

Litio. Nay, that I will not, marry; you have told him too much already.

Phil. Tell it, I say, if thou can.

Litio. Can! yes, by the mass, I can well enough, but I will have my tongue pulled out, rather than tell it, unless he tell it first; do you not perceive, sir, what he goeth about?

Cle. Well, I will tell you, then. My name you know already; my wife his mother's name was Sophronia; the house that I came of, Spiagia.

Litio. I never heard him speak of Spiagia, but indeed I have heard him say his mother's name was Sophronia. But

what of that? A great matter I promise you. It is like enough that you two have compact together to deceive my master.

Cle. What needeth me more evident tokens? This is my son out of doubt whom I lost eighteen years since; and a thousand thousand times since have I lamented for him; he should have also a mould¹ on his left shoulder.

Litio. He hath a mould there indeed.

Cle. Fair words, fellow Litio. Oh, I pray you, let us go talk with him. O Fortune, how much am I bound to thee if I find my son.

Phil. Yea, how little am I beholden to fortune, that know not where my son is become; and you, whom I choose to be mine advocate, will now (by the means of this Dulippo) become mine adversary.

Cle. Sir, let us go first find mine, and I warrant you, yours will be found also ere it be long.

Phil. God grant; go we then.

Cle. Sith the door is open I will never knock nor call, but we will be bold to go in.

Litio. Sir, take you heed, lest he lead you to some mischief.

Phil. Alas, Litio, if my son be lost, what care I what become of me?

Litio. Well, I have told you my mind, sir; do you as you please. [Exeunt. DAMON and PSITERIA come in.]

Damon is angry because Pasiphilo, who is a common gossip, knows the disgrace of his daughter. How could he know it but of Psiteria? Psiteria explains that they were overheard because the parasite lay close by in the stable. Damon grieves at open shame upon his house. Yet he has heard that Dulippo was of no servile estate, but a gentleman of good parentage in Sicily. Small dowry would now content him with an honest marriage. Then comes Pasiphilo to tell all the truth to Damon:—

Pas. For where you have always supposed this gentleman to be Erostrato, it is not so; but your servant whom you have imprisoned, hitherto supposed to be Dulippo, he is indeed Erostrato, and that other is Dulippo. And thus they have always, even since their first arrival in this city, exchanged names, to the end that Erostrato, the master, under the name of Dulippo, a servant, might be entertained in your house, and so win the love of your daughter.

Damon. Well, then, I perceive it is even as Polynesta told me.

Pas. Why, did she tell you so?

Damon. Yea, but I thought it but a tale.

Pas. Well, it is a true tale, and here they will be with you by and by,² both Philogano, this worthy man, and master doctor Cleander.

Damon. Cleander? What to do?

Pas. Cleander? Why, thereby lies another tale, the most fortunate adventure that ever you heard; wot you what? This other Dulippo, whom all this while we supposed to be Erostrato, is found to be the son of Cleander, whom he lost at the loss of Otranto, and was after sold in Sicilia to this Philogano, the strangest case that ever you heard: a man might make a comedy of it; they will come even straight, and tell you the whole circumstance of it themselves.

Damon. Nay, I will first go hear the story of this Dulippo,

¹ Mould, mole. First-English "mæ1," a spot or mark.

² By and by, immediately.

be it Dulippo or Erostrato, that I have here within, before I speak with Philogano.

Pas. So shall you do well, sir; I will go tell them that they may stay awhile, and look where they come.

[*DAMON goeth in, SIENESE, CLEANDER, and PHILOGANO come upon the stage.*

SCENE VIII.

SIENESE; CLEANDER; PHILOGANO.

Sien. Sir, you shall not need to excuse the matter any farther; since I have received no greater injury than by words, let them pass, like wind; I take them well in worth, and am rather well pleased than offended, for it shall both be a good warning to me another time how to trust every man at the first sight; yea, and I shall have good game hereafter to tell this pleasant story another day in mine own country.

Cle. Gentleman, you have reason; and be you sure that as many as hear it will take great pleasure in it. And you, Philogano, may think, that God in heaven above hath ordained your coming hither at this present, to the end I might recover my lost son, whom by no other means I could ever have found out.

Phil. Surely, I think no less, for I think that not so much as a leaf falleth from the tree, without the ordinance of God. But let us go seek Damon; for me thinketh¹ every day a year, every hour a day, and every minute too much till I see my Erostrato.

Cle. I cannot blame you; go we then. Carino, take you that gentleman home in the meantime; the fewer the better to be present at such affairs.

[*PASIPHILLO stayeth their going in.*

SCENE IX.

PASIPHILLO; CLEANDER.

Pas. Master doctor, will you not show me this favour, to tell me the cause of your displeasure?

Cle. Gentle Pasiphillo, I must needs confess I have done thee wrong, and that I believed tales of thee, which indeed I find now contrary.

Pas. I am glad, then, that it proceeded rather of ignorance than of malice.

Cle. Yea, believe me, Pasiphillo.

Pas. Oh, sir, but yet you should not have given me such foul words.

Cle. Well, content thyself, Pasiphillo; I am thy friend as I have always been; for proof whereof, come sup with me to-night, and from day to day this seavennight be thou my guest. But behold, here comes Damon out of his house.

[*Here they come all together.*

SCENE X.

CLEANDER; PHILOGANO; DAMON; EROSTRATO; PASIPHILLO; POLYNESTA; NEVOLA, and other servants.

Cle. We are come unto you, sir, to turn your sorrow into joy and gladness; the sorrow we mean that of force² you have sustained since this mishap of late fallen in your house. But be you of good comfort, sir, and assure yourself that this young man which youthfully and not maliciously hath committed this amorous offence is very well able (with consent of this worthy man, his father) to make you sufficient amends, being born in Cathanea, of Sicilia, of a noble house, no way inferior unto you, and of wealth (by the report of such as know it) far exceeding that of yours.

Phil. And I here, in proper person, do present unto you, sir, not only my assured friendship and brotherhood, but do earnestly desire you to accept my poor child (though unworthy) as your son-in-law; and for recompense of the injury he hath done you, I proffer my whole lands in dower to your daughter: yea, and more would, if more I might.

Cle. And I, sir, who have hitherto so earnestly desired your daughter in marriage, do now willingly yield up and quit claim to this young man, who both for years and for the love he beareth her, is most meetest to be her husband. For where I was desirous of a wife by whom I might have issue, to leave that little which God hath sent me, now have I little need, that (thanks be to God) have found my dearly-beloved son, whom I lost of a child at the siege of Otranto.

Damon. Worthy gentleman, your friendship, your alliance, and the nobility of your birth are such, as I have much more cause to desire them of you, than you to request of me that which is already granted. Therefore I gladly and willingly receive the same, and think myself most happy now of all my life past, that I have gotten so toward a son-in-law to myself, and so worthy a father-in-law to my daughter; yea, and much the greater is my contentation, since this worthy gentleman, master Cleander, doth hold himself satisfied. And now behold your son.

Eros. O father!

Pas. Behold the natural love of the child to the father, for inward joy he cannot pronounce one word; instead whereof he sendeth sobs and tears to tell the effect of his inward invention. But why do you abide here abroad? Will it please you to go into the house, sir?

Damon. Pasiphillo hath said well: will it please you to go in, sir?

Nev. Here I have brought you, sir, both fetters and bolts.

Damon. Away with them now.

Nev. Yea, but what shall I do with them?

Damon. Marry, I will tell thee, Nevola. To make a right end of our supposes, lay one of those bolts in the fire, and make thee a suppository as long as mine arm, God save the sample.—Nobles, and gentlemen, if you suppose that our supposes have given you sufficient cause of delight, show some token whereby we may suppose you are content.

*Et plauserunt.*³

The "Jocasta," which is not by Gascoigne only, but by Gascoigne and Kinwelmarsh, is a translation from the Italian of Lodovico Dolce, whose free version of Euripides is exactly followed, including the chorus, which, in the manner of Seneca, is used only for the closing of each act. The second, third, and fifth acts were translated by George Gascoigne, the first and fourth by Francis Kinwelmarsh. A dumb show was planned to introduce each act, as in "Gorboduc," and this was invented by the English translators to suit the requirements of the Gray's Inn Festival. There was no precedent for that in Lodovico Dolce. There was also an original Epilogue, written for the piece by Christopher Yelverton. The blank verse of the play is well written. For example, let us take the opening of the fourth act. The translator here is not Gascoigne, but Kinwelmarsh.

The speakers are a Messenger (Nuntius) and Jocasta. The Messenger first speaks:—

³ And they shall have applauded.

¹ Me thinketh, seems to me. From First-English "thincan," to seem, not "thencan," to think.

² Of force, of necessity. (See "Shorter English Poems," page 112, note 13.)

O sage and sober dames, O shamefast maids,
O faithful servants of our agéd queen,
Come lead her forth, sith unto her I bring
Such secret news as are of great import.
Come forth, O queen, surcease thy woful plaint,
And to my words vouchsafe a willing ear.

[*The queen, with her train, cometh out of the palace.*]

Joc. My servant dear, dost thou yet bring me news

Of more mishap? Ah, weary wretch! alas!
How doth Eteocles? whom heretofore
In his increasing years I wonted aye
From dangerous hap with favour to defend.
Doth he yet live? or hath untimely death
For cruel fight bereft his flowering life?

Nun. He lives, O queen, hereof have ye no doubt,
From such suspect myself will quit you soon.

Joc. The vent'rous Greeks have haply ta'en the town.

Nun. The gods forbid!

Joc. Our soldiers, then, perchance,
Disperséd been and yielden to the sword.

Nun. Not so; they were at first in danger, sure,
But in the end obtainéd victory.

Joc. Alas! what then becomes of Polynice?
Oh, canst thou tell? is he dead or alive?

Nun. You have, O queen, yet both your sons alive.

Joc. Oh, how my heart is easéd of his pain!
Well, then, proceed, and briefly let me hear
How ye repulsed your proud presuming foes,
That thereby yet at least I may assuage
The swelling sorrows in my doleful breast,
In that the town is hitherto preserved:
And for the rest, I trust that mighty Jove
Will yield his aid.

In George Gascoigne's prose translation of "*I Suppositi*," there is often a rudeness of style that contrasts unfavourably with the grace of the original. But although in most of our earliest plays the art was obviously imperfect, there was the vigour in them of a sound mind, with worthiness of purpose that would lead in after years to higher things. With all the grace of Ariosto's comedy, the plot included a relation between Polynesta and the feigned servant which, by the manner of its treatment, reflected a low tone of morality; and although it gave more reason for the anger and grief of the father and the giving up of his suit by Cleander, it was, on the whole, so needless a degradation of the two chief characters that I have passed it over in the telling of the story. George Gascoigne reproduced it, but it was foreign to the nature of an English play. The bitterest opponents of the stage under Elizabeth admitted that the plays were very honest, and had healthy aims.

In the year 1566, when Gascoigne's "*Supposes*" and "*Jocasta*" were acted in the Hall at Gray's Inn, Richard Edwards's play of "*Palamon and Arcyte*" was acted before Queen Elizabeth in the Hall of Christ Church, Oxford. At the beginning of the play part of the stage fell down, whereby five persons were hurt and three were killed. The scaffolding was reconstructed, the play went on, and the queen enjoyed it, giving eight guineas to one of the young actors who had pleased her much.

At court it was the business of the Master of the Revels to have plays rehearsed before him, and to choose the best for the queen's entertainment. In the course of 1571, Elizabeth had represented before her "*Lady Barbara*," by Sir Robert Lane's men; "*Iphigenia*," by the children of Paul's; "*Ajax and Ulysses*," by the children of Windsor; "*Narcissus*," by the children of the chapel; "*Cloridon and Radiamanta*," by Sir Robert Lane's men; "*Paris and Vienna*," by the children of Westminster. The children were in each case boys of the choir trained also to act.

In May, 1574, the Earl of Leicester, who was a good friend to the stage, procured for those of his servants forming his own company of players the first royal patent to a dramatic company. By this patent James Burbage, John Perkin, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wylson were privileged to act within the City of London and its Liberties, and in any other city; "provided that the said Comedies, Tragedies, Interludes, and Stage Plays be by the Master of the Revels for the time being before seen and allowed; and that the same be not published or shown in the time of Common Prayer, or in the time of great and common Plague in our City of London."

Reservation of the time of Common Prayer points to the fact that the earliest plays were presented to the people chiefly on Sundays and saints' days. Before the Reformation, usage that still prevails in Roman Catholic countries gave the holiday-time after church to sports and entertainments of the people. In the reformed Church of England the discipline of Calvin, who laid stress upon the keeping holy of the Sabbath Day, was not accepted at all points, though insisted upon by that large section of the Church called by Archbishop Parker Puritan or Precisian. Toleration of Sunday sports became, indeed, in after years one of the grounds of contest between Puritans and their opponents. In 1574, the Mayor and Corporation of London represented Puritan opinion, and objected strongly to the forcing of the players on the City. Then Leicester procured the writing of a letter from the Privy Council that required the Lord Mayor "to admit the Comedy Players within the City of London, and to be otherwise favourably used." The Corporation argued against this, objecting to performances on sacred days; to the unmeet drawing of young men and maids to the inns; to the waste of money; to the seditious matter that might be spoken on the stage; to the danger by occasional fall of the scaffolding, as well as by chance hurt of the players with weapons and gunpowder used in performances; to the risk of contagion by bringing together crowds, among whom would be some sick of plague or other infectious disease. The Common Council framed regulations that required each exhibition of a play to have its separate licence from the mayor, and half its profits to be given to the poor; but had not long patience even with this limited toleration, and in December, 1575, issued a complete prohibition of the performance of plays in the City, and prayed the Lords that they would issue a like prohibition for all "places near unto the City." The Justices of Middlesex had joined the Corporation in its opposition to the

players, who then appealed for protection to the Privy Council. In its answer to their appeal, the City said: "It may be noted how uncomely it is for youth to run straight from prayers to plays, from God's service to the devil's." If the Earl of Leicester's company, known as the Queen's Players, was to be forced on the City, let the names of these actors be registered, and none but just these be suffered to appear upon a stage in London; and, it was urged, let them not act when the death-rate is over fifty a week. Forty or fifty being then the average death-rate when there was no plague, and plague or other spread of sickness being very common in those days of unwholesome dwellings, this was another way of getting an approach to prohibition. In 1576, the City desired to stop, acting at inns, and proposed that the players should be required to perform in private houses (where there would be no room for an audience large enough to pay them for their skill); that they should never act on the Sabbath, nor on holidays of the Church till after evening prayer, and then never so late as to make it impossible for every one of the spectators who stayed to the end to reach home before dark. Moreover, there was to be no acting unless the death-rate had been for twenty days below fifty a week. Breach of these orders was to be followed by forfeiture of toleration.

Upon such terms it was impossible for any actors to live under the jurisdiction of the City of London. James Burbage and his companions were, therefore, driven to look for a place outside the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction where they might still be within reach of the considerable audiences to be drawn from London. Such a place they found among the houses built upon the ground that had once belonged to the great monastery of the Dominicans or Black Friars. The monastery had been built in the time of Edward I.; and had a handsome church with privileges, including right of sanctuary. Its large precinct enclosed many shops, and had been entered by four gates. Its inhabitants, exempt from City law, were subject only to the king, to the Superior of the monastery, and to their own justices. Several Parliaments had been held in the great church of the Black Friars, and there in 1529 Wolsey and Campeggio had heard the question of divorce between Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon. At the dissolution of the monasteries, Black Friars was surrendered to the king in 1538. In 1547, the Prior's lodgings and the Hall were sold to Sir Francis Bryan, and afterwards Edward VI. granted the rest to Sir Thomas Cawarden.

The site of the monastery and its precincts—not included within the liberties of the City till the reign of James I.—became, in Elizabeth's day, a fashionable quarter; and when James Burbage and his fellow-players, to escape control of the Corporation, took a house in Blackfriars, and converted it into a theatre of their own, they could not do so without combating much opposition from the polite neighbours, who were averse to noise and crowd. But they achieved their object, and opened, in 1576, the Blackfriars Theatre, the first place set apart in England for performances of plays. About the

same time, two other buildings were erected, for the distinct purpose of presenting plays in them. These were outside the City bounds, in the pleasant fields at Shoreditch, a quarter then preferred for the houses and gardens of rich foreign merchants trading in London. These houses were called "The Theatre" and "The Curtain," built on the south-western side of the site of the suppressed Priory of St. John the Baptist, called Holywell. One recommendation of the place chosen for them was that, outside Bishopsgate, a well-kept street (now Bishopsgate Street Without) extended for some way into the open country, and thus gave easy and safe way of approach for the play-goers. Four years afterwards, such acting within the City as still lingered in its inn-yards was finally suppressed. At one of the inn-yards—that of the Belle Sauvage in Ludgate Hill, where now these pages are printed—it was said that the devil in person appeared one day on the stage to play his own part for himself among his friends.

In 1576, when the first theatres were built, Shakespeare was twelve years old. In that year, Stephen Gosson, a young man of Kent, who had been educated at Christ Church, Oxford, came to London at the age of twenty-one, wrote poetry, and attached himself as author and player to the new Curtain Theatre. He wrote a tragedy on "Catiline's Conspiracies," and a comedy called "Captain Mario," now lost. But while young Gosson was among the actors, his religious mind inclined more and more to the side of the preachers who condemned the stage. In a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, on the 3rd of November, 1577, in time of plague, the Rev. T. Wilcocks said:—"Look but upon the common plays in London, and see the multitude that flocketh to them and followeth them: behold the sumptuous theatre-houses, a continual monument of London's prodigality and folly. But I understand they are now forbidden because of the plague. I like the policy well if it hold still, for a disease is but botched or patched up that is not cured in the cause, and the cause of plagues is sin, if you look to it well; and the cause of sin are plays; therefore the cause of plagues are plays." On the 24th of August, 1578, the Rev. John Stockwood, of Tunbridge, preaching at Paul's Cross, said:—"Will not a filthy play, with the blast of a trumpet, sooner call thither a thousand than an hour's tolling of the bell bring to the sermon a hundred?" And he said of the plays:—"Have we not houses of purpose built with great charges for the maintenance of them, and that without the liberties, as who would say, There! Let them say what they will say, we will play. I know not how I might, with the godly learned especially, more discommend the gorgeous playing places erected in the fields than to term it, as they please to have it called, a Theatre. . . . I will not here enter this disputation, whether it be utterly unlawful to have any plays, but will only join in this issue, whether in a Christian commonwealth they be tolerable on the Lord's Day." Stephen Gosson was convinced by 1579 that he should not only quit the theatre, but join with his own voice in the denunciations of it, and he published in that year a pamphlet called "The School of Abuse, containing a Pleasant Invec-

tive against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth." Here he condemned alike poets and players. But it is noticeable that in speaking of the dramatists he deals with the probable answer of "some Archplayer or other that hath read a little," who might say that the immorality of the old comedies was no part of the plays then seeking the favour of the people. "The comedies that are exercised in our days are better sifted. They show no such bran. The first smelt of Plautus, these taste of Menander. The lewdness of gods is altered and changed to the love of young men; force to friendship; wooing allowed by assurance of wedding. Nor are the abuses of the world revealed; every man in a play may see his own faults, and learn by this glass to amend his manners. Deformities are checked in jest and mated in earnest. The sweetness of music and pleasure of sports temper the bitterness of rebukes." In such wise Gosson, while attacking the stage, represents the claim it then put forward to be a teacher of duty and upholder of all that was honest and of good report. The plays that have come down to us from those times bear witness to the truth of such a plea, and Gosson does not contradict it. For what is his reply? "They are either so blind that they cannot, or so blunt that they will not, see why this exercise should not be suffered as a profitable recreation. For my part, I am neither so fond a physician nor so bad a cook but I can allow my patient a cup of wine to meals, although it be hot; and pleasant fancies to drive down his meat if his stomach be queasy. Notwithstanding, if people will be instructed, God be thanked, we have divines enough to discharge that, and more by a great many than are well hearkened to." The substantial ground of offence was retention of the old custom of Sunday entertainment—Sabbath conflict between the trumpets summoning to plays and the bells summoning to prayers.

Gosson dedicated his "School of Abuse" to Philip Sidney. Edmund Spenser, who was then a young man of about six-and-twenty, publishing his "Shepherd's Calendar" while for a short time in employment of the Earl of Leicester, wrote in October, 1579, to his friend, Gabriel Harvey, "New books I hear of none, but only of one that, writing a certain book and dedicating it to Master Sidney, was for his labour scorned; if at least it be in the goodness of that nature to scorn. Such folly is it not to regard beforehand the inclination and quality of him to whom we dedicate our books." There can be little doubt that a Puritan outcry against poets, brought home to him by the dedication of Gosson's pamphlet, caused Philip Sidney to write, in 1580 or 1581, his "Apologie for Poetrie," which was not published until 1595, after its author's death. This book reasoned boldly and calmly for the poet's art that it is first among the exercises of man's intellect. The poet must delight and teach. All worthy pursuits of men "one and other, having this scope, to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying of his own divine essence." "Now, thereon," said Philip Sidney, "of all sciences (I speak still of human and according to the human conceit) is our

poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of grapes; that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportions, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you; with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner. And pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such others as have a pleasant taste, which if one should begin to tell them the nature of aloes or rhubarb they would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So it is in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves), glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas, and hearing them must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say philosophically, set out, they would swear they be brought to school again." Sir Philip Sidney spoke here for his fellow-poets and for his time as well as for himself. In that spirit every good poet of Elizabeth's reign approached his work. The crudeness of construction in the early plays is criticised in Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie." He wrote before there was a play written by Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, or any one of the chief precursors of Shakespeare; when the plays were such as have been represented thus far by our specimens. Of Comedy and Tragedy in themselves Sidney wrote:—

To the arguments of abuse I will after answer; only thus much now is to be said, that the Comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be; so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in geometry, the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic, the odd as well as the even; so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so, in our private and domestical matters, as, with hearing it, we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for, of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vain-glorious Thraso; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say, that men learn the evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in "pistrinum;"¹ although perchance the sack of his own

¹ In *pistrinum*. Corn was pounded usually in the *pistrinum* by oxen or asses. Slaves when lazy or worthless were often put "in *pistrinum*" to do asses' work.

faults lie so behind his back, that he seeth not himself to dance the same measure, whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to see his own actions contemptibly set forth; so that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed.

And much less of the high and excellent Tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifest their tyrannical humours; that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded; that maketh us know, "*qui sceptrā duro sœvus imperio regit, timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit.*"¹ But how much it can move, Plutarch yieldeth a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheraüs; from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who without all pity had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no farther good in him, it was that he, in despite of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart.

Of the defect of art in our earliest plays, Sidney wrote:—

Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause, are cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor skilful poetry. Excepting Gorboduc (again I say of those that I have seen) which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place; and the uttermost time presupposed in it, should be, both by Aristotle's precept, and common reason, but one day; there is both many days and many places artificially imagined.

But if it be so in Gorboduc, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child; delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space; which, how absurd

it is in sense, even sense may imagine; and art hath taught and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of the Eunuch in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know, that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told, which cannot be showed; if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took by some "*Nuntius*," to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent an history, they must not, as Horace saith, begin "*ab ovo*," but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed: I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up; Hecuba, she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body; leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But, besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment; and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies as Plautus hath *Amphytrio*. But, if we mark them well, we shall find, that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears; or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else: where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight; as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, in themselves, they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature. Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: delight hath a joy

¹ "The cruel man who with a hard rule holds the sceptre, fears those who fear him, the dread comes home to its author." Two lines from Act V. of the "*Oedipus*" of Seneca.

in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example; we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter: we laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight: we delight in good chances: we laugh at mischances: we delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh: we shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias,¹ in the mouth of some such men as, for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may go well together; for, as in Alexander's picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight: so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love, procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is, that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown; or against the law of hospitality, to jest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do? what do we learn, since it is certain

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam locus ridiculos-homines facit?*²

But rather a busy loving courtier, and a heartless threatening Thraso; a self-wise seeming schoolmaster; a wry-transformed traveller: these, if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness: as in the other, the tragedies of Buchanan³ do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter; I do it, because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.

So stood opinion between the poets and the Puritans in 1580. Stephen Gosson, sincere in attack, although his view of the case was not a wide one, withdrew from the stage to poverty, and was for five years a tutor in the country. He took some part in continuance of the controversy raised against the players, who defended themselves in their own way in February, 1582, with "A Play of Plays," which was then acted at the Shoreditch "Theatre." The players had much favour, and more play-houses were built.

In 1580, a theatre was established on the ground of the suppressed monastery at Whitefriars. But

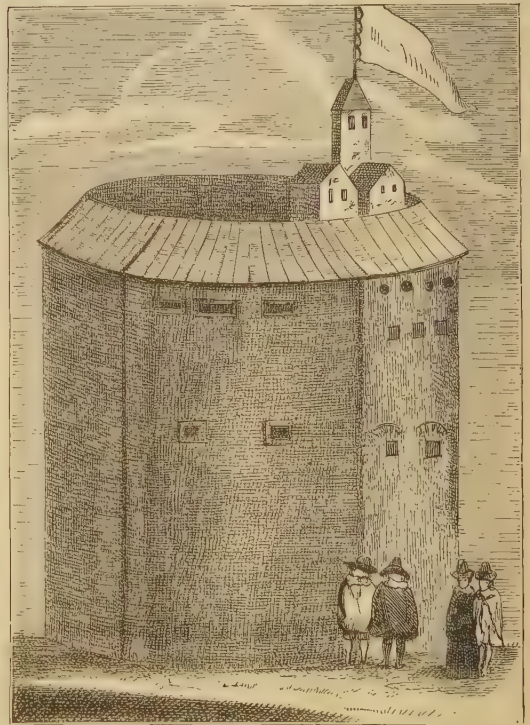
¹ Bias, Old French "biais," slope.

² From the third Satire of Juvenal, thus paraphrased by Samuel Johnson in his "London:"

"Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest."

³ The Tragedies of George Buchanan were in Latin.

the Whitefriars Theatre was not used after 1616. On the Surrey side of the Thames the old building in Paris Garden, which had been used for bear-baiting, was turned into a theatre, and other theatres that sprang up on that side of the water were the



THE GLOBE THEATRE. BUILT IN 1594; REBUILT IN 1613.

Rose, the Hope, and the Swan, on Bankside, opened about 1581. The Hope was used as a bear-garden on two days of the week.

On the 13th of June, 1583, several persons were killed and many maimed during a play acted on Sunday, by the fall of a rotten gallery in the old building used at Paris Garden as a theatre. This was accepted as God's judgment upon the question of Sabbath-day performances. They were then prohibited by the Privy Council; and when Shakespeare came to London, three years later, that old cause of offence was at an end.

Among the court plays, ancient history and mythology still furnished a large part of the material for exercise of fancy; and about the year 1583 George Peele, then twenty-five years old, wrote "The Arraignment of Paris," which was presented before Queen Elizabeth by the children of her chapel, and first printed, without the author's name, in 1584.

George Peele was of Devonshire, and cites his native county, "No better hay in all Devonshire," in the piece here taken as an illustration of his genius. He was about six years older than Shakespeare; studied at Broadgates Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford; graduated as B.A. in 1577, and as M.A. in 1579; and was a noted poet in his

university, where he probably wrote a poem on "The Tale of Troy," which he published in 1589 as "an old poem of mine own." He translated, when at Oxford, one of the Iphigenias of Euripides, but that version is lost. He came to London about five years before Shakespeare, in 1581, was a married man in 1583, and possessed some land in right of his wife. In 1583 he was concerned at Oxford in the production of two plays at Christchurch, when Albertus Alasco, a Polish Prince Palatine, was being hospitably received by the university at her Majesty's desire. He must have been then known as a dramatist in London. In 1584 there was printed, without author's name, his "Arraignment of Paris, a Pastoral, presented before the Queen's Majesty by the Children of her Chapel." In Peele's

ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS,

after a prologue by Até, the first act opens with a dainty pastoral scene, in which Pan, Faunus, and Sylvanus prepare to welcome the goddesses, whose near approach is felt. Pomona enters, to join the reception, and she asks—

Thinkest, Faunus, that these goddesses will take our gifts in worth.

To which Faunus replies,—

Yea, doubtless, for shall tell thee, dame, 'twere better give a thing,
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,
Than to a rude and barbarous swain, but bad and basely born,
For gently takes the gentleman that oft the clown will scorn.

The whole play is designed as a tribute of homage to the queen, before whom it was to be presented.

Flora joins in the preparation to receive the goddesses, and presently Pomona says—

Pom. Hark, Flora, Faunus! here is melody,
A charm of birds,¹ and more than ordinary.

[*An artificial charm of birds heard within.*]

Pan. The silly birds make mirth; then should we do them wrong,
Pomona, if we nill bestow an echo to their song.

The song. A quire within and without.

Gods. O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!
This honour done to Ida, may it continue still!

Muses. [*Within.*] Ye country gods that in this Ida won,²
Bring down your gifts of welcome,
For honour done to Ida.

Gods. Behold, in sign of joy we sing,
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida.

Muses. [*Within.*] The Muses give you melody to gratulate this chance,

And Phoebe, chief of sylvan chace, commands you all to dance.

Gods. Then round in a circle our sportance must be;
Hold hands in a hornpipe, all gallant in glee. [*Dance.*]

Muses. [*Within.*] Reverence, reverence, most humble reverence!

Gods. Most humble reverence!

RHANIS leading the way, enter JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS.
PAN alone sings.

THE SONG.

The God of Shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salute your states,
Fair, wise, and worthy as you be,
And thank the gracious ladies three
For honour done to Ida. [*The birds sing.*]

The goddesses speak, and are welcomed with pastoral grace. Then the scene changes to a picture of the rustic love of Paris and Cēnone:—

Enter PARIS and CENONE.

Par. Cēnone, while we bin dispos'd to walk,
Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store,
Dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more:
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then, prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

Cēn. Paris, my heart's contentment and my choice,
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice;
So shall thy just request be not denied,
And time well spent, and both be satisfied.

Par. Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, Cēnone, for thy sake,
This idle task on me to undertake.

They sit under a tree together.

Cēn. And whereon, then, shall be my roundelay?
For thou hast heard my store long since, dare say;
How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho
To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below;
How mighty men made foul successful war
Against the gods and state of Jupiter;
How Phorcy's imp, that was so trick and fair,
That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed,—
A pretty fable, Paris, for to read,
A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nones,
That wealth and beauty alter men to stones;
How Salmacis, resembling idleness,
Turns men to women all through wantonness;
How Pluto raught Queen Ceres' daughter thence,
And what did follow of that love-offence;
Of Daphne turn'd into the laurel-tree,
That shows a mirror of virginity;
How fair Narcissus tooting on his shade,
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade;
How cunning Philomela's needle tells
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells;
What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
They say because on earth they liv'd not well,—
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
Prometheus' torment, and a many mo,

¹ Charm of birds. "Charm" is of the same root as the Latin "carmen." So birds are themselves said to be "charmed" by musical sounds. Milton uses the same phrase in "Paradise Lost," "with charm of earliest birds." (Book IV., line 641.)

² Won, dwell. First-English "wunian."

How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task,
 What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask:
 All these are old and known I know, yet, if thou wilt have
 any,
 Choose some of these, for, trust me, else CEnone hath not
 many.

Par. Nay, what thou wilt: but sith my cunning not
 compares with thine,

Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

En. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it *Cupid's*
Curse,

"*They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change
 for worse!*"

The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,
 Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar-tree.

Par. No better thing; begin it, then: CEnone, thou shalt
 see

Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee and me.

They sing; and while CEnone sings, he pipes.

CUPID'S CURSE.

En. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be;
 The fairest shepherd on our green,
 A love for any lady.

Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be;
 Thy love is fair for thee alone,
 And for no other lady.

En. My love is fair, my love is gay,
 As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
 And of my love my roundelay,
 My merry merry merry roundelay,
 Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray gods they change for worse!

Both. They that do change, &c.

En. Fair and fair, &c.

Par. Fair and fair, &c.

Thy love is fair, &c.

En. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
 My love can many a pretty thing,
 And of his lovely praises ring
 My merry merry roundelays,
 Amen to Cupid's curse,—

They that do change, &c.

Par. They that do change, &c.

Both. Fair and fair, &c.

The song being ended, they rise.

En. Sweet shepherd, for CEnone's sake be cunning in this
 song,
 And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost her
 wrong.

Par. My vow is made and witnesséd, the poplar will not
 start,

Nor shall the nymph CEnone's love from forth my bleeding
 heart.

I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here behind,
 And I will have a lover's fee; they say, unkiss'd unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

So ends the first act.

In the next the three goddesses appear again.
 The weather changes as they speak, and

*The storm being past of thunder and lightning, and ATE having
 trundled the ball into place, crying "Fatum Trojæ,"¹ JUNO
 takes it up.*

Juno. Pallas, the storm is past and gone, and Phœbus
 clears the skies,

And, lo, behold a ball of gold, a fair and worthy prize!

Ven. This posy wills the apple to the fairest given be;
 Then is it mine, for Venus hight the fairest of the three.

Pal. The fairest here, as fair is meant, am I, ye do me
 wrong;

And if the fairest have it must, to me it doth belong.

Juno. Then Juno may it not enjoy, so every one says no,
 But I will prove myself the fairest ere I lose it so.

[*They read the posy.*]

The brief is this, *Detur pulcherrima*,
 Let this unto the fairest given be,
 The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Pal. *Detur pulcherrima*,
 Let this unto the fairest given be,
 The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Ven. *Detur pulcherrima*,
 Let this unto the fairest given be,
 The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Juno. My face is fair; but yet the Majesty
 That all the gods in heaven have seen in me
 Have made them choose me, of the planets seven,
 To be the wife of Jove and queen of heaven.
 If, then, this prize be but bequeath'd to beauty,
 The only she that wins this prize am I.

Ven. That Venus is the fairest, this doth prove,
 That Venus is the lovely Queen of Love:
 The name of Venus is indeed but Beauty,
 And men me fairest call per excellency.
 If, then, this prize be but bequeath'd to beauty,
 The only she that wins this prize am I.

Pal. To stand on terms of beauty as you take it,
 Believe me, ladies, is but to mistake it.
 The beauty that this subtle prize must win,
 No outward beauty hight, but dwells within;
 And sift it as you please, and you shall find,
 This beauty is the beauty of the mind:
 This fairness, virtue hight in general,
 That many branches hath in special;
 This beauty Wisdom hight, whereof am I,
 By heaven appointed, goddess worthily.
 And look how much the mind, the better part,
 Doth overpass the body in desert,
 So much the mistress of those gifts divine
 Excels thy beauty, and that state of thine.
 Then, if this prize be thus bequeath'd to beauty,
 The only she that wins this prize am I.

Ven. Nay, Pallas, by your leave you wander clean:
 We must not construe hereof as you mean,
 But take the sense as it is plainly meant;
 And let the fairest ha't, I am content.

Pal. Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,
 Unless unto some other point we grow:
 But first here's none, methinks, dispos'd to yield,
 And none but will with words maintain the field.

Juno. Then, if you will, t' avoid a tedious grudge,
 Refer it to the sentence of a judge;

¹ The Fate of Troy: because the favour of Venus won by Paris, a Prince of Troy, led to his carrying off Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, from her Greek husband Menelaus. This caused the Greeks to besiege Troy, and leave it in ruin.

Whoe'er he be that cometh next in place,
Let him bestow the ball and end the case.

Ven. So can it not go wrong with me at all.

Pal. I am agreed, however it befall:

And yet by common doom, so may it be,
I may be said the fairest of the three.

Juno. Then yonder, lo, that shepherd swain is he,
That must be umpire in this controversy!

Enter PARIS.

Ven. Juno, in happy time, I do accept the man;
It seemeth by his looks some skill of love he can.

Par. [*Aside.*] The nymph is gone, and I, all solitary,
Must wend to tend my charge, oppress'd with melancholy.
This day (or else me fails my shepherd's skill)
Will tide me passing good or passing ill.

Juno. Shepherd, abash not, though at sudden thus

Thou be arrived by ignorance among us,
Not earthly but divine, and goddesses all three;

Juno, Pallas, Venus, these our titles be.

Nor fear to speak for reverence of the place,
Chosen to end a hard and doubtful case.

This apple, lo, (nor ask thou whence it came,)
Is to be given unto the fairest dame!

And fairest is, nor she, nor she, but she
Whom, shepherd, thou shalt fairest name to be.

This is thy charge; fulfil without offence,
And she that wins shall give thee recompense.

Pal. Dread not to speak, for we have chosen thee,
Sith in this case we can no judges be.

Ven. And, shepherd, say that I the fairest am,
And thou shalt win good guerdon for the same.

Juno. Nay, shepherd, look upon my stately grace,
Because the pomp that 'longs to Juno's mace

Thou mayst not see; and think Queen Juno's name,
To whom old shepherds title works of fame,

Is mighty, and may easily suffice,

At Phœbe's hand to gain a golden prize.

And for thy meed, sith I am queen of riches,
Shepherd, I will reward thee with great monarchies,

Empires, and kingdoms, heaps of massy gold,

Sceptres and diadems curious to behold,

Rich robes, of sumptuous workmanship and cost,

And thousand things whereof I make no boast:

The mould whereon thou treadest shall be of Tagus' sands,

And Xanthus shall run liquid gold for thee to wash thy
hands;

And if thou like to tend thy flock, and not from them to fly,
Their fleeces shall be curled gold to please their master's
eye;

And last, to set thy heart on fire, give this one fruit to me,
And, shepherd, lo, this tree of gold will I bestow on thee!

Juno's Show.

*A Tree of Gold rises, laden with diadems and crowns
of gold.*

The ground whereon it grows, the grass, the root of gold,
The body and the bark of gold, all glistening to behold,
The leaves of burnished gold, the fruits that thereon grow
Are diadems set with pearl in gold, in gorgeous glistening
show;

And if this tree of gold in lieu may not suffice,

Require a grove of golden trees, so Juno bear the prize.

[*The Tree sinks.*]

Pal. Me list not tempt thee with decaying wealth,

Which is embas'd by want of lusty health;

But if thou have a mind to fly above,

Y-crown'd with fame, near to the seat of Jove,

If thou aspire to wisdom's worthiness,
Whereof thou mayst not see the brightness,
If thou desire honour of chivalry,

To be renowned for happy victory,

To fight it out, and in the champaign field

To shroud thee under Pallas' warlike shield,

To prance on barbéd steeds,—this honour, lo,

Myself for guerdon shall on thee bestow!

And for encouragement, that thou mayst see

What famous knights Dame Pallas' warriors be,

Behold in Pallas' honour here they come,

Marching along with sound of thundering drum.

PALLAS' Show.

*Enter Nine Knights in armour, treading a warlike almain,¹
by drum and fife; and then they having marched forth
again, VENUS speaks.*

Ven. Come, shepherd, come, sweet shepherd, look on me,

These bene too hot alarums these for thee:

But if thou wilt give me the golden ball,

Cupid my boy shall ha't to play withal,

That, whenso'er this apple he shall see,

The God of Love himself shall think on thee,

And bid thee look and choose, and he will wound

Whereso thy fancy's object shall be found;

And lightly when he shoots he doth not miss:

And I will give thee many a lovely kiss,

And come and play with thee on Ida here;

And if thou wilt a face that hath no peer,

To ravish all thy beating veins with joy,

Here is a lass of Venus' court, my boy:

Here, gentle shepherd, here's for thee a piece,

The fairest face, the flower of gallant Greece.

VENUS' Show.

*Enter HELEN in her bravery, with four Cupids attending on
her, each having his fan in his hand to fan fresh air in her
face: she sings as follows.²*

*Se Diana nel cielo è una stella
Chiara e lucente, piena di splendore,
Che porge luo' all' affanato cuore;
Se Diana nel ferno è una dea,
Che da conforto all' anime dannate,
Che per amor son morte desperate;
Se Diana, eh' in terra è delle ninfe
Reina imperativa di dolci fiori,
Tra bosch' e selve da morte a pastori,
Io son un Diana dolce e rara,
Che con li guardi io posso far guerra
A Dian' infern' in cielo, e in terra.*

[*Exit.*]

Par. Most heavenly dames, was never man as I,

Poor shepherd swain, so happy and unhappy;

The least of these delights that you devise,

Able to rape and dazzle human eyes.

But since my silence may not pardon'd be,

And I appoint which is the fairest she,

¹ *Almain* (Allemande) was a stately form of dance introduced from Germany. Its solemn musical accompaniment, without the dance, was also called sometimes an *Almain*.

² If Diana in Heaven is a clear and shining star, full of splendour, who gives light to the troubled heart; if Diana in Hell is a goddess who gives comfort to the condemned souls that have died in despair through love; if Diana who is on Earth the empress queen of the nymphs of the sweet flowers, among thickets and woods gives death to the shepherds: I am a Diana sweet and rare, who with my glances can give battle to Dian of Hell, in Heaven, or on Earth.

Pardon, most sacred dames, sith one, not all,
By Paris' doom must have this golden ball.
Thy beauty, stately Juno, dame divine,
That like to Phœbus' golden beams doth shine,
Approves itself to be most excellent;
But that fair face that doth me most content,
Sith fair, fair dames, is neither she nor she,
But she whom I shall fairest deem to be,
That face is hers that hight the Queen of Love,
Whose sweetness doth both gods and creatures move;
And if the fairest face deserve the ball,
Fair Venus, ladies, bears it from ye all.

[Gives the Golden Ball to VENUS.]

Ven. And in this ball doth Venus more delight
Than in her lovely boy fair Cupid's sight.
Come, shepherd, come; sweet Venus is thy friend;
No matter how thou other gods offend.

[VENUS takes PARIS away with her.]

Juno. But he shall rue and ban the dismal day
Wherein his Venus bare the ball away;
And heaven and earth just witnesses shall be,
I will revenge it on his progeny.

Pal. Well, Juno, whether we be lief or loth,
Venus hath got the apple from us both.

The third act opens with a shepherd Colin's song of his passion of love, and a rustic dialogue upon it between Hobbinol, Diggon, and Thenot, to whom enters Cœnone, with a wreath of poppy on her head, lamenting the perfidy of Paris. She sings a complaint, heard by Mercury, who talks with her, and tells her that he is sent by Jove to summon Paris, who is to be arraigned before an assembly of the gods at the complaint of the Queen of Heaven. The next scene associates Venus and Paris with the burial of the dead Colin, to the burden of song of the love Thestylis hath slain. Thestylis then woos a churl in vain, and sings her lament before the shepherds bear out Colin's hearse. Then

Enter MERCURY with VULCAN'S Cyclops.

Mer. Fair Lady Venus, let me pardon'd be,
That have of long been well-beloved of thee,
If, as my office bids, myself first brings
To my sweet madam these unwelcome tidings.

Ven. What news, what tidings, gentle Mercury,
In midst of my delights, to trouble me?

Mer. At Juno's suit, Pallas assisting her,
Sith both did join in suit to Jupiter,
Action is enter'd in the court of heaven;
And me, the swiftest of the planets seven,
With warrant they have thence despatch'd away,
To apprehend and find the man, they say,
That gave from them that self-same ball of gold,
Which, I presume, I do in place behold;
Which man, unless my marks be taken wide,
Is he that sits so near thy gracious side.
This being so, it rests he go from hence,
Before the gods to answer his offence.

Ven. What tale is this? doth Juno and her mate
Pursue this shepherd with such deadly hate,
As what was then our general agreement,
To stand unto they nill be now content?
Let Juno jet, and Pallas play her part,
What here I have, I won it by desert;
And heaven and earth shall both confounded be,
Ere wrong in this be done to him or me.

Mer. This little fruit, if Mercury can spell,
Will send, I fear, a world of souls to hell.

Ven. What mean these Cyclops, Mercury? is Vulcan
wax'd so fine,
To send his chimney-sweepers forth to fetter any friend of
mine?—

Abash not, shepherd, at the thing; myself thy bail will be.—
He shall be present at the court of Jove, I warrant thee.

Mer. Venus, give me your pledge.

Ven. My ceston, or my fan, or both?

Mer. [taking her fan.] Nay, this shall serve, your word to
me as sure as is your oath,

At Diana's bower; and, lady, if my wit or policy
May profit him, for Venus' sake let him make bold with
Mercury. [Exit with the Cyclops.]

Ven. Sweet Paris, whereon dost thou muse?

Par. The angry heavens, for this fatal jar,
Name me the instrument of dire and deadly war. [Exeunt.]

The fourth act, after a pastoral prelude, contains the arraignment of Paris. Here it will be observed that Peele, for the rhetoric of the defence, passed out of rhyme into blank verse:—

The gods being set in DIANA'S bower; DIANA, JUNO, PALLAS,
VENUS, and PARIS, stand on sides before them.

Ven. Lo, sacred Jove, at Juno's proud complaint,
As erst I gave my pledge to Mercury,
I bring the man whom he did late attain,
To answer his indictment orderly;
And crave this grace of this immortal senate,
That ye allow the man his advocate.

Pal. That may not be; the laws of heaven deny
A man to plead or answer by attorney.

Ven. Pallas, thy doom is all too peremptory.

Apol. Venus, that favour is denied him flatly:
He is a man, and therefore by our laws,
Himself, without his aid, must plead his cause.

Ven. Then 'bash not, shepherd, in so good a case;
And friends thou hast, as well as foes, in place.

Jun. Why, Mercury, why do ye not indict him?

Ven. Soft, gentle Juno, I pray you, do not bite him.

Juno. Nay, gods, I trow, you are like to have great silence,
Unless this parrot be commanded hence.

Jup. Venus, forbear, be still.—Speak, Mercury.

Ven. If Juno jangle, Venus will reply.

Mer. Paris, king Priam's son, thou art arraigned of partiality,

Of sentence partial and unjust; for that without indifferency,
Beyond desert or merit far, as thine accusers say,
From them, to Lady Venus here, thou gav'st the prize away:
What is thine answer?

PARIS' oration to the Council of the Gods.

Sacred and just, thou great and dreadful Jove,
And you thrice-reverend powers, whom love nor hate
May wrest awry; if this to me a man,
This fortune fatal be, that I must plead
For safe excusal of my guiltless thought,
The honour more makes my mishap the less
That I a man must plead before the gods,
Gracious forbearers of the world's amiss,
For her, whose beauty how it hath entic'd,
This heavenly senate may with me aver.
But sith nor that nor this may do me boot,
And for myself myself must speaker be,
A mortal man amidst this heavenly presence;

Let me not shape a long defence to them
That ben beholders of my guiltless thoughts.
Then for the deed, that I may not deny,
Wherein consists the full of mine offence,
I did upon command; if then I err'd,
I did no more than to a man belong'd.
And if, in verdict of their forms divine,
My dazzled eye did swerve or surfeit more
On Venus' face than any face of theirs,
It was no partial fault, but fault of his,
Belike, whose eyesight not so perfect was
As might discern the brightness of the rest.
And if it were permitted unto men,
Ye gods, to parley with your secret thoughts,
There ben that sit upon that sacred seat,
That would with Paris err in Venus' praise.
But let me cease to speak of error here;
Sith what my hand, the organ of my heart,
Did give with good agreement of mine eye,
My tongue is void with process to maintain.

Plu. A jolly shepherd, wise and eloquent.

Par. First, then, arraign'd of partiality,
Paris replies, "Unguiltly of the fact;"
His reason is, because he knew no more
Fair Venus' cestion than Dame Juno's mace,
Nor never saw wise Pallas' crystal shield.
Then, as I look'd, I lov'd and lik'd attonce,
And as it was referr'd from them to me
To give the prize to her whose beauty best
My fancy did commend, so did I praise
And judge as might my dazzled eye discern.

Nep. A piece of art, that cunningly, perdy,
Refers the blame to weakness of his eye.

Par. Now, for I must add reason for my deed,
Why Venus rather pleas'd me of the three:
First, in the entrails of my mortal ears,
The question standing upon beauty's blaze,
The name of her that hight the Queen of Love,
Methought, in beauty should not be excell'd.
Had it been destin'd to Majesty,
(Yet will I not rob Venus of her grace.)
Then stately Juno might have borne the ball.
Had it to Wisdom been intitul'd,
My human wit had given it Pallas then.
But sith unto the Fairest of the three
That power, that threw it for my farther ill,
Did dedicate this ball; and safest durst
My shepherd's skill adventure, as I thought,
To judge of form and beauty rather than
Of Juno's state or Pallas' worthiness,
That learn'd to ken the fairest of the flock,
And praised beauty but by nature's aim;
Behold, to Venus Paris gave this fruit:
A daysman chosen there by full consent,
And heavenly powers should not repent their deeds.
Where it is said, beyond desert of hers
I honour'd Venus with this golden prize,
Ye gods, alas! what can a mortal man
Discern betwixt the sacred gifts of heaven?
Or, if I may with reverence reason thus;
Suppose I gave, and judg'd corruptly then,
For hope of that that best did please my thought,
This apple not for beauty's praise alone;
I might offend, sith I was pardon'd,
And tempted more than ever creature was
With wealth, with beauty, and with chivalry,
And so preferred beauty before them all,

The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.
And for the one, contentment is my wealth;
A shell of salt will serve a shepherd swain,
A slender banquet in a homely scrip,
And water running from the silver spring.
For arms, they dread no foes that sit so low;
A thorn can keep the wind from off my back,
A sheep-cote thatch'd a shepherd's palace hight.
Of tragic muses shepherds con no skill;
Enough is them, if Cupid ben displeas'd,
To sing his praise on slender oaten pipe.
And thus, thrice-reverend, have I told my tale,
And crave the torment of my guiltless soul
To be measur'd by my faultless thought.
If warlike Pallas or the Queen of Heaven
Sue to reverse my sentence by appeal,
Be it as please your majesties divine;
The wrong, the hurt, not mine, if any be,
But hers whose beauty claim'd the prize of me.

The result of deliberation is "that Dian have the giving of the ball," and the fifth act shows the goddesses yielding to Elizabeth, present in place:—

DIANA, having taken their oaths, speaks.

DIANA describes the Nymph ELIZA, a figure of the Queen.

Dia. It is enough, and, goddesses, attend.
There wons within these pleasant shady woods,
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature
Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,
Under the climate of the milder heaven;
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt,
For favour of that sovereign earthly peer;
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,—
Far from disturbance of our country gods,
Amids the cypress-springs, a gracious nymph
That honours Dian for her chastity
And likes the labours well of Phœbe's groves,
The place Elyzium hight, and of the place
Her name that governs there Eliza is;
A kingdom that may well compare with mine,
An ancient seat of kings, a second Troy,
Y-compass'd round with a commodious sea:
Her people are y-cleped Angeli,
Or, if I miss, a letter is the most:
She giveth laws of justice and of peace;
And on her head, as fits her fortune best,
She wears a wreath of laurel, gold, and palm;
Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye;
Her veil of white, as best befits a maid:
Her ancestors lived in the House of Fame:
She giveth arms of happy victory,
And flowers to deck her lions crown'd with gold.
This peerless nymph, whom heaven and earth belove,
This paragon, this only, this is she
In whom do meet so many gifts in one,
On whom our country gods so often gaze,
In honour of whose name the Muses sing;
In state Queen Juno's peer, for power in arms
And virtues of the mind Minerva's mate,
As fair and lovely as the Queen of Love,
As chaste as Dian in her chaste desires:
The same is she, if Phœbe do no wrong,
To whom this ball in merit doth belong.

Pal. If this be she whom some Zabeta call,
To whom thy wisdom well bequeaths the ball,
I can remember, at her day of birth,

How Flora with her flowers strew'd the earth,
How every power with heavenly majesty
In person honour'd that solemnity.

Juno. The lovely Graces were not far away,
They threw their balm for triumph of the day.

Ven. The Fates against their kind began a cheerful song,
And vow'd her life with favour to prolong.
Then first gan Cupid's eyesight waxen dim;
Belike Eliza's beauty blinded him.
To this fair nymph, not earthly, but divine,
Contents it me my honour to resign.

Pal. To this fair queen, so beautiful and wise,
Pallas bequeaths her title in the prize.

Juno. To her whom Juno's looks so well become,
The Queen of Heaven yields at Phœbe's doom;
And glad I am Diana found the art,
Without offence so well to please desert.

Dia. Then mark my tale. The usual time is nigh,
When wont the Dames of Life and Destiny,
In robes of cheerful colours, to repair
To this renown'd queen so wise and fair,
With pleasant songs this peerless nymph to greet;
Clotho lays down her distaff at her feet,
And Lachesis doth pull the thread at length,
The third with favour gives it stuff and strength,
And for contrâry kind affords her leave,
As her best likes, her web of life to weave.
This time we will attend, and in mean while
With some sweet song the tediousness beguile.

*The music sounds, and the Nymphs within sing or solfa with
voices and instruments awhile. Then enter CLOTHO,
LACHESIS, and ATROPOS, singing as follows:¹ the state
being in place.*

Clo. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic volvere Parcæ.*

Lach. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic tendere Parcæ.*

¹ *Clo.* So the Fates spin the thread of human life.

Lach. So the Fates stretch the thread of human life.

Atro. So the Fates cut the thread of human life.

Clo. Clotho bears.

Lach.

Lachesis draws.

Atro.

Atropos breaks it.

Atro. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic scindere Parcæ.*

Clo. *Clotho colum bajulat.*

Lach.

Lachesis trahit.

Atro.

Atropos occat.

TRES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque deumque,
Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.*

[*They lay down their properties at the Queen's feet.*

Clo. *Clotho colum pedibus.*

Lach. *Lachesis tibi pendula fila.*

Atro. *Et fatale tuis manibus ferrum Atropos offert.*

TRES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix, &c.*

After the song each of the Fates makes her offering in blank verse. Diana next—

Dia. And, lo, beside this rare solemnity,
And sacrifice these dames are wont to do,
A favour, far indeed contrâry kind,
Bequeathéd is unto thy worthiness,—
This prize from heaven and heavenly goddesses!

[*Delivers the ball of gold to the Queen's own hands.*

Accept it, then, thy due by Dian's doom,
Praise of the wisdom, beauty, and the state,
That best becomes thy peerless excellency.

Ven. So, fair Eliza, Venus doth resign
The honour of this honour to be thine.

Juno. So is the Queen of Heaven content likewise
To yield to thee her title in the prize.

Pal. So Pallas yields the praise hereof to thee,
For wisdom, princely state, and peerless beauty.

OMNES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque deumque,
Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.²*

THE THREE TOGETHER: Live long blest with the gifts of men
and gods,

In body and mind free, wiser, pure, and chaste.

[*They lay down their properties at the Queen's feet.*

Clo. Clotho her distaff at your feet.

Lach. And Lachesis to you her hanging thread.

Atro. And to your hands her fate enclosing steel Atropos offers.

THE THREE TOGETHER. Live long blest, &c.

² ALL TOGETHER. Live long blest with gifts of men and gods,
In body and mind free, wisest, pure, and chaste.



PROPERTIES OF THE VICE AND FOOL: CAP, BAUBLE, LATH DAGGER, &c.

From Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE YEAR IN WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED THAT SHAKESPEARE CAME TO LONDON TO THE YEAR OF THE DEATH OF MARLOWE.—A.D. 1586 TO A.D. 1593.

WHILE the first theatres were being formed in London, William Shakespeare was a boy at Stratford, in Warwickshire. His father was John Shakespeare, a glover in Henley Street, who had married, in 1557, Mary Arden, of Wilmcote, youngest of seven daughters of Robert Arden, a husbandman. Mary Arden had a little inheritance from her father, who died a month before her marriage. There were about fifty-four acres at Wilmcote, in a property called Ashbies, and some interest in other land there; also two tenements in Snitterfield, and £6 13s. 4d. in cash. There are said to have been

lived, and Joan married in due time William Hart, a hatter. Two years younger than Joan was another daughter, Anne, born in September, 1571, who died in April, 1579. In that year, therefore, if the baptisms represent the number of John Shakespeare's children, William Shakespeare was fifteen years old, with a brother Gilbert aged between twelve and thirteen, a sister Joan aged between ten and eleven, and a sister Anne, whose death at the age of seven or eight was one of the sorrows of the household. At that date the Blackfriars Theatre was only three years old, and Stephen Gosson turned from the stage to write his "School of Abuse."

The death of his little daughter Anne in that year was but one of the troubles of John Shakespeare. He was falling into poverty. In 1564, the year of the birth of his eldest son William, he was prosperous enough to pay a fair amount to subscriptions for



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE AT STRATFORD.

ten, and known to have been eight, children of the marriage. First and second of the eight were two girls born in 1558 and 1562. Each of these died in infancy. Next came a boy, who lived and lives, William Shakespeare, born in April, 1564. He was baptised on the 26th. A MS. note of an antiquary of the eighteenth century, William Oldys, records a tradition that Shakespeare died on his birthday; and as his monument says that he died, aged fifty-three, on the 23rd of April, 1616, the 23rd of April, fairly consistent with the record of his baptism on the 26th, is assumed to be Shakespeare's birthday. But Mr. Bolton Corney has observed that if Shakespeare died on his birthday he only completed his fifty-second year, and his age could not have been said, on a monument set up in the lifetime of his wife and daughters, to be fifty-three, unless he was born at some date before the 23rd of April. There is no direct, but good presumptive, evidence, and scarcely a doubt, that Shakespeare was born in the house visited by many pilgrims, and carefully preserved as his birth-place. The next child, of whose baptism there is record, was Gilbert Shakespeare, two years and a half younger than William. Then came, five years younger than William, a daughter, who, like the dead first-born, was called Joan. Gilbert and Joan

relief of the town poor. In the following year he was elected alderman. In 1568 and 1569 he was bailiff of Stratford and, by right of his office, magistrate; but he signed with his mark. When Shakespeare was born there was no English Tragedy or Comedy in print. The first Tragedy was printed when he was one year old, and when he was two years old the first Comedy. He was four or five years old at the date of the earliest record of "The Queen's Players" acting at Stratford. In 1570, when his son William was six years old, John Shakespeare rented for eight pounds Inghton Meadow, near Snitterfield. In the following year he was chosen head alderman. In 1574, when his son William was ten years old, John Shakespeare gave forty pounds for two freehold houses in Henley Street, with gardens and orchards. He already had a copyhold in the same street. Four years later the records of his poverty begin. In 1578 he mortgaged his wife's property, Ashbies, for forty pounds; paid 3s. 4d. when other aldermen paid 6s. 8d., for pikemen and billmen; and in November of the same year was excused payment of any part of the fourpence a week levied for relief of the poor. In 1579, when his little daughter Anne died, John Shakespeare raised money on his wife's interest in tenements at Snitter-

field, and from that date ceased to attend when summoned as alderman. Shakespeare was at that time fifteen years of age. There is no distinct evidence as to the place where he received his education, though it could hardly have been other than Stratford.



THE FREE SCHOOL AT STRATFORD.

How long William Shakespeare was at school we do not know. It is idle to guess. In what way he endeavoured to earn after leaving school,—whether he helped his father, who was sinking deeper into

as it can be proved that he was a lawyer, soldier, or what you will. Idle tales about him have passed current; as that of the unreasoning gossip, John Aubrey, who wrote in the seventeenth century that Shakespeare's father was a butcher, "and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech."

There is evidence of nothing until the 28th of November, 1582, which is the date of the bond preliminary to the licence of marriage with once asking the banns between William Shagspere and Anne Hathaway. Anne Hathaway was of Shottery, an outlying hamlet in the parish of Stratford, daughter of Richard Hathaway, husbandman, whose family had been long settled there. For as far back as William Shakespeare could remember, the Hathaways were friends of his father's, for record is found that Richard Hathaway stood as security for John Shakespeare as early as the year 1566. He had been dead a twelvemonth when his daughter Anne was married to John Shakespeare's son. According to the record of their tombs, Shakespeare died in 1616, aged fifty-three; his wife in 1623, aged sixty-seven. Her age, therefore, was sixty when her husband died, and she was seven years, or a few months more than seven years, his senior. Shakespeare's age at the time of his marriage was eighteen and seven months; Anne Hathaway's, therefore, about twenty-six. There was in those days a country custom of betrothal several months before marriage. Betrothment was a legal contract under Roman law. It remained so, and remains so yet, in various parts



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY.

poverty, or tried some other employment for his separate support,—we do not know. It is idle to guess. There have been many idle guesses. Anything can be said to be "proved" by giving personal reference to select scraps out of his plays. It may be "proved" that he committed murders, or was a king somewhere, and had rebellious subjects, as easily

of Europe, inducing the obligation to marry. How it was commonly regarded in Elizabeth's time, is indicated in George Peele's "Old Wives' Tale," where a magic lamp is to be blown out by one "that is neither maid, wife, nor widow." It is blown out by Venelia, who is betrothed, but not yet married, to Erethus. There had, doubtless, been such a betroth-

ment between Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. The love of a young man with thoughts and aspirations far beyond his years has not seldom rested on a woman somewhat more mature than girls of his own age, and there is not a trace of evidence that Shakespeare was not—while there is very good reason for holding that he was—happy throughout life in the wife who had his love when he was a youth of nineteen, who took him in his adversity, shared with him the prosperity he earned, and was beside him when he died. To her, I believe in his last years at Stratford, the gentle heart of Shakespeare could say, as tenderly as in the first years of marriage,

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still;”

or in the words of another of his sonnets,

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin’d,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.

He had that within which defied Time. “No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:”

This do I vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

In 1583, on the 26th of May, William and Anne Shakespeare's first child, Susanna, was christened. In 1585, on the 2nd of February, twin children of theirs, a boy and girl, were christened by the names of Hamnet and Judith, after a husband and wife who were among Shakespeare's friends, Hamnet and Judith Sadler, bakers. The friendship was life-long, for Hamnet Sadler was a witness to Shakespeare's will, and had bequeathed to him in it 26s. 8d. “to buy him a ring.” In 1586 William Shakespeare, aged twenty-two, had a wife and three little ones, the eldest three years old, and the twins only at weaning time. In that year the poverty of his father was complete. In February and March he was arrested for debt, because there were no goods in his house to distract upon. In September he was deprived of his alderman's gown. His son William, unable to assist his father, probably had at the same time so dark a prospect that he then obeyed his impulse as a poet, and resolved to try whether he could not earn a better livelihood in London than his native town promised to yield. There is an idle story that makes deer-stealing from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, at Charlecote, the cause of Shakespeare's quitting Stratford. Charlecote had only been built by Sir Thomas Lucy in 1558, the year of Elizabeth's accession, and in 1586 there was no deer park attached to it. Shakespeare had a low opinion of Sir Thomas Lucy; but there can surely be other reasons for having a low opinion of a man than that one has stolen his goods and been whipped for it.

Some critics discuss the genius of Shakespeare in the spirit of those revellers in Chaucer's “Story of Cambuscan Bold,” who went out to admire and criticise the marvel of the enchanted horse that conquered

space and time. They found ingenious ways of running it down critically, according to what Chaucer calls the common custom of men to disparage what they do not understand, “They demen gladly to the badder end.” Desiring for some unknown reason to have it believed that Shakespeare did not love his wife, they say he did not love her because, having in his particular case chosen a wife older than himself, he allows a character in one of his plays to express with dramatic fitness the common opinion that the wife ought to be younger. Then they will have it that he did not love his wife because he did not take her to London with him. He went to London a poor adventurer, able only to afford bad lodging in an unhealthy city never wholly free from plague, and about every ten years seriously scourged with it. He had a natural affection for his native place, and all that is known of his management of his life indicates that from first to last he regarded Stratford as his home. He left his wife with her three-year-old little girl and her two babies among wholesome surroundings, physical and human, with his own kindred and friends and hers about them, and himself able to be with them whenever the theatres were closed. If he had not loved them, he might have brought them to London with a fair chance of becoming in a few years free of them all. The little ones could hardly have lived in such a London home as his poverty at first could compass, and his wife would have been taken from all the healthy surroundings of her old natural life into the companionship of wits and actors. Shakespeare's reverence for the simple ties of kindred and human fellowship, that strengthen as the child grows to the man, is manifest throughout his plays. He did not break from them, but cherished them, kept his wife and children part of them, and held by them himself till death.

When Shakespeare, aged about twenty-two, came to London, poor and unknown, joined the Blackfriars company, and, ready to be useful in any way, as actor or adapter of old plays, began his apprenticeship to his art and his study of life in the great resorts of men, a youth of his own age, born in the same year 1564, Christopher Marlowe, suddenly leaped into fame as a dramatist. Marlowe's career was short, for he died by violence in 1593, when his age was but a few months over twenty-nine. The few years of his brilliant success were the years, so to speak, of Shakespeare's apprenticeship. When Marlowe died, having brought the drama to the highest point then reached, Shakespeare was master of his art, and there were none left to compete with him.

Christopher Marlowe was the son of a shoemaker at Canterbury, and was only two months older than William Shakespeare. Marlowe was baptised in 1564, on the 26th of February; Shakespeare on the 26th of April. From the King's School at Canterbury a way was made for young Marlowe, probably by help of a patron, to Benet College, Cambridge. In 1583 he graduated as B.A., and became M.A. in 1587. He was known as a poet at his university, and at that date had already achieved success as a dramatist by his play of “Tamburlaine the Great,” which probably was acted in 1586, and of which a second part soon followed the first. “Tamburlaine”

was first printed in 1590. The hero of this play—Timour the Tartar—was the Scythian shepherd who, in the fourteenth century, swept over kingdom after kingdom with gathering force, was crowned at Samarcand in 1370, invaded Persia, took Bagdad, spread fear of his arms as far as Moscow, entered India, made triumphal entry into Delhi, attacked, after return to Samarcand, the Ottoman Sultan Bajazet, and in 1402, after a famous battle, made the Sultan his prisoner. He was on his way to invade China, when he died in 1405. This was the hero of Marlowe's first play, in which the stage hero might strut and fume and utter grand extravagance, to the delight of the spectators who saw him first in shepherd's dress and saw him rise to be the Scourge of Kings. Both parts of "Tamburlaine" are stories of war and conquest, and of the growing pride of a successful warrior. The only gentler interest in the first part arises from the love of Tamburlaine to his captive, the daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, whom he has chosen for his bride before he besieges her father in Damascus. His custom is on the first day of a siege to march in white, on the second day in red, on the third day in black. If a besieged king yield to the white tents,

So shall he have his life, and all the rest;
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanced on my vermilion tent,
He dies, and those who keep us out so long:
And when they see me march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contained,
Not one should 'scape but perish by our swords.

He is detained until the day of "black array" before Damascus. Interest therefore centres in the question, How will the pitiless warrior deal with the father and the kindred of his chosen bride? The first part of the play ends with the triumph of his love. He suffers Zenocrate to free her father, and then crowns her as his queen. In the second part of the play, called from Marlowe by the great success of the first, the setting forth of the career of conquest is continued, the death of Zenocrate being the only softer theme. The play ends with the death of Tamburlaine, who, with pride of success, rises to the topmost height of boastfulness.

In the first line of his short prologue to this play, Marlowe began his career as a dramatist by renouncing rhyme. The whole play is in resonant blank verse, and, abiding by this measure in later plays, Marlowe gave it the predominance it had acquired before his death as the fit verse for dramatic poetry. It was he also who developed this measure to the best form it attained before it was perfected by Shakespeare. In the second line of his prologue Marlowe repudiated for his drama the customary intrusion of rough jesting by the clown.

This was Christopher Marlowe's prologue to his "Tamburlaine."

From jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine

Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.



THE FOOL OF THE OLD PLAY.¹

From a Print by Breughel, copied in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare."

Once entered successfully upon the career of a dramatist, Marlowe settled in London, became, like Shakespeare, an actor, and seems once to have been hurt by an accident upon the stage of the Curtain in Shoreditch. "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" was the play of Marlowe's that soon followed the "Second Part of Tamburlaine," and maintained its author's credit with another great success.

The legend of Dr. Faustus had been gathered, in 1587, about recent traditions of a real person who is said to have died in the year 1538. The book published in 1587 at Frankfort on the Main, which first gave to Europe the history of Dr. Faustus, attracted wide attention and was immediately fastened upon by Marlowe as good matter for a play, which seems to have been written in 1588.

¹ In this figure of the clown, and in the sketch given, at the end of the last chapter, of properties of the Vice and Fool of the old plays, observe that the fool's cap is crested with a cock's-comb, to which a figure of the whole head of the cock was sometimes added. Thence the word *coxcomb* as equivalent to one who acts the fool. The bells on the fool's cap and dress, the bladder for noisy banging about, and the pouch (represented also in Elizabeth's time by wide slops, as of the modern clown) to hold his baggages, need no comment. The stick with the fool's head and ass's ears carved on it was the bauble (Italian "babbola," a child's plaything). The clown used this as his badge of office, and, as represented in the sketch above, often had whimsical discourse with the fool's head upon it. It was to this familiar s'age property that Cromwell referred when he said of the mace of the Parliament, in 1653, "Take away that bauble!"

Contemporary notices of the original Faustus are not wanting.

The learned Trithemius, Abbot of Spanheim, in a letter of the 20th of August, 1507, mentioned Magister Georgius Sabellicus, Faustus junior, as a pretender to magic, met with at Gelnhausen.

Conrad Mudt, Latinised Mutianus Rufus, a friend of Melancthon and Reuchlin, whom Luther praised for his culture and who died in 1526, wrote on the 3rd of October, 1513, from Erfurth, of the visit paid to that town a few days before by Georgius Faustus Hemitheus Hedibergensis, as a braggart and a fool who affected magic, whom he had heard talking in a tavern, and who had raised the theologians against him.

Under the date 1525, there is recorded in Vogel's "Annals of Leipzig" (published in 1714), Dr. Johann Faust's visit to the Auerbach cellar, and there is this date over one of the two pictures in the cellar showing (1) how Faustus rode out into the street on one of its casks of wine, and (2) how he regaled the students with the wine so carried off.

In the year 1539, Dr. Philip Begardi, in a book called "Index Sanitatis," speaks of the vast reputation of one Faustus for skill in physic and magic, and of many people who had complained to Begardi that Faustus had swindled them. But, he adds, what matter? *Hin ist hin*—gone is gone. This comment may possibly refer to Faust as dead and not worth saying any more about (tradition made his death-year 1538), but it may also mean that it is of no use for the cheated to complain of losses they will not recover: that it is of no use to cry over spilt milk. But about this time Faustus must have died, for in the undated second volume of Table Talk—"Convivialium Sermonum," by the Protestant theologian Johann Gast (Vol. I. was published in 1543)—there are stories of Faustus as dead, and they for the first time publish the statement that his body after death would not lie with its face to heaven, but five times, when so placed, turned itself face downward, and that the devil took him.

In 1561 the great naturalist, Conrad Gesner, writing to a friend on the 16th of August, referred to Faustus as a famous conjuror who died "not long ago."

In 1562 Johann Mennel, Latinised Manlius, published at Basle a Common-place Book ("Locorum Communium Collectanea") of notes taken during many years, chiefly of what he had heard in conversations with Melancthon, and also of things told to him by various learned men. He ascribed to Melancthon stories about Faustus, whom he had known. This Faustus was born at Kundling (Knittlingen, a frontier town of Wurtemberg), not far from his own native town of Bretten, in Baden. Faustus, Melancthon said, studied at Cracow, and learnt magic, which was openly taught there. It was, indeed, according to the views then held of the secrets of nature, a liberal science in the eyes of many advanced thinkers of the sixteenth century, who never thought of trading on the ignorant with vain pretensions. Afterwards, said Melancthon to Mennel, Faustus roamed about, and he was at a village inn in Wurtemberg when he was taken by the devil.

In 1587 Philip Camerarius, son of a close friend of

Melancthon's, writing a book of small talk which was not published until 1602, told of Faust as a well-known magician who lived "in the time of our fathers."

In 1587, on the 18th of April, two students of the University of Tübingen were imprisoned for writing a Comedy of Faustus. In autumn of the same year there appeared at the book fair of Frankfort on the Main, the German book from which all subsequent versions of the Faustus legend have descended. Its author was strongly Protestant, probably a pastor, and he made Faustus the hero of any stories of magic, serious or comic, that could be added to the popular tradition of his life and death, for the purpose of giving wide popularity to a lesson against pride of knowledge and presumption towards God, or helping to bring into contempt "the Pope that Pagan full of pride." The book was at once fastened upon by many readers. A metrical version of it into English was licensed by Aylmer, Bishop of London, before the end of the year. In 1588 there was a rhymed version of it into German, also a translation into low German, and a new edition of the original with some slight changes. In 1589 there appeared a version of the first German Faust book into French, by Victor Palma Cayet. The English pure version was made from the second edition of the original, that of 1588, and is undated, but probably was made at once. There was a revised edition of it in 1592. In 1592 there was a Dutch translation from the second German edition. This gives the time of the carrying off of Faustus by the devil as the night between the 23rd and 24th of October, 1538. The English version also gives 1538 as the year, and it is a date, as we have seen, consistent with trustworthy references to his actual life.

Marlowe's play was probably written in 1588, soon after the original story had found its way to England. He treated the legend as a poet, bringing out with all his power its central thought—man in the pride of knowledge turning from his God. The voices of his good and evil angel in the ear of Faustus, one bidding him repent and hope, the other bidding him despair, were devised by Marlowe himself for the better painting of a soul within the toils of Satan; and the beautiful scene in which an old man seeks to warn Faustus was developed into poetry out of a very trivial incident in the original. To the play as first published in 1604 additions had been made for which, on the 22nd of November, 1602, Dr. Bride and S. Rawley received four pounds. The popularity of the subject caused the piece to be very freely dealt with by the players; and although in the published version (which includes at least four pounds' worth of additions) the clown scenes bear a smaller proportion to the whole than in the original story, there can be no doubt that the appetite of the many for "such conceits as clownage keeps in pay" had led to a large addition of matter of this kind which Marlowe himself had avoided. He has no clown in any other play. There was evidence of more change in the next printed edition, that of 1616. There were other additions in 1624 and 1631, and one in 1663, spoilt by much later changes and additions. The text here given is the earliest, that of 1604.



DOCTOR FAUSTUS.
From the title-page of an old undated German Tract on Magic,
"D. Faustus Dreifacher Höllen-Zwang."

TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate¹ the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:²
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas³ his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarship grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning of a self-conceit
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon curs'd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.⁴

[Exit.

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin

¹ Mate, deprive of force, confound. See "Shorter English Poems," Note 1, page 174.

² Rhodes. Roda is given in the English version of the Faust book as the birth-place of Faustus.

³ Whereas, where. So in "Henry VI.," Part II., act i., so. 2:—

"You do intend to ride unto St. Alban's
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk,"

⁴ Here probably the speaker drew a curtain before quitting the stage.

To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
*Bene disserere est finis logices.*⁵
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus*:⁶
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills' hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been cas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?
*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem
rei,*⁸ &c.

[Reads.

A pretty case of paltry legacies!

[Reads.

*Exhereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.*⁹

Such is the subject of the Institute

And universal body of the law:

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash;

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best:

Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[Reads.

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[Reads.]

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas; If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera*,

What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,

Is promis'd to the studious artisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obey'd in their provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;

⁵ "To discuss well is the end of logic." In what follows it will be observed that Faustus is looking to the chief aim of each of his studies—"levels at the end of every art."

⁶ Where the philosopher ends, the physician begins.

⁷ Bills, official writings, from "bulla," a seal. Physician's prescriptions were so called, as here.

⁸ When one and the same thing is bequeathed to two persons one has the thing, the other the value of the thing, &c.

⁹ A father cannot disinherit a son unless, &c. These are beginnings of passages in the Institutes of Justinian.

But his dominion that¹ exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;²
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir.

[Exit.

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. O Faustus, lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:

Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. [Exeunt Angels.

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,

Perform what desperate enterprise I will?

I'll have them fly to India for gold,

Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,

And search all corners of the new-found world

For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies;

I'll have them read me strange philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;

I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,

And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;

I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,

Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,

And chase the Prince of Parma³ from our land,

And reign sole king of all the provinces;

Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge⁴

I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,

Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and conceal'd arts:
Yet not your words, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.

Philosophy is odious and obscure;

Both law and physic are for petty wits;

Divinity is basest of the three,

Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:

'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.

Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;

And I, that have with concise syllogisms

Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,

And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg

Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,

Will be as cunning as Agrippa⁵ was,

Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.

As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,

So shall the spirits of every element

Be always serviceable to us three;

Like lions shall they guard us when we please;

Like Almain rutters⁶ with their horsemen's staves,

Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;

Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,

Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows

Than have the white breasts of the queen of love;

From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,

And from America the golden fleece

That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;⁷

If learn'd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this

As thou to live: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.

He that is grounded in astrology,

Enrich'd with tongues, well seen⁸ in minerals,

Hath all the principles magic doth require:

Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,

And more frequented for this mystery

Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,

And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,

Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid

Within the massy entrails of the earth:

Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. Oh, this cheers my soul!

Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,

That I may conjure in some lusty grove,

And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,

And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus⁹ works,

¹ His dominion that, the dominion of him who.

² Valdes and Cornelius are not taken from the Faust book. Marlowe invented their names. The Good Angel and Evil Angel are also added by Marlowe throughout.

³ The Prince of Parma. Don John died on the 1st of October, 1578, and was succeeded in civil and military command in the Netherlands by Alexander Farnese, his nephew, cool, artful, and the ablest governor yet sent to the Netherlands from Spain. In July, 1581, the States-General at the Hague repudiated Philip II. by an Act of Abjuration, which recited his crimes against the people. The Prince of Orange then accepted the sovereignty of Holland and Zealand. Farnese showed military talent, but approved of the assassination of William on the 10th of July, 1584. In 1586 Farnese became, by the death of his father, Duke of Parma. In October of that year Sir Philip Sidney received his death-wound before Zutphen. In June, 1587, the Duke of Parma besieged Sluys. In November the Duke of Parma was at the head of 40,000 men, and Philip of Spain planned his action against England, with pretended negotiations for peace. The Duke of Parma was withdrawn to France in 1590, and absent from the Netherlands in 1591.

⁴ The fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge. Farnese, after the fall of Ghent, besieged Antwerp, and made a stupendous bridge across the Scheldt to cut the city off from the maritime provinces and the sea. Use of a fire-ship was then devised by an Italian engineer, and by its explosion eight hundred were killed. This was in 1585.

⁵ Agrippa. Cornelius Agrippa, whose reputation for magic probably caused Marlowe to call one of his German magicians here Cornelius. Valdes recalls the old French "Vandès," an enchanter, thought by some to have been applied to Peter Waldus and the Waldenses.

⁶ Almain rutters, German "reiter," troopers.

⁷ The possessions of Spain in the New World much aided Philip of Spain in his conflict with the Protestants.

⁸ Well seen, skilled; once a common English phrase obtained probably by imitation of a classical form, "spectatus," which in Latin was used in a like sense. So Shakespeare writes in "The Taming of the Shrew," "It's a schoolmaster well seen in music."

⁹ Roger Bacon died, aged seventy-eight, in 1292. Albertus Magnus died, not younger than seventy-five, in 1280. Advanced students of nature passed with the unlearned for magicians. Even Virgil was by

The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity¹ thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Scholars.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.²

Sec. Schol. That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.³

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale*?⁴ and is not that *mobile*? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian,⁵ and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren! [*Exit.*]

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that

damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. Oh, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,⁶
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—
*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex
Jehovæ! Ignei, ærii, aquatani spiritus, salvēte! Orientis
princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon,
propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod
tumeraris: per Jehovahm, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam
quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per
vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*⁷

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:

⁶ *Hest*, First-English "hæst," command.

the popular tales made into an enchanter. Roger Bacon was a Franciscan Friar, the foremost English thinker in the thirteenth century. Albertus, a Suabian, who was called Magnus by the Latinising of his surname Groot, was a Dominican Friar and Provincial of his Order, which was established for the maintenance of strict orthodoxy and resistance to the devil. His reputation for learning gave Albertus a popular character like that of his English contemporary Roger Bacon, and each of them became hero of a legend of a brazen head.

¹ *Quiddity*, Low Latin "quidditas," somethingness, a scholastic term for the nature or essence of a thing. Then it came to be used for any subtle turn or nicety; thus in the First Part of "Henry IV.," act i., sc. 2, Falstaff says to Prince Hal, "How now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities!" And Crammer to Gardiner, "I trow some mathematical quiddity, they cannot tell what." (Quoted in Nares' "Glossary," edited by Halliwell and Wright.)

² So I prove it.

³ Latin "non sequitur." The jesting is with phrases of the schools.

⁴ Body natural. *Mobile*, movable.

⁵ I will set my countenance like a precisian. Both "precisian" and "puritan" were names used in 1588, but in a comic scene there is no security against later interpolation. In this text, however, no addition can be later than 1604, the date of the quarto followed.

⁷ "Be gods of Acheron propitious to me! Farewell to Jehovah's triple deity! Spirits of fire, air, and of water, hail! Belzebub, Prince of the Orient, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate you, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise, that you may [cause him to break forth]. By Jove, Gehenna, and the consecrated water I now sprinkle, and the sign of the cross I now make, and by our vows, let there now rise to us the said Mephistophiles." Supposing "tumeraris," a corrupt word, to have some sort of relation to "tumeo" and "tumesco," I have jumped at a sort of meaning for it [cause him to break forth] which may serve badly in place of none. In later quartos the text reads "surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris." The name of the familiar of Faustus first appears in the Frankfurt book of 1587, which was entitled "Historia von D. Johann Fausten, dem weit beschreyten Zauberer und Schwartzkünstler, Wie er sich gegen dem Teuffel auf eine benannte Zeit verschrieben, Was er inzwischen für seltsame Abentheur gesehen, selbs angerichtet und getrieben, biss er endlich seinen wohlverdienten lohn empfangen. Mehrertheils aus seinen eygenen hinderlassenen Schriften, allen hochtragenden fürwitzigen und Gottlosen Menschen zum schrecklichen Beyspiel, abschwehlichen Exempel und trewhertziger Warnung zusammengezogen und in Druck verfertigt. Jacobi IIII. Seydt Gott underthänig, widerstehet dem Teuffel, so fleuhet er von euch." A long title ending with the text "Submit yourselves to God, resist the Devil, and he will flee from you." In this first Faust book, the name as written by its inventor was Mephosphiles. Among guesses at what the inventor of the name meant by it, one is that he meant one who was not a lover of light, from $\mu\iota$, $\phi\acute{o}s$, and $\phi\acute{o}l\alpha$, as it were Mephosphiles with the s of $\phi\acute{o}s$ inserted. To Beelzebub the Jews assigned the sovereignty of evil spirits. There are several references in the New Testament to this belief. Matthew x. 25, "It is enough for the disciple if he be as his master. . . . If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?" Mark iii. 22, "He hath Beelzebub, and by the Prince of Devils casteth he out devils;" also Luke xi. 15, "through Beelzebub the Chief of the Devils." Bálzébub was the form of Baal (Baal means Lord), worshipped at Ekron. The added word gives for the whole meaning, Lord of the Fly. Baalzebub, another form of the word, is said to

Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best. [Exit MEPHIST.
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
*Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.*¹

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a Franciscan friar.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?
Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.
Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.
Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.
Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.
Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*?²
For, when we hear one rack³ the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul:
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.
Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,

Tell me what is that Lucifer⁴ thy lord?
Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?
Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.
Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?
Meph. Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.
Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.
Faust. Where are you damn'd?
Meph. In hell.
Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?
Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:⁵
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!
Faust. What! is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being depriv'd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

⁴ *Lucifer.* The name comes from Isaiah, chap. xiv., where Israel is to take up the proverb against the King of Babylon (verses 12-15), "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations. For thou saidst in thine heart, I will ascend into Heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit down also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to Hell, to the sides of the pit." From the time of St. Jerome downward this symbolical representation of the King of Babylon in his splendour and fall has been applied to Satan in his fall from heaven, probably because Babylon is in Scripture a type of tyrannical self-idolizing power, and is connected in the Book of Revelation with the empire of the Evil One. There is no other reason for giving the name of Lucifer to the Devil.

⁵ Compare Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book I., lines 254, 255,

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven;"

and Book IV., lines 73-75,

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell."

Also "Comus," lines 381-4,

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

Mephistophilis is bound to give true answers to Faustus. Thus Marlowe, with dramatic truth, gives on his first appearance a touch of profound sadness to the fallen angel, that serves as a foil to the light heart with which Faustus, "leaving these vain trifles of men's souls," welcomes his ruin.

mean Lord of the Habitation, i.e. the Heavens or the Body of Man; others interpret it, Lord of Dung or of the Dunghill; and as the scarabee or dung-beetle was his symbol, another theory has made the dung-beetle his Fly, and found Bálzébub and Bálzébub to be practically synonymous. Cornelius Agrippa, in his Magic, described nine orders of Demons:—(1) Those who have usurped the name of God, and the Prince of these is Beelzebub, who said, "I will mount above the clouds, I will be equal to the Most High." (2) The Lying Spirits, whose chief is the serpent Python that gave his name to the Pythian Apollo. (3) Vessels of Iniquity, called also Vessels of Wrath, inventors of evil arts, as dicing, &c., which lead men astray. Their chief is Belial, whose name means without restraint, prevaricator and apostate. (4) Avengers of misdeeds. Their chief is Asmodeus, that is, executor of judgment. (5) Those who seduce the people with evil magic, enabling witches and wizards to perform false miracles, to seduce men as the serpent seduced Eve. Their chief is Satan, or Lucifer. (6) Powers of the Air, who blend with thunder, produce pestilence, &c. The Prince of the Powers of the Air is Merim, stormy spirit of the south. (7) The Furies who sow discord, war and devastation. Their chief is Apollyon, in Hebrew Abaddon, which means extermination. (8) The Accusers or Searchers, their chief Ashtaroth, which means explorer; in Greek διάβολος (devil), accuser or calumniator. (9) The Tempters called Evil Geniuses, whose chief is Mammon. Demogorgon, named in the incantation, signified in mediæval chemistry the central fire, the brimstone of which all is born. Gehenna was a name for Hell, derived from the fire and smoke in Ge-Hinnom, the valley of Hinnom on the west side of Jerusalem, where the Jews burnt the dead bodies of criminals, &c., to defile what had been a place sacred to Moloch, in whose worship children were passed through fire.

¹ Why not rule Mephistophilis in the form of a friar.

² By accident, in logical use of the term; not the essential cause.

³ Rack. First-English "ræcan," to stretch, torture, twist.

And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus.

[*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,
I'll live in speculation¹ of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again.

[*Exit.*

Here follows a comic scene between Faust's man Wagner and a clown, whom he takes into his service after frightening him into submission by summoning two devils, Baliol and Belcher, that he defied until they actually showed themselves.

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? Oh, something soundeth in mine ears,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

G. Ang. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden² shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,
*Veni, veni, Mephistophile!*³

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will
my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*⁴

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,

And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm.*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of
thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood

Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,

Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!

View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!

Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafers of coals.

Meph. Here's fire;⁵ come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again,
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

Meph. Oh, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

Faust. *Consummatus est;*⁶ this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

*Homo, fuge:*⁷ whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[*Aside, and then exit.*

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Devils, who give crowns and
rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

⁴ It is a solace to the wretched to have had companions in grief. The line—expressing a common thought—was often quoted, but has not been traced to its source.

⁵ *Here's fire.* The sixth chapter of the old History of Faustus is headed "How Doctor Faustus set his blood in a saucer, on warm ashes, and writ as followeth."

⁶ It is accomplished.

⁷ *Homo, fuge, Man, fly.* The History says, "He took a small pen-knife, and pricked a vein in his left hand: and for certainty thereupon were seen on his hand these words, as if they had been written with blood, "O homo, fuge."

¹ *Speculation*, in its first sense, spying out, observation, exploration.

² *The signiory of Embden.* A fortified seaport town in East Friesland, with docks, canals, and trade.

³ Come, come, Mephistophilis!

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

A deed of gift of body and of soul:

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles prescrib'd between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made!

Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads.*] *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above-written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one self place; for where we are is hell,

And where hell is, there must we ever be:

And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.¹

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll

Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too: but what of that?

Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That, after this life, there is any pain?

Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,

For I am damn'd, and am now in hell.

Faust. How! now in hell!

Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here;

What! walking, disputing, &c.

But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany;

For I am wanton and lascivious,

And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How! a wife!

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one: for I will have one.

Meph. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a Devil drest like a Woman, with fire-works.

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her . . .

Meph. Tut, Faustus!

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

If thou lovest me, think no more of it.

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.²

Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives book.*]

The iterating of these lines brings gold;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a
book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that
I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. [*Turns to them.*]

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all
characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know
their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*]

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have
done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that
grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. Oh, thou'rt deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*]

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,

And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,

Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,

Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?

I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,

Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more ex-
cellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:

I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt Angels.*]

Faust. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,

"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" then swords, and knives,

Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel

Are laid before me to dispatch myself;

And long ere this I should have slain myself,

Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.

² The renewed touch of melancholy in this reference is characteristic of Marlowe's Mephistophiles.

¹ See Note 5, page 119.

Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Cænon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.¹

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*?²

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush!
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.*³

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [Exit.]

Faust. Ay, go, accurs'd spirit, to ugly hell!

'Tis thou hast damn'd distress'd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[Exit Angels.]

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour!
Seek thou to save distress'd Faustus' soul?

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. Oh, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,
And of his dam⁴ too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
Faustus, we are come from hell to shew thee some pastime:
sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear
in their proper shapes.⁵

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this
show: talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. . . .
Sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon a wench's brow; or,
like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed, I do—what do
I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another
word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with
cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in an
old leathern bag: and, might I have my wish, I would desire
that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold,
that I might lock you up in my good chest: O my sweet
gold!

Faust. What art thou, the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I
leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour
old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with
this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to
fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of
you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou, the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an
oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books
were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that
there would come a famine through all the world, that all
might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I
would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down,
with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

Glut. Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all
dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare

¹ Erring stars, wandering stars, planets. A planet is Greek *πλανήτης*, wandering, from *πλανᾶσθαι*, to wander.

² In place and time.

³ Because of unequal motion in respect of the whole.

⁴ A play on the double sense of the word is intended.

⁵ In the original History Faustus is entertained with a show of devils in many curious forms. Marlowe brings this into harmony with his poetical design by transforming it into a pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins.

pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers,¹—a small trifle to suffice nature. Oh, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef. Oh, but my god-mother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who I, sir? . . . the first letter of my name begins with L.²

Faust. Away, to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt the Sins.*]

Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. Oh, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus! in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and return again, How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight. In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly, And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer! This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.

[*Exeunt LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.*]

Come, Mephistophilis.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Learnéd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd.

[*Exit.*]

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrench'd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:

There saw we learnéd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;³
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple⁴ stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man; we'll be bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carv'd brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramids,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars
Whose *summum bonum*⁵ is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[*MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him.*]

Meph. So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

*Sound a Sonnet.*⁵ *Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL OF LORRAIN to the banquet, with Friars attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, will 't please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare!

Pope. How now! who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir.

[*Snatches the dish.*]

Pope. How now! who's that which snatched the meat

¹ *Bevers*, repasts between meals; from Spanish and Italian "bever," to drink.

² A play of double meaning on the sound of the letter is intended.

³ One of the tales told of Virgil in his traditional character as an enchanter.

⁴ St. Mark's at Venice.

⁵ Highest good.

⁶ *Sonnet* or *sennet*, one of the musical forms of sounding on the trumpet or cornet.

from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. [*Snatches the dish.*]

Pope. What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace. [*Snatches the cup.*]

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[*The POPE crosses himself.*]

Faust. What! are you crossing of yourself?

Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[*The POPE crosses himself again.*]

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third;

I give you fair warning.

[*The POPE crosses himself again, and FAUSTUS hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*]

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—

Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge.

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!

Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[*MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among them; and so exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so return'd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land:
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see perform'd.

[*Exit.*]

These words of the chorus show that the next scene in Marlowe's play was at the court of the Emperor. But there was here interpolated a very witless clown scene between Robin, the ostler at an inn, and Ralph his fellow-servant. Robin has stolen one of Dr. Faustus's conjuring books, and conjures foolishly. They steal a silver goblet, are searched for it by the Vintner to whom it belongs, and give it up when Mephistophilis enters, sets squibs to their backs, and goes out again. Mephistophilis enters to speak the lines which evidently followed the chorus in Marlowe's play, and a few lines—here printed between brackets—were interpolated in the theatre, to furnish an amusing exit for Robin and Ralph. Marlowe probably wrote "this villain's charms" (if "villain" was the word), "this damn'd slave," with reference to the power held over him by the doomed Faustus; and the interpolator thought he must join his comic conjurers to the company.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vex'd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damn'd slaves.

[*Robin.* How, from Constantinople! you have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone!

[*Exit.*]

Robin. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a Knight, with Attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith, he looks much like a conjurer. [*Aside.*]

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such richés,² subdu'd so many kingdoms,

¹ In the box on the ear to the Pope and the playing tricks upon the Friar Marlowe followed the original book, and gratified the combatant Protestantism of his time.

² The accent on the last syllable of *riches* represents the old pronunciation. The word is not a plural from "rich," but a noun in the singular, the French "*richesse*."

As we that do succeed, or they that shall
 Hereafter possess our throne, shall
 (I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
 Of high renown and great authority :
 Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
 Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
 The bright shining of whose glorious acts
 Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
 As when I hear but motion made of him
 It grieves my soul I never saw the man :
 If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
 Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
 Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
 And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
 Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
 They us'd to wear during their time of life,
 Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
 And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*]

Faust. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*]

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate ; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor ; let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor ? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor !

Faust. How then, sir ?

Knight. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

Faust. No, sir ; but, when Actæon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.*]

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone. [*Exit.*]

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Spirits in the shapes of
 ALEXANDER and his Paramour.*

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck : how shall I know whether it be so or no ?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [*Exeunt Spirits.*]

Faust. Wilt please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late ?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Re-enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head.

How now, sir knight ! . . . Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnéd wretch and execrable dog,
 Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
 How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman ?
 Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done !

Faust. Oh, not so fast, sir ! there's no haste : but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor ? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him : he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he

offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight ; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns :—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [*Mephistophilis removes the horns.*—]—Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor : yet, ere you go, Expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt* EMPEROR, Knight, and Attendants.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
 Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
 Calls for the payment of my latest years :
 Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
 Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot ?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
 I'll walk on foot.

Now follows a comic scene of a horse-courser, who gives Faustus fifty dollars for his horse, and is warned that he must not ride him into the water. The horse-courser departs content, and Faustus, left alone, meditates.

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die ?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end,

Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts !

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep.

Tush ! Christ did call the thief on the cross :

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

Faustus then sleeps in his chair, and is roused by the clamorous return of the horse-courser, who had been warned that the horse he bought must not be ridden through water ; had tried the effect of such a ride, expecting greater profit ; and found that, in the middle of the pond, his horse vanished, and he was sitting upon a bottle of hay. He is told by Mephistophilis that Faustus has not slept this eight nights, but being resolved to wake him, roars in his ear, pulls at his leg, pulls it off, to his dismay, and offers to pay Mephistophilis forty dollars more for the damage. Faustus has his leg again, and the play continues thus, after the clown scene, which was, doubtless, an interpolation.

Enter WAGNER.

Faust. How now, Wagner ! what's the news with thee ?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt ! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, the DUCHESS, and FAUSTUS.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that women [at times] do long for some dainties or other : what is it, madam ? tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor : and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires ; and were it now summer, as it is

January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.*] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with grapes.

Here they be, madam: wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly, For he hath given to me all his goods:

And yet, methinks, if that his death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.

See where they come! belike the feast is ended. [*Exit.*]

Enter FAUSTUS with two or three Scholars, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablist lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.*]

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[*Exeunt Scholars.*]

Enter an Old Man.¹

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[*MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.*]

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*]

Faust. Accurs'd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeign'd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.²

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crook'd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

¹ In the original book the exhortation, from an old man who invited Faustus to supper, is undramatic, and entirely without the poetic intensity here given to it by Marlowe's treatment.

² Drift, the being driven by an impelling force, which is here the force of conscience.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [*Kisses her.*]
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my pluméd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms:
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Old Man.

Old Man. Accurséd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt,—on one side, Devils; on the other, Old Man.*]

Enter FAUSTUS, with Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit: never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would

weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God; to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt Scholars.—The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faust. Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*¹

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.

Oh, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—

See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—

Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!²

No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:

Earth, gape! Oh, no, it will not harbour me!

You stars that reign'd at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,

¹ Run slowly, slowly, horses of the night.

² "Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us." (Luke xxiii. 30.) "And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of His wrath is come." (Revelation vi. 16, 17.)

Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
Oh, no end 's limited to damnéd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick¹ to hell!

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be chang'd to little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt Devils with Faustus.*]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,
And burnéd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnéd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[*Exit.*]

John Lyly wrote plays for the Court, when Marlowe wrote them for the People, but Lyly's first plays were produced somewhat earlier than Marlowe's first. John Lyly, born in the Weald of Kent in 1553 or 1554, was of about the same age as Edmund Spenser. He became a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, and took his degrees in arts, that of B.A. in 1573, that of M.A. in 1575. In the winter of 1578 he wrote, and published in 1579, "Euphues: or, the Anatomie of Wit," a novel, with a very serious purpose, addressed to the courtiers in the ingenious way of speaking and writing then in fashion, which had gradually been introduced from Italy. Lyly caught the style so well, and refined on it so daintily, that his book, named after its hero, Euphues, had its name used as a name for the

fashionable style, which was then called, and has been ever since called, Euphuism. The book is one of those which will be duly represented in another volume of this Library. In the year of the publication of "Euphues," Spenser produced his first book, "The Shepherd's Calendar," and Stephen Gosson published his "School of Abuse." In the following year, 1580, Lyly published a sequel to his "Euphues: or, the Anatomie of Wit," called "Euphues in England." He attached himself to the Court, and with a high reputation for witty conceit, wrote, in course of time, nine plays to please the Queen, seven in ingenious prose, one in rhyme, one in blank verse. His "Campaspe," "played before the Queenes Maiestie on New Yeares Day at night, by her Maiesties Children and the Children of Paules," and "Sappho and Phao," acted before the Queen, in like manner, on Shrove Tuesday, were first printed in 1584.

"Endymion" was acted before the Queen by the Children of Paul's at some date before 1589 or 1590, when there was an interdict on their performances, which lasted till about the end of the century. It was first printed in 1591, and written not later than 1588, when Lyly's age was thirty-four or thirty-five. His "Galathea" was printed in 1592, "Mother Bombie" in 1594. In 1590 and 1593 he was making vain suit for some substantial mark of Court favour to help him out of the poverty which caused him to write to the Queen in 1593:—"My last will is shorter than mine invention; but three legacies, patience to my creditors, melancholy without measure to my friends, and beggary without shame to my family." His plays were all produced before the death of Marlowe, although three of them—"The Woman in the Moon," "The Maid's Metamorphosis," and "Love's Metamorphosis"—were not printed until 1597, 1600, and 1601. In 1597, 1600, and 1603 he had children baptized in the parish of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, where he lived in his latter years, and died in November, 1606, aged fifty-two. Let us take his

ENDYMION.

Endymion aspires. His love is not to Earth—personified in Tellus—but to a beauty that is above the Earth. In the first scene of the first act he tells his aspiration to his faithful friend Eumenides; and in the second scene the slighted Earth, Tellus, holds dialogue of him with Floscula, a flowret. In this play I will leave the old spelling unaltered, that it may serve in all respects as an example of Elizabethan English.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

ENDYMION; EUMENIDES.

End. I find *Eumenides* in all things both varietie to content, and satietie to glut, saving onely in my affections; which are so stayed, and withall so stately; that I can neither satisfie my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts *Eumenides* are stitched to the starres, which being as high as I can see, thou maist imagine how much higher they are then I can reach.

Eum. If you bee enamored of any thing above the Moone, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these

¹ Quick, alive.

transitorie things under the Moone, you shew your selfe sencelesse, to attribute such loftie titles to such love trifles.

End. My love is placed neither under the Moone nor above.

Eum. I hope you be not sotted upon the Man in the Moone.

End. No but setled, either to die, or possesse the Moone herefe.

Eum. Is *Endimion* mad, or doe I mistake? doe you love the Moone *Endimion*?

End. *Eumenides*, the Moone.

Eum. There was never any so peevish to imagine the Moone either capable of affection, or shape of a Mistris: for as impossible it is to make love sit to her humour which no man knoweth, as a coate to her forme, which continueth not in one hignesse whilst she is measuring. Cease of¹ *Endimion* to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged, which draweth you to a dotage no lesse miserable then monstrous.

End. My thoughts have no veines, and yet unles they be let blood, I shall perish.

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

End. O faire *Cynthia*, why doe others terme thee unconstant, whom I have ever found unmoveable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who finding a constancie not to be matched in my sweet Mistris, have christened her with the name of wavering, waxing, and waning. Is shee inconstant that keepeth a setled course, which since her first creation altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable, or commendable in the sea, then the ebbing and flowing; and shall the Moone, from whom the sea taketh this vertue, be accounted fickle for encreasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds, are nothing worth till they be blowne; nor blossomes accounted till they bee ripe fruite; and shal we then say they be changeable, for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? I,² but *Cynthia* being in her fulnesse decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honored. When malice cannot object any thing, folly will; making that a vice, which is the greatest vertue. What thing (my mistris excepted) being in the pride of her beantie, and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young againe? Tell mee *Eumenides*, what is hee that having a mistris of ripe yeeres, and infinite vertues, great honors, and unspeakable beantie, but would wish that she might grow tender againe? getting youth by yeeres, and never decaying beantie by time; whose faire face, neither the summers blaze can scorch, nor winters blast chap, nor the numbring of yeeres breed altering of colours. Such is my sweet *Cynthia*, whom time cannot touch, because she is divine, nor will offend because shee is delicate. O *Cynthia*, if thou shouldest alwayes continue at thy fulnesse, both Gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections; thinking it sufficient, if once in a moneth wee enjoy a glimpse of thy majestie; and then, to increase our griefes, thou doest decrease thy glemes; comming out of thy royall robes, wherewith thou dazelest our eyes, downe into thy swathe clowts, beguiling our eyes; and then—

Eum. Stay there *Endimion*, thou that committest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou be suffered. Sleepe would doe thee more good then speech: the Moone heareth thee not, or if she doe, regardeth thee not.

End. Vaine *Eumenides*, whose thoughts never grow higher then the crowne of thy head. Why troublest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love, or a heart to receive the impressions? follow thou thine owne fortunes, which creepe on the earth, and suffer mee to flie to mine, whose fall though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell.

Eum. Without doubt *Endimion* is bewitched, otherwise in a man of such rare vertues, there could not harbour a minde of such extreme madness. I will follow him, least in this fancie of the moone he deprive himselfe of the sight of the sunne. [Exit.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

TELLUS; FLOSCULA.

Tellus. Trecherous and most perjur'd *Endimion*, is *Cynthia* the sweetnesse of thy life, and the bitternesse of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame, as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me *Floscula* if falsenesse in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate. As long as sword, fire, or poyson may be hired, no traylor to my love shall live unrevenge. Were thy oathes without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighes without end, forged to deceive a poore credulous virgin whose simplicitie had bene worth thy favour and better fortune? If the Gods sit unequall beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers deceits; then let mischief be as well forgiven in women, as perjurie winked at in men.

Flosc. Madame, if you would compare the state of *Cynthia* with your own; and the height of *Endimion* his thoughts, with the meannesse of your fortune; you would rather yeeld then contend, being betweene you and her no comparison; and rather wonder then rage at the greatnesse of his minde, being affected with a thing more then mortall.

Tellus. No comparison *Floscula*? and why so? is not my beantie divine, whose bodie is decked with faire flowers; and veines are vines, yeelding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits; whose eares are corne, to bring strength; and whose hairees are grasse to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense, and myrrhe breath out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the Gods, breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which, neither thou nor *Endimion*, nor any could love, or live.

Flosc. But know you not faire ladie, that *Cynthia* governeth all things? Your grapes would be but drie huskes, your corne but chaffe, and all your vertues vaine; were it not *Cynthia* that preserveth the one in the bud, and nourisheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth al things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures; suffer then *Endimion* to follow his affections, though to obtaine her be impossible, and let him flatter himselfe in his owne imaginations, because they are immortall.

Tellus. Loth I am *Endimion* thou shouldest die, because I love thee well; and that thou shouldest live it grieveth me, because thou lovest *Cynthia* too well. In these extremities what shall I doe? *Floscula* no more words, I am resolved. He shall neither live, nor die.

Flosc. A strange practice, if it be possible.

Tellus. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net, that he shall neither find the meanes to come out, nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, inso-much that he shall slake that love which hee now voweth to

¹ Cease of. The preposition was added to "cease," as it is now added to "leave" in "leave off."

² I, in old English a frequent spelling of "ay," yes.

Cynthia; and burne in mine, of which hee seemeth carelesse. In this languishing, betweene my amorous devises, and his owne loose desires, there shal such dissolute thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thicke a skin; that neither hope of preferment, nor feare of punishment, nor counsell of the wisest, nor company of the worthiest; shall alter his humour, nor make him once to thinke of his honour.

Flosc. A revenge incredible, and if it may be, unnaturall.

Tellus. He shall know the malice of a woman, to have neither meane, nor end; and of a woman deluded in love, to have neither rule, nor reason. I can doe it, I must; I will! All his vertues will I shadow with vices; his person (ah sweet person) shall he decke with such rich robes, as hee shall forget it is his owne person; his sharpe wit (ah wit too sharpe, that hath cut off all my joyes) shall hee use, in flattering of my face, and devising sonnets in my favour. The prime of his youth and pride of his time, shall be spent in melancholy passions, carelesse behaviour, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Flosc. When this is done what then, shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote for ever in this delight?

Tellus. Ah *Floscula*, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flosc. Why if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

Tellus. Yet suffer me to imitate *Juno*, who would turne *Jupiters* lovers to beasts on the earth though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

Flosc. Affection that is bred by enchantment, is like a flower that is wrought in silke, in colour and forme most like, but nothing at all in substance or savour.

Tellus. It shall suffice me if the world talke that I am favoured of *Endimion*.

Flosc. Well, use your owne will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft, is as unpleasant, as fish taken with medicines unwholesome.

Tellus. *Floscula*, they that be so poore that they have neither net nor hooke, will rather poyson dowe¹ then pine with hunger: and she that is so opprest with love, that she is neither able with beautie nor wit to obtaine her friend, will rather use unlawfull meanes, then try untolerable paines. I will doe it. [Exit.]

Flosc. Then about it. Poore *Endimion*, what traps are laid for thee, because thou honourest one that all the world wondreth at. And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate, that studieth of all men to be the faithfullest. [Exit.]

From this suggestion of the spells of earth over the soul given to heavenward aspiration, we turn to a scene, developed from the clown scenes of the early drama, in which the clown's place is filled by the fantastic Sir Tophas, a precursor of Shakespeare's Don Adrian de Armado and Malvolio. Sir Tophas, between the two pages of Endimion and Eumenides and his own page Epi, enters, overloaded with implements. In this respect he may remind us of the first entry of the Vice in "Cambyases." A "fantastic person" was a favourite character in the Elizabethan drama, and in Lyly we see the process of his development out of a lower form of dramatic life.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

DARES; SAMIAS; SIR TOPHAS; EPITON.

Dares. Now our masters are in love up to the eares, what have we to doe but to be in knaverie up to the crownes.

Samias. O that we had Sir *Tophas* that brave squire in the midst of our mirth, *et ecce autem*, will you see the devill?²

Enter Sir TOPHAS.

Top. Epi.

Epi. Heere sir.

Top. I brook not this idle humour of love, it tickleth not my liver, from whence the love-mongers in former age seemed to inferre they should proceed.

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, and I thinke it doth; and that is the cause you blow and are so pursie.

Top. Tush boy! I thinke it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epi. A poet? what's that?

Top. Doest thou not know what a poet is?

Epi. No.



THE SONG OF APOLLO.

From the title-page to an edition of *Isocrates*, 1587.

Top. Why foole, a poet is as much as one should say, a poet. But soft, yonder be two wrens, shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads.

Top. Larkes or wrens, I will kill them.

Epi. Larkes? are you blinde? they are two little boyes.

Top. Birds, or boyes, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast; therefore have at them, for their braines must as it were imbroder my bolts.

Sam. Stay your courage valiant knight, for your wisdom is so wearie that it stayeth it selfe.

Dar. Why Sir *Tophas* have you forgotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? *Nego argumentum*.³

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Because *Amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares*,⁴ now my prettie companions you shall see how unequal you be to me; but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my halfe friends; for reaching to my middle, so farre as from the ground to the waste I will be your friend.

Dar. Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your bodie, from the waste to the crowne?

Top. My children *quod supra vos nihil ad vos*,⁵ you must thinke the rest immortall, because you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell yee my master is more then a man.

² And here he is. Talk of the devil if you wish to see him.

³ I deny the argument.

⁴ Friendship is between equals.

⁵ What is above you is nothing to you. A phrase of the schools.

¹ Dowe, dough, bread.

Dar. And thou lesse then a mouse.

Top. But what be you two?

Sam. I am *Samias*, page to *Endimion*.

Dar. And I *Dares*, page to *Eumenides*.

Top. Of what occupation are your masters?

Dar. Occupation, you clowne, why they are honourable, and warriers.

Top. Then are they my prentises.

Dar. Thine, and why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised warre, and therefore by *Mars* himselfe had given me for my armes a whole armorie; and thus I goe as you see, clothed with artillerie; it is not silkes (*milkeshops*) nor tyssues, nor the fine wooll of *Ceres*;¹ but yron, steele, swords, flame, shot, terrour, clamour, bloud, and ruine, that rocks asleepe my thoughts, which never had any other cradle but crueltie. Let me see, doe you not bleed?

Dar. Why so?

Top. Commonly my wordes wound.

Sam. What then doe your blowes?

Top. Not onely wound, but also confound.

Sam. How darest thou come so neere thy master *Epi*? Sir *Tophas* spare us.

Top. You shall live. You *Samias* because you are little; you *Dares*, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversarie, a peculiar weapon.

Sam. May we know the use for our better skill in warre?

Top. You shall. Heere is a bird-bolt for the ugly beast the black-bird.

Dar. A cruell sight.

Top. Heere is the musket, for the untamed, (or as the vulgar sort terme it) the wilde mallard.

Sam. O desperate attempt!

Epi. Nay, my master will match them.

Dar. I, if he catch them.

Top. Heere is a speare and shield, and both necessary; the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trowt, which although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my speare and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him; and then herein I put him.

Sam. O wonderfull warre! *Dares*, didst thou ever heare such a dolt?

Dar. All the better, we shall have good sport hereafter, if wee can get leisure.

Sam. Leisure? I will rather loose my masters service then his company! looke how he *strowtes*; but what is this, call you it your sword?

Top. No, it is my *smiter*; which I by construction often studying to bee compendious, call my smiter.

Dar. What, are you also learned, sir?

Top. Learned? I am all *Mars* and *Ars*.

Sam. Nay, you are all masse and asse.

Top. Mocke you mee? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons, as you shall make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a masse or lumpe, is there no proportion in me? Am I all asse? is there no wit in me? *Epi*, prepare them to the slaughter.

Sam. I pray, sir, heare us speake! wee call you masse, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for *Mas maris* is a man. Then *As* (as you know) is a weight, and we for your vertues account you a weight.

Top. The Latine hath saved your lives, the which a world

of silver could not have ransomed. I understand you, and pardon you.

Dar. Well Sir *Tophas* wee bid you farewell, and at our next meeting wee will be readie to doe you service.

Top. *Samias* I thanke you;—*Dares* I thanke you; but especially I thanke you both.

Sam. Wisely. Come, next time wee le have some prettie gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will be very daintie.

Dar. Come let us see what our masters doe, it is high time.

[*Exeunt*.

Top. Now will I march into the field, where if I cannot encounter with my foule enemies, I will withdraw my selfe to the river, and there fortifie for fish: for there resteth no minute free from fight.

[*Exit*.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA QUARTA.

TELLUS; FLOSCULA; DIPSAS.

Tellus. Behold *Floscula*, wee have met with the woman by chance that wee sought for by travell; I will breake my minde to her without ceremonie or circumstance, least we loose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

Flosc. Use your discretion, I will in this case neither give counsell nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous then to force affection by sorcerie, neither do I imagine any thing more impossible.

Tellus. Tush *Floscula*! in obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? and for the winning of *Endimion*, what impieties will I not practise? *Dipsas*, whom as many honor for age, as wonder at for cunning; listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose; for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to stay many delayes. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcismes, fire, metalls, planets, or any practice; to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

Dipsas. Faire ladie, you may imagine that these horie hairens are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause. I can darken the sunne by my skill, and remove the moone out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged, and make hills without bottoms; there is nothing that I cannot doe, but that onely which you would have mee doe; and therein I differ from the Gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make such evill appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats, and extreme love.

Tellus. Unhappie *Tellus*, whose desires are so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art.

Dipsas. This I can, breed slacknesse in love, though never root it out. What is he whom you love, and what shee that he honoureth?

Tellus. *Endimion*, sweet *Endimion* is hee that hath my heart; and *Cynthia*, too too faire *Cynthia*, the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the ladie that he delights in; and dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

Dipsas. Would you have his love, either by absence or sicknes aslaked? Would you that *Cynthia* should mistrust him, or be jealous of him without colour?

Tellus. It is the onely thing I crave, that seeing my love to *Endimion* unspotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to *Cynthia* (though it be unspeakable) may bee suspected.

Dipsas. I will undertake it, and overtake him, that all his

¹ *Ceres* for *Seres*, Greek Σήρες, a people of Eastern Asia famed for their silk fabric. The modern Chinese.

love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate : but this will weare out with time, that treadeth all things downe but truth.

Tellus. Let us goe.

Dipsas. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

The second act opens with a picture of the spiritual aspirations of Endymion.



From Camden's *Britannia*, 1590.

FAIRE *Cynthia!* O unfortunate *Endymion!* Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her beauty lesse then heavenly? or why are not thine honours as rare as her beautie? or thy fortunes as great as thy deserts? Sweet *Cynthia*, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? will

labours (patient of all extremities) obtaine thy love? There is no mountaine so steepe that I will not climbe, no monster so cruell that I will not tame, no action so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not to be expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad teares, my deepe sighes, my hollow eyes, my broken sleepes, my heaue countenance. Wouldst thou have me vow'd onely to thy beautie, and consume every minute of time in thy service? remember my solitarie life, almost these seven yeares, whom have I entertained but mine owne thoughts, and thy vertues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wondred at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned, for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, onely because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries beene sweet to mee, if thou vouchsafest I should beare them? Have I not spent my golden yeeres in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? With *Tellus*, faire *Tellus*, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloake for mine affections, that others seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might thinke it were for one that loveth me, not for *Cynthia*, whose perfection alloweth no companion, nor comparison. In the midst of these distempereu thoughts of mine thou art not only jealous of my truth, but carelesse, suspicious, and secure: which strange humour maketh my minde as desperate as thy conceits are doubtfull. I am none of those wolves that barke most, when thou shinest brightest. But that fish (thy fish *Cynthia* in the floud *Aranis*) which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, and at thy wayning, as blacke as deepest darknesse. I am that *Endymion* (sweete *Cynthia*) that have carried my thoughts in equall ballance with my actions, being alwayes as free from imagining ill, as enterprizing; that *Endymion*, whose eyes never esteemed any thing faire, but thy face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy vertues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous, but thy government. Yea, that *Endymion*, who divorcing himselfe from the amiableness of all ladies, the braverie of all courts, the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitarie cell to live, onely by feeding on thy favour, accounting in the world (but thyselfe) nothing excellent, nothing immortall; thus maist thou see every

vaine, sinew, muscle, and artery of my love, in which there is no flatterie, nor deceit, error, nor art.

Then *Tellus* enters, and *Endymion* seeks to dissemble his higher desires, and greet her as the "only companion of his life." But his thoughts of heaven break out of his discourse with earth. *Cynthia*, he says, is incomparable. "*Cynthia* I honour in all humilitie, whom none ought, or dare adventure to love; whose affections are immortall, and vertues infinite. Suffer me therefore to gaze on the Moone, at whom, were it not for thyselfe, I would die with wondering." The next scene is given to the fantastic humours of Sir Tophas, after introducing the pages Dares and Samias with two damsels, *Scintilla* and *Favilla*, who first entertain the audience by quarrelling with one another, and then fool Sir Tophas. "What," asks *Scintilla*, "is yonder formall fellow?" "Sir Tophas," Dares answers, "Sir Tophas of whom we told you: if you be good wenches make as though you love him, and wonder at him." Says *Favilla*, "We will do our parts." "But first," says Dares, "let us stand aside, and let him use his garbe, for all consisteth in his gracing." Sir Tophas burns with martial ardour against the monster *Ovis*, he is disposed to kill and eat a sheep, and in his martial soul there is no place for love to *Scintilla* and *Favilla*, however much they flatter, admire, and ask, "Shall we die for your love, and find no remedie?" Then follows the last scene of the Second Act:—

ENDYMION; DIPSAS; BAGOA.

End. No rest *Endymion*? still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day, or thy thoughts by night? thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithfull because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile myselfe with sleepe, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I imbrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by musing: that as ebene, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savours; so my heart which cannot be bent by the hardnesse of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder banke never grew any thing but lunary, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that banke. O *Endymion*, *Tellus* was faire, but what avayleth beauty without wisdom? Nay, *Endymion*, she was wise, but what avayleth wisdom without honour? Shee was honorable *Endymion*, belie her not, I,¹ but how obscure is honour without fortune? Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majestie: thy majestie *Cynthia* all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it, or comprehend it. No more *Endymion*, sleepe or die; nay die, for to sleepe, it is impossible, and yet I know not how it commeth to passe, I feele such a heavinesse both in mine eyes and heart, that I am sodainly benumbed, yea in every joint: it may be wearinesse, for when did I rest? it may be deepe melancholy, for when did I not sigh? *Cynthia*, I² so, I say *Cynthia*.

[*He falls asleepe.*]

Dipsas. Little doest thou know *Endymion* when thou shalt wake, for hadst thou placed thy heart as lowe in love, as thy head lieth now in sleepe, thou mightest have commanded *Tellus* whom now instead of a mistris, thou shalt finde a tombe. These eies must I seale up by art, not nature, which

¹ I, ay.

² I, ay.

are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that laist downe with golden lockes, shalt not awake untill they bee turned to silver haire: and that chin, on which scarcely appeareth soft downe, shall be filled with brissels as hard as broome: thou shalt sleepe out thy youth and flowring time, and become dry hay before thou knewest thyselfe greene grasse; and readie by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthfull in the court when thou laidst thee downe to sleepe. The malice of *Tellus* hath brought this to passe, which if shee could not have intreated of mee by faire meanes, shee would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintaine our sorceries. Fanne with this hemlocke over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleepe, whilst I goe in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art: take heed yee touch not his face, for the fanne is so seasoned that who so it toucheth with a leafe shall presently die, and over whom the winde of it breatheth, hee shall sleepe for ever. [Exit.]

Bagoa. Let me alone, I will be carefull. What hap hadst thou *Endimion* to come under the hands of *Dipsas*. O faire *Endimion*! how it grieveth mee that that faire face must be turned to a withered skin, and taste the paines of death before it feele the reward of love. I feare *Tellus* will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rewe; but I heare *Dipsas* comming, I dare not repine, least shee make me pine, and rocke mee into such a deepe sleepe, that I shall not awake to my marriage.

Enter *DIPSAS*.

Dipsas. How now, have you finished?

Bagoa. Yea.

Dipsas. Well then let us in, and see that you doe not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you doe, I will turne thy haire to adders, and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues; come away, come away. [Exit.]

A DUMB SHEW.

Musique sounds.

Three ladies enter; one with a knife and a looking glasse, who by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab *Endimion* as hee sleepes, but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares not.

At last, the first lady looking in the glasse, casts downe the knife. [Exit.]

Enters an ancient Man with bookes with three leaves, offers the same twice.

Endimion refuseth, hee readeth two and offers the third, where hee stands awhile, and then *Endimion* offers to take it. [Exit.]

The third act opens at the court of *Cynthia*, where *Eumenides* confirms the report of the dead sleep of his friend *Endymion*, and warms in his behalf even against the sharp and light tongued follower of *Cynthia*, *Semele*, whom he faithfully loves. *Tellus*, for scornful words of *Endymion*, is sent to imprisonment.

Cynth. Presumptuous girle, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable displeasure. *Corsites* carrie her to the castle in the desert, there to remaine and weave.

Cors. Shall shee worke stories or poetries?

Cynth. It skilleth not which, goe to, in both, for shee shall find examples infinite in either what punishment long tongues have. *Eumenides*, if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanter in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all

the sages of the world, can find remedie, I will procure it; therefore dispatch with all speed: you *Eumenides* into Thessalie: You *Zontes* into Greece, (because you are acquainted in Athens). You *Pantalion* to Egypt, saying that *Cynthia* sendeth, and if you will, commandeth.

Eum. On bowed knee I give thankes, and with wings on my legs, I flie for remedie.

Zon. We are readie at your highnesse command, and hope to returne to your full content.

Cynth. It shall never be said that *Cynthia*, whose mercie and goodnesse filleth the heavens with joyes, and the world with marvaile, will suffer either *Endimion* or any¹ to perish, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your majesties words have been alwayes deeds, and your deeds vertues. [Exit.]

In the next scene the soldier *Corsites*, enamoured of his prisoner, brings *Tellus* to the castle in the desert, where her pictures of earthly fates are to be woven. In the next *Sir Tophas* is produced with a new fantasy, he is in love with the old witch *Dipsas*. Heaviness of love brings *Sir Tophas* into a deep sleep, and his own boy *Epiton*, with the boys *Dares* and *Samias*, then sing about him—

THE FIRST SONG.

Epi. Here snores *Tophas*,
That amorous asse,
Who loves *Dipsas*,
With face so sweet,
Nose and chinne meet.

All three. { At sight of her each fury skips
And flings into her lap their whips.

Dar. Holla, holla in his eare.

Sam. The witch sure thrust her fingers there.

Epi. Crampe him, or wring the foole by th' nose.

Dar. Or clap some burning flax, to his toes.

Sam. What musique's best to wake him?

Epi. Baw wow, let bandogs shake him.

Dar. Let adders hisse in's eare.

Sam. Else eare-wigs, wriggle there.

Epi. No, let him batten, when his tongue

Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.

All three. { But if he ope nor mouth, nor eies,
He may in time sleepe himselfe wise.

Sir Tophas awakes, and goes in search of *Dipsas*, followed by the three pages, for as *Endymion* is sleeping and *Eumenides* has travelled away alone in search of a remedy, their servants are free to amuse themselves. Then follows the fourth and last scene of the third act:—

EUMENIDES; GERON.

Eum. Father, your sad musique being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my minde, that I wish to hang at your mouthes end till life end.

Ger. These tunes gentleman have I bene accustomed with these fittie winters, having no other house to shrowde myselfe but the broad heavens, and so familiar with mee hath use made miserie, that I esteeme sorrow my chieftest solace. And

Or any. This is, probably, a surface glance of John Lyly's at his own unsuccessful suit to the queen for some help to his worldly fortunes.

welcomest is that guest to me, that can rehearse the saddest tale, or the bloudest tragedie.

Eum. A strange humour, might I enquire the cause?

Ger. You must pardon me if I denie to tell it, for knowing that the revealing of griefes is as it were a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed therefore to concale them, that I might not onely feele the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despaire of remedie. But whence are you? What fortune hath thrust you to this distresse?

Eum. I am going to Thessalie, to seeke remedie for *Endimion* my dearest friend, who hath beene cast into a dead sleepe, almost these twentie yeeres, waxing olde, and readie for the grave, being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for recure travell farre, for who so can cleerly see the bottome of this fountaine shall have remedie for any thing.

Eum. That me thinketh is impossible, why what vertue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the teares of a faithfull lover shall obtaine any thing hee would; reade these words engraven about the brim.

Eum. Have you knowne this by experience, or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I onely would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my miserie. And then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard.

Eum. Ah *Eumenides*!

Ger. What lacke you gentleman, are you not well?

Eum. Yes father, but a qualme that often commeth over my heart doth now take hold of me; but did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers; for often have I seene them weepe, but never could I heare they saw the bottome.

Eum. Came there women also?

Ger. Some.

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept that the fountaine overflowed with teares, but so thicke became the water with their teares, that I could scarce discern the brimme, much lesse behold the bottome.

Eum. Be faithfull lovers so skant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

Eum. Ah *Eumenides*, how art thou perplexed? call to minde the beautie of thy sweet mistris, and the depth of thy never dying affections: how oft has thou honoured her, not onely without spot, but suspicion of falshood? And how hardly hath she rewarded thee, without cause or colour of despight. How secret hast thou beene these seven yeeres, that hast not, nor once darest not to name her, for discontenting her. How faithfull! that hath offered to die for her, to please her. Unhappy *Eumenides*!

Ger. Why gentleman did you once love?

Eum. Once? I¹ father, and ever shall.

Ger. Was she unkind, and you faithfull?

Eum. Shee of all women the most froward, and I of all creatures the most fond.

Ger. You doted then, not loved: for affection is grounded on vertue, and vertue is never peevish: or on beautie, and beautie loveth to be praised.

Eum. I, but if all vertuous ladies should yeeld to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertaine all that be amorous, their vertues would be accounted vices and beauties deformities: for that love can be but between two, and that

not proceeding of him that is most faithfull, but most fortunate.

Ger. I would you were so faithfull, that your teares might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea father, if that my teares cleare not this fountaine, then may you sweare it is but a meere mockerie.

Ger. So saith every one yet, that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die! Ah sweete *Semele* let me alone, and dissolve by weeping into water.

Ger. This affection seemeth strange, if hee see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing shall draw me from the believe.

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottome, and there in white marble engraven these words, *Aske one for all, and but one thing at all.*

Ger. O fortunate *Eumenides*, (for so have I heard thee call thyselfe) let me see. I cannot discern any such thing. I thinke thou dreamest.

Eum. Ah father thou art not a faithfull lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

Ger. Then aske, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyselfe blessed.

Eum. Aske? so I will: and what shall I doe but aske, and whom should I aske but *Semele*, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compasse of comparison; whose golden lockes seeme most curious, when they seeme most carelesse; whose sweet lookes seeme most alluring, when they are most chaste; and whose wordes the more vertuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted. I pray thee fortune when I shall first meete with faire *Semele*, dash my delight with some light disgrace, least imbracing sweetnesse beyond measure, I take a surfet without recure: let her practise her accustomed coynesse, that I may diet myselfe upon my desires: otherwise the fulnesse of my joyes will diminish the sweetnesse, and I shall perish by them before I possesse them. Why doe I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of *Semele*, is more worth then the whole world: therefore let mee aske, What now *Eumenides*? Whither art thou drawne? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and dutie? Care of *Endimion*, and the commandement of *Cynthia*? Shall he die in a leaden sleep, because thou sleepest in a golden dreame? I, let him sleepe ever, so I slumber but one minute with *Semele*. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the losse of a friend, for the obtayning of her for whom I would often loose myselfe? Fond *Eumenides*, shall the inticing beautie of a most disdainfull ladie, be of more force then the rare fidelitie of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common, and of course: the friendship of man to man infinite and immortall. Tush, *Semele* doth possesse my love. I, but *Endimion* hath deserved it. I will helpe *Endimion*. I found *Endimion* unspotted in his truth. I, but I shall find *Semele* constant in her love. I will have *Semele*. What shall I do? Father thy gray hairees are ambassadors of experience. Which shall I aske?

Ger. *Eumenides* release *Endimion*, for all things (friendship excepted) are subject to fortune: love is but an eye-worme, which onely tickleth the head with hopes, and wishes: friendship the image of eternitie, in which there is nothing moveable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beautie and vertue, bodies and shadowes, colours and life—so great oddes is there betweene love and friendship. Love is a camelion, which draweth nothing into the mouth but aire, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs: believe me *Eumenides*, desire dies in the same moment that beautie sickens, and beautie fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs:

¹ I = my; here, and in various other places.

but friendship standeth stily in stormes. Time draweth wrinkles in a faire face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, which neither heate, nor cold, nor miserie, nor place, nor destinie, can alter or diminish. O friendship! of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in miserie is alwayes sweete, and whose counsels in prosperitie are ever fortunate. Vaine love, that onely comming neere to friendship in name, would seeme to be the same, or better, in nature.

Eum. Father I allow your reasons, and will therefore conquer mine owne. Vertue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beautie. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares in *Atho*, bees in *Hybla*, foules in the ayre; but friends to be found, are like the Phoenix in *Arabia*, but one, or the *Philadelphia* in *Arays*, never above two. I will have *Endimion*: sacred fountaine, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the teares of unspotted thoughts, and therefore let mee receive the reward you promise: *Endimion*, the truest friend to me, and faithfullest lover to *Cynthia*, is in such a dead sleepe, that nothing can wake or move him.

Ger. Doest thou see any thing?

Eum. I see in the same piller, these words: *When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured: alwayes one, yet never the same: still inconstant, yet never wavering: shall come and kisse Endimion in his sleepe, he shall then rise, else never.* This is strange.

Ger. What see you else?

Eum. There commeth over mine eyes either a darke mist, or upon the fountaine a deepe thicknesse: for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded? or what difficult (nay impossible) thing is this?

Ger. Me thinketh it easie.

Eum. Good father and how?

Ger. Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. And is not *Cynthia* of all circles the most absolute?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence, never standing at one stay?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is shee not alwayes *Cynthia*, yet seldome in the same bignes; alwayes wavering in her waxing or wayning, that our bodies might the better be governed, our seasons the daylier give their increase; yet never to be removed from her course as long as the heavens continue theirs?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Then who can it be but *Cynthia*, whose vertues being all divine, must needs bring things to passe that be miraculous? Goe, humble thyselfe to *Cynthia*, tell her the successe of which my selfe shall be a witnesse. And this assure thyselfe, that shee that sent to find meanes for his safetie will now worke her cunning.

Eum. How fortunate am I if *Cynthia* be she that may doe it.

Ger. How fond art thou if thou do not belevee it?

Eum. I will hasten thither that I may intreat on my knees for succour, and embrace in mine armes my friend.

Ger. I will goe with thee, for unto *Cynthia* must I discover all my sorrowes, who also must worke in mee a contentment.

Eum. May I now know the cause?

Ger. That shall be as we walke, and I doubt not but the strangenesse of my tale will take away the tediousnesse of our journey.

Eum. Let us goe.

Ger. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

In the first scene of the fourth act, Tellus beguiles the soldier Corsites, who offers all for her love, by promising herself to him if he will do one thing for all. On the lunny bank sleeps Endymion. Let Corsites only lift him, and remove him to some obscure cave. There follows a comic scene with the three pages. Epiton is in disgrace with Sir Tophas, who desires to sleep like Endymion, and who makes sonnets.

Sam. Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

Epi. I, this is one.

"The beggar Love that knowes not where to lodge:

At last within my heart when I slept,

He crept,

I wakt, and so my fancies began to fodge."

Sam. That's a very long verse.

Epi. Why the other was short, the first is called from the thumbe to the little finger, the second from the little finger to the elbow, and some hee made to reach to the crowne of his head, and downe againe to the sole of his foot: it is set to the tune of the blacke Saunce,¹ *ratio est*, because *Dipsas* is a blacke saint.

After more playful dialogue, says Epiton:

I must needs see if I can find where *Endimion* lieth; and then goe to a certaine fountaine hard by, where they say faithfull lovers shall have all things they will aske. If I can find out any of these, *ego et magister meus erimus in tuto*, I and my master shal be friends. He is resolved to weepe some three or foure palefuls to avoide the rheume of loue that wambleth in his stomacke.

Enter the Watch.

Sam. Shall wee never see thy master *Dares*?

Dar. Yes, let us goe now, for to-morrow *Cynthia* will be here.

Epi. I will goe with you. But how shall we see for the Watch?

Sam. Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them. Masters God speed you.

1 *Watch.* Sir boy, we are all sped alreadie.

Epi. So me thinkes, for they smell all of drinke like a beggars beard.

Dar. But I pray sirs, may wee see *Endimion*?

2 *Watch.* No, wee are commanded in *Cynthias* name that no man shall see him.²

Sam. No man? Why wee are but boyes.

1 *Watch.* Masse neighbours he says true, for if I sweare I will never drinke my liquor by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I thinke with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

Dar. Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 *Watch.* Tush, tush, neighbours, take me with you.

Sam. This will grow hote.

Dar. Let them alone.

2 *Watch.* If I say to my wife, Wife I will have no raisons in my pudding, shee puts in corance, small raisons are raisons, and boyes are men. Even as my wife should have

¹ The tune of the Black Saunce. The "Black Sanctus" was a horrible discord made with cries, howlings, tin pots and instruments of any kind, a burlesque chant to the devil, which perhaps arose after the Reformation in scorn of the Roman services. It is spelt also *santis*, *sants*, and *saunce*.

² Note the kinship of these men to Dogberry and Verges.

put no raisons in my pudding, so shall there no boyes see *Endimion*.

Dar. Learnedly.

Epi. Let Master Constable speake: I thinke he is the wisest among you.

Master Constable. You know neighbours 'tis an old said saw, *Children and fooles speake true*.

All say. True.

Mast. Const. Well, there you see the men be the fooles, because it is provided from the children.

Dar. Good.

Mast. Const. Then say I neighbours, that children must not see *Endimion*, because children and fooles speake true.

Epi. O wicked application!

Sam. Scurvily brought about!

1 *Watch.* Nay hee saye true, and therefore till *Cynthia* have bene here he shall not be uncovered. Therefore away!

Dar. A watch quoth you? a man may watch seven yeeres for a wise word, and yet goe without it. Their wits are all as rustie as their bils. But come on Master Constable, shall wee have a song before we goe?

Const. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE SECOND SONG.

Watch. Stand: Who goes there?
We charge you appeare
Fore our Constable here.
(In the name of the Man in the Moone)
To us Bilmen relate,
Why you stagger so late,
And how you come drunke so soone.

Pages. What are yee (scabs?)

Watch. The Watch:
This the Constable.

Pages. A patch.

Const. Knock'em downe unlesse they all stand.

If any run away,
Tis the old watchmans play,
To reach him a bill of his hand.

Pages. O gentlemen hold,
Your gownes freeze with cold,
And your rotten teeth dance in your head.

Epi. Wine, nothing shall cost yee.

Sam. Nor huge fires to roast yee.

Dares. Then soberly let us be led.

Const. Come my browne bils wee'l roare,
Bounce loud at tavern dore,

Omnes. And i'th' morning steale all to bed.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

CORSITES solus.

Corsites. I am come in sight of the Lunarie banke; without doubt *Tellus* doteth upon me, and cunningly that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a taske that is done before it is begun. *Endimion*, you must change your pillow, and if you be not wearie of sleepe I will carrie you where at ease you shall sleepe your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I tooke him, least being espied I be intrapt, and so incur the displeasure of *Cynthia*, who commonly setteth watch that *Endimion* have no wrong. [*He tries to lift Endimion.*] What now, is your mastership so heavie? or are you nail'd to the ground? Not stirre one whit? then use all thy force though he feele it and wake. What stone still? turn'd I thinke to earth, with lying so long on the

earth. Didst thou not *Corsites* before *Cynthia* pull up a tree, that fortie yeeres was fastned with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not thou with maine force pull open the iron gates, which no ramme or engine could move? Have my weake thoughts made braun-fallen my strong armes? or is it the nature of love or the quintessence of the minde to breede numnesse, or lythernesse, or I know not what languishing in my joynts and sinewes, being but the base strings of my bodie? Or doth the remembrance of *Tellus* so refine my spirits into a matter so subtil and divine, that the other fleshie parts cannot worke whilst they muse? Rest thyselfe, rest thyselfe; nay, rent thyselfe in pieces *Corsites*, and strive in spight of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulled bodie, heavier then dead, and more sencelesse then death.

Enter Fairies.

But what are these so faire fiends that cause my haire to stand upright, and spirits to fall downe? Hags, out alas, Nymphs I crave pardon. Aye me, but what doe I heere.

[*The Fairies dounce, and with a Song pinch him, and hee falleth asleepe, they kisse Endimion, and depart.*]

THE THIRD SONG BY Fairies.

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him, blacke and blue,
Sawcie mortalls must not view
What the Queene of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy woiung.

1 *Fairy.* Pinch him blue,

2 *Fairy.* And pinch him blacke.

3 *Fairy.* Let him not lacke

Sharpe nailes to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleepe has rock'd his addle head.

4 *Fairy.* For the trespasse hee hath done,

Spots ore all his flesh shall runne.

Kisse *Endimion*, kisse his eyes,

Then to our midnight heidegyes.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

CYNTHIA; FLOSCULA; SEMELE; PANELION; ZONTE;
PYTHAGORAS; GYPTES; CORSITES.

Cynth. You see *Pythagoras* what ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another minde.

Pythag. Madame, I plainly perceive that the perfection of your brightness hath pierced through the thickness that covered my mind; in so much that I am no lesse glad to be reformed, then ashamed to remember my grossnesse.

Gyptes. They are thrice fortunate that live in your palace, where truth is not in colours, but life; vertues not in imagination, but execution.

Cynth. I have alwayes studied to have rather living vertues then painted Gods; the bodie of truth, then the tombe. But let us walke to *Endimion*, it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver him; as for *Eumenides*, I feare he is dead.

Pythag. I have alledged all the naturall reasons I can for such a long sleepe.

Gyptes. I can doe nothing till I see him.

Cynth. Come *Floscula*, I am sure you are glad that you shall behold *Endimion*.

Flosc. I were blessed if I might have him recovered.

Cynth. Are you in love with his person?

² Heidegyes, rustic dances. The word is of doubtful etymology. The "hay" was the name of an old rustic dance. As in Marlowe's "Edward II."—

"My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat feet dance the antic hay."

Flosc. No, but with his vertue.

Cynth. What say you *Semele*?

Sem. Madame, I dare say nothing for feare I offend.

Cynth. Belike you cannot speake except you be spightfull. But as good be silent as saucie. *Panelion*, what punishment were fit for *Semele*, in whose speech and thoughts is onely contempt and sowernesse?

Panel. I love not madame to give any judgment. Yet sith your highnesse commandeth, I thinke, to commit her tongue close prisoner to her mouth.

Cynth. Agreed; *Semele*, if thou speake this twelve moneth thou shalt forget thy tongue. Behold *Endimion*, alas poore gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleepe that once vowed all to my service. Hollow eyes? gray haire? wrinkled cheekes? and decayed limbes? Is it destinie, or deceit that hath brought this to passe? If the first, who could prevent thy wretched starres? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruell enemy. I favoured thee *Endimion* for thy honour, thy vertues, thy affections: but to bring thy thoughts within the compasse of thy fortunes I have seemed strange, that I might have thee stayed, and now are thy dayes ended before my favour begin. But whom have we here, is it not *Corsites*?

Zon. It is, but more like a leopard then a man.

Cynth. Awake him. How now *Corsites*, what make you nere? How came you deformed? Looke on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

Cors. Miserable wretch, and accursed. How am I deluded? Madame, I aske pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserveth pitie.

Cynth. Speake on, thy offence cannot deserve greater punishment: but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

Cors. Madame, as it is no offence to be in love being a man mortall, so I hope can it be no shame to tell with whom, my ladie being heavenly. Your majestie committed to my charge the faire *Tellus*, whose beautie in the same moment tooke my heart captive that I undertooke to carrie her bodie prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts betweene love and dutie, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the conquest.

Cynth. In love? A thing farre unfitting the name of a captaine, and (as I thought) the tough and unsmoothed nature of *Corsites*. But forth.

Cors. Feeling this continuall warre, I thought rather by parley to yeeld, then by certaine danger to perish. I unfolded to *Tellus* the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of warre. She too faire to be true, and too false for one so faire, after a nice deniall, practised a notable deceit; commanding mee to remove *Endimion* from this caban, and carrie him to some darke cave; which I seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by fairies or fiends have bene thus handled.

Cynth. How say you my lords, is not *Tellus* alwayes practising of some deceits? In sooth *Corsites*, thy face is now too foule for a lover, and thine heart too fond for a souldier. You may see when warriors become wantons how their manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame *Corsites*, that having lived so long in *Mars* his campe thou shouldst now be rockt in *Venus* cradle? Doest thou weare *Cypids* quiver at thy girdle, and make launces of lookes? Well *Corsites*, rouse thy selfe, and be as thou hast bene, and let *Tellus* who is made all of love, melt her selfe in her owne loosenesse.

Cors. Madame, I doubt not but to recover my former state; for *Tellus* beautie never wrought such love in my mind, as

now her deceit hath despight; and yet to be revenged of a woman, were a thing then love it selfe more womanish.

Gyptes. These spots gentlemen are to be worne out, if you rub them over with this lunarie; so that in place where you received this maim, you shall find a medicine.

Cors. I thanke you for that. The gods blesse mee from love, and these pretie ladies that haunt this greene.

Flosc. *Corsites*, I would *Tellus* saw your amiable face.

Zont. How spightfully *Semele* laugheth, that dare not speake.

Cynthia. Could you not stirre *Endimion* with that doubled strength of yours?

Cors. Not so much as his finger with all my force.

Cynth. *Pythagoras* and *Gyptes*, what thinke you of *Endimion*? what reason is to be given, what remedie?

Pyth. Madam, it is impossible to yeild reason for things that happen not in compasse of nature. It is most certaine, that some strange enchantment hath bound all his sences.

Cynth. What say you *Gyptes*?

Gyptes. With *Pythagoras*, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undoe it, for that heavinesse argueth a malice unremoveable in the enchantresse, and that no power can end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens shew some means more miraculous.

Flosc. O *Endimion*, could spight it selfe devise a mischief so monstrous as to make thee dead with life, and living being altogether dead? Where others number their yeares, their houres, their minutes, and step to age by staires, thou onely hast thy yeares and times in a cluster, being olde before thou remembreth thou wast young.

Cynth. No more *Floscula*, pittie doth him no good, I would any thing else might, and I vow by the unspotted honour of a ladie he should not misse it: but is this all *Gyptes*, that is to be done?

Gyptes. All as yet. It may be that either the enchantresse shall die, or else be discovered; if either happen I will then practise the utmost of my art. In the meane season, about this grove would I have a watch, and the first living thing that toucheth *Endimion* to be taken.

Cynth. *Corsites* what say you, will you undertake this?

Cors. Good madame pardon mee! I was overtaken too late, I should rather breake into the midst of a maine battaile, then againe fall into the hands of those faire babies.

Cynth. Well, I will provide others. *Pythagoras* and *Gyptes*, you shall yet remayne in my court, till I heare what may be done in this matter.

Pyth. We attend.

Cynth. Let us goe in.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

SAMIAS; DARES.

Sam. *Eumenides* hath told such strange tales as I may well wonder at them, but never beleve them.

Dar. The other old man what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weepe. *Cynthia* is so desirous to know the experiment of her owne vertue, and so willing to ease *Endimions* hard fortune, that shee no sooner heard the discourse, but shee made herselfe in a readinesse to try the event.

Sam. We will also see the event; but whist! here commeth *Cynthia* with all her traine: let us sneake in amongst them.

Enter CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, PANELION, &c.

Cynth. *Eumenides*, it cannot sinke into my head that I should be signified by that sacred fountaine, for many things are there in the world to which those words may be applied

Eum. Good madame vouchsafe but to trie, else shall I thinke my selfe most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress.

Cynth. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Eum. Pardon me good madame, for if *Endimion* awake, hee shall: my selfe have sworne never to reveale it.

Cynth. Well, let us to *Endimion*. I will not be so stately (good *Endimion*) not to stoope to doe thee good: and if thy libertie consist in a kisse from mee, thou shalt have it. And although my mouth hath bene heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, (though to restore thy youth it be impossible) I will doe that to *Endimion* which yet never mortall man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. [*Shee kisseth him.*]

Eum. Madam he beginneth to stirre.

Cynth. Soft *Eumenides*, stand still.

Eum. Ah, I see his eyes almost open.

Cynth. I command thee once againe stirre not: I will stand behind him.

Pan. What doe I see, *Endimion* almost awake?

Eum. *Endimion*, *Endimion*, art thou deafe or dumbe? or hath this long sleepe taken away thy memorie? Ah my sweete *Endimion*, seest thou not *Eumenides*? thy faithfull friend, thy faithfull *Eumenides*, who for thy safetie hath bene careless of his owne content. Speake *Endimion*, *Endimion*, *Endimion*.

End. *Endimion*! I call to minde such a name.

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thyselfe *Endimion*? then doe I not marvaile thou remembrest not thy friend. I tel thee thou art *Endimion*, and *Eumenides*: behold also *Cynthia*, by whose favour thou art awaked, and by whose vertue thou shalt continue thy naturall course.

Cynth. *Endimion*, speake sweet *Endimion*, knowest thou not *Cynthia*?

End. O heavens, whom doe I behold, faire *Cynthia*, divine *Cynthia*?

Cynth. I am *Cynthia*, and thou *Endimion*.

End. *Endimion*, What doe I heere? What, a gray beard? hollow eyes? withered body? decayed limbes? and all in one night?

Eum. One night? thou hast heere slept fortie yeeres, by what enchaunteresse as yet it is not knowne: and behold thee to which thou laydest thy head is now become a tree; callest thou not *Eumenides* to remembrance?

End. Thy name I doe remember by the sound, but thy favour I doe not yet call to minde; onely divine *Cynthia*, to whom time, fortune, destinie, and death, are subject, I see and remember: and in all humilitie, I regard and reverence.

Cynth. You have good cause to remember *Eumenides*, who hath for thy safety forsaken his owne solace.

End. Am I that *Endimion* who was wont in court to lead my life; and in justs, turneyes, and armes, to exercise my youth? am I that *Endimion*?

Eum. Thou art that *Endimion*, and I *Eumenides*, wilt thou not yet call mee to remembrance?

End. Ah sweete *Eumenides*, I now perceive thou art hee, and that my selfe have the name of *Endimion*; but that this should be my bodie I doubt, for how could my curled lockes be turned to gray hairs, and my strong bodie to a dying weaknesse, having waxed olde and not knowing it.

Cynth. Well *Endimion* arise, a while sit downe for that thy limbes are stiffe, and not able to stay thee, and tell what hast thou seene in thy sleepe all this while. What dreames, visions, thoughts, and fortunes? For it is impossible, but in so long time, thou shouldest see things strange.

End. Faire *Cynthia* I will rehearse what I have seene, humbly desiring that when I exceed in length you give mee

warning, that I may end: for to utter all I have to speake would bee troublesome, although happily the strangenesse may somewhat abate the tediousnesse.

Cynth. Well *Endimion* begin.

End. Mee thought I saw a ladie passing faire, but very mischierous; who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a looking-glasse, wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, shee refrained from intended violence. Shee was accompanied with other damsels, one of which with a sterne countenance, and as it were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief: another with visage sad and constant onely in sorrow, with her armes crossed, and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleepe, feeling my very veines to swell, and my sinewes to stretch with feare, and such a cold sweate bedewed all my bodie, that death it selfe could not be so terrible as the vision.

Cynth. A strange sight. *Gyptes* at our better leisure shall expound it.

End. After long debating with her selfe, mercie overcame anger; and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majestie, mingled with a sweet mildnesse, that I was ravished with the sight above measure; and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end; and so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmoveable crueltie, the other a constant pittie.

Cynthia. Poore *Endimion*, how wast thou affrighted? What else?

End. After her immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a booke with three leaves, and speaking as I remember these words, *Endimion*, receive this booke with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures: and with that hee offered mee the booke, which I rejected: wherewith moved with a disdainfull pitie, he rent the first leafe in a thousand shivers; the second time hee offered it, which I refused also; at which bending his browes, and pitching his eyes fast to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth, and not againe to be removed—then sodainly casting them up to the heavens, hee tore in a rage the second leafe, and offered the booke only with one leafe. I know not whether feare to offend, or desire to know some strange thing moved me—I tooke the booke, and so the old man vanished.

Cynth. What diddest thou imagine was in the last leafe?

End. There portraied to life, with a cold quaking in every joynt, I beheld many wolves barking at thee *Cynthia*, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits; and with a thousand teeth, gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred. Trecherie stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in blood. Enuie with a pale and megar face (whose bodie was so leane, that one might tell all her bones, and whose garment was so totterd, that it was easie to number every thread) stood shooting at starres, whose darts fell downe againe on her owne face. There might I behold drones or beetles, I know not how to term them, creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that vein, that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so base, should attempt a fact so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloudie. And many other things madame, the repetition wherof, may at your better leisure seeme more pleasing: for bees surfet sometimes with honey, and the gods are glutted with harmony, and your highnesse may be dulled with delight.

Cynth. I am content to bee dieted, therefore let us in.

Eumenides, see that *Endimion* be well tended, least either eating immoderately, or sleeping againe too long, he fall into a deadly surfeit, or into his former sleepe. See this also be proclaimed, that whosoever will discover this practice, shall have of *Cynthia* infinite thanks, and no small rewards.

[*Exit.*

Flosc. Ah *Endimion*, none so joyfull as *Floscula*, of thy restoring.

Eum. Yes, *Floscula*, let *Eumenides* be somewhat gladder, and do not that wrong to the settled friendship of a man, as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah my deare friend *Endimion*, suffer me to die, with gazing at thee.

End. *Eumenides*, thy friendship is immortall, and not to be conceived; and thy good will *Floscula*, better then I have deserved. But let us all waite on *Cynthia*: I marvell *Semele* speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if she doe, shee loseth her tongue.

End. But how prospereth your love?

Eum. I never yet spake word since your sleepe.

End. I doubt not but your affection is old, and your appetite cold.

Eum. No *Endimion*, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparkes growne to flames, and my fancies almost to frenzies: but let us follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large.

[*Exeunt.*

The next scene is of Sir Tophas, who finds many ingenious and witty reasons for being in love with an old crone, so that Epiton cries, "Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat scholarship!" The pages then try to persuade him from his affection by telling him that *Dipsas* is a notable witch, who has turned her maid *Bagoa* to an aspen-tree for bewraying her secrets; that she is married already, and has been married these fifty years to *Geron*, who is now come home. Then the play ends as follows:—

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA TERTIA.

PANELION; ZONTES.

Pan. Who would have thought that *Tellus* being so faire by nature, so honorable by birth, so wise by education, would have entred into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious.

Zon. If *Bagoa* had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and faire words, are of force to corrupt the strongest men; And therefore able to worke silly women like waxe.

Pan. I marvell what *Cynthia* will determine in this cause.

Zon. I feare as in all causes, heare of it in justice, and then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be that shee that is unwilling to punish her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge injuries of her traine with death.

Pan. That old witch *Dipsas*, in a rage having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poore *Bagoa* to an aspen tree; but let us make hast and bring *Tellus* before *Cynthia*, for she was comming out after us.

Zon. Let us goe.

[*Exeunt.*

CYNTHIA; SEMELE; FLOSCULA; DIPAS; ENDIMION;
EUMENIDES.

Cynth. *Dipsas*, thy yeeres are not so many as thy vices; yet more in number then commonly nature doth afford, or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty yeeres practised that detested wickednesse of witchcraft? Wast thou so simple, as for to know the nature of simples, of all creatures to bee most sinfull? Thou hast threatned to turne

my course awry, and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possesse by the eternall gods. But know thou *Dipsas*, and let all the enchanters know, that *Cynthia* being placed for light on earth is also protected by the powers of heaven. Breath out thou mayest words, gather thou mayest hearbs, find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art, yet of no force to appall my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant perswasion of the mercie of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteeme as weake, as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman *Geron*, (once thy husband, but now thy mortall hate;) didst thou procure to live in a desert, almost desperate. *Endimion* the flowre of my court and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by art, before thou wouldest suffer him to flourish by nature.

Dipsas. Madame, things past may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor any thing so wished for as death. Yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransackt thoughts, as that in the prime of my husbands youth I divorced him by my devillish art; for which, if to die might be amends, I would not live till to morrow. If to live and still be more miserable would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be oldest and ugliest.

Geron. *Dipsas*, thou hast made this difference betweene mee and *Endimion*, that being both young, thou hast caused mee to wake in melancholy, losing the joyes of my youth, and him to sleepe, not remembring youth.

Cynth. Stay, here cometh *Tellus*; we shall now know all.

Enter CORSITES, TELLUS, PANELION, &c.

Cors. I would to *Cynthia* thou couldest make as good an excuse in truth, as to me thou hast done by wit.

Tellus. Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not studie for an excuse.

Cynth. Is it possible *Tellus*, that so few yeeres should harbour so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne, because it is a thing that beauty maketh blamelesse, which the more it exceedeth fairenesse in measure, the more it stretcheth it selfe in disdain. Thy devises against *Corsites* I smile at; for that wits, the sharper they are, the shrewder they are. But this unacquainted and most unnaturall practice with a vile enchauntresse against so noble a gentleman as *Endimion*, I abhorre as a thing most malicious, and will revenge as a deed most monstrous. And as for you *Dipsas*, I will send you into the desert amongst wilde beasts, and try whether you can cast lions, tygres, bores, and beares, into as dead a sleepe as you did *Endimion*; or turn them to trees, as you have done *Bagoa*. But tell me *Tellus*, what was the cause of this cruell part, faire unfitting thy sexe, in which nothing should be but simplenesse: and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to be but softnesse.

Tellus. Divine *Cynthia*, by whom I receive my life, and am content to end it; I can neither excuse my fault without lying, nor confesse it without shame; yet were it possible that in so heavenly thoughts as yours, there could fall such earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without great marvell.

Cynth. Say on *Tellus*, I cannot imagine any thing that can colour such a crueltie.

Tellus. *Endimion*, that *Endimion* in the prime of his youth, so ravisht my heart with love, that to obtaine my desires, I could not find meanes, nor to recite them reason. What was she that favoured not *Endimion*, being young, wise, honourable, and vertuous; besides, what metall was she made of (be

shee mortall) that is not affected with the spice, nay, infected with the poyson of that (not to be expressed, yet alwayes to be felt) love? which breaketh the braines, and never bruseth the brow: consumeth the heart, and never toucheth the skinne: and maketh a deepe skarre to bee seene, before any wound at all be felt. My hart too tender to withstand such a divine furie, yeelded to love. Madame I, not without blushing confesse, yeelded to love.

Cynth. A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate. How say you *Endimion*, all this was for love?

End. I say Madam then the gods send me a womans hate.

Cynth. That were as bad, for then by contrarie you should never sleepe. But on *Tellus*, let us heare the end.

Tellus. Feeling a continuall burning in all my bowels, and a bursting almost in every veine, I could not smoother the inward fire, but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparkes, divers judged of my scalding flames. *Endimion* as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, (in which he might see almost his owne,) my sighes, by which he might ever heare his name sounded; aimed at my heart, in which he was assured his person was imprinted; and by questions wrung out that, which was readie to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, hee sware, that mine in respect of his were as fumes to *Ætna*, valleyes to *Alpes*, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beautie but his love, and eternitie. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made mee beleieve, that (which all of our sexe willingly acknowledge, I was beautifull. And to wonder (which indeede is a thing miraculous) that any of his sexe should be faithfull.

Cynth. *Endimion*, how will you cleere your selfe?

End. Madame, by mine owne accuser.

Cynth. Well *Tellus* proceed, but briefly, least taking delight in uttering thy love thou offend us with the length of it.

Tellus. I will madame quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continuall increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds then the entring into it; I could finde no meanes to ease my grieffe but to follow *Endimion*, and continually to have him in the object of mine eyes, who had mee slave and subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his falshood, and fried my selfe most in mine affections, I found (ah grieffe, even then I lost my selfe!) I found him in most melancholy and desperate tearmes, cursing his starres, his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of—

Cynth. Of whom? *Tellus* speake boldly.

Tellus. Madame, I dare not utter for feare to offend.

Cynth. Speake, I say; who dare take offence, if thou be commanded by *Cynthia*?

Tellus. For the love of *Cynthia*.

Cynth. For my love *Tellus*, that were strange. *Endimion* is it true?

End. In all things madame. *Tellus* doth not speake false.

Cynth. What will this breed to in the end? Well *Endimion*, we shall heare all.

Tellus. I seeing my hopes turned to mishaps, and a setled dissembling towards me, and an unmoveable desire to *Cynthia*, forgetting both my selfe and my sex, fell unto this unnatural hate; for knowing your vertues *Cynthia* to be immortall, I could not have an imagination to withdraw him. And finding mine owne affections unquenchable, I could not carrie the minde that any else should possesse what I had pursued. For though in majestie, beautie, vertue, and dignitie, I alwayes humbled and yeelded my selfe to *Cynthia*; yet in affections, I esteemed my selfe equall with the goddeses; and all other creatures according to their states with

my selfe. For starres to their bignesse have their lights, and the sunne hath no more. And little pitchers when they can hold no more, are as full as great vessels that run over. Thus madame in all truth, have I uttered the unhappinesse of my love, and the cause of my hate; yeelding wholly to that divine judgement which never erred for want of wisdom, or envied for too much partialitie.

Cynth. How say you my lords to this matter? But what say you *Endimion*, hath *Tellus* told troth?

End. Madame in all things, but in that she said I loved her, and swore to honour her.

Cynth. Was there such a time when as for my love thou didst vow thy selfe to death, and in respect of it loth'd thy life? speake *Endimion*, I will not revenge it with hate.

End. The time was madame, and is, and ever shall be, that I honoured your highnesse above all the world; but to stretch it so farre as to call it love, I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but *Cynthia*, none delighted mine eares but *Cynthia*, none possessed my heart but *Cynthia*. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow *Cynthia*, and heere I stand readie to die if it please *Cynthia*. Such a difference hath the gods set betweene our states, that all must be dutie, loyaltie, and reverence, nothing (without it vouchsafe your highnesse) be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my languishing bodie, my discontented life, let them obtaine by princely favour, that which to challenge they must not presume, onely wishing of impossibilities: with imagination of which, I will spend my spirits, and to my selfe that no creature may heare, softly call it love. And if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honour. From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged thoughts, then ever I did in my youthfull actions.

Cynth. *Endimion*, this honourable respect of thine, shall be christned love in thee, and my reward for it, favour. Persever *Endimion* in loving mee, and I account more strength in a true heart, then in a walled citie. I have laboured to win all, and studie to keep such as I have wonne; but those that neither my favour can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithfull, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their trecheries with justice. *Endimion* continue as thou hast begun, and thou shalt find that *Cynthia* shineth not on thee in vaine.

End. Your highnesse hath blessed me, and your words have againe restored my youth: me thinks I feele my joynts strong, and these mouldy haire to molt, and all by your vertue *Cynthia*, into whose hands the ballance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Cynth. What young againe? then it is pitie to punish *Tellus*.

Tellus. Ah *Endimion*, now I know thee and aske pardon of thee: suffer mee still to wish thee well.

End. *Tellus*, *Cynthia* must command what she will.

Flosc. *Endimion*, I rejoyce to see thee in thy former estate.

End. Good *Floscula*, to thee also am I in my former affections.

Eum. *Endimion*, the comfort of my life, how am I ravished with a joy matchlesse, saving onely the enjoying of my mistris.

Cynth. *Endimion*, you must now tell who *Eumenides* shrineth for his saint.

End. *Semele* madame.

Cynth. *Semele* *Eumenides*? is it *Semele*? the very waspe of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adders tooth?

Eum. It is *Semele*, *Cynthia*: the possessing of whose love, must only prolong my life.

Cynth. Nay sith *Endimion* is restored, we will have all parties pleased. *Semele*, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecie, such unspotted love, to take *Eumenides*? Why speake you not? Not a word?

End. Silence madame consents: that is most true.

Cynth. It is true *Endimion*. *Eumenides*, take *Semele*. Take her I say.

Eum. Humble thankes madame, now onely doe I begin to live.

Sem. A hard choice madame, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speake a word. Yet doe I rather choose to have my tongue cut out, then my heart dis-tempered: I will not have him.

Cynth. Speakes the parrot? shee shall nod hereafter with signes: cut off her tongue, nay, her head, that having a servant of honourable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be perswaded.

Sem. He is no faithfull lover madame, for then would hee have asked his mistris.

Ger. Had he not beene faithfull, he had never seene into the fontaine, and so lost his friend and mistris.

Eum. Thine owne thoughts sweet *Semele*, witnesse against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? and as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? Madame pardon *Semele*, and let my tongue ransom me hers.

Cynth. Thy tongue *Eumenides*? what shouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the beautie of *Semele*? Well *Semele*, I will not command love, for it cannot be enforced: let me entreat it.

Sem. I am content your highnesse shall command, for now onely doe I think *Eumenides* faithfull, that is willing to lose his tongue for my sake: yet loth, because it should doe me better service. Madame, I accept of *Eumenides*.

Cynth. I thanke you *Semele*.

Eum. Ah happie *Eumenides*, that hast a friend so faithfull, and a mistris so faire: with what sodaine mischiefe wil the gods daunt this excesse of joy? Sweet *Semele*, I live or die as thou wilt.

Cynth. What shall become of *Tellus*? *Tellus* you know *Endimion* is vowed to a service, from which death cannot remove him. *Corsites* casteth still a lovely looke towards you, how say you? Will you have your *Corsites*, and so receive pardon for all that is past?

Tellus. Madame most willingly.

Cynth. But I cannot tell whether *Corsites* be agreed.

Cors. I, madame, more happie to enjoy *Tellus* then the monarchie of the world.

Eum. Why she caused you to be pincht with fairies.

Cors. I, but her fairenesse hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Cynth. Well enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle *Tellus*?

Tellus. Onely the picture of *Endimion*.

Cynth. Then so much of *Endimion* as his picture commeth to, possesse and play withall.

Cors. Ah my sweet *Tellus*, my love shall be as thy beautie is, matchlesse.

Cynth. Now it resteth *Dipsas*, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, *Geron* hath promised againe to receive thee; otherwise if thou be wedded to that wickednesse, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

Dipsas. Madame, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hatefull trade; vowing to the gods continuall penance, and to your highnesse obedience.

Cynth. How say you *Geron*, will you admit her to your wife?

Ger. I, with more joy then I did the first day, for nothing

could happen to make me happy, but onely her forsaking that leude and detestable course. *Dipsas* I imbrace thee.

Dipsas. And I thee *Geron*, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first follies.

Cynth. Well *Endimion*, nothing resteth now but that wee depart. Thou hast my favour, *Tellus* her friend, *Eumenides* in Paradise with his *Semele*, *Geron* contented with *Dipsas*.

Top. Nay soft, I cannot handsomely goe to bed without *Bagoa*.

Cynth. Well *Sir Tophas*, it may be there are more vertues in me then my selfe knoweth of; for I awaked *Endimion*, and at my words he waxed young; I will trie whether I can turne this tree againe to thy true love.

Top. Turne her to a true love or false, so shee bee a wench I care not.

Cynth. *Bagoa*, *Cynthia* putteth an end to thy hard fortunes, for being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee againe, if in my power be the effect of truth.

Top. *Bagoa*, a bots upon thee!

Cynth. Come my lords let us in. You *Gyptes* and *Pythagoras*, if you cannot content your selves in our court, to fall from vaine follies of philosophers to such vertues as are here practised, you shall be entertained according to your deserts; for *Cynthia* is no stepmother to strangers.

Pythag. I had rather in *Cynthia's* court spend ten yeeres, then in Greece one houre.

Gyptes. And I chuse rather to live by the sight of *Cynthia*, then by the possessing of all Egypt

Cynth. Then follow.

Eum. We all attend.

[*Exeunt.* 1]

Robert Greene was a dramatist who, in writing novels or short tales after the Italian fashion, followed the lead of John Lyly; but in his plays looked for support to the public at large. He was born at Norwich, it is said, about the year 1550, but more probably in 1560, in which case he would have been only four years older than Shakespeare. If the date of his birth be 1550, he would have taken his B.A. degree at the age of twenty-eight, which is not likely. He was of St. John's College, Cambridge, and the year of his graduation as B.A. was 1578. He travelled in Italy and Spain before graduating as M.A. in 1583. In "The Repentance of Robert Greene," a book wherein he makes the worst of himself, Greene said—"After I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts, I left the universitie, and away to London; where (after I had continued some short time, and driven my self out of credit with sundry of my frends), I became an author of playes, and a penner of love pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary about London as Robin Greene?" In 1585 he termed himself on the title-page of one of his books "Student in Phisicke;" and in July, 1588, he was incorporated at Oxford, so that he could entitle himself Master of Arts of both the universities. Of the plays written by Robert Greene, only five have come down to us—"The

¹ A too ingenious writer has suggested that John Lyly meant young William Shakespeare by *Endymion* with his "thoughts stitched to the stars," himself by *Eumenides*, Marlowe by *Sir Tophas*, the two parts of *Tamburlaine* by the two pages whom he calls "larks or wrens," and Robert Greene by *Corsites*! No doubt, *Cynthia* consigns Elizabeth.

History of Orlando Furioso," "A Looking-glass for London and England," "The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," "The Scottish History of James IV," and "The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon." He may also have written "George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield." In "A Looking Glass for London and England," which was an acted play in March, 1592, Greene had for a fellow-worker Thomas Lodge.

Thomas Lodge was what Greene called himself in 1585, student of physic, and in after life made physic his profession. He was the son of a Lord Mayor, was born in London about 1558, and educated at Trinity College, Oxford. He entered to the study of law at Lincoln's Inn, was left out of his father's will, and turned from law to literature, then writing, like his friend Greene, novels and plays. A prose tale of



From Camden's *Britannia*, 1590.

CENE the first of the play shows Rasni, King of Nineveh, who enters "from the overthrow of Jeroboam, King of Jerusalem." The tributary Kings of Cilicia, Crete, and Paphlagonia enter with him. His speech mirrors earthly pride boasting itself against heaven. He is as arrogant as Marlowe's Tamburlaine, who thought kings honoured when they drew his coach and felt the whip of such a charioteer.

Rasni.

Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Rounded with Lycus' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall;
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And for to deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds.
This city is the footstool of your king;
A hundred lords do honour at my feet;
My sceptre straineth both the parallels:
And now t' enlarge the highness of my power,
I have made Judæa's monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria.
Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadad,
Could not rebate¹ the strength that Rasni brought;
For be he God in heaven, yet, viceroys, know,
Rasni is god on earth, and none but he.

The tributary kings echo this note of pride, each ending his flatteries with the line, "Rasni is god on earth, and none but he." But the King of Paphlagonia takes up the burden of praise only to be interrupted by the approach of Rasni's sister, fair Remilia:

She that hath stol'n the wealth of Rasni's looks,
And tied his thoughts within her lovely locks,
She that is loved and love unto your king!

Remilia enters with Radagon, an upstart courtier, who is a very poor man's son, and Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife. Remilia brings her own tribute of flattery to a brother who exchanges with her an unhallowed love. He seeks marriage with her, and she assents: "Thy sister born was for thy wife, my love." The King of Crete warns against the proposed marriage that defies nature and God, but is rebuked by the base upstart Radagon:

Presumptuous viceroy, dar'st thou check thy lord,
Or twit him with the laws that nature loves?
Is not great Rasni above Nature's reach,
God upon earth, and all his will is law?

The King of Crete continuing in protest, is deprived of his crown, which is given to Radagon, who next proceeds to flatter basely, and encourage Rasni's

¹ Rebate, beat back. Fr. "rabattre."



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BORN.

Lodge's, written in the manner of John Lyly and published in 1590, "Rosalynde. Euphues' Golden Legacy, found in his cell at Silvestra," was the foundation of Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It." This novel Lodge wrote at sea, when he joined an expedition against certain islands that belonged to Spain. In 1591, he was one of those who went with Cavendish on his last voyage.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND,

written not later than the year 1591, and first published in 1594, as "made by Thomas Lodge, gentleman, and Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister," is very religious in its tone. It sets forth a series of pictures of the corruption of life in Nineveh of old, blends them into sequence that connects them lightly with each other as a sort of tale; and, after each scene of the misdoing of Nineveh has been represented, points it directly as a lesson for London and England. The play is printed without division into acts, but the group of details forming each of the five acts is distinctly marked in treatment of the subject.

amorous regard to Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife. Then

Enter, brought in by an Angel, OSEAS the Prophet, and let down over the stage in a throne.

Angel. Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit Thou'rt brought from Jewry unto Nineveh;
So was Elias rapt within a storm,
And set upon Mount Carmel by the Lord;
For thou hast preach'd long to the stubborn Jews,
Whose flinty hearts have felt no sweet remorse,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
Have still perséver'd in their wickedness.
Lo, I have brought thee unto Nineveh,
The rich and royal city of the world,
Pampered in wealth, and overgrown with pride,
As Sodom and Gomorrah full of sin.
The Lord looks down and cannot see one good,
Not one that covets to obey his will;
But wicked all from cradle to the crutch.
Note, then, Oseas, all their grievous sins,
And see the wrath of God that pays revenge;
And when the ripeness of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
I'll carry thee to Jewry back again,
And seat thee in the great Jerusalem.
There shalt thou publish in her open streets,
That God sends down his hateful wrath for sin
On such as never heard his prophets speak:
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues
On such as hear the sweetness of his voice,
And yet obey not what his prophets speak.
Sit thee, Oseas, pondering in the spirit
The mightiness of these fond people's sins.

Oseas. The will of the Lord be done! *[Exit Angel.]*

Next follows a clown scene, typifying drunken excess of the ignorant. Adam, the smith's man, who is well instructed in the mystery of a pot of ale, enters with a clown and crew of ruffians "to go to drink." Adam and the clown dispute together, Adam magnifying his office of smith, and proceeding from the praise of the smith's craft to the praise of ale. The clowns and ruffians pass on to their stupid riot and excess, and the scene closes with the comment of the prophet who sits on the stage enthroned as spectator and chorus to the play.

Oseas. Iniquity seeks out companions still,
And mortal men are armed to do ill.
London, look on, this matter nips thee near:
Leave off thy riot, pride, and sumptuous cheer;
Spend less at board, and spare not at the door,
But aid the infant, and relieve the poor;
Else seeking mercy, being merciless,
Thou be adjudg'd to endless heaviness.

The next scene shows to London, in the mirror of Nineveh, wrongful and merciless craft of the usurers. The usurer enters between Thrasybulus, a young spendthrift, who has wasted ample means, and an honest debtor through necessity, Alcon, a poor man, father to the upstart courtier, Radagon. Thrasybulus, now that the time of payment has come, begins by affecting inability to pay.

Thras. I pray you, sir, consider that my loss was great by the commodity I took up: you know, sir, I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in lute-strings, which when I came to sell again, I could get but five pounds for them, so had I, sir, but fifteen pounds for my forty. In consideration of this ill bargain, I pray you, sir, give me a month longer.

Usurer. I answered thee afore, not a minute: what have I to do how thy bargain proved? I have thy hand set to my book that thou receivedst forty pounds of me in money.

Thras. Ay, sir, it was your device that, to colour the statute, but your conscience knows what I had.

Alc. Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him when thou talkest to him of conscience; for he hath as much conscience about the forfeit of an obligation as my blind mare, God bless her, hath over a manger of oats.

Thras. Then there is no favour, sir?

Usurer. Come to-morrow to me, and see how I will use thee.

Thras. No, covetous caterpillar, know that I have made extreme shift rather than I would fall into the hands of such a ravening panther: and therefore here is thy money, and deliver me the recognisance of my lands.

Usurer [aside]. What a spite is this,—hath sped of his crowns! if he had missed but one half-hour, what a goodly farm had I gotten for forty pounds! well, 'tis my cursed fortune. Oh, have I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance?

Thras. Come, sir, will you despatch, and tell your money?

[It strikes four o'clock.]

Usurer [aside]. Stay, what is this o'clock? four:—let me see,—“to be paid between the hours of three and four in the afternoon:” this goes right for me.—You, sir, hear you not the clock, and have you not a counterpane¹ of your obligation? The hour is past, it was to be paid between three and four; and now the clock hath stricken four: I will receive none, I'll stand to the forfeit of the recognisance.

Thras. Why, sir, I hope you do but jest; why, 'tis but four, and will you for a minute take forfeit of my bond? If it were so, sir, I was here before four.

Usurer. Why didst thou not tender thy money, then? If I offer thee injury, take the law of me, complain to the judge: I will receive no money.

Alc. Well, sir, I hope you will stand my good master for my cow. I borrowed thirty shillings on her, and for that I have paid you eighteenth pence a week, and for her meat you have had her milk, and I tell you, sir, she gives a pretty sup: now, sir, here is your money.

Usurer. Hang, beggarly knave! comest to me for a cow? did I not bind her bought and sold for a penny, and was not thy day to have paid yesterday? Thou gettest no cow at my hand.

Alc. No cow, sir! alas, that word “no cow” goes as cold to my heart as a draught of small drink in a frosty morning! “No cow,” sir! why, alas, alas, Master Usurer, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poor child?

Usurer. Thou gettest no cow of me, knave: I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

Alc. Nay, but hear you, Master Usurer: “no cow!” why, sir, here's your thirty shillings: I have paid you eighteenth pence a week, and therefore there is reason I should have my cow.

Usurer. What pratest thou? have I not answered thee, thy day is broken?

¹ Counterpane. Old law phrase, for what is now called the counterpart or copy of a deed.

Alc. Why, sir, alas, my cow is a commonwealth to me! for first, sir, she allows me, my wife, and son, for to banquet ourselves withal, butter, cheese, whey, curds, cream, sod-milk, raw-milk, sour-milk, sweet-milk, and butter-milk: besides, sir, she saved me every year a penny in almanacs, for she was as good to me as a prognostication; if she had but set up her tail, and have galloped about the mead, my little boy was able to say, "O father, there will be a storm;" her very tail was a calendar to me: and now to lose my cow! alas, Master Usurer, take pity upon me!

Usurer. I have other matters to talk on: farewell, fellows.

Thras. Why, but, thou covetous churl, wilt thou not receive thy money, and deliver me my recognisance?

Usurer. I'll deliver thee none; if I have wronged thee, seek thy mends at the law. [Exit.]

Thras. And so I will, insatiable peasant.

Alc. And, sir, rather than I will put up this word "no cow," I will lay my wife's best gown to pawn. I tell you, sir, when the slave uttered this word "no cow," it struck to my heart, for my wife shall never have one so fit for her turn again.

Nay, sir, before I pocket up this word "no cow," my wife's gown goes to the lawyer: why, alas, sir, 'tis as ill a word to me as "no crown" to a king!

Thras. Well, fellow, go with me, and I'll help thee to a lawyer.

Alc. Marry, and I will, sir. No cow! well, the world goes hard. [Exeunt.]

Oseas. Where hateful usury
Is counted husbandry;
Where merciless men rob the poor,
And the needy are thrust out of door;
Where gain is held for conscience,
And men's pleasures are all on pence;
Where young gentlemen forfeit their lands,
Through riot, into the usurer's hands;
Where poverty is despis'd, and pity banish'd,
And mercy indeed utterly vanish'd;
Where men esteem more of money than of God;
Let that land look to feel his wrathful rod:
For there is no sin more odious in His sight
Than when usury defrauds the poor of his right,
London, take heed, these sins abound in thee;
The poor complain, the widows wrong'd be;
The gentlemen by subtlety are spoil'd;
The ploughmen lose the crop for which they toil'd:
Sin reigns in thee, O London, every hour;
Repent, and tempt not thus the heavenly power.

Here ends the First Act of the play. The Second Act opens with entrance of Rasni's sister Remilia, followed by Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife, "and a train of ladies in all royalty." Remilia boasts her own beauty, and prepares her charms for marriage with her brother. She enters her tent at the sound of the approaching pomp of Rasni.

Remil. . . .
Nymphs, eunuchs, sing, for Mavors draweth nigh;
Hide me in closure, let him long to look:
For were a goddess fairer than am I,
I'll scale the heavens to pull her from the place.

[They draw the curtains, and music plays.]

Alvi. Believe me, though she say that she is fairest,
I think my penny silver by her leave.

Enter RASNI, with RADAGON and Lords in pomp, who make a ward about RASNI; also the Magi in great pomp.

Rasni. Magi, for love of Rasni, by your art,
By magic frame an arbour out of hand
For fair Remilia to disport her in.

Meanwhile I will bethink me on further pomp. [Exit.]

The Magi with their rods beat the ground, and from under the same rises a brave arbour: RASNI returns in another suit, while the trumpets sound.

Rasni. Blest be ye, men of art, that grace me thus,
And blessed be this day where Hymen hies
To join in union pride of heaven and earth!

[Lightning and thunder, wherewith REMILIA is stricken.]

What wondrous threatening noise is this I hear?
What flashing lightnings trouble our delights?
When I draw near Remilia's royal tent,
I waking dream of sorrow and mishap.

Radag. Dread not, O king, at ordinary chance;
These are but common exhalations,
Drawn from the earth, in substance hot and dry,
Or moist and thick, or meteors combust,
Matters and causes incident to time,
Enkindled in the fiery region first.
Tut! be not now a Roman augurer:
Approach the tent, look on Remilia.

Rasni. Thou hast confirm'd my doubts, kind Radagon.—
Now ope, ye folds, where queen of favour sits,
Carrying a net within her curl'd locks
Wherein the Graces are entangled oft;
Ope like th' imperial gates where Phœbus sits
Whenas he means to woo his Clytia.
Nocturnal cares, ye blemishers of bliss,
Cloud not mine eyes whilst I behold her face.—
Remilia, my delight!—she answereth not.

[He draws the curtains, and finds her stricken black with thunder.]

No balms can restore Remilia; but Rasni, at suggestion of Radagon, consoles himself at once by taking the King of Paphlagonia's wife, Alvida, for his love, and Oseas closes the scene with a warning against wantonness.

Fly, wantons, fly this pride and vain attire,
The seals to set your tender hearts on fire:
Be faithful to the promise you have past,
Else God will plague and punish at the last.

The next scene shows in the mirror of Nineveh to London and England a reflection of corrupted law. Alcon and Thrasybulus, seeking aid of justice against the usurer, "enter with the lawyer." After they have given their instructions each in characteristic manner,

Enter the Judge, attended, and the Usurer.

Usurer. Sir, here is forty angels¹ for you, and if at any time you want a hundred pound or two, 'tis ready at your command, or the feeding of three or four fat bullocks: whereas these needy slaves can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee; and therefore I pray you, sir, favour my case.

Judge. Fear not, sir, I'll do what I can for you.

¹ Angels. An angel was a golden coin worth about ten shillings, with a figure of an angel on it.

Usurer. What, Master Lawyer, what make you here? mine adversary for these clients?

Lawyer. So it chanceth now, sir.

Usurer. I know you know the old proverb, "He is not wise that is not wise for himself:" I would not be disgraced in this action; therefore here is twenty angels; say nothing in the matter, or what you say, say to no purpose, for the Judge is my friend.

Lawyer. Let me alone, I'll fit your purpose.

Judge. Come, where are these fellows that are the plaintiffs? what can they say against this honest citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongst all men?

Alc. Truly, Master Judge, he is a man much spoken of; marry, every man's cries are against him, and especially we; and therefore I think we have brought our Lawyer to touch him with as much law as will fetch his lands and my cow with a pestilence.

Thras. Sir, I am the other plaintiff, and this is my counsellor: I beseech your honour be favourable to me in equity.

Judge. O, Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this gentleman's behalf?

Lawyer. Faith, sir, as yet little good.—Sir, tell you your own case to the Judge, for I have so many matters in my head, that I have almost forgotten it.

Thras. Is the wind in that door? Why, then, my lord, thus. I took up of this cursed Usurer, for so I may well term him, a commodity of forty pounds, whereof I received ten pound in money, and thirty pound in lute-strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but five pounds: for the assurance of this bad commodity I bound him my land in recognisance; I came at my day, and tendered him his money, and he would not take it: for the redress of my open wrong I crave but justice.

Judge. What say you to this, sir?

Usurer. That first he had no lute-strings of me; for, look you, sir, I have his own hand to my book for the receipt of forty pound.

Thras. That was, sir, but a device of him to colour the statute.

Judge. Well, he hath thine own hand, and we can crave no more in law.—But now, sir, he says his money was tendered at the day and hour.

Usurer. This is manifest contrary, sir, and on that I will depose; for here is the obligation, "to be paid between three and four in the afternoon," and the clock struck four before he offered it, and the words be "between three and four," therefore to be tendered before four.

Thras. Sir, I was there before four, and he held me with babbling till the clock struck, and then for the breach of a minute he refused my money, and kept the recognisance of my land for so small a trifle.—Good Signor Mizaldo, speak what is law; you have your fee, you have heard what the case is, and therefore do me justice and right: I am a young gentleman, and speak for my patrimony.

Lawyer. Faith, sir, the case is altered; you told me it before in another manner: the law goes quite against you, and therefore you must plead to the Judge for favour.

Thras. O execrable bribery!

Alc. Faith, Sir Judge, I pray you let me be the gentleman's counsellor, for I can say thus much in his defence, that the Usurer's clock is the swiftest clock in all the town: 'tis, sir, like a woman's tongue, it goes ever half an hour before the time; for when we were gone from him, other clocks in the town struck four.

Judge. Hold thy prating, fellow:—and you, young gentleman, this is my award: look better another time both to your bargains and to the payments; for I must give flat sentence

against you, that, for default of tendering the money between the hours, you have forfeited your recognisance, and he to have the land.

Thras. O inspeakable injustice!

Alc. O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Judge!

Judge. Now, you fellow, what have you to say for your matter?

Alc. Master Lawyer, I laid my wife's gown to pawn for your fees: I pray you, to this gear.

Lawyer. Alas, poor man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore, I pray thee, tell it thyself.

Alc. I hold my cap to a noble that the Usurer hath given him some gold, and he, chewing it in his mouth, hath got the toothache that he cannot speak.

Judge. Well, sirrah, I must be short, and therefore say on.

Alc. Master Judge, I borrowed of this man thirty shillings, for which I left him in pawn my good cow; the bargain was, he should have eighteen-pence a week, and the cow's milk for usury: now, sir, as soon as I had gotten the money, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his money, and keeps my cow, sir.

Judge. Why, thou hast given sentence against thyself, for in breaking thy day thou hast lost thy cow.

Alc. Master Lawyer, now for my ten shillings.

Lawyer. Faith, poor man, thy case is so bad, I shall but speak against thee.

Alc. 'Twere good, then, I should have my ten shillings again.

Lawyer. 'Tis my fee, fellow, for coming: wouldst thou have me come for nothing?

Alc. Why, then, am I like to go home, not only with no cow, but no gown: this gear goes hard.

Judge. Well, you have heard what favour I can show you: I must do justice.—Come, Master Mizaldo,—and you, sir, go home with me to dinner.

Alc. Why, but, Master Judge, no cow!—and,

Master Lawyer, no gown!

Then must I clean run out of the town.

[*Exeunt Judge, attended, Lawyer, and Usurer.*]

How cheer you, gentleman? you cry "No lands" too; the Judge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath dubbed you Sir John Lack-land.

Thras. O miserable time, wherein gold is above God!

Alc. Fear not, man; I have yet a fetch to get thy lands and my cow again, for I have a son in the court, that is either a king or a king's fellow, and to him will I go and complain on the Judge and the Usurer both.

Thras. And I will go with thee, and entreat him for my case.

Alc. But how shall I go home to my wife, when I shall have nothing to say unto her but "no cow?" alas, sir, my wife's faults will fall upon me!

Thras. Fear not; let's go; I'll quiet her, shalt see.

[*Exeunt.*]

Oscas. Fly, judges, fly corruption in your court; The Judge of Truth hath made your judgment short. Look so to judge, that at the latter day Ye be not judg'd with those that wend astray. Who passeth judgment for his private gain, He well may judge he is adjudg'd to pain.

The next scene is with Adam and the crew of ruffians returning drunken from the ale. Wild in light quarrel, one ruffian slays another, and they pass on; but Adam, in his drunkenness, falls over the body of the slain man, and the dead drunk lies upon the dead. Then

Enter RASNI, ALVIDA, the KING OF CILICIA, Lords, and Attendants.

Rasni. What slaughter'd wretch lies bleeding here his last,
So near the royal palace of the king?
Search out if any one be biding nigh,
That can discourse the manner of his death.—
Seat thee, fair Alvida, the fair of fairs;
Let not the object once offend thine eyes.

First Lord. Here's one sits here asleep, my lord.

Rasni. Wake him, and make inquiry of this thing.

First Lord. Sirrah you! hearest thou, fellow?

Adam. If you will fill a fresh pot, here's a penny, or else
farewell, gentle tapster.

First Lord. He is drunk, my lord.

Rasni. We'll sport with him, that Alvida may laugh.

First Lord. Sirrah, thou fellow, thou must come to the king.

Adam. I will not do a stroke of work to-day, for the ale is
good ale, and you can ask but a penny for a pot, no more by
the statute.

First Lord. Villain, here's the king; thou must come to him.

Adam. The king come to an ale-house!—Tapster, fill me
three pots.—Where's the king? is this he?—Give me your
hand, sir: as good ale as ever was tapt; you shall drink
while your skin crack.

Rasni. But hearest thou, fellow, who killed this man?

Adam. I'll tell you, sir,—if you did taste of the ale,—all
Nineveh hath not such a cup of ale, it flowers in the cup, sir;
by my troth, I spent eleven pence, beside three races of
ginger¹—

Rasni. Answer me, knave, to my question, how came this
man slain?

Adam. Slain! why, the ale is strong ale, 'tis huffcap; I
warrant you, 'twill make a man well.—Tapster, ho! for the
king a cup of ale and a fresh toast; here's two races more.

Alvi. Why, good fellow, the king talks not of drink; he
would have thee tell him how this man came dead.

Adam. Dead! nay, I think I am alive yet, and will drink
a full pot ere night: but hear ye, if ye be the wench that
filled us drink, why, so, do your office, and give us a fresh
pot; or if you be the tapster's wife, why, so, wash the glass
clean.

Alvi. He is so drunk, my lord, there is no talking with him.

Adam. Drunk! nay, then, wench, I am not drunk . . .
I tell thee I am not drunk, I am a smith, I.

First Lord. Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Enter the Smith.

Smith. God save you, master.

Rasni. Smith, canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

Smith. May it please your highness, my man here and a
crew of them went to the ale-house, and came out so drunk
that one of them killed another: and now, sir, I am fain to
leave my shop, and come to fetch him home.

Rasni. Some of you carry away the dead body: drunken
men must have their fits; and, sirrah smith, hence with thy
man.

Smith. Sirrah you, rise, come go with me.

Adam. If we shall have a pot of ale, let's have it, here's
money; hold, tapster, take my purse.

Smith. Come, then, with me; the pot stands full in the
house.

Adam. I am for you, let's go, thou'rt an honest tapster:
we'll drink six pots ere we part.

[Exeunt Smith, ADAM; and Attendants with the dead body.]

Rasni and *Alvida*, having made sport with the
degradation of drunkenness, sink lower themselves;
and in a draught of Greek wine, in which she asks
for a love-pledge from her forgiving husband, *Alvida*
slays him with swift poison. Upon *Rasni's* praise
of the deed, follows the stern comment of *Oseas* that
closes the Second Act of the play.

The Third Act opens with another prophet, used in
this place as type of the preacher who is unfaithful
in delivering God's message to the world.

Enter JONAS.

Jonas. From forth the depth of my imprison'd soul
Steal you, my sighs, to testify my pain;

Convey on wings of mine immortal tone

My zealous prayers unto the starry throne.

Ah, merciful and just, thou dreadful God!

Where is thine arm to lay revengeful strokes

Upon the heads of our rebellious race?

Lo, Israel, once that flourish'd like the vine,

Is barren laid; the beautiful increase

Is wholly blent, and irreligious zeal

Encampeth there where virtue was enthron'd:

Alas! the while the widow wants relief,

The fatherless is wrong'd by naked need,

Devotion sleeps in cinders of contempt,

Hypocrisy infects the holy priest!

Ay me, for this! woe me, for these misdeeds!

Alone I walk to think upon the world,

And sigh to see thy prophets so condemn'd,

Alas, condemn'd by curséd Israel!

Yet, Jonas, rest content, 'tis Israel's sin

That causeth this; then muse no more thereon,

But pray amends, and mend thy own amiss.

An Angel appears to JONAS.

Angel. Amittai's son, I charge thee muse no more:

I AM hath power to pardon and correct;

To thee pertains to do the Lord's command.

Go girt thy loins, and haste thee quickly hence;

To Nineveh, that mighty city, wend,

And say this message from the Lord of hosts,

Preach unto them these tidings from thy God;—

“Behold, thy wickedness hath tempted me,

And piercéd through the nine-fold orbs of heaven:

Repent, or else thy judgment is at hand.”

[This said, the Angel vanishes.]

Jonas. Prostrate I lie before the Lord of hosts,

With humble ears intending his behest:

Ah, honour'd be Jehovah's great command!

Then Jonas must to Nineveh repair,

Commanded as the prophet of the Lord.

Great dangers on this journey do await,

But dangers none where heaven directs the course.

What should I deem? I see, yea, sighing see,

How Israel sins, yet knows the way of truth,

And thereby grows the bye-word of the world.

How, then, should God in judgment be so strict

'Gainst those who never heard or knew his power,

To threaten utter ruin of them all?

Should I report this judgment of my God,

I should incite them more to follow sin;

¹ Races of ginger, roots; French “race,” from Latin “radix.” This is the word in the phrase “human race.” In a horse-race or a mill-race, the word is from First-English “ræs,” a rush.

And publish to the world my country's blame :
It may not be, my conscience tells me—no.
Ah, Jonas, wilt thou prove rebellious, then ?
Consider, ere thou fall, what error is.
My mind misgives : to Joppa will I fly,
And for a while to Tharsus shape my course,
Until the Lord unfret his angry brows.

Enter certain Merchants of Tharsus, a Master, and some Sailors.

Mas. Come on, brave merchants ; now the wind doth serve,
And sweetly blows a gale at west-south-west,
Our yards across, our anchors on the pike,¹
What, shall we hence, and take this merry gale ?

First Mer. Sailors, convey our budgets straight aboard,
And we will recompense your pains at last :
If once in safety we may Tharsus see,
Master, we'll feast these merry mates and thee.

Mas. Meanwhile content yourselves with silly cates ;²
Our beds are boards, our feasts are full of mirth :
We use no pomp, we are the lords of sea ;
When princes sweat in care, we swink³ of glee.
Orion's shoulders and the Pointers serve
To be our loadstars in the lingering night ;
The beauties of Arcturus we behold ;
And though the sailor is no bookman held,
He knows more art than ever bookmen read.

First Sai. By heavens, well said in honour of our trade !
Let's see the proudest scholar steer his course,
Or shift his tides, as silly sailors do ;
Then will we yield them praise, else never none.

First Mer. Well spoken, fellow, in thine own behalf.
But let us hence ; wind tarries none, you wot,
And tide and time let slip is hardly got.

Mas. March to the haven, merchants ; I follow you.

[*Exeunt Merchants.*]

Jonas [aside]. Now doth occasion further my desires ;
I find companions fit to aid my flight.—
Stay, sir, I pray, and hear a word or two.

Mas. Say on, good friend, but briefly, if you please ;
My passengers by this time are aboard.

Jonas. Whither pretend⁴ you to embark yourselves ?

Mas. To Tharsus, sir, and here in Joppa-haven
Our ship is prest,⁵ and ready to depart.

Jonas. May I have passage for my money, then ?

Mas. What not for money ? pay ten silverlings,
You are a welcome guest, if so you please.

Jonas [giving money]. Hold, take thine hire ; I follow thee,
my friend.

Mas. Where is your budget ? let me bear it, sir.

Jonas. Go on in peace,⁶ who sail as I do now
Put trust in Him who succoureth every want. [*Exeunt.*]

Oseas. When prophets, new-inspir'd, presume to force
And tie the power of heaven to their conceits ;
When fear, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtle craft, their thoughts disguise,

Woe to the flock whereas the shepherd's foul !
For, lo, the Lord at unawares shall plague
The careless guide, because his flocks do stray.
The axe already to the tree is set :
Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art.

Then enters Thrasybulus with the poor old man Alcon, who is accompanied by his wife Samia and Clesiphon his younger son. The law having failed to right their wrong, they are looking now to Alcon's influence at Court, through his son Radagon, who by flattery has risen to vice-royal state.

Enter ALCON, THRASYBULUS, SAMIA, and CLESIPHON.

Cles. Mother, some meat, or else I die for want !

Sam. Ah, little boy, how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies !
Thy father's slender portion in this world
By usury and false deceit is lost :
No charity within this city bides,
All for themselves, and none to help the poor.

Cles. Father, shall Clesiphon have no relief ?

Alc. Faith, my boy, I must be flat with thee, we must
feed upon proverbs now ; as "Necessity hath no law," "A
churl's feast is better than none at all : " for other remedies
have we none, except thy brother Radagon help us.

Sam. Is this thy slender care to help our child ?
Hath nature arm'd thee to no more remorse ?
Ah, cruel man, unkind and pitiless !—
Come, Clesiphon, my boy, I'll beg for thee.

Cles. Oh, how my mother's mourning moveth me !

Alc. Nay, you shall pay me interest for getting the boy,
wife, before you carry him hence : alas, woman, what can
Alcon do more ? I'll pluck the belly out of my heart for
thee, sweet Samia ; be not so waspish.

Sam. Ah, silly man, I know thy want is great,
And foolish I to crave where nothing is.
Haste, Alcon, haste, make haste unto our son ;
Who, since he is in favour of the king,
May help this hapless gentleman and us
For to regain our goods from tyrants' hands.

Thras. Have patience, Samia, wait your weal from heaven :
The gods have rais'd your son, I hope, for this,
To succour innocents in their distress.
Lo, where he comes from the imperial court ;
Go, let us prostrate us before his feet.

Alc. Nay, by my troth, I'll never ask my son blessing ;
che trow, cha⁷ taught him his lesson to know his father.

Enter RADAGON attended.

What, son Radagon ! i' faith, boy, how dost thee ?

Radag. Villain, disturb me not ; I cannot stay.

Alc. Tut, son, I'll help you of that disease quickly, for I
can hold thee : . . .

Radag. Traitor unto my princely majesty,
How dar'st thou lay thy hands upon a king ?

Sam. No traitor, Radagon, but true is he :

What, hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,
To scorn thy father when he visits thee ?

Alas, my son ! behold with ruthless eyes
Thy parents robb'd of all their worldly weal
By subtle means of usury and guile :
The judge's ears are deaf and shut up close ;
All mercy sleeps : then be thou in these plunges

¹ Anchors on the pike, Fr. "à pique." An anchor was said to be "à pique," "apeek," when the ship was drawn so directly over it that between anchor and ship the cable was tightly stretched in a perpendicular line.

² Silly cates, simple provisions. "Cates" and "acates," from Old French "acats ;" "acheter," to buy. We still use the word from the same root "cater."

³ Swink, toil. First-English "swincan," to labour.

⁴ Pretend, hold or set before ; literally, stretch out before, propose.

⁵ Prest, French "prêt," ready.

⁶ Go on in peace. The original has "To one in peace," which I take to be a misprint.

⁷ Che trow, cha, I believe I have. See Note 5, page 71.

A patron to thy mother in her pains:
Behold thy brother almost dead for food:
Oh, succour us, that first did succour thee!

Radag. What, succour me! false callet,¹ hence, avaunt!
Old dotard, pack! move not my patience:
I know you not; kings never look so low.

Sam. You know us not! O Radagon, you know
That, knowing us, you know your parents then;
Thou know'st this womb first brought thee forth to light:
I know these paps did foster thee, my son.

Alc. And I know he hath had many a piece of bread and
cheese at my hands, as proud as he is; that know I.

Thras. I wait no hope of succour in this place,
Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

Radag. Dare you enforce the furrows of revenge
Within the brows of royal Radagon?
Villain, avaunt! hence, beggars, with your brats!—
Marshal, why whip you not these rogues away,
That thus disturb our royal majesty?

Cles. Mother, I see it is a wondrous thing,
From base estate for to become a king;
For why, methink, my brother in these fits
Hath got a kingdom, but hath lost his wits.

Radag. Yet more contempt before my royalty?
Slaves, fetch out tortures worse than Tityus' plagues,
And tear their tongues from their blasphemous heads.

Thras. I'll get me gone, though woe-begone with grief:
No hope remains;—come, Alcon, let us wend.

Radag. 'Twere best you did, for fear you catch your bane.
[Exit THRASIBULUS.]

Sam. Nay, traitor, I will haunt thee to the death:
Ungracious son, untoward, and perverse,
I'll fill the heavens with echoes of thy pride,
And ring in every ear thy small regard,
That dost despise thy parents in their wants;
And breathing forth my soul before thy feet,
My curses still shall haunt thy hateful head,
And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

Enter RASNI, attended on by his Magi and Kings.

Rasni. How now! what mean these outeries in our court,
Where naught should sound but harmonies of heaven?
What maketh Radagon so passionate?

Sam. Justice, O king, justice against my son!

Rasni. Thy son! what son?

Sam. This curséd Radagon.

Radag. Dread monarch, this is but a lunacy,
Which grief and want hath brought the woman to.—
What, doth this passion hold you every moon?

Sam. O politic in sin and wickedness,
Too impudent for to delude thy prince!—
O Rasni, this same womb first brought him forth.
This is his father, worn with care and age;
This is his brother, poor unhappy lad;
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him.
With tedious toil we got our little good,
And brought him up to school with mickle charge:
Lord, how we joy'd to see his towardness!
And to ourselves we oft in silence said,

¹ *Callet*, scold; used formerly as a term of great contempt. In the East Riding of Yorkshire the word "callit" is still used for a scold, and "to call" is to scold. The first sense of the Scandinavian "kalla," whence our "call," was to cry aloud or shout, and in Old and Middle High German the word had only the sense of loud talking. In the "Winter's Tale," act ii., sc. 3, Leontes calls Paulina "A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me."

This youth when we are old may succour us.
But now prefer'd and lifted up by thee,
We quite destroy'd by curséd usury,
He scorneth me, his father, and this child.

Cles. He plays the serpent right, describ'd in Esop's tale,
That sought the foster's death, that lately gave him life.

Alc. Nay, an please your majesty-ship, for proof he was
my child, search the parish-book: the clerk will swear it,
his godfathers and godmothers can witness it: it cost me
forty pence in ale and cakes on the wives at his christening.
—Hence, proud king! thou shalt never more have my
blessing.

Rasni. [taking RADAGON apart.] Say sooth in secret,
Radagon,
Is this thy father?

Radag. Mighty king, he is;
I blushing tell it to your majesty.

Rasni. Why dost thou, then, contemn him and his friends?

Radag. Because he is a base and abject swain,
My mother and her brat both beggarly,
Unmeet to be allied unto a king:
Should I, that look on Rasni's countenance,
And march amidst his royal equipage,
Embase myself to speak to such as they?
'Twere impious so to impair the love
That mighty Rasni bears to Radagon.

I would your grace would quit them from your sight,
That dare presume to look on Jove's compare.

Rasni. I like thy pride, I praise thy policy;
Such should they be that wait upon my court:
Let me alone to answer, Radagon.—
Villains, seditious traitors, as you be,
That scandalise the honour of a king,
Depart my court, you stales of impudence,
Unless you would be parted from your limbs!
So base for to entitle fatherhood
To Rasni's friend, to Rasni's favourite.

Radag. Hence, begging scold! hence, caitiff clogg'd with
years!

On pain of death, revisit not the court.
Was I conceiv'd by such a scurvy trull,
Or brought to light by such a lump of dirt?
Go, losel, trot it to the cart and spade!
Thou art unmeet to look upon a king,
Much less to be the father of a king.

Alc. You may see, wife, what a goodly piece of work you
have made: have I taught you arsmetry,² as *additioni multi-*
plicarum, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy,
and to be banished for my labour? O pitiful hearing!—
Come, Clesiphon, follow me.

Cles. Brother, beware: I oft have heard it told,
That sons who do their fathers scorn shall beg when they be
old.

Radag. Hence, bastard boy, for fear you taste the whip!

[Exeunt ALCON and CLESIPHON.]

Sam. O all you heavens, and you eternal powers
That sway the sword of justice in your hands,
(If mother's curses for her son's contempt
May fill the balance of your fury full,)
Pour down the tempest of your direful plagues
Upon the head of curséd Radagon!

[A flame of fire appears from beneath, and RADAGON
is swallowed.]

So you are just: now triumph, Samia!

[Exit.]

Rasni. What exorcising charm, or hateful hag,

² *Ars metrica*, arithmetic.

Hath ravishéd the pride of my delight ?
 What tortuous planets, or malevolent
 Conspiring power, repining destiny,
 Hath made the concave of the earth unclose,
 And shut in ruptures lovely Radagon ?
 If I be lord commander of the clouds,
 King of the earth, and sovereign of the seas,
 What daring Saturn, from his fiery den,
 Doth dart these furious flames amidst my court ?
 I am not chief, there is more great than I :
 What, greater than th' Assyrian Satrapos ?
 It may not be, and yet I fear there is,
 That hath bereft me of my Radagon.

First Magus. Monarch, and potentate of all our provinces,
 Muse not so much upon this accident,
 Which is indeed nothing miraculous.
 The hill of Sicily, dread sovereign,
 Sometime on sudden doth evacuate
 Whole flakes of fire, and spews out from below
 The smoky brands that Vulcan's bellows drive :
 Whether by winds enclosed in the earth,
 Or fracture of the earth by rivers' force,
 Such chances as was this are often seen ;
 Whole cities sunk, whole countries drownéd quite.
 Then muse not at the loss of Radagon,
 But frolic with the dalliance of your love.
 Let cloths of purple, set with studs of gold,
 Embellishéd with all the pride of earth,
 Be spread for Alvida to sit upon :
 Then thou, like Mars courting the queen of love,
 May'st drive away this melancholy fit.

Rasni. The proof is good and philosophical ;
 And more, thy counsel plausible and sweet.—
 Come, lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon,
 Earth will repay him many Radagons,
 And Alvida with pleasant looks revive
 The heart that droops for want of Radagon.

[*Exeunt.*

Oseas. When disobedience reigneth in the child,
 And princes' cars by flattery be beguil'd ;
 When laws do pass by favour, not by truth ;
 When falsehood swarmeth both in old and youth ;
 When gold is made a god to wrong the poor,
 And charity exil'd from rich men's door ;
 When men by wit do labour to disprove
 The plagues for sin sent down by God above ;
 When great men's ears are stopt to good advice,
 And apt to hear those tales that feed their vice :
 Woe to the land ! for from the east shall rise
 A Lamb of peace, the scourge of vanities,
 The judge of truth, the patron of the just,
 Who soon will lay presumption in the dust,
 And give the humble poor their hearts' desire,
 And doom the worldlings to eternal fire :
 Repent all you that hear, for fear of plagues !
 O London, this and more doth swarm in thee.
 Repent ! repent ! for why, the Lord doth see.
 With trembling pray, and mend what is amiss ;
 The sword of justice drawn already is.

The next scene opens between Adam and the Smith's wife ; the Smith enters, the man beats his master, and the wife is without care for the husband. The prophet's comment upon this is followed by the last scene of this act.

Oseas. Where servants against masters do rebel,
 The commonweal may be accounted hell ;

For if the feet the head shall hold in scorn,
 The city's state will fall and be forlorn.
 This error, London, waiteth on thy state :
 Servants, amend, and, masters, leave to hate ;
 Let love abound, and virtue reign in all ;
 So God will hold his hand, that threateneth thrall.

Enter the Merchants of Tharsus, the Master of the Ship, and some Sailors, wet from the sea ; with them the Governor of Joppa.

Gov. What strange encounters met you on the sea,
 That thus your bark is batter'd by the floods,
 And you return thus sea-wreck'd as I see ?

First Mer. Most mighty Governor, the chance is strange,
 The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
 Which, better than we, our Master can report.

Gov. Master, discourse us all the accident.

Mas. The fair Triones with their glimmering light
 Smil'd at the foot of clear Boötes' wain,
 And in the north, distinguishing the hours,
 The loadstar of our course dispers'd his clear ;
 When to the seas with blitheful western blasts
 We sail'd amain, and let the bowling fly.
 Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,
 But, lo, an host of black and sable clouds
 'Gan to eclipse Lucina's silver face ;
 And, with a hurling noise from forth the south,
 A gust of wind did rear the billows up.
 Then scantled we our sails with speedy hands,
 And took our drablers from our bonnets¹ straight,
 And severéd our bonnets from our courses :
 Our topsails up, we truss our spritsails in ;
 But vainly strive they that resist the heavens.
 For, lo, the waves incense them more and more,
 Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth ;
 Our bark is batter'd by encountering storms,
 And well-nigh stemm'd by breaking of the floods.
 The steersman, pale and careful, holds his helm,
 Wherein the trust of life and safety lay :
 Till all at once (a mortal tale to tell)
 Our sails were split by Bisa's bitter blast,²
 Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope.
 There might you see, with pale and ghastly looks,
 The dead in thought, and doleful merchants lift
 Their eyes and hands unto their country's gods.
 The goods we cast in bowels of the sea,
 A sacrifice to 'suage proud Neptune's ire.
 Only alone a man of Israel,
 A passenger, did under hatches lie,
 And slept secure, when we for succour pray'd :
 Him I awoke, and said, " Why slumberest thou ?
 Arise, and pray, and call upon thy god ;
 He will perhaps in pity look on us."
 Then cast we lots to know by whose amiss
 Our mischief came, according to the guise ;
 And, lo, the lot did unto Jonas fall,
 The Israelite of whom I told you last.
 Then question we his country and his name ;

¹ Took our drablers from our bonnets. " Drabler, an additional part of a sail, sometimes laced to the bottom of the bonnet of a square sail in sloops and schooners." (Falconer's "Marine Dictionary," which defines "Bonnet, an additional part laced to the bottom of the mainsail and foresail of some small vessels, in moderate winds.") Lodge's seafaring experience is turned to account in the description of the voyage of Jonah, which is doubtless from his hand.

² Bisa's bitter blast. The bise is a cold north wind, like the mistral that often blows on the northern coasts of the Mediterranean.

Who answer'd us, "I am an Hebrew born,
 Who fear the Lord of heaven who made the sea,
 And fled from him; for which we all are plagu'd:
 So, to assuage the fury of my God,
 Take me and cast my carcass in the sea;
 Then shall this stormy wind and billow cease."
 The heavens they know, the Hebrew's god can tell,
 How loath we were to execute his will:
 But when no oars nor labour might suffice,
 We heav'd the hapless Jonas overboard.
 So ceas'd the storm, and calm'd all the sea,
 And we by strength of oars recover'd shore.

Gov. A wondrous chance of mighty consequence!

First Mer. Ah, honour'd be the god that wrought the same!

For we have vow'd, that saw his wondrous works,
 To cast away profan'd paganism,
 And count the Hebrew's god the only god:
 To him this offering of the purest gold,
 This myrrh and cassia, freely I do yield.

Second Mer. And on his altar's fume these Turkey cloths,
 This gassampine¹ and gold, I'll sacrifice.

First Sai. To him my heart and thoughts I will addict.
 Then suffer us, most mighty Governor,
 Within your temples to do sacrifice.

Gov. You men of Tharsus, follow me,
 Who sacrifice unto the God of heaven;
 And welcome, friends, to Joppa's Governor.

[*Exeunt.* *A sacrifice.*]

Oscas. If warn'd once, the ethnics² thus repent,
 And at the first their error do lament,
 What senseless beasts, devour'd in their sin,
 Are they whom long persuasions cannot win!
 Beware, ye western cities,—where the word
 Is daily preach'd, both at church and board,
 Where majesty the gospel doth maintain,
 Where preachers, for your good, themselves do pain,—
 To dally long and still protract the time;
 The Lord is just, and you but dust and slime:
 Presume not far, delay not to amend;
 Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
 Cast thy account, O London, in this case,
 Then judge what cause thou hast to call for grace!

Here ends the Third Act, and the Fourth opens
 with this scene:—

JONAS is cast out of the whale's belly upon the stage.

Jonas. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
 Behold, thy hands of mercy rear me up!
 Lo, from the hideous bowels of this fish
 Thou hast return'd me to the wish'd air!
 Lo, here, apparent witness of thy power,
 The proud leviathan that scours the seas
 And from his nostrils showers out stormy floods,
 Whose back resists the tempest of the wind,
 Whose presence makes the scaly troops to shake,
 With humble stress of his broad-open'd chaps,
 Hath lent me harbour in the raging floods!
 Thus, though my sin hath drawn me down to death,
 Thy mercy hath restor'd me to life.
 Bow ye, my knees; and you, my bashful eyes,

Weep so for grief as you to water would.
 In trouble, Lord, I call'd unto thee,
 Out of the belly of the deepest hell;
 I cried, and thou didst hear my voice, O God!
 'Tis thou hadst cast me down into the deep:
 The seas and floods did compass me about;
 I thought I had been cast from out thy sight;
 The weeds were wrapt about my wretched head;
 I went unto the bottom of the hills:
 But thou, O Lord my God, hast brought me up!
 On thee I thought whenas my soul did faint:
 My prayers did please³ before thy mercy-seat.
 Then will I pay my vows unto the Lord,
 For why, salvation cometh from his throne.

The Angel appears.

Angel. Jonas, arise, get thee to Nineveh,
 And preach to them the preachings that I bade;
 Haste thee to see the will of heaven perform'd.

Jonas. Jehovah, I am prest⁴ to do thy will.

[*The Angel departs.*]

What coast is this, and where am I arriv'd?
 Behold sweet Lyons streaming in his bounds,
 Bearing the walls of haughty Nineveh
 Whereas three hundred towers do tempt the heaven.
 Fair are thy walls, pride of Assyria;
 But, lo, thy sins have pierc'd through the clouds!
 Here will I enter boldly, since I know
 My God commands, whose power no power resists. [Exit.]

Oscas. You prophets, learn by Jonas how to live;
 Repent your sins, whilst he doth warning give.
 Who knows his master's will, and doth it not,
 Shall suffer many stripes, full well I wot.

The next scene shows first the fickle wantonness
 of Alvida, whose fancy wanders to the King of
 Cilicia. She tempts him in vain with blandishment
 and song:—

Song.

Beauty, alas! where wast thou born,
 Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
 Whenas Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,
 Thou by Beauty dost undo me:
 Heigh-ho, despise me not!
 I and thou, in sooth, are one,
 Fairer thou, I fairer none:
 Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
 Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
 Do me right, and do me reason:
 Cruelty is curs'd treason:
 Heigh-ho, I love! heigh-ho, I love!
 Heigh-ho! and yet he eyes me not.

She faints when Rasni enters, and awakes from
 her fainting to false protestation of her love for him.
 Then

*Enter the Priests of the Sun, with wands on their heads,
 carrying fire in their hands.*

First Priest. All hail unto th' Assyrian deity!

Rasni. Priests, why presume you to disturb my peace?

First Priest. Rasni, the Destinies disturb thy peace.
 Behold, amidst the adyt⁵s of our gods,

¹ Gassampine, French "gossampine," the cotton-tree; Latin "gossypium." "Gossamor" is from the same word.

² Ethnics, gentiles.

³ Please, press.

⁴ Prest, ready.

⁵ Adyt, approaches to the temples.

Our mighty gods, the patrons of our war,
The ghosts of dead men howling walk about,
Crying "Væ, væ, woe to this city, woe!"
The statues of our gods are thrown down,
And streams of blood our altars do distain.

Alv. [*starting up*]. Alas, my Lord, what tidings do I hear?
Shall I be slain?

Rasni. Who tempteth Alvda?
Go, break me up the brazen doors of dreams,
And bind me curséd Morpheus in a chain,
And fetter all the fancies of the night
Because they do disturb my Alvda.

[*A hand from out a cloud threatens with a burning sword.*]

K. of Cil. Behold, dread prince, a burning sword from heaven,

Which by a threatening arm is brandishéd!

Rasni. What! am I threaten'd, then, amidst my throne?
Sages, you Magi, speak; what meaneth this?

First Magus. These are but clammy exhalations,
Or retrograde conjunctions of the stars,
Or oppositions of the greater lights,
Or radiations finding matter fit,
That in the starry sphere kindled be;
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honour to my lord the king.

Rasni. Then frolic, viceroys, kings, and potentates;
Drive all vain fancies from your feeble minds.
Priests, go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,
Where Alvda and I, in pearl and gold,
Will quaff unto our nobles richest wine,
In spite of fortune, fate, or destiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

Oseas. Woe to the trains of women's foolish lust,
In wedlock rites that yield but little trust,
That vow to one, yet common be to all!
Take warning, wantons; pride will have a fall.
Woe to the land where warnings profit nought!
Who say that Nature God's decrees hath wrought;
Who build on fate, and leave the corner-stone,
The God of gods, sweet Christ, the only one.
If such escapes, O London, reign in thee,
Repent, for why, each sin shall punish'd be:
Repent, amend, repent, the hour is nigh;
Deter not time; who knows when he shall die?

Then follows a clown scene opened by one masking in devil's attire, who lies in wait to terrify Adam, the smith's man. When Adam enters with the smith's wife, she flies, but Adam remains for a comic dialogue, which ends with his beating the devil. He does this when he has offered, as a smith, to shoe him, and taking his foot in hand found he was no devil, because he had not a hoof. Then we see Thrasybulus and Alcon driven by want and injustice to live by theft.

Enter THRASYBULUS.

Thras. Loath'd is the life that now enforc'd I lead;
But since necessity will have it so,
(Necessity it doth command the gods.)
Through every coast and corner now I pry,
To pilfer what I can to buy me meat.
Here have I got a cloak, not over old,
Which will afford some little sustenance:
Now will I to the broking Usurer,
To make exchange of ware for ready coin.

Enter ALCON, SAMIA, and CLESIPHON.

Alc. Wife, bid the trumpets sound, a prize, a prize! mark the posy: I cut this from a new-married wife by the help of a horn-thumb and a knife,—six shillings, four pence.

Sam. The better luck ours: but what have we here, east apparel? Come away, man, the Usurer is near: this is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

Thras. [*aside*]. Here are my partners in my poverty, Enforc'd to seek their fortunes as I do:
Alas, that few men should possess the wealth,
And many souls be forc'd to beg or steal!—
Alcon, well met.

Alc. Fellow beggar, whither now?

Thras. To the Usurer, to get gold on commodity.

Alc. And I to the same place, to get a vent for my villany. See where the old crust comes: let us salute him.

Enter Usurer.

God speed, sir: may a man abuse your patience upon a pawn?

Usurer. Friend, let me see it.

Alc. *Ecce signum!* a fair doublet and hose, new-bought out of the pilferer's shop, a handsome cloak.

Usurer. How were they gotten?

Thras. How catch the fishermen fish? Master, take them as you think them worth: we leave all to your conscience.

Usurer. Honest men, toward me, good men, my friends, like to prove good members, use me, command me; I will maintain your credits. There's money: now spend not your time in idleness; bring me commodity; I have crowns for you: there is two shillings for thee, and six shillings for thee.

[*Gives money.*]

Alc. A bargain.—Now, Samia, have at it for a new smock!—Come, let us to the spring of the best liquor: whilst this lasts, trillill!

Usurer. Good fellows, proper fellows, my companions, farewell: I have a pot for you.

Sam. [*aside*]. If he could spare it.

Enter JONAS.

Jonas. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The day of horror and of torment comes;
When greedy hearts shall glutted be with fire,
Whenas corruptions veil'd shall be unmask'd,
When briberies shall be repaid with bane,
When [foul lusts] shall be recompens'd in hell,
When riot shall with rigour be rewarded,
Whenas neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdain of poor men, fatherless, and sick,
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out;
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown:
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown.

[*Exit.*]

Usurer. Confus'd in thought, oh, whither shall I wend?

[*Exit.*]

Thras. My conscience cries, that I have done amiss. [*Exit.*]

Alc. O God of heaven, 'gainst thee have I offended!

Sam. Asham'd of my misdeeds, where shall I hide me?

Cles. Father, methinks this word "repent" is good:
He that doth punish disobedience
Doth hold a scourge for every privy fault.

[*Exit with ALCON and SAMIA.*]

Oseas. Look, London, look; with inward eyes behold
What lessons the events do here unfold.
Sin grown to pride, to misery is thrall:

The warning-bell is rung, beware to fall.
 Ye worldly men, whom wealth doth lift on high,
 Beware and fear, for worldly men must die.
 The time shall come, where least suspect remains,
 The sword shall light upon the wisest brains;
 The head that deems to overtop the sky,
 Shall perish in his human policy.
 Lo, I have said, when I have said the truth,
 When will is law, when folly guideth youth,
 When show of zeal is prank'd in robes of zeal,
 When ministers poll the pride of common weal,
 When law is made a labyrinth of strife,
 When honour yields him friend to wicked life,
 When princes hear by others' ears their folly,
 When usury is most accounted holy;
 If these shall hap, as would to God they might not,
 The plague is near: I speak, although I write not.

Enter the Angel.

Angel. Oseas.

Oseas. Lord?

Angel. Now hath thine eye perus'd these heinous sins,
 Hateful unto the mighty Lord of hosts.
 The time is come, their sins are waxen ripe,
 And though the Lord forewarns, yet they repent not;
 Custom of sin hath harden'd all their hearts.
 Now comes revenge, arm'd with mighty plagues,
 To punish all that live in Nineveh;
 For God is just as he is merciful,
 And doubtless plagues all such as scorn repent.
 Thou shall not see the desolation
 That falls unto these curs'd Ninevites,
 But shalt return to great Jerusalem,
 And preach unto the people of thy God
 What mighty plagues are incident to sin,
 Unless repentance mitigate his ire:
 Rapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,
 I'll seat thee in Judæa's provinces.
 Fear not, Oseas, then to preach the word.

Oseas. The will of the Lord be done!

[OSEAS is taken away by the Angel.]

The act ends with a banquet in the palace of Rasni, upon which Adam the smith intrudes for a boon, and at which he is entertained as a causer of mirth, the last words of the scene and of the Fourth Act being from Alvida—

Villains, why skink you not unto this fellow?
 He makes me blithe and merry in my thoughts:
 Heard you not that the king hath given command
 That all be drunk to-day within his court
 In quaffing to the health of Alvida?

[*Drink given to ADAM.*]

Then follows the Fifth Act, one lesson of Repentance, written with a profound religious earnestness, into the very midst of which a clown scene of broad farce is thrust. I give this Act complete.

Enter JONAS.

Jonas. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!¹
 The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out,

There are as yet but forty days remaining,
 And then shall Nineveh be overthrown:
 Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!

Rasni. What fellow's this, that thus disturbs our feast
 With outcries and alarms to repent?

Adam. Oh, sir, 'tis one Goodman Jonas, that is come from Jericho; and surely I think he hath seen some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he never leaves crying night nor day. My master heard him, and he shut up his shop, gave me my indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

Jonas. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!

Rasni. Come hither, fellow: what art, and from whence comest thou?

Jonas. Rasni, I am a prophet of the Lord,
 Sent hither by the mighty God of hosts
 To cry destruction to the Ninevites.
 O Nineveh, thou harlot of the world,
 I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,
 To come and see thy filthiness and sin!
 Thus saith the Lord, the mighty God of hosts:
 Your king loves chambering and wantonness,
 [Foul lust] and murder do disdain his court,
 He favoureth covetous and drunken men;
 Behold, therefore, all like a strumpet foul,
 Thou shalt be judg'd, and punish'd for thy crime;
 The foe shall pierce the gates with iron ramps,
 The fire shall quite consume thee from above,
 The houses shall be burnt, the infants slain,
 And women shall behold their husbands die.
 Thine eldest sister is Gomorrha named,
 And Sodom on thy right hand seated is.
 Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
 The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out,
 There are as yet but forty days remaining,
 And then shall Nineveh be overthrown. [Offers to depart.]

Rasni. Stay, prophet, stay.

Jonas. Disturb not him that sent me;
 Let me perform the message of the Lord.

[Exit.]

Rasni. My soul is buried in the hell of thoughts.—
 Ah, Alvida, I look on thee with shame!—
 My lords on sudden fix their eyes on ground,
 As if dismay'd to look upon the heavens.—
 Hence, Magi, who have flatter'd me in sin! [Exeunt Magi.]
 Horror of mind, disturbance of my soul,
 Make me aghast for Nineveh's mishap.
 Lords, see proclaim'd, yea, see it straight proclaim'd,
 That man and beast, the woman and her child,
 For forty days in sack and ashes fast:
 Perhaps the Lord will yield, and pity us.—
 Bear hence these wretched blandishments of sin,
 [Taking off his crown and robe.]

And bring me sackcloth to attire your king:
 Away with pomp! my soul is full of woe.—
 In pity look on Nineveh, O God!

[Exeunt all except ALVIDA and Ladies.]

Alv. Assail'd with shame, with horror overborne,
 To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin,
 Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray.
 Alas! how dare we look on heavenly light,
 That have despis'd the Maker of the same?
 How may we hope for mercy from above,
 That still despis'd the warnings from above?
 Woe's me, my conscience is a heavy foe.
 O patron of the poor oppress'd with sin,
 Look, look on me that now for pity crave!
 Assail'd with shame, with horror overborne,

¹ "And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown. So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest to the least of them," &c. (Jonah, chapter iii.)

To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin,
Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray. [Exeunt.

Enter the Usurer, with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.

Usurer. Groaning in conscience, burden'd with my crimes,
The hell of sorrow haunts me up and down.
Tread where I list, methinks the bleeding ghosts
Of those whom my corruption brought to naughts,
Do serve for stumbling-blocks before my steps;
The fatherless and widow wrong'd by me,
The poor oppress'd by my usury;
Methinks I see their hands rear'd up to heaven,
To cry for vengeance of my covetousness.
Whereso I walk, all sigh and shun my way;
Thus am I made a monster of the world:
Hell gapes for me, heaven will not hold my soul.
You mountains, shroud me from the God of truth:
Methinks I see him sit to judge the earth;
See how he blots me out o' the book of life!
O burden, more than Ætna, that I bear!
Cover me, hills, and shroud me from the Lord;
Swallow me, Lycus, shield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I hear,
Methinks, the sentence of damnation sounds,
"Die, reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell."

[*The Evil Angel tempts him, offering the knife and rope.*

What fiend is this that tempts me to the death?
What, is my death the harbour of my rest?
Then let me die:—what second charge is this?
Methinks I hear a voice amidst mine ears,
That bids me stay, and tells me that the Lord
Is merciful to those that do repent.
May I repent? O thou, my doubtful soul,
Thou mayst repent, the judge is merciful!
Hence, tools of wrath, stales of temptation!
For I will pray and sigh unto the Lord;
In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray:
O Lord, in rigour look not on my sins!

[*Sits down in sackcloth, his hands and eyes reared to heaven.*

Enter ALVIDA and her Ladies, with dispersed locks and in sackcloth.

Alv. Come, mournful dames, lay off your broider'd locks,
And on your shoulders spread dispers'd hairs:
Let voice of music cease where sorrow dwells:
Cloth'd in sackcloth, sigh your sins with me;
Bemoan your pride, bewail your lawless lusts;
With fasting mortify your pamp'ring loins;
Oh, think upon the horror of your sins,
Think, think with me, the burden of your blames!
Woe to thy pomp, false beauty, fading flower,
Blasted by age, by sickness, and by death!
Woe to our painted cheeks, our curious oils,
Our rich array, that foster'd us in sin!
Woe to our idle thoughts, that wound our souls!
Oh, would to God all nations might receive
A good example by our grievous fall!

First Lady. You that are planted there where pleasure dwells,
And think your pomp as great as Nineveh's,
May fall for sin as Nineveh doth now.

Alv. Mourn, mourn, let moan be all your melody,
And pray with me, and I will pray for all:—
O Lord of heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!

Ladies. O Lord of heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!

Usurer. O Lord of light, forgive me my misdeeds!

Enter RASNI, with his Kings, and Lords, in sackcloth.

K. of Cil. Be not so overcome with grief, O king,
Lest you endanger life by sorrowing so.

Rasni. King of Cilicia, should I cease my grief,
Whereas my swarming sins afflict my soul?
Vain man, know this, my burden greater is
Than every private subject's in my land.
My life hath been a loadstar unto them,
To guide them in the labyrinth of blame:
Thus I have taught them for to do amiss;
Then must I weep, my friend, for their amiss.
The fall of Nineveh is wrought by me:
I have maintain'd this city in her shame;
I have contain'd the warnings from above;
I have upholden incest, rape, and spoil;
'Tis I that wrought the sin must weep the sin.
Oh, had I tears, like to the silver streams
That from the Alpine mountains sweetly stream,
Or had I sighs, the treasures of remorse,
As plentiful as Æolus hath blasts,
I then would tempt the heavens with my laments,
And pierce the throne of mercy by my sighs!

K. of Cil. Heavens are propitious unto faithful prayers.

Rasni. But after our repent, we must lament,
Lest that a worser mischief doth befall.

Oh, pray: perhaps the Lord will pity us.—

O God of truth, both merciful and just,

Behold repentant men, with piteous eyes!

We wail the life that we have led before:

Oh, pardon, Lord! Oh, pity Nineveh!

All. Oh, pardon, Lord! Oh, pity Nineveh!

Rasni. Let not the infants, dallying on the teat,
For fathers' sins in judgment be oppress'd!

K. of Cil. Let not the painful mothers big with child,
The innocents, be punish'd for our sin!

Rasni. Oh, pardon, Lord! Oh, pity Nineveh!

All. Oh, pardon, Lord! Oh, pity Nineveh!

Rasni. O Lord of heaven, the virgins weep to thee!
The covetous man is sorry for his sin,

The prince and poor all pray before thy throne;

And wilt thou, then, be wroth with Nineveh?

K. of Cil. Give truce to prayer, O king, and rest a space.

Rasni. Give truce to prayers, when times require no truce!
No, princes, no. Let all our subjects hie
Unto our temples, where, on humbled knees,

I will expect some mercy from above.

[*They all enter the temple.*

Enter JONAS.

Jonas. This is the day wherein the Lord hath said

That Nineveh shall quite be overthrown;

This is the day of horror and mishap,

Fatal unto the curs'd Ninevites.

These stately towers shall in thy watery bounds,

Swift-flowing Lycus, find their burials:

These palaces, the pride of Assur's kings,

Shall be the bowers of desolation,

Whereas the solitary bird shall sing,

And tigers train their young ones to their nest.

O all ye nations bounded by the west,

Ye happy isles, where prophets do abound,

Ye cities famous in the western world,

Make Nineveh a precedent for you!

Leave lewd desires, leave covetous delights,

Fly usury, let [foul lust] be exil'd,

Lest you with Nineveh be overthrown.
Lo, how the sun's inflam'd torch prevails,
Scorching the parch'd furrows of the earth!
Here will I sit me down, and fix mine eye
Upon the ruins of yon wretched town:
And, lo, a pleasant shade, a spreading vine,
To shelter Jonas in this sunny heat!
What means my God? the day is done and spent:
Lord, shall my prophecy be brought to naught?
When falls the fire? when will the judge be wroth?
I pray thee, Lord, remember what I said,
When I was yet within my country-land:
Jehovah is too merciful, I fear.
Oh, let me fly, before a prophet fault!
For thou art merciful, the Lord my God,
Full of compassion, and of sufferance,
And dost repent in taking punishment.
Why stays thy hand? O Lord, first take my life,
Before my prophecy be brought to naught!
Ah, he is wroth! behold, the gladsome vine,

[*A serpent devoureth the vine.*]

That did defend me from the sunny heat,
Is wither'd quite, and swallow'd by a serpent!
Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my brows,
And heat prevails, and I am faint in heart.

Enter the Angel.

Angel. Art thou so angry, Jonas? tell me why.

Jonas. Jehovah, I with burning heat am plung'd,
And shadow'd only by a silly vine;
Behold, a serpent hath devour'd it:
And, lo, the sun, incens'd by eastern wind,
Afflicts me with canicular aspect.
Would God that I might die! for, well I wot,
'Twere better I were dead than rest alive.

Angel. Jonas, art thou so angry for the vine?

Jonas. Yea, I am angry to the death, my God.

Angel. Thou hast compassion, Jonas, on a vine,
On which thou never labour didst bestow;
Thou never gav'st it life or power to grow,
But suddenly it sprung, and suddenly died:
And should not I have great compassion
On Nineveh, the city of the world,
Wherein there are a hundred thousand souls,
And twenty thousand infants that ne wot
The right hand from the left, beside much cattle?
O Jonas, look into their temples now,
And see the true contrition of their king,
The subjects' tears, the sinners' true remorse!
Then from the Lord proclaim a mercy-day,
For he is pitiful as he is just.

Jonas. I go, my God, to finish thy command. [*Exit Angel.*]
Oh, who can tell the wonders of my God,
Or talk his praises with a fervent tongue?
He bringeth down to hell, and lifts to heaven;
He draws the yoke of bondage from the just,
And looks upon the heathen with piteous eyes:
To him all praise and honour be ascrib'd.
Oh, who can tell the wonders of my God?
He makes the infant to proclaim his truth,
The ass to speak to save the prophet's life,
The earth and sea to yield increase for man.
Who can describe the compass of his power,
Or testify in terms his endless might?
My ravish'd sprite, oh, whither dost thou wend?
Go and proclaim the mercy of my God;
Relieve the careful-hearted Ninevites;

And, as thou wert the messenger of death,
Go bring glad tidings of recover'd grace.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ADAM.

Adam. Well, Goodman Jonas, I would you had never come
from Jewry to this country; you have made me look like a
lean rib of roast beef, or like the picture of Lent painted
upon a red-herring-cob. Alas, masters, we are commanded
by the proclamation to fast and pray! by my troth, I could
prettily so-so away with praying; but for fasting, why, 'tis
so contrary to my nature that I had rather suffer a short
hanging than a long fasting. Mark me, the words be these,
"Thou shalt take no manner of food for so many days." I
had as lief he should have said, "Thou shalt hang thyself
for so many days." And yet, in faith, I need not find fault
with the proclamation, for I have a buttery and a pantry and
a kitchen about me; for proof, *ecce signum!* This right slop
is my pantry, behold a manchet¹ [*Draws it out*]; this place is
my kitchen, for, lo, a piece of beef [*Draws it out*],—oh, let me
repeat that sweet word again! for, lo, a piece of beef. This
is my buttery, for, see, see, my friends, to my great joy, a
bottle of beer [*Draws it out*]. Thus, alas, I make shift to
wear out this fasting; I drive away the time. But there go
searchers about to seek if any man breaks the king's command.
Oh, here they be; in with your victuals, Adam.

[*Puts them back into his slops.*]

Enter two Searchers.

First Search. How duly the men of Nineveh keep the pro-
clamation! how are they armed to repentance! We have
searched through the whole city, and have not as yet found
one that breaks the fast.

Sec. Search. The sign of the more grace:—but stay, here
sits one, methinks, at his prayers; let us see who it is.

First Search. 'Tis Adam, the smith's man.—How now,
Adam!

Adam. Trouble me not; "Thou shalt take no manner of
food, but fast and pray."

First Search. How devoutly he sits at his orisons! but
stay, methinks I feel a smell of some meat or bread about
him.

Sec. Search. So thinks me too.—You, sirrah, what victuals
have you about you?

Adam. Victuals! O horrible blasphemy! Hinder me not
of my prayer, nor drive me not into a choler. Victuals! why,
heardst thou not the sentence, "Thou shalt take no food,
but fast and pray?"

Sec. Search. Truth, so it should be; but, methinks, I smell
meat about thee.

Adam. About me, my friends! these words are actions in
the case. About me! no, no, hang those gluttons that cannot
fast and pray.

First Search. Well, for all your words, we must search you.

Adam. Search me! take heed what you do; my hose are
my castles, 'tis burglary if you break ope a slop: no officer
must lift up an iron hatch; take heed, my slops are iron.

[*They search ADAM.*]

Sec. Search. O villain!—See how he hath gotten victuals,
bread, beef, and beer, where the king commanded upon pain
of death none should eat for so many days, no, not the suck-
ing infant!

Adam. Alas, sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non nocet ut
medicus daret*; ² why, sir, a bit to comfort my stomach.

First Search. Villain, thou shalt be hanged for it.

Adam. These are your words, "I shall be hanged for it;"

¹ *Manchet*, a roll of the finest white bread.

² Such a harmless modicum as a physician would give.

but first answer me to this question, how many days have we to fast still?

Sec. Search. Five days.

Adam. Five days! a long time; then I must be hanged?

First Search. Ay, marry, must thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you, sir, for I had rather be hanged than abide so long a fast. What, five days! Come, I'll unruss. Is your halter, and the gallows, the ladder, and all such furniture in readiness?

First Search. I warrant thee, shalt want none of these.

Adam. But hear you, must I be hanged?

First Search. Ay, marry.

Adam. And for eating of meat. Then, friends, know ye by these presents, I will eat up all my meat, and drink up all my drink, for it shall never be said, I was hanged with an empty stomach.

First Search. Come away, knave: wilt thou stand feeding now?

Adam. If you be so hasty, hang yourself an hour, while I come to you; for surely I will eat up my meat.

Sec. Search. Come, let's draw him away perforce.

Adam. You say there are five days yet to fast; these are your words?

Sec. Search. Ay, sir.

Adam. I am for you: come, let's away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter JONAS, RASNI with his Kings and Lords, ALVIDA with her Ladies, and Attendants.

Jonas. Come, careful king, cast off thy mournful weeds,
Exchange thy cloudy looks to smoothéd smiles;
Thy tears have pierc'd the piteous throne of grace;
Thy sighs, like incense pleasing to the Lord,
Have been peace-offerings for thy former pride:
Rejoice, and praise his name that gave thee peace.
And you, fair nymphs, ye lovely Ninevites,
Since you have wept and fasted 'fore the Lord,
He graciously hath temper'd his revenge:
Beware henceforth to tempt him any more:
Let not the niceness of your beauteous looks
Engraft in you a high-presuming mind;
For those that climb he casteth to the ground,
And they that humble be he lifts aloft.

Rasni. Lowly I bend, with awful bent of eye,
Before the dread Jehovah, God of hosts,
Despising all profane device of man.
Those lustful lures, that whilom led awry
My wanton eyes, shall wound my heart no more;
And she, whose youth in dalliance I abus'd,
Shall now at last become my wedlock-mate.—
Fair Alvida, look not so wo-begone;
If for thy sin thy sorrow do exceed,
Blesséd be thou: come, with a holy band
Let's knit a knot to salve our former shame.

Alv. With blushing looks, betokening my remorse,
I lowly yield, my king, to thy behest,
So as this man of God shall think it good.

Jonas. Woman, amends may never come too late;
A will to practise good is virtuous:
The God of heaven, when sinners do repent,
Doth more rejoice than in ten thousand just.

Rasni. Then witness, holy prophet, our accord.

Alv. Plight in the presence of the Lord thy God.

Jonas. Blest may you be, like to the flowering sheaves
That play with gentle winds in summer-tide;
Like olive-branches let your children spread,
And as the pines in lofty Lebanon,

Or as the kids that feed on Sephor¹ plains,
So be the seed and offspring of your loins!

Enter the Usurer, THRASYBULUS, and ALCON.

Usurer. Come forth, my friends, whom wittingly I wrong'd;
Before this man of God receive your due;
Before our king I mean to make my peace.—
Jonas, behold, in sign of my remorse,
I here restore into these poor men's hands
Their goods which I unjustly have detain'd;
And may the heavens so pardon my misdeeds
As I am penitent for my offence!

Thras. And what through want from others I purloin'd,
Behold, O king, I proffer 'fore thy throne,
To be restor'd to such as owe the same.

Jonas. A virtuous deed, pleasing to God and man.
Would God, all cities drown'd in like shame
Would take example of these Ninevites!

Rasni. Such be the fruits of Nineveh's repent;
And such for ever may our dealings be,
That he that call'd us home in height of sin
May smile to see our hearty penitence.—
Viceroy, proclaim a fast unto the Lord;
Let Israel's God be honour'd in our land;
Let all occasion of corruption die,
For who shall fault therein shall suffer death:—
Bear witness, God, of my unfeign'd zeal.—
Come, holy man, as thou shalt counsel me,
My court and city shall reform'd be.

Jonas. Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course.

[*Exeunt all except JONAS.*]

You islanders, on whom the milder air
Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind increase,
Whose lands are fatten'd with the dew of heaven,
And made more fruitful than Actæan plains;
You whom delicious pleasures dandle soft,
Whose eyes are blinded with security,
Unmask yourselves, cast error clean aside.
O London, maiden of the mistress-isle,
Wrapt in the folds and swathing-clouts of shame,
In thee more sins than Nineveh contains!
Contempt of God, despite of reverend age,
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poor,
Corruption, [foul lust], drunkenness, and pride.
Sworn are thy brows with impudence and shame,
O proud adulterous glory of the west!
Thy neighbours burn, yet dost thou fear no fire;
Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop thine ears;
The 'larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.
London, awake, for fear the Lord do frown:
I set a Looking-Glass before thine eyes.
Oh turn, oh turn, with weeping to the Lord,
And think the prayers and virtues of thy Queen
Defer the plague which otherwise would fall!
Repent, O London! lest, for thine offence,
Thy shepherd fail, whom mighty God preserve,
That she may bide the pillar of his Church
Against the storms of Romish Anti-Christ!
The hand of mercy overshadow her head,
And let all faithful subjects say, Amen!

[*Exit.*]

If space permitted, illustration of the drama during Shakespeare's 'prentice years might be extended to Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," one of the most

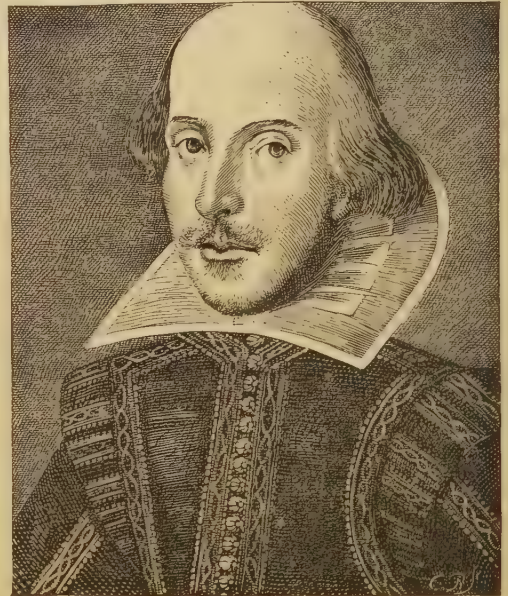
¹ Sepher in the original, perhaps a misprint for Sephor. Sephoris, in the centre of Galilee, is by Nazareth and Cana.

² Owe, own.

popular plays of its time, and the Court entertainment by Thomas Nash, "Summer's Last Will and Testament," presented at a nobleman's house in Croydon before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1592. Both Nash and Lyly were among the players who, in 1589, joined in a war of pamphlets with the Puritan authors of the Martin Marprelate tracts.

While the art of the English dramatist was being formed, in the years between 1586 and 1593, there was, in the plays written, a reflection of the patriotic and religious feeling of the people, rich and poor, who flocked to see them. There was also a wide variety in choice of subjects. Intrigues of love were by no means, as they afterwards became, the theme of almost every story told upon the stage. The established dramatists during these years were strictly Elizabethan writers. The chief of them—Peele, Greene, and Marlowe—did not survive Elizabeth. Greene died poor and distressed in 1592, Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl in 1593, and Peele was spoken of as miserably dead in 1598. Lodge lived into the next reign, but not as a playwright: he became Doctor of Physic, and, as a Roman Catholic, had a good practice among men of his own religion. Shakespeare had been about seven years in London when the death of Marlowe, following closely on the death of Greene, left him easy possession of the first place among dramatists. During the seven years which may be considered his time of apprenticeship, for study of life in the resorts of men and of the way to place its problems on the stage, Shakespeare had made himself generally useful at the theatre as actor, as adapter of old plays to secure for them a second lease of popularity, and now and then as original writer. In 1589, when his age was a little more than twenty-five, and he had been about three years in London, Shakespeare was one of sixteen actors who had shares in the Blackfriars Theatre. In 1592, when Robert Greene died on the 3rd of September, he left behind him at the end of a posthumous prose book, called "A Groat's-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," an address "To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays," in which there was this reference to Shakespeare:—"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide" (parody of a line in the Third Part of Henry VI., Act I., scene 4, "O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide"), "supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." This indicates in Greene, who was dying painfully, impatience of the rising credit of Shakespeare. With his family to keep, his father in 1592 still very poor and walking in fear of arrests, Shakespeare was, no doubt, in those years a Johannes Factotum—Jack of all Trades—at the Blackfriars Theatre, ready to apply his genius to any honest opportunity of earning. Of his work on the work of others, the three parts of Henry VI. are examples. Probably he had written before 1593 no other original plays than the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Love's Labour's Lost;" the "Comedy of Errors," also belonging to that

earlier time, was formed from a version of the "Menæchmi" of Plautus. Before 1593 no play of Shakespeare's was printed. In that year, indeed, he first appeared in print by publishing his early poem, "Venus and Adonis," which he described as "the first heir of mine invention." It is noticeable, however, that the jealousy of Greene, when sick of body as of mind, produced the only harsh words known to have been ever spoken of Shakespeare. The book in which they occurred was printed after Greene's death by his fellow-dramatist, Henry Chettle, who took, in the next book of his own, "Kindhart's Dream," published in 1593, the earliest opportunity of publicly expressing his regret that he had not suppressed the unjust censure of Shakespeare. "That I did not," he said, "I am sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art."



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From the Portrait prefixed to the First Folio of his Plays (1623).

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE DEATH OF MARLOWE TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—A.D. 1593 TO A.D. 1603.

THOMAS LODGE had already left the stage; and George Peele is not known to have written more than one or two plays after the early deaths of Greene and Marlowe. A new generation was not yet ready to take their places. During the six years following the death of Greene, Shakespeare attained an absolute supremacy. In 1598 Francis Meres published a Euphuistic book called "Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury," designed to show the young how parallels were to be found for English poets among the Greeks and Latins. Thus the book spoke of Shakespeare: "As the soul of Euphorbus was

thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' his sugared Sonnets among his private friends, &c. As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his 'Gentlemen of Verona,' his 'Errors,' his 'Love's Labour's Lost,' his 'Love's Labour's Won,' his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and his 'Merchant of Venice;' for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.' As Epicius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speak English." To the evidence here given as to the plays which Shakespeare had written in the year 1598, may be added the facts that "Titus Andronicus"—a play from another hand, originally called "Titus and Vespasian," only retouched by Shakespeare—and the "Second Part of Henry IV." were printed in 1594, the "Third Part of Henry VI." in 1595; the only work of his that was wholly original and printed by that date being the two poems, "Venus and Adonis" in 1593, and "Lucrece" in 1594. But in 1597, the year before Meres published his record of the estimation in which Shakespeare was then held, there was sign of his popularity in the publishing, by three different booksellers, of three of the plays in Meres's list—"Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," and "Richard III." In 1598 "Love's Labour's Lost" and Part I. of "Henry IV." were printed. The other plays printed from that date to the end of Elizabeth's reign, and therefore to be taken with any others in the list of Francis Meres as beyond doubt Elizabethan, were in 1599 none; in 1600, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry V.," and "Much Ado about Nothing;" in 1601, none; in 1602, "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" and in 1603, "Hamlet."

In Shakespeare's private life there is evidence that he made wise use of the six years of rapid advance in prosperity from 1592 to 1598, that is to say, from the date of Greene's grumble over the beginnings of Shakespeare's success to the date of Meres's testimony to its full accomplishment. The success of the Lord Chamberlain's Company, to which Shakespeare belonged, must have been due chiefly to his rapid and wonderful development of power. In 1599 they had built and opened a new theatre of their own, the Globe, on Bankside. This was round, and open to the sky,¹ except the thatching over of the stage, and was for use in summer; the smaller house at Blackfriars, which was covered in, being retained for use as their winter theatre. Before building the Globe, the Blackfriars Company had used the Curtain Theatre. In 1592 Shakespeare's father at Stratford was returned in an official list of recusants, as one of those whose reason for not coming to church was fear of process for debt. In 1596 Shakespeare was

taking out a grant of arms for his father. It was in that year, when his age was about thirty-two, that he lost his only son Hamnet, who died at the age of twelve. In the next year, 1597, Shakespeare was helping his father and mother to recover his mother's acres at Ashbies, which they had lost by foreclosure of the mortgage on them, and it was then that he bought the house in Stratford where he meant to spend his latter years in full enjoyment of home with his wife and daughters. New Place, which had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton in Henry VII.'s reign, was the best house in the best street of his native town, and was bought by Shakespeare in the year before Meres chronicled his successes on the stage.

Before looking to Shakespeare's mind we may say of his body that bad art has succeeded only in giving us a confused impression of his face. The portrait engraved by Martin Droeshuyt before the first folio of his plays published in 1623, seven years after his death—a portrait which is praised as a faithful likeness by Ben Jonson—and the bust which in 1623 had already been set up in Stratford Church, are certainly attempts made by two people to represent, one by painting and the other by sculpture, what they saw when they looked at him. In what is called the Chandos portrait, which is traced back



THE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD.

through a line of owners to Sir William Davenant, there may be a picture of Shakespeare taken at an earlier date in his life than that which either the

¹ See the woodcut on page 104.

Doreshuyt portrait or the bust represents. It has been given in another volume of this Library.¹

Wherever in England there are fifty books in a house, it is to be hoped that Shakespeare's plays make one of them. They are so familiar, that mere reproduction of one in this volume would serve no good purpose. But familiar as they are—familiar to many as the sunshine—they owe their power and their beauty to a union of hidden forces that no eye finds at a glance. The labourer who sits in the sun by the stone seat before his door, enjoys the splendour of noon and pomp of the sunset, knowing nothing of the mysteries of light. Like sunshine and the pleasant air of heaven, stories as Shakespeare tells them come home to us all—delight alike the simple and the subtle. It needs no philosophy to find enjoyment in scent, form, and colour of the rose; but shall we say, therefore, it is but a rose, and there is little reason for its harmonies. Many who find enjoyment in that chief product of nature—a work of the highest human genius—are, nevertheless, apt to slight all search below the surface for the reasons of its charm. But Shakespeare, supreme among artists, if he wrote with ease, wrote also with patient thought and care, of which the traces became more and more manifest as he rose to complete mastery. From the level indicated by the illustrations we have given of the plays from which he drew his early stage experience, Shakespeare gradually raised the drama to the highest point it has reached, or is likely to reach, in the literature of the world. He had all the earnestness of his time; he sought, as every great English poet has sought, to "delight and teach," but so to teach that those who fall under his spell shall find in him a genial companion, not a pedantic moralist; the wisest, indeed, of comrades, but no schoolmaster. Shakespeare's first requirement, when a play was to be written, was that it should tell an interesting story. Long before Shakespeare, Aristotle rightly taught that the story is the first essential of a drama. The Greek word drama means, in fact, action. A play is properly said to be acted. Any didactic dialogue of a play that in no way develops the fable, however wise or witty it may be, is simply an excrescence, a deformity. Shakespeare's art as a story-teller is itself a study; and no one can believe that his effects were produced without deliberation who has observed the thousand cunning touches with which he so prepares the reader for what is to come, that it shall appear when it comes, however unusual or unexpected, altogether natural. An interesting story, then, was Shakespeare's first requirement; but what is it that makes a story interesting? To interest us, it must come home to us. To interest many men in many generations, or in all the generations, it must touch some principle of life common to all men, something within our natural lives, that answers to the touch to-day as it answered yesterday, and will answer for ever; something that lies far deeper than any fashion of a century. The story that is to interest the learned and unlearned, rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, all men as they are simply men, must deal with some one of the universal and enduring truths of life.

There is clear evidence in his plays, not only that Shakespeare knew this and chose his stories accordingly, but also that, when he had chosen a story, he distinctly asked himself which of these great elementary truths was chief in it; and then deliberately—with a design of which the evidences become unquestionable when they are found—so planned and wrote as to make that truth everywhere felt but unseen soul of his story, giving the charm of a true spiritual unity to all its movements. Shakespeare was deeply religious; but in religion, as in everything else, his genius used the accidents as accidents, and laid foundations for his structures of life only in essentials. The religion of his plays may almost be summed up in the words—Love God; love your neighbour; do your work. In one form or another, he constructs his plots with an underthought that in the fulfilment of these three duties lies the solving of all problems that can vex the heart of man.

It is his fidelity throughout to these first principles that has caused the volume of Shakespeare's plays to be called a Lay Bible by many who are, nevertheless, ready to think that it is so by chance, or as the unstudied effect of a series of pictures of life given by a dramatist who was himself gentle of nature. But let us look at his manner of work.

In what is, perhaps, his earliest original play, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," there is not yet that very close relation of all details to the central thought of the story which is found in later plays. But there is a clear beginning of the Shakespearean method of work. In subsequent plays—"As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet"—Shakespeare again and again chose the story of a discord, that he might show how the false note is turned into the true. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," there are two friends, Valentine and Proteus, of whom Valentine is true, but Proteus variable as his name implies—false to his friend, false to his mistress. It is Proteus who brings the discord into life, and he is made to move through the story, not among those who return evil for evil, but in a little world of people who, by continually striking the true note, bring him into tune. When he has heaped wrong upon wrong, stricken by conscience he repents:—

Proteus. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Valentine. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.
By penitence th' eternal's wrath's appeased.

In the later plays there is the same teaching, with more art. It is always Shakespeare's view of life that we are to overcome evil with good. The dramatist is by necessity—unless he take refuge in mere buffoonery—a teacher, good or bad. For since a story of human affairs must always involve some difficulty, some problem of life, that can be solved

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," page 251.

only by applying to it some principles of human conduct, this ethical element becomes inseparable from a book of plays. The ethics may, indeed, be bad; but such as they are, there they must be. A dissolute man may write plays for a dissolute audience, present only such problems as interest himself and the spectators of his work, and solve them according to the principles of life which he and they apply to incidents of their own daily experience. But by Shakespeare all that was purest in the religious spirit of his time was received into a genial and sympathetic nature; he saw life with clear eyes, knowing its shows from its realities, and his views of it are helpful to us all.

In "Love's Labour's Lost," another of Shakespeare's earliest plays, there is a poet's kindly jest on Euphuism; but Euphuism is taken playfully as sign of that state of the business of life in which there is, according to the proverb of the sheep-shearers, great cry and little wool. It is a dainty straining after words that have no works to match them, as life may be spent rather on an empty liking to seem witty, than in a full labour to be wise. Such speaking and such living lie outside the honest course of nature, in which words tell deeds, and every life has its own work to do. In that sense Shakespeare, keeping within bounds of the lightest comedy, plays with the idlers in "Love's Labour's Lost." The King of Navarre has engaged three of his lords (Biron, Longaville, and Dumaine) to share with him three years of idleness in the name of study. Men of an age when they have work to do in the world, they are to withdraw from it all for three years of idle contemplation, during which they shall direct their lives against the course of nature, and keep statutes that include a forswearing for three years of the society of women. His Majesty greets his friends and companions beforehand as—

— brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

One of the lords, Biron, has a quick wit and a ready tongue. While he agrees to share the King's three years of idle study, he asks, "What is the end of study: let me know?" and, on the exclamation against "vain delight," exclaims—

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile.

Which is Euphuistic way of saying that a man who can give light to help his fellows, and uses it all in the search after more light for himself alone, does practically snuff his candle out. The end of study is that we may know how to do our work. When we are young we learn what afterwards we need to know if we would do our duty in the world. But when the time of doing comes, it must not be all spent in continued preparation for the deeds that

never will be done. Says Biron, a little later in this opening dialogue—

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

Moreover, the French King's daughter is coming to speak with the King of Navarre herself about a piece of business, a claim to surrender of Aquitaine to her bedridden father; and she, though a woman, bringing women in her train, must needs be seen.

King. What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should.

In fact, into this early piece of the lightest and most playful texture, Shakespeare contrives to weave throughout a lesson like that which he has set forth in Hamlet with so much intensity: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

How shall these amateur students amuse themselves? With a man of many phrases and of little thought, Don Adriano de Armado, says the king,

Our court you know is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.

When Don Adrian wishes to think he leans on the intellect of his very small boy Moth; and when the more absurd people of the play, absurd still in the same direction, present a spectacle of the Nine Worthies, it is little Moth who takes the part of Hercules, while Don Adrian, with the stately outside, having fallen into quarrel and being invited to fight in his shirt, is brought to confession that "the naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance." In words, in clothes, in actions, there is constant suggestion of a disproportion between show and substance. The Princess of France and her ladies, come upon a question of title to Aquitaine, wait for the sending of a piece of evidence, and so give time for idleness to let in love. The King of Navarre and his gentlemen spend many fantastic words upon their passion, and offer love in outward shows, coming to them as Boyet, one of the French lords, warns the Princess,

Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess;
Their purpose is to parle, and court and dance,
And every one his love feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Princess. And will they so? The gallants shall be tasked;
For, ladies, we will every one be masked.

They change favours, too, to puzzle them, Rosaline, one of her ladies, wearing the favour of the Princess, and when the fantastic wooers come, put out small Moth in his prepared speech by their manner of receiving it.

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turned their"—backs—"to mortal views."

Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

Moth. "That ever turned their eyes to mortal views.
Out—"

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—"

Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sunbeamed eyes,"

"With your sunbeamed eyes"—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet:

You were best call it "daughter-beamed eyes."

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? Begone, you rogue.

Rosaline. What would these strangers? Know their
minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man account their purposes:
Know what they would.

And it is a question at last whether men who give so much thought to the words and shows of life know their own minds. The Princess will not wed the King till he has had a year's commune with his actual thoughts when he is away from all the gauds of the world's outward fashion. If, she says,

If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insocial life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then at the expiration of the year
Come challenge me.

For Biron, with wit of an idly nimble tongue,
—"And what to me, my love, and what to me?"

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,—

Without the which I am not to be won,—
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death!
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

The remedy for Biron is contact with the hard realities of life; and the phrase-maker Don Adriano de Armado submits in like fashion to the demand that he shall find something for his hand to do, and do it. "I am a votary," he says. "I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years."

There was rapid growth to a full mastery in art during the interval between the writing of "Love's Labour's Lost" and the writing of "Hamlet" towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. But there was one mind in both these plays, unlike as they are in story and in style.

As he grew in power, the skill with which Shakespeare harmonised in each play the details of the story, so that there ran through all the scenes as a key-note the particular truth of life that seemed to him to be involved in the main action, is as noticeable in the recasting of old plays as in the creation of plays absolutely new. "King John" is such a recasting, but it turns into a harmonious work of art, a long and straggling chronicle play in two parts, of which the second opens with "young Arthur on the walls." Shakespeare saw in "the Troublesome Reign of King John" as set forth by the earlier and weaker dramatist, a time of stir and trouble in which a child prince perished amidst much action upon motives of expediency and self-interest. In reconstructing the play he gave it unity of thought, by showing everywhere the doings of what he made Falconbridge call

That smooth-faced gentlemen, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world.

At the opening, King Philip of France urges by embassy to King John, in presence of his mother Elinor, the lawful right of the child Arthur to the English crown. Historians may decide as they please that question of right. The poet for the purpose of his poem loses no time in showing that John is to be taken as the wrongful king:—

John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Elinor. Your strong possession, much more than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I shall hear.



CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH, WITH SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

This whisper of conscience, which is not in the old play, is emphatic close to the short dialogue with the ambassador of France before the entrance of Robert and Philip Falconbridge. In the scene with the two Falconbridges, as Shakespeare has condensed and re-written it, "the smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity" basely suggests to a son the open shaming of his mother that he may obtain succession to his father's lands. When Philip Falconbridge has lost his land, and as bastard son of Cœur de Lion enters the service of King John, he becomes at times a sort of Chorus in his comments on the action of the play, himself simply and rudely upright; we see partly by help of him how others swerve from the right line. In his first meditation, after he has joined the court, he feels that

—he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation,—
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motions to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison to the age's tooth;
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn.

The action of the scene is not dissimilar, but of this intellectual colouring there is absolutely nothing in the older play.

The Second Act opens in France, before the walls of Angiers. To emphasize the departure from known duty at the bidding of expediency, Shakespeare makes the French and Austrian champions of

Arthur's cause loudly proclaim their sense of duty. Hearing the gentle voice of young Arthur, Lewis the Dauphin cries, "A noble boy! who would not do thee right?" The Archduke of Austria will return no more to his home until Arthur be, to the utmost corner of the west, saluted king:

—till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms;

and replies, to the thanks of Arthur's mother, Constance,

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

King John is presently in France, prompt to contest Arthur's right of sovereignty, and King Philip of France brings to a climax the assertion of the duty of maintaining it.

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Philip. From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

From Shakespeare's Arthur every note is that of the true sovereignty, a child-like innocence and spirit of unselfish love. But the strife begins. Each side claims Angiers as the spoil of battle, and the citizens find it expedient to keep their gates shut for "the King of England when we know the king." Falconbridge having suggested that the stubborn citizens, who turn deaf ears to both the claimants, be attacked by both, King John approves the counsel.

France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Then smooth-faced Commodity, to save the town, appears upon the walls with a suggestion of expediency. Marry the Dauphin to the Lady Blanche, and let the worldly interests of England and France bind them in peace. His mother, Elinor, whispers to John of the convenience of this arrangement:

Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsure assurance to the crown,
That yond green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark how they whisper.

The King of France agrees, and the cause just declared to be the cause of God is given up for a wedding, that brings with it "Anjou and fair

Touraine, Maine, Poitiers." The match is made. But Arthur is remembered as an after-thought, upon which John promises to do something for him, and they are all off to the marriage of convenience, leaving Falconbridge to close the Act with comment on the meaning of it all.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, (whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the bias¹ of the world;
The world, who of itself is peiz'd well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, There is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, There is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon Commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [Exit.]

The Third Act opens with the grief of the forsaken Constance, while the champion and enemies of her child-prince are

Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined!

The mother's love dwells on the beauty of the forsaken innocence:

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee.

When the new allies, joined by Commodity, return

from the altar before which they have sworn love and amity, there is the widow's curse upon them.

Arm, arm you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere sunset
Set arm'd discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me! oh, hear me!

And the heavens hear. Expediency can cause men who swear peace in the morning to break it before evening. Cardinal Pandulph enters, to question John of his keeping Stephen Langton from the See of Canterbury. John in bold words defies and scorns the Pope, and his doing so is made as emphatic as the declaration of the King of France, that his duty to God caused him to draw the sword for Arthur; because, at the bidding of Commodity, every word, and all the faith that may be in it, will be broken before the play is over. The sting of the bold defiance is intended to lie in the fact that John afterwards is shown humbly taking his crown as the Pope's gift, because that seems the expedient course, if he would keep it. Now he speaks fiercely:

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But, as we under heaven are súpreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurped authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

King John defies the legate of the Pope; but Philip finds it inexpedient to keep the faith he has just sworn, when Pandulph bids him turn from his new ally on pain of excommunication.

K. Phi. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and linked together

¹ Bias, French "biais," slope.

With all religious strength of sacred vows;
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
 And even before this truce, but new before,
 No longer than we well could wash our hands
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
 Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained
 With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
 So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? Oh, holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so!
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be blessed
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—
 A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Philip listens awhile to arguments, irresolute, until
 the Dauphin is surprised at the slowness of his per-
 suasion by the best eloquence of "the smooth-faced
 gentleman, tickling Commodity."

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from
 thee.

The battle is renewed after sworn peace is broken.
 Arthur, true sovereignty of simple innocence, is
 taken in the fight, and falls into the hands of John.
 Arthur's thought in his own misfortune is not of
 himself: "Oh, this will make my mother die of grief."
 His spirit of love is in strong contrast to the low-
 thoughted nature of the servants of Commodity, who
 suggests now plunder of the Church, and murder.

K. John. [To the Bastard.] Cousin, away for England;
 haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
 Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
 Imprisoned angels: the fat ribs of peace
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
 Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
 When gold and silver beck me to come on.
 I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
 (If ever I remember to be holy)
 For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bastard.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She takes ARTHUR aside.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love:
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possess'd with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melanchoiy,
 Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
 (Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
 A passion hateful to my purposes.)

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yond young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember,—Madam, fare you well:
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

The affliction of the bereaved mother, Constance, in the next scene, is made to bring out with the utmost tenderness the image of the child Arthur.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

[*Exit.*]

The Third Act ends with Pandulph's argument of Commodity that is to bring French invaders into England. " 'Tis strange," he says,

'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur ; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
'The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatched with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained ;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

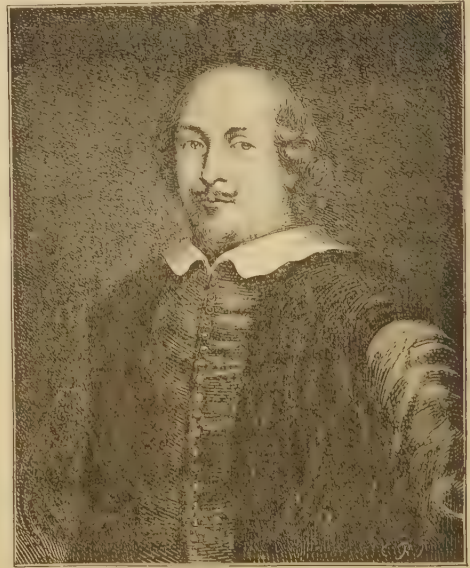
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanche your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world !
John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you ;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it ;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distempered day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. Maybe he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.



THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.¹

Pand. Oh, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies ; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot :
And, oh, what better matter breeds for you

¹ This portrait, now in the Shakespeare house at Stratford, had been painted over with hair and beard that were cleaned off by a picture restorer in 1861. There remained a portrait of Shakespeare ill executed, but corresponding in the form of each lock of hair and fold of dress to the bust. It was exhibited when discovered. Some thought that the bust was made from it ; others, with more probability, that it was made from the bust. At the time of its restoration the picture had been for a hundred years in the family of its owner, Mr. W. O. Hunt, Town Clerk of Stratford, who has presented it to the town. The colouring of the picture corresponds to what is known to have been the colouring of the bust before it was painted white, in 1793 ; the eyes light hazel, hair and beard auburn ; dress, a scarlet doublet, under a loose black gown without sleeves. It is just possible that the picture may have been a copy from life by a bad painter, and that it may have been used in the forming of the bust. Differences in the expression of the two, especially the outline of the nose and a pleasant expression in the corners of the mouth of the picture, not to be found in the bust, are a little in favour of such a possibility.

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence:
For England go:—I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*]

The Fourth Act opens with the scene in Northampton Castle, which shows supreme, under bitterest trial, Arthur's childlike spirit of love.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my
bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but
ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"
Or "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning:—do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron ago would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence,
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. [*Stamps.*] Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. Oh! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes : oh, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you !—
Lo ! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.¹
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :²
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. Oh, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace ! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ! no more : go closely in with me :
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Then we are shown John, type of the false royalty,
crowned, and crowned a second time for reasons of
expediency ; as he tells his lords :

Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall indue you with : meantime, but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

They ask the liberty of Arthur. Hubert comes to
content John with news of Arthur's death ; but when
John finds, from the angry suspicions of his lords,
who fall from him, that the murder of Arthur was
not really so expedient as he had supposed, he there-
fore repents—"They burn in indignation. I repent."
He hears of his mother's death in France ; of signs
and omens, and of the revolt of his nobles ; feels how
convenient it would be if Arthur were alive : and
when told that he does live, John rejoices, not that he

has a crime the less upon his head, but at the re-
appearance of "the smooth-faced gentleman, tickling
Commodity." His first cry is—

Doth Arthur live ? Oh, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenséd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !

But, meanwhile, Arthur, in endeavouring to escape
from prison, falls. The true royalty of innocence
lies bleeding to death upon the stones of a hard world :
"O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones." And
the Bastard's comment, at the close of the act, as he
lifts the dead child-king, is—

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, the truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven.

At the opening of the Fifth Act, John, who had
defied the Pope and plundered the Church, is shown,
under the guidance of Commodity, receiving his
crown as the Pope's vassal ; the strength of the pre-
ceding defiance having been designed by the poet to
set forth more vividly in this respect the base taking
of Expediency for Conscience, that runs through the
play.

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pandulph. [*Giving JOHN the crown.*] Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet the French.

But Pandulph can more easily raise a storm than
lay it. The English nobles have, at the bidding of
Commodity, leagued with the French invaders of
their country. Commodity has caused the swearing
of more oaths. Oaths were sworn, and the sacrament
was taken in earnest of their sincerity, between
English and French. They were to be kept while
they were convenient ; and they were followed by
oaths sworn in the absence of the English, to break
them when the hour of their convenience had passed.

A Plain, near ST. EDMUND'S-BURY. The French Camp.

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT,
and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurged faith
To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,

¹ *Tarre on*, excite to violence. So in "Hamlet," act ii., scene 1,
"The nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy." Wiclif
used the phrase, and it is still current in Cheshire. It is probably
from the Cynric "taraw" or "taro," to strike, to affect ; with the
noun "tar," shock, impulse.

² *Owes*, owns. Both words are from the same First-English verb
"agan."

That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! Oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

When Pandulph seeks to still the storm he has raised, the Dauphin confronts him with the lessons of Commodity that he himself had taught.

You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interests to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munitions sent,
To underprop this action? is 't not I,
That undergo this change? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?

Falconbridge, who represents throughout a rough natural instinct of right-mindedness, upholds the English battle, and the revolted lords find how Commodity, whom they had served in leaguings with the invaders, had betrayed them.

Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold.
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

King John dies, finding "the smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity," his murderer. It had been convenient to rob the monks; a monk finds it convenient to poison him; and the end of his life, sacrificed to the base doctrine of expediency, is that he died wretchedly, with words of earthly ruin in his ear. Peace is made after his death, when the revolted lords return to their allegiance, and the French supplies have been wrecked upon Goodwin Sands. Falconbridge, to the last serving as chorus, ends the play with a comment on the peril passed:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

But the play has given a clear lesson on the kind of truth in which alone the strength of England and of every Englishman can rest.

SIGNATURES OF SHAKESPEARE

From his *Will*, and from his copy of Florio's *Montaigne*.

Shakespeare's comedy of "As You Like It" was probably written between the years 1598 and 1600. It is not upon the list of plays given by Francis Meres in 1598,¹ and Shakespeare quotes in it a line from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," that was not printed until that year. The first sestiad of "Hero and Leander" tells how, at the feast of Adonis, "amorous Leander, beautiful and young," first saw Hero. It was in the temple of Venus:—

And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtle's blood,
Vail'd² to the ground, veiling her eyelids close:
And modestly they open'd as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamour'd.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect;
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd³ by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

¹ See page 157.

² Vail'd, stooped, lowered. French "avalier."

³ Censured, judged of. Latin "censeo," I think; "censura," an opinion.

Marlowe was killed on the 1st of June, 1593, aged twenty-nine years, three months, and a few odd days. In the fifth scene of the third act of "*As You Like It*," Shakespeare makes the shepherdess, Phebe, say—

Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might:
"Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

The book here quoted was not published until 1598. An entry at Stationers' Hall shows that "*As You Like It*" was written by August, 1600, and that there was then a thought of printing it.¹ It must, therefore, have been written between March, 1598, and August, 1600. The plot of "*As You Like It*" had for its starting-point the earlier part of the story of "*Gamelyn*," printed among Chaucer's "*Canterbury Tales*." This had been elaborated by Thomas Lodge (one of the authors of "*A Looking Glass for London and England*") into a prose love-story in the manner of "*Euphues*," called "*Rosalynde: Euphues golden Legacie*, found after his death in his cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed up with their Father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L., Gent." Which means, as Thomas Lodge explains in the preface, that it was written for pastime during a voyage to the Canaries with Captain Clarke. Lodge's "*Rosalynde*" was published in 1590. In it Shakespeare's Orlando is Rosader, youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, his brothers Oliver and Jaques are Saladyne and Fernandine. The brother dukes in the novel are kings, not dukes, and are not brothers. They are Torismond, the usurper, and Gerismond, the lawful King of France, who has withdrawn into the forest of Arden. Celia is Alinda in the novel, banished with Rosalind because she pleads for her. Rosalind is banished because the usurper fears that she may give right of revolt to some great lord by marrying him. Shakespeare has altered and added characters—those of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey are additions—omitted and altered incidents, and wrought the tale into a form of his own, full of the true music of life that he felt it could be made to utter. Rosader's fight with the lion that watched for the waking of his brother Saladyne, gave Shakespeare the point of view from which he wrote his play, and was probably the part of the tale that fixed his resolve to dramatise it. It was a tale of discord, showing, in Rosader at least, what Shakespeare upheld as the true way of turning discord into harmony. The discord made by the usurpation of Torismond was indeed overcome by brute force,—the twelve

peers of France fought against Torismond, killed him, and restored the rightful king,—but Shakespeare could alter that, and did so alter it as to give only a more complete expression to the higher life within his work. In "*As You Like It*" there are two discords to be brought to harmony. By his alteration of the characters of Torismond and Gerismond, Shakespeare makes it in each case a discord between brothers. Neither is ended by opposing hate to hate; but in one case the accord comes through love to one's neighbour, and in the other case through love to God.

At the opening of the play, Shakespeare strikes firmly and clearly one of the notes of discord: Orlando tells the faithful servant of the house (old Adam) of his brother's hardness towards him: "He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with his education." Oliver then enters, and the discord is shown in action. One is, in anger, at the other's throat, when the old servant cries, "Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord." Oliver spurns the old servant as "old dog." "Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word." Oliver, left alone, calls for Charles, the duke's wrestler, who had been seeking him. The first words of the dialogue between them open the story of the other discord: "There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news;" that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke; and the old duke, with three or four loving lords, whose confiscated lands enrich the new duke, are in the forest of Arden, where "they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." But Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, is not banished with her father, because Celia, "the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her." With words of preparation for the action that sets forth the other discord, there is already a touch of the music that will run along with it; for the story of two hatreds conquered is to wind its way through exquisite suggestions of all forms of human tenderness and love, of maiden to maiden and of man to maid; of comrade to comrade; servant to master, and youth's care of age; with human nature rising high above the accidents of fortune. After brief preparation for the scene to follow, in which he will take up the second thread of the story, Shakespeare shows the strong wrestler seeking Oliver that he may warn him to keep his brother Orlando from to-morrow's wrestling, because "to-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well." In the spirit of hate Oliver answers:—

I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy

¹ On one of two leaves at the beginning of the third volume of the Stationers' Register, after an entry dated "27 may 1600," occurs this:—

"4 AUGUSTI. "As you like yt a booke HENRY THE FIFTH a booke Every man in his humour a booke The commedie of muche A doo about nothing a booke	} to be staied.
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"Henry V." and "Every Man in his Humour" ceased to be stayed on the 14th of August, and "Much Ado about Nothing" on the 23rd of August, each book being entered to a separate publishing-house. The publishers of "Much Ado about Nothing" were entered at the same time for the second part of "Henry IV." But there is no further entry concerning "*As You Like It*," which remained unprinted until Shakespeare's works were first collected into a folio, in 1623.

life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

The true character of Orlando in the mind here follows the false one on the lip. In Shakespeare, a soliloquy, or an aside, means the unspoken thought which is communicated to the reader or spectator of a play more simply than by the ponderous fashion of French classical tragedy. That gives each hero and heroine a confidential friend who exists only to bring out, for the benefit of spectators credited with no imagination, and for the distress of those who have, the knowledge of secret thoughts which every good English dramatist, in his asides and soliloquies, flashes upon us worthily, by crediting our wits with power to grant that now and again we are in the recesses of a mind, and hear it thinking to itself.

From this first picture of a brother's hate we pass to the companion picture, through a scene of love between maiden and maiden, with a suggestion—that runs through the play—of human Nature as above the accidents of human Fortune. At once, in the dialogue between Celia and Rosalind, the character of Celia is marked. Throughout the play she lives more in others than herself, is tenderly self-forgetful, with a young enthusiasm at the heart of all her actions. Her first words are of endeavour to cheer the spirit of her friend.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Throughout this scene, in the dialogue with Touchstone and Le Beau, the courtier, who comes to bid them to the wrestling, and tells of the cruel effect of the court wrestler's strength, Celia is exerting herself visibly to keep Rosalind merry. When the wrestlers come, and young Orlando is called to the ladies, Celia is first in urging him to avoid encounter with the man of whose strength he has seen cruel proof. During the wrestling, her quick enthusiasm has the liveliest expression in an active wish to help. "Now Hercules be thy speed, young man," says Rosalind. Says Celia, "I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg." When Orlando is showing his strength in the wrestle, "O excellent young man," says Rosalind. Says Celia, "If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down." Charles is thrown, and the spirit of hate in Duke Frederick turns him away from Orlando, who is found to be the younger son of Sir Rowland de Bois, an old friend to the banished duke. Duke Frederick leaves him coldly with the words—

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

The first word of strong feeling upon this injustice comes from Celia's enthusiastic spirit, with the cry, "Were I my father, coz, could I do this?" In Orlando, warm love for his father is the feeling roused by the slight to his memory. In Rosalind, love at first sight is aided when, to the pity and admiration stirred by him, there succeeds at once the knowledge that Orlando is of gentle birth, and son to one who was her father's dearest friend.

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Celia's quick enthusiasm in the interests of others prompts her at once to active kindness.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved :
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain,¹ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?
Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown !
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous : what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

[*Exit LE BEAU.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :
But heavenly Rosalind !²

[*Exit.*]

Through the loving natures of Celia and Rosalind, we pass to the next striking of the note of discord. Celia is still giving all thought to her friend, none to herself, when the Duke Frederick, entering to them, as she promptly observes, "with his eyes full of anger," harshly banishes Rosalind. Celia pleads for her, first with the natural love for her father joined in the pleading ; but when that is met with the suggestion to her of selfish motives that have no place in her nature, the quick enthusiastic spirit rises, and she loses herself in her friend. Without a thought of herself in the matter, she sacrifices home, wealth, every worldly advantage, gives herself all to Rosalind, and is the first to suggest that they go together to seek her friend's father in the forest of Arden. When Rosalind, raised to cheerfulness by Celia's generous affection, proposes taking Touchstone with them, there is indication of character in the suggestion of the strong affection of the fool for Celia—"He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;" and the last words of the First Act are, like the first words, full of Celia's firm endeavour to bring cheerful thoughts to her friend's mind. Thus the act closes :—

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse :
I was too young that time to value her ;
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more 'bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her ; she is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself :
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and LORDS.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?

¹ *Quintain.* "The quintain originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post, set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry. Afterward a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield, being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at: the dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures, and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and shield, the resemblance of a human figure, carved in wood, was introduced." (Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes.") The figure became a Saracen with a club or wooden sword, and was made to turn easily on a pivot, so that if not struck in the middle it swung round and hit the horseman on the back, unless he escaped by his agility.

² The critics who undertake to correct Shakespeare should think before they speak. One of them has rashly remarked that "Orlando's rapturous exclamation, 'O heavenly Rosalind !' comes in rather oddly. His familiarity with her name, which has not been mentioned in his presence, is certainly not quite consistent with his making the inquiry of Le Beau, which showed that up to that time he had known nothing about her." Orlando's inquiry of Le Beau showed nothing of the kind. It implied the contrary. He asked only which was which. Knowing as matter of course the names of the two Dukes' daughters, but not having been in their presence, he wished to know which of the two had made him hers. Le Beau's answer is in the character of a kindly courtier who is not quick-witted, and prepares the mind for the next scene.

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

The First Act thus ends with Celia and Rosalind bound for the forest of Arden. The Second Act opens under the trees of the forest, with the banished Duke and his companions. They have withdrawn from the ill life of the world, and find truth in the lineaments of nature, even though it be sought only in nature's lowest forms. Of the winter's wind, says the Duke—

When it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
"This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

With this spirit of the Duke's is then contrasted that of the melancholy Jaques, who can find good in nothing. The Duke pities the deer they hunt as native burghers of the wood; and Jaques, says a lord, was last seen moralising on a stricken deer, abandoned of his friends, and drawing matter from the sight for censure on humanity at large, with a clause for the including of his own companions.

"Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's more,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

We turn back from the forest to the court for a swift carrying on of the tale of discord. Celia and Rosalind are missed; Touchstone, the fool, is their poor follower; and it is suggested to the younger Duke that Orlando may have gone with them. Upon that hint, cries Duke Frederick—

Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

But at Oliver's house Orlando will not be found by Duke Frederick's messengers, because the spirit of hate has there broken the bonds of nature; and warned by the old servant, Adam, of his brother's design to burn the house over his head or otherwise destroy him, Orlando also turns his back on home to seek the forest. But the scene that strikes thus powerfully the note of one of the two discords to be brought into accord, places it in immediate contact with a strain of perfect harmony, in suggestion of a wholesome human life, of age winning reverence through no gifts of the world in which Fortune reigns, but by fidelity to the true lineaments of Nature. There is a well-supported tradition that Shakespeare himself acted the part of Adam.

Before OLIVER'S house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny praiser of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam.

O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son, I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father—
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie
 And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him and his practices.
 This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can:
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:
 Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
 Nor did not with unbrushful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here livéd I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

In the wood to which old Adam (in whom constant service is one of the ways of human fellowship and friendship, not the cold performance of a money contract) follows the young Orlando, we are next shown Celia and Rosalind arrived with Touchstone: Celia dressed as a shepherdess; Rosalind as a youth. They hear the love-lorn shepherd, Silvius, tell old Corin of his passion. The plaint of Silvius suggests to Rosalind that "this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion." But Celia, throughout the scene, is faint with travel and fasting. The sight of the old shepherd suggests to her that he may show the way to food and rest. In character of brother, Rosalind, more vigorous of frame, speaks for her.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
 Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
 Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed
 And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
 And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
 But I am shepherd to another man
 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
 My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little reckes to find the way to heaven
 By doing deeds of hospitality:
 Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
 Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
 That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

Observe there in the faint and weary Celia the characteristic readiness to send her spirit out in kindness to those about her. For the shepherd, "We will mend thy wages;" for Rosalind, hearty words that shut out suggestion of the pain she feels, or of the sacrifice she makes by choice in sharing her cousin's enforced exile—

I like this place,
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

The cousins are thus housed in the wood at the "sheepcote, fenced about with olive trees;" and we turn again to the banished Duke's companions, who sing of the sincerity of outward nature:—

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Here, too, is the melancholy Jaques, who seeks more singing to feed his humour, which is discontentment of an unwholesome nature, poetically presented as foil to the healthier life with which he is brought into contact. "My voice," says Amiens, "is ragged: I know I cannot please you." "I do not desire you to please me," he answers, "I desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza;" then contemptuously adds, "Call you them stanzas?" Humour of discontent and empty contempt of life are in all else he says, to the end of the scene, when he will go sleep if he can: "If I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt." Between this scene and the next touches from Jaques of idle contempt for life, Shakespeare places a picture of youth's care for age, and tender fellowship of old with young, in life according truly with those lineaments of nature which are far more beautiful in souls of men than in trees, brooks, and stones.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. Oh, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

From the healthy minds we are taken back to the sick mind. Jaques is happy in having met with Touchstone, happy in having met with him because he was a fool, "and railed on Lady Fortune in set terms." He would be a fool himself if his office gave him fullest liberty to rail.

I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
 And they that are most gall'd with my folly,
 They must most laugh.

Then Shakespeare gives us—with a glance at the past life of Jaques—clearest indication of the sort of nature that breeds this sick humour of contempt. Says Jaques:

Give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell thee what thou wouldst do.
Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all the emboss'd sores, and headed evils
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

There is another touch to show what his real place in life has been; the sick nature of Jaques is brought, in the first scene of the Fourth Act, into relation with the healthy nature of Rosalind. He has done no work in the world. "He loves melancholy," he says, "better than laughing." Rosalind tells him, "Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards." He has been made sad, he says, by the sundry contemplation of his travels. Rosalind answers:

A traveller! by my faith you have great reason to be sad
 I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's:
 then to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

In another scene Jaques is brought into relation with the healthy nature of Orlando, and gets the soundest answer to his sick suggestion of a railing-match.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the World, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most fault.

Throughout the play, this humour of Jaques, refined into a tone that does not jar too harshly upon the music in which it is set, is an under-suggestion of the false note in the harmonies of life, and it is used invariably as an artist's foil to the true. Into the midst of contempt for the world uttered by Jaques, comes Orlando seeking food for his old companion, and the heart is filled with suggestion of human sympathies in a true life of man, far other than that upon which Jaques feeds his fancy.

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touched my vein at first: the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answer'd.

Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

ship of life. The Duke notes, in sympathy, that he and his companions are not the only sufferers; and Jaques then runs into a version of the several stages of life, according to the old division of life into seven ages; but his version is one that follows man with a contempt characteristic of the speaker, from the cradle to the grave. And this passage, meant by the poet to display the sick nature of Jaques, is picked out of its context, again and again, for quotation, as Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Surely Shakespeare was the last man in all literature to see in infancy but the "mewling and puking," in the boy "whining," in youth the folly of love, in



STRATFORD CHURCH.

If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

[Exit.

Then comes again, to complete the setting of this incident, the foil of the scornful spirit; none the less there for the fine touch with which it is presented by the poet who beyond all others felt the kindly fellow-

early manhood quarrelling and swearing, in maturer age guzzling and prosiness, in age the "lean and slippered pantaloon," and, for the last scene, helpless wretchedness. Upon the false note of the sick imagination comes immediately the truth of life in action; the venerable burden of old age and the strength of manhood appear far other than in the scornful picture of them, when Orlando enters bearing the old servant on his back.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limned and living in your face,
 Be truly welcomed hither: I am the duke
 That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Act thus ends with a suggestive group, of men
 unequal in the gifts of fortune joined in fellowship
 that follows the true lineaments of nature.

The Third Act opens with continuance of the dis-
 cords to the point that precedes their transformation
 into harmony:—

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
 Of what we think against thee.

Ol. Oh that your highness knew my heart in this!

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands;
 Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

The rest is all love with no other foil to it than
 the daintily-tempered note of discontent from melan-
 choly Jaques. Orlando pleases his young fancy by
 hanging verse in praise of Rosalind upon the trees.
 Touchstone contrasts airs of the court with the
 shepherd's life, and finds the lineaments of Nature
 as little bettered by civet—the very uncleanly flux of
 a cat—as by the tar which scents the shepherd after
 surgery of sheep; and Corin's simple description of
 himself as “a true labourer,” is true of all men,
 whatever the conventional esteem in which their
 form of labour may be held. “Sir, I am a true
 labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no
 man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other
 men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest
 of my pride is to see my ewes graze, and my lambs
 suck.” When Rosalind and Celia presently enter,
 each with verses of Orlando's taken from a tree,
 Celia has seen Orlando himself, and after kindly
 driving away of the two curious clowns, tells what
 she has seen, and calls up all the woman in Rosalind,
 beginning at the instinctive thought, “Alas the day!
 what shall I do with my doublet and hose?” Then
 they both see unseen Orlando in dialogue with
 Jaques, who in vain tempts him to railing, and
 wins from him that honest utterance of healthy life
 already quoted, “I will chide no breather in the
 world but myself, against whom I know most faults.”
 When Celia and Rosalind come forward, there begins
 the delicate play of young fancies and young loves
 that recalls Rosalind's comment upon Touchstone's
 philosophy when he matched the love passion of
 Silvius with a burlesque of his own, and said, “We
 that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as
 all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal
 in folly.” “Thou speakest,” said Rosalind, “wiser
 than thou art ware of.” The mortal part of young
 love in its playful fancies and follies is now delicately
 blended with its imperishable essence in scenes of
 delightful fellowship. Rosalind as the boy Ganymede
 will cure Orlando of his folly by receiving him as
 Rosalind, and training him through a mock court-
 ship that will satisfy her ear and heart with a reality,
 while setting her wits free to play upon his fancy.
 He had driven a suitor once, said Ganymede, “from
 his mad humour of love to a loving humour of mad-
 ness, which was to forswear the full stream of the
 world.” Touchstone pays a court clown's distin-
 guished attentions to the rustic Audrey, and Jaques
 interferes only to mar and delay his woodland
 wedding by suggestions of discontent. Then follow
 cross purposes of love between Silvius and the dis-
 dainful Phebe, who, having become enamoured of
 disdainful Ganymede, finds night in the saw of the

dead shepherd, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

The Fourth Act brings one discord to its close, and prepares all for the perfect harmony in which the play will end. The false note of Jaques is lightly struck in contact with the music of young hearts in loving sport. Orlando leaves Rosalind that he may attend the Duke at dinner. In two hours he will return. "How say you now," says Rosalind presently. "Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando." But the reason of the delay is told as the act closes.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin

Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think
this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony
in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman
by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw
homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend
my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

Thus the feud between brother and brother is overcome by overcoming every impulse to revenge even of the most passive form. Orlando had but to pass by on the other side and leave a brother who had cruelly planned his death to suffer a death that awaited him, and from which he could be saved only by a risk of life on his behalf. Orlando perilled

life in giving battle to the lioness, and was not satisfied with merely saving from immediate death the brother who had wronged him to the uttermost. He delivered him out of all his trouble by carrying him to the Duke, seeing him clothed and fed; and until he had done all service of love to his brother, he had no thought for himself, or for his wound. It is characteristic of Celia that her generous, impulsive nature draws her again out of herself to tender sympathy with the repentant Oliver. Akin to joy in heaven over the repentant is the joy of such a mind as hers, and he may well yield himself to the charm of her generous sympathy. It is a welcome love, also, that makes her indeed sister to Rosalind, by their marriage with brothers, that enables her to hold Oliver firm in his new spirit of tenderness, and aid Orlando and Rosalind by securing to them their home rights and the blessing of unbroken brotherly affection.

The Fifth Act of "As You Like It" is a playful setting of the happiness of many loves, which causes Jaques to exclaim, "There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark;" and brings Hymen among them all with "still music," that in Shakespeare always represents the spiritual harmony of life. Hymen, who leads Rosalind in her woman's dress and Celia, is not, I think, meant by Shakespeare to be a person whom Rosalind has so dressed, but a spirit whose visionary presence on the scene accords here with the fancy of the play, a spirit as near to an angel as the theme allows, to express the purport of the angels' song: "Peace upon earth and goodwill towards men." Abounding love has brought something of heaven down to earth, and Hymen's first words are:

Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

The Act ends with the healing of the second discord, and thereby the restoration of the banished Duke and his lords to their proper work in life. As the cure for one feud had been Love to One's Neighbour, the cure for the other is made as distinctly Love to God. The process of turning a man's heart to God could not itself be shown as a dramatic scene. Shakespeare wisely left the fact to be narrated briefly, but distinctly, and employed the remaining son of old Sir Rowland for no other purpose than to set it forth. It should be observed, also, that the closing harmony wins a passing recognition even from Jaques, whose note is half attuned to it, though, true to his character, he remains inactive when the rest all go back to their duties.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two: I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly. Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot, In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wild wood he came; Where meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprise and from the world; His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother, And all their lands restored to them again That were with him exiled. This to be true I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man; Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding: To one his lands withheld, and to the other A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. First, in this forest let us do those ends That here were well begun and well begot: And after, every of this happy number That have endured shrewd days and nights with us Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states. Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all, With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly, The duke hath put on a religious life And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[*To Duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserv'd bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*



ARMS GRANTED TO SHAKESPEARE'S FATHER, OCTOBER 20, 1596.
(*Heavenward Battle.*)

While Shakespeare, in the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, was thus supreme among the dramatists, there was a group of younger men rising about him

who did not begin to write their plays till the year 1596. In 1596 Ben Jonson's first comedy, "Every Man in his Humour," was produced in its first form, with the scene laid at Florence. Thomas Heywood, who became author of many plays, was, in 1596, a young man writing his first pieces for the players. Thomas Dekker produced his first play, "Phaeton," in 1597. Thomas Middleton wrote with William Rowley his first play, "The Old Law," in 1599. John Marston began writing plays about the same time; the first printed play of his, "Antonio and Mellida," was published in 1602. There is no record of John Webster among the dramatists before 1601. Even George Chapman, a much older man than these, did not begin to produce plays before 1596. The first two printed plays of his—"The Blind Beggar of Alexandria" and "An Humorous Day's Mirth"—appeared in 1598 and 1599. Thus it may be said roughly that, as far as concerns writing of high mark, at the death of Marlowe in 1593 the purely Elizabethan dramatists who were the founders of our drama had left the stage to Shakespeare. Then after a few years a race of younger dramatists began to spring into life, grew vigorously, and became the men who carried forward the Elizabethan energies into the succeeding reigns. If we are to call every dramatist Elizabethan who wrote, old or young, under Elizabeth, we should distinguish those who wrote under her only, as Elizabethan simply, in the strict sense of the word. Those who began to write under Elizabeth, and continued to write under the Stuarts, may be called Elizabethan, with that chief word modified by the word Stuart, Stuart-Elizabethan. If they wrote no plays under Elizabeth, although they were born in her reign, they are Stuart dramatists, but may have that chief word modified by the word Elizabethan, Elizabethan-Stuart. If they were born and wrote under the Stuarts, they can only be called Stuart dramatists, Earlier or Later, according to their date: Earlier when they wrote under James I. and Charles I.; Later when they wrote under Charles II. and James II. The subdivision is a natural one, and corresponds to well-marked changes in the character of plays.

In 1589 died Richard Tarlton, of Condober, in Shropshire, who was among the twelve players sworn in 1583 as the queen's servants, of whom Stow said in his "Annals," "Among these xii. players were two rare men, vizt., Thomas Wilson for a quicke, delicate, refined extemporall witte, and Richard Tarlton, for a wondrous, plentifull, pleasant extemporall wit, hee was the wonder of his time." Thomas Fuller wrote also in his "Worthies of England," "Our Tarlton was master of his faculty. When Queen Elizabeth was serious, I dare not say sullen, and out of good humour, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure. Her highest favourites would, in some cases, go to Tarlton before they could go to the queen, and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access unto her. In a word, he told the queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all of her physicians. Much of his merriment lay in his very looks and actions, according to the epitaph written upon him:—

Hic situs est cujus poterat vox, actio, vultus,
Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum.¹

Indeed, the self-same words, spoken by another, would hardly move a merry man to smile, which uttered by him would force a sad soul to laughter."



RICHARD TARLTON. (From an old woodcut.)

Tarlton represented in its best form the clown of the Elizabethan stage, an embodiment of mirth, with ready wit, by which he was expected to say more than was set down for him. A favourite property of Tarlton's was a little drum; so that in a book on cock-fighting, published in 1607, we read that "no longer ago than the 4th day of May, 1602, at a cock-fighting in the city of Norwich aforesaid, a cock called Tarleton, who was so intituled because he always came to the fight like a drummer, making a mighty noise with his wings." The roll of Tarlton's drum before his entrance on the stage, prepared the audience for laughter, and doubtless would set many laughing in advance.

The chief actor in the company to which Shakespeare belonged was, at the close of Elizabeth's reign, and during the rest of the time of Shakespeare's work for the stage, Richard Burbage, son of the James Burbage who was one of the original founders of the Blackfriars Theatre.

Burbage was doubly an artist, for he could paint, and the portrait of him in Dulwich College was from his own hand. As an actor he was the friend of

¹ "Here lies he whose voice, action, and face could turn Heraclitus into Democritus" (the weeping into the laughing philosopher).

Shakespeare, and the first to embody his Hamlet, Richard III., Lear, and other creations. He died in 1619, five years before his brother actor Edward Alleyn. Alleyn made a large fortune as actor and manager, and used it nobly. He had earned already much reputation as an actor when he married, in 1592, the daughter of a shrewd and successful theatre manager, Philip Henslowe. Alleyn joined his father-in-law in management, prospered as one of the chief actors of his time, and held office also as "Master of the Bears and Dogs." Edward Alleyn, in the reign of James I., bought with his large savings the



RICHARD BURBAGE. (From the Portrait in Dulwich College.)

manor of Dulwich, and in 1613—three years before Shakespeare's death—laid the foundation of Dulwich College as the College of God's Gift; he also founded almshouses in several parts of London. His college received letters-patent from the king in 1619. He died in 1626, and was buried in its chapel. The earnest spirit that had given force to the Elizabethan drama shows itself in the form thus taken by an actor's charity. Even Tarlton the clown, who dared in the queen's presence tax the pride of her favourite, when he wrote a play of his own took for its subject "The Seven Deadly Sins."

Apart from Shakespeare, and very different in style and matter of his work, Ben Jonson is the foremost English dramatist. His grandfather was a Scotchman who left Annandale for Carlisle and then served Henry VIII. His father was imprisoned under Mary, lost his estate, and became a preacher of the reformed doctrine. He died a month before the birth of his son Benjamin, who shortened his own name always into Ben, and desired to be known as Ben Jonson. For that reason only he is so called. The tone of vulgar familiarity which leads some persons to be on terms of Tom and Harry with their forefathers should be left to its natural associations with the language of the race-course or the music-hall. Ben Jonson's mother married again when her

boy was not yet two years old, and gave him a master bricklayer for stepfather. They are said then to have lived in Hartshorn Lane (now Northumberland Street), by Charing Cross. From his first school at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields the child was taken by William Camden, the famous historian, and placed at his own charges in Westminster School, of which he was then second master. He reached the sixth form in Westminster School, then he was put into his stepfather's business, but left it to go as a volunteer to the war against tyranny of Spain in the Low Countries. After one campaign he returned and, directed by the instincts of a rare dramatic genius, joined the players. Like Shakespeare, he made himself useful in any way to his companions, acted, and altered plays. He produced a play not extant, perhaps never printed, although entered for print, on "Richard Crookback," and he added its two best scenes to "The Spanish Tragedy," in which he played the part of Jeronimo. He married early, and had deaths of children in 1599 and 1600. His "Every Man in his Humour" in its first form was acted eleven times between the 25th of November, 1596, and the 10th of May, 1597, at the Rose Theatre. In 1598 it was produced, in the form by which it is known to us, with the characters and scene made English, at the Blackfriars Theatre, where Shakespeare was one of its actors. Friendship between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson must date at latest from that incident of fellowship. "Every Man in his Humour" was a pure comedy, with its fable carefully constructed, and the unity of time preserved. It opens in the early morning, marks cunningly the lapse of the day throughout, and ends at night with a supper. The next three pieces, produced annually, were of another kind: rather dramatic satires than dramatic tales. The first of them, "Every Man out of his Humour," satirised many follies of the time, especially those of the city. The second, "Cynthia's Revels," satirised chiefly the affectations of the Court. In each of these Ben Jonson sought to lift men's minds—too much by way of scorn, though of a noble scorn—above the grovelling vanities of life; and, as he said in "Cynthia's Revels,"

—by that worthy scorn, to make them know
How far beneath the dignity of man
Their serious and most practised actions are.

His labour was

That these vain joys, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit and soul as are of force
To raise their beings to eternity,
May be converted on works fitting men:
And, for the practice of a forced look,
An antic gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Study the native frame of a true heart,
An inward comeliness of bounty, knowledge,
And spirit that may conform them actually
To God's high figures, which they have in power.

"Every Man out of his Humour" in 1599, and "Cynthia's Revels" in 1600, were followed in 1601

by the third piece in this trilogy of dramatic satires, "The Poetaster." This play was levelled against the false art of the poet, and maintained the honour of the true. The true poet treats, with highest aim, of the essentials of life; the poetaster, with a low aim, of its accidents. This broad and true distinction is drawn very clearly in the play, which crowned the offences of the dramatist for those who would see only personal attacks in plays that dealt with principles of life and thought.

THE POETASTER

is one Rufus Laberius Crispinus, who lived in the days of Augustus Caesar, when Virgil, Horace, and Ovid were real poets. The play opens by showing a true poet—Ovid—at work upon one of his elegies, the fifteenth of the first book, which is apt to the theme of the play:—

Scene draws, and discovers OVID in his study.

Ovid. "Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire."
It shall go so.

Enter LUSCUS with a gown and cap.

Lus. Young master, Master Ovid, do you hear? Gods a' me! away with your songs and sonnets, and on with your gown and cap quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this room presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be brief. These verses too, a poison on 'em! I cannot abide them, they make me ready to cast, by the banks of Helicon! Nay, look, what a rascally untoward thing this poetry is; I could tear them now.

Ovid. Give me; how near is my father?

Lus. Heart a' man: get a law book in your hand, I will not answer you else. [*Ovid puts on his cap and gown.*] Why so! now there's some formality in you. By Jove, and three or four of the gods more, I am right of mine old master's humour for that; this villainous poetry will undo you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on, Luscus, that thou swearest so tragically and high?

Lus. No, but I have boots on, sir, and so has your father too by this time; for he called for them ere I came from the lodging.

Ovid. Why, was he no readier?

Lus. Oh, no; and there was the mad skeldering¹ captain, with the velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down: he that presses every man he meets, with an oath to lend him money, and cries, *Thou must do't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.*

Ovid. Who, Pantilius Tucca?

Lus. Ay, he; and I met little Muster Lupus, the tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, and² he be under their arrest, I may with safety enough read over my elegy before he come.

Lus. Gods a' me! what will you do? why, young master, you are not Castalian mad, lunatic, frantic, desperate, ha!

¹ Skeldering, impudent, swindling. In a play of Shakerley Marmion's quoted in Nares's Glossary (Halliwell and Wright's edition), "The Fine Companion" there is

"Wandering abroad to skelder for a shilling
Amongst your howling allies."

Akin to the Danish "skielde," to abuse, vilify, call names—which is precisely Captain Tucca's method as a swindler.

² And, if,

Ovid. What ailest thou, Luscus?

Lus. God be with you, sir; I'll leave you to your poetical fancies and furies. I'll not be guilty, I. [*Exit.*]

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance. I'm glad th' art gone;
For thus alone, our ear shall better judge
The hasty errors of our morning muse.

"Envy, why twit'st thou me, my time's spent ill,
And call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?"³

Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours I pursue not young?

Or that I study not the tedious laws,
And prostitute my voice in every cause?

Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chant my name.

Homer will live whilst Tenedos stands, and Ige,
Or, to the sea, fleet Simois doth slide:

And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened ear.

Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.

No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein;
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.

Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-reared strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain.

Of Varro's name, what ear shall not be told,
Of Jason's Argo and the fleece of gold?

Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth and seas in fire and flame shall fry.

Tityrus, Tillage, Æne⁴ shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquered world is head!

Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow broken,
Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken.

Our Gallus shall be known from east to west;
So shall Lycóris, whom he now loves best.

The suffering ploughshare or the flint may wear;
But heavenly Poesy no death can fear.

Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.

Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell
With cups full flowing from the Muses' well.

Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I be often read.

Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite;
For after death all men receive their right.

³ Ovid, "Amorum," I. 15, beginning—

"Quid mihi, Livor edax, ignavos obicis annos
Ingenique vocas carmen inertis opus?"

In the "Epigrammes and Elegies" by John Davies and Christopher Marlowe, of which three editions were printed at Middleburgh without date, there is a version of this elegy followed in two of the editions by the version given in the Poetaster, as "the same by B. I." They so far resemble that one version is usually regarded as Ben Jonson's own first draft of the other, wrongly supposed to be Marlowe's. The translation used in the "Poetaster" reads certainly like a revised edition of the other, which begins—

"Envy, why carpest thou my time's spent so ill,
And term'st my works fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours are refused, being young?
Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
Nor set my voice to sale in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
That all the world may ever chant my name."

⁴ Tityrus, Tillage, Æne⁴; the Bucolics, Georgics, and Æneid of Virgil. Ovid's lines are here,

"Tityrus, et fruges, Æneiaque arma lezentur
Roma triumphati dum caput orbis crit."

Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire."

Enter Ovid senior, followed by LUSCUS, TUCCA, and LUPUS.

Ovid se. Your "name shall live," indeed, sir! you say true: but how infamously, how scorned and contemned in the eyes and ears of the best and gravest Romans, that you think not on; you never so much as dreamed of that. Are these the fruits of all my travail and expenses? Is this the scope and aim of thy studies? Are these the hopeful courses, wherewith I have so long flattered my expectation from thee? Verses! Poetry! Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the playmaker!

Ovid ju. No, sir.

Ovid se. Yes, sir; I hear of a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players there, called *Medea*.¹ By my household gods, if I come to the acting of it, I'll add one tragic part more than is yet expected to it: believe me, when I promise it. What! shall I have my son a stager now? an engle² for players, a gull, a rook, a shot-clog,³ to make suppers, and be laughed at? Publius, I will set thee on the funeral pile first.

Ovid ju. Sir, I beseech you to have patience.

Lus. Nay, this 'tis to have your ears dammed up to good counsel. I did augur all this to him beforehand, without poring into an ox's paunch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tuc. How now, goodman slave! what, rowly-powly? all rivals, rascal? Why, my master of worship, dost hear? are these thy best projects? is this thy designs and thy discipline, to suffer knaves to be competitors with commanders and gentlemen? Are we parallels, rascal, are we parallels?

Ovid se. Sirrah, go get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

Tuc. Do, you perpetual stinkard, do, go; talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave; they are in your element, go: here be the emperor's captains, you ragamuffin rascal, and not your comrades. *[Exit LUSCUS.]*

Lup. Indeed, Marcus Ovid, these players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state, corrupt young gentry very much, I know it; I have not been a tribune thus long and observed nothing: besides, they will rob us, us, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you or me, the wisest men they can come by still, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Thou art in the right, my venerable crop-shin, they will indeed; the tongue of the oracle never twanged truer. Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slippers in quiet for them; nor your white innocent gallant pawn his revelling

suit to make a supper. An honest decayed commander cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seen [astray], but he shall be straight in one of their wormwood comedies. They are grown licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are in the statute, the rascals; they are blazoned there; there they are tricked, they and their pedigrees; they need no other heralds, iwiss.⁴

Ovid se. Methinks, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the public edicts, should fright thee from commerce with them, and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are, this argues your proficiency in the law!

Ovid ju. They wrong me, sir, and do abuse you more, That blow your ears with these untrue reports.

I am not known unto the open stage,
Nor do I traffic in their theatres:

Indeed, I do acknowledge, at request
Of some near friends, and honourable Romans,
I have begun a poem of that nature.

Ovid se. You have, sir, a poem! and where is it? That's the law you study.

Ovid ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovid se. Cornelius Gallus! there's another gallant too hath drunk of the same poison, and Tibullus and Propertius. But these are gentlemen of means and revenues now. Thou art a younger brother, and hast nothing but thy bare exhibition; which I protest shall be bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest poet, that his poetry did ever afford him so much as a competency. Ay, your god of poets there, whom all of you admire and reverence so much, Homer, he whose worm-eaten statue must not be spewed against, but with hallowed lips and grovelling adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old swaggerer; he was a poor blind, rhyming rascal, that lived obscurely up and down in booths and tap-houses, and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the [misbegotten] hungry beggar.

Ovid se. He says well:—nay, I know this nettles you now; but answer me, is it not true? You'll tell me his name shall live; and that now being dead his works have eternised him, and made him divine: but could this divinity feed him while he lived? could his name feast him?

Tuc. Or purchase him a senator's revenue, could it?

Ovid se. Ay, or give him place in the commonwealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

Tuc. Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.⁵

Lup. All this the law will do, young sir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid se. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will apt him to, or I profess here openly and utterly to disclaim him.

¹ *Ovid's "Medea."* This tragedy is lost. Ovid himself thought well of it, as he indicated in the 18th Elegy of his Second Book, where Marlowe thus translates him:—

"Yet tragedies and sceptres filled my lines;
But though I apt were for such high designs,
Love laughéd at my cloak and buskins painted."

Quintilian, in his "Institutes of Oratory," has left a quotation of one line from Ovid's "*Medea*." When pointing out that a change from the direct manner can give force to the expression of a thought, he says, "Thus Ovid's *Medea*, instead of saying in a direct manner, It is easy to hurt, hard to help, expresses herself with more energy thus—

"Servare potui: perdere ac possim rogas?"
(I had strength to save: you ask, could I destroy?)

² *Engle*, probably the same word as *ingle*, a boy favourite. As a verb, to curry favour. The word was often applied to the boys acting on the public stage.

³ *Shot-clog*, a stupid person who was cultivated because he paid shot or tavern scores for the rest.

⁴ *Iwiss*, certainly.

⁵ *Old Bias*. Bias was one of the famous wise men of Greece, born at Priene in Caria in the days of Haliattes and Croesus, kings of Lydia. Many sentences were ascribed to him, as "Love your friends with discretion; consider that they may become your enemies. Be not importunate: it is better to be obliged to take, than to oblige others to give. Live always as if each moment were to be your last, and yet as if you were to continue long upon the earth. Health comes usually by nature, wealth by chance. Wisdom alone can make a fit adviser. Get wisdom when young—no other comfort will be left you when you are old; you can buy nothing better, for it is the one possession that no chance or force can take from you." When the town in which Bias lived was taken by an enemy, he alone took no thought about his worldly goods. "Why," he was asked, "do not you also try to save something?" "So I do," he said, "for all that I have I carry about me." And so, as Captain Tucca has it, "Thou speakest sentences, Old Bias."

Ovid ju. Sir, let me crave you will forego these moods :
I will be anything, or study anything ;
I'll prove the unfashioned body of the law
Pure elegance, and make her rugged'st strains
Run smoothly as Propertius' elegies.

Ovid se. Propertius' elegies ? good !

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, Marcus.

Ovid se. Why, he cannot speak, he cannot think out of poetry ; he is bewitched with it.

Lup. Come, do not misprize him.

Ovid se. Misprize ! ay, marry, I would have him use some such words now ; they have some touch, some taste of the law. He should make himself a style out of these, and let his Propertius' elegies go by.

Lup. Indeed, young Publius, he that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law ; we have no other planet reigns, and in that sphere you may sit and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit ; a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble neophyte ; my little grammaticaster, he does ; it shall never put thee to thy mathematics, metaphysics, philosophy, and I know not what supposed sufficiencies ; if thou canst but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make a noise enough, and be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three books will furnish you.

Tuc. And the less art the better : besides, when it shall be in the power of thy chevril¹ conscience to do right or wrong at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. Ay, and to have better men than himself, by many thousand degrees, to observe him, and stand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himself proud and stately, and have the law on his side for't, old boy.

Ovid se. Well, the day grows old, gentlemen, and I must leave you. Publius, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon these idle, fruitless studies that so bewitch thee. Send Janus home his backface again, and look only forward to the law : intend that. I will allow thee what shall suit thee in the rank of gentleman, and maintain thy society with the best ; and under these conditions I leave thee. My blessings light upon thee, if thou respect them ; if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine own heart will ache for itself ; and so fare-well ! What, are my horses come ?

Lus. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

Ovid se. That's well.—Asinius Lupus, a word. Captain, I shall take my leave of you ?

Tuc. No, my little old boy, dispatch with Cothurnus there : I'll attend thee, I——

Lus. To borrow some ten drachms : I know his project. [Aside.]

Ovid se. Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now, Captain Tucca, what say you ?

Tuc. Why, what should I say, or what can I say, my flower o' the order ? Should I say thou art rich, or that thou art honourable, or wise, or valiant, or learned, or liberal ? why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it, my noble Lucullus, thou knowest it. Come, be not ashamed of thy virtues, old stump : honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times. Thou art the man of war's Mæcenas, old boy. Why shouldst not thou be graced then by them, as well as he is by his poets ?—

Enter PYRGUS and whispers TUCCA.

How now, my carrier, what news ?

Lus. The boy has stayed within for his cue this half hour. [Aside.]

Tuc. Come, do not whisper to me, but speak it out : what ! it is no treason against the state I hope, is it ?

Lus. Yes, against the state of my master's purse.

[Aside, and exit.]

Pyr. [Aloud.] Sir, Agrippa desires you to forbear him till the next week ; his mules are not yet come up.

Tuc. His mules ! now the bots, the spavin, and the glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him and his mules ! What, have they the yellows, his mules, that they come no faster ? or are they foundered, ha ? his mules have the staggers belike, have they ?

Pyr. Oh, no, sir :—then your tongue might be suspected for one of his mules. [Aside.]

Tuc. He owes me almost a talent, and he thinks to bear it away with his mules, does he ? Sirrah, you nut-cracker, go, your ways to him again, and tell him I must have money, I : I cannot eat stones and turfs, say. What, will he clem² me and my followers ? ask him an he will clem me ; do, go. He would have me fry my jerkin, would he ? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler, this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I ; I cannot be impudent.

Pyr. Alas, sir, no ; you are the most maidenly blushing creature upon the earth. [Aside.]

Tuc. Dost thou hear, my little six and fifty, or thereabouts ? thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time ; thou hast not this chain for nothing. Men of worth have their chimeras, as well as other creatures ; and they do see monsters sometimes, they do, they do, brave boy.

Pyr. Better cheap than he shall see you, I warrant him.

[Aside.]

Tuc. Thou must let me have six—six drachms, I mean, old boy : thou shalt do it ; I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in private too, dost thou see ?—Go, walk off [to the Boy] :—There, there. Six is the sum. Thy son's a gallant spark, and must not be put out of a sudden. Come hither, Callimachus ; thy father tells me thou art too poetical, boy : thou must not be so ; thou must leave them, young novice, thou must ; they are a sort of poor starved rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen ; and can boast of nothing but a lean visage, peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblems of beggary. No, dost hear, turn lawyer, thou shalt be my solicitor.—'Tis right, old boy, is 't ?

Ovid se. You were best tell it,³ captain.

Tuc. No ; fare thou well, mine honest horseman ; and thou, old beaver [to LUPUS].—Pray thee, Roman, when thou comest to town, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes ; thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Do not baulk me, good swaggerer. Jove keep thy chain from pawning ; go thy ways ; if thou lack money I'll lend thee some : I'll leave thee to thy horse now. Adieu.

Ovid se. Farewell, good captain.

Tuc. Boy, you can have but half a share now, boy.

[Exit, followed by PYRGUS.]

Ovid se. 'Tis a strange boldness that accompanies this fellow.—Come.

Ovid ju. I'll give attendance on you to your horse, sir, please you——

¹ Chevril, elastic or soft kid leather, French "chevreuil." So in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." the Old Lady speaks of the "soft chevril conscience" of Anne Boleyn ; and in "Twelfth Night" "a sentence is but a chevril glove to a good wit."

² Clem, starve. A word still common in provincial English. Ioe landic "klemma," German "klemmen," to pinch.

³ Tell it, count it.

Ovid se. No; keep your chamber, and fall to your studies; do so. The gods of Rome bless thee! [*Exit with LUPUS.*]

Ovid ju. And give me stomach to digest this law;
That should have followed sure, had I been he.
O sacred Poesy, thou spirit of arts,
The soul of science, and the queen of souls;
What profane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here been offered thy divinities!
That thine own guiltless poverty should arm
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!
For thence is all their force and argument
Drawn forth against thee; or from the abuse
Of thy great powers in adulterate brains:¹
When would men learn but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven gates with her bright hoofs;
They would not then, with such distorted faces,
And desperate censures, stab at Poesy.
They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
Should ne'er descend on so unworthy objects
As gold or titles; they would dread far more
To be thought ignorant than be known poor.
The time was once, when wit drowned wealth; but now
Your only barbarism is 't have wit, and want.
No matter now in virtue who excels,
He that hath coin, hath all perfection else.

Tibullus then entering Ovid's study carries him off to the house of Albius the jeweller,² where Ovid will find the Princess Julia, the Emperor's daughter, whom he worships in verse as Corinna. Tibullus and Cornelius Gallus too will meet the ladies whom they love; Tibullus the Lady Plautia, Cornelius Gallus the fair Cytheris, who dwells with the jeweller's wife Chloe; but still Propertius is full of sorrow for his Cynthia's death.

The Second Act is in the jeweller's house, and opens with the jeweller's welcome of the Poetaster, Rufus Laberius Crispinus.³ Crispinus has called to see his cousin Cytheris; the jeweller, adoring his wife Chloe, is met by her with airs of a fine lady, and disdain of advice touching the reception of "the greatest ladies and gallantest gentlemen of Rome, to be entertained in our house now." With empty daintiness, Crispinus introduces himself to Mistress Chloe in a scene of amusing fussiness and low bred airs and graces over the arrival of grand guests, who are coming to see Cytheris. False emphasis on the upholstery of life, with dull indifference to its essentials, is common to Chloe and Crispinus. "Call Cytheris, I pray you," says Chloe, "and good master Crispinus, you can observe, you say. Let me entreat you for all the ladies' behaviours, jewels, jests, and attires, that you marking as well as I, we may both put our marks together, when they are gone, and

confer of them." The great ladies from the court come to the jeweller's house, and disport themselves with the poets. The jeweller is in a flurry of delight; his wife is in a flurry of observation. Says Chloe to Crispinus—

Have you marked everything, Crispinus?

Cris. Everything, I warrant you.

Chloe. What gentlemen are these? do you know them?

Cris. Ay, they are poets, lady.

Chloe. Poets! they did not talk of me since I went, did they?

Cris. Oh, yes, and extolled your perfections to the heavens.

Chloe. Now in sincerity they be the finest kind of men that ever I knew. Poets! Could not one get the emperor to make my husband a poet, think you?

Cris. No, lady, 'tis love and beauty make poets: and since you like poets so well, your love and beauties shall make me a poet.

Chloe. What! shall they? and such a one as these?

Cris. Ay, and a better than these: I would be sorry else.

Chloe. And shall your looks change, and your hair change, and all, like these?

Cris. Why, a man may be a poet, and yet not change his hair, lady.

Chloe. Well, we shall see your cunning: yet, if you can change your hair, I pray do.

There is a musician in the company, Hermogenes,⁴ who makes the usual musician's difficulty when asked to sing, and when he does begin, cannot be stopped. Says Cytheris to her suitor, Cornelius Gallus—

Friend, Mistress Chloe would fain hear Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?

Gal. No doubt his own humanity will command him so far, to the satisfaction of so fair a beauty; but rather than fail, we'll all be suitors to him.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Prithce, Hermogenes.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house I know thou mayest be ever welcome.

Chloe. That he shall, in truth, sir, if he can sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song! come, he shall not deny her. Hermogenes!

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must do it; he stays but to have their thanks acknowledged as a debt to his cunning.

Jul. That shall not want; ourself will be the first shall promise to pay him more than thanks, upon a favour so worthily vouchsafed.

Her. Thank you, madam; but 'will not sing.

Tib. Tut, the only way to win him is to abstain from entreating him.

Cris. Do you love singing, lady?

Chloe. Oh, passingly.

Cris. Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

¹ This passage strikes, it will be observed, the key-note of the play.

² "Stupet Albius ære." (Ho ace, Sat. I., iv. 28.)

³ Crispinus was a parasitical Stoic philosopher in the time of Horace, whose first satire ends with a contemptuous reference to him—

"Jam satis est: ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
Compilasse putez, verbum non amplius addam."

⁴ Hermogenes is referred to by Horace in his third satire—

"Ut quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque
Optimus est modulator."

The same satire contains another contemptuous allusion to the "ineptus Crispinus."

Chloe. I beseech your grace, entreat this gentleman to sing.

Jul. That we will, Chloe; can he sing excellently?

Chloe. I think so, madam; for he entreated me to entreat you to entreat him to sing.

Cris. Heaven and earth! would you tell that?

Jul. Good sir, let's entreat you to use your voice.

Cris. Alas, madam! I cannot in truth.

Pla. The gentleman is modest; I warrant you he sings excellently.

Ovid. Hermogenes, clear your throat; I see by him here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

Tib. That's your modesty, sir; but we, out of an assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalf.

Cris. I thank you, gentlemen, I'll do my best.

Her. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

Gal. Oh, this contention is excellent! What is't you sing, sir?

Cris. If I freely may discover, sir; I'll sing that.

Ovid. One of your own compositions, Hermogenes. He offers you vantage enough.

Cris. Nay, truly, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man.—I can sing but one staff of the ditty neither.

Gal. The better: Hermogenes himself will be entreated to sing the other.

CRISPINUS sings.¹

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity:
Light and humorous in her toying,
Of building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barred.

Gal. Believe me, sir, you sing most excellently.

Ovid. If there were a praise above excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

Her. Sir, all this doth not yet make me envy you; for I know I sing better than you.

Tib. Attend Hermogenes, now.

HERMOGENES, accompanied.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her:
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicacies would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

Jul. Nay, Hermogenes, your merit hath long since been both known and admired of us.

Her. You shall hear me sing another. Now will I begin.

Gal. We shall do this gentleman's banquet too much wrong, that stays for us, ladies.

Jul. 'Tis true; and well thought on, Cornelius Gallus.

Her. Why, 'tis but a short air, 'twill be done presently, pray stay: strike, music.

Ovid. No, good Hermogenes; we'll end this difference within.

Jul. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be entreated either to begin or end.

Alb. Please you lead the way, gentles.

Al. Thanks, good Albius. [*Exeunt all but ALBIUS.*]

Alb. Oh, what a charm² of thanks was here put upon me! O Jove, what a setting forth it is to a man to have many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old housekeeper, *I had rather want meat, than want guests*; especially if they be courtly-guests. For, never trust me, if one of their good legs³ made in a house be not worth all the good cheer a man can make them. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife; he that would have a fine wife, let him come to me.

Re-enter CRISPINUS.

Cris. By your kind leave, Master Albius.

Alb. What, you are not gone, Master Crispinus?

Cris. Yes, faith, I have a design draws me hence: pray, sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

Alb. Will you not stay and see the jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

Cris. Not for a million, sir, now. Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so, in a word, please you to expiate this compliment.

Alb. Mum. [*Exit.*]

Cris. I'll presently go and enghle⁴ some broker for a poet's gown, and bespeak a garland: and then, jeweller, look to your best jewel, i' faith. [*Exit.*]

The Third Act opens with humorous dramatic treatment of a theme taken from one of Horace's Satires (the ninth of the First Book), in a scene between Poet and Poetaster, in which the marks of the Poetaster, that he is more occupied with himself than with his work, and that his enthusiasm spends itself on trivial accidents of life, and not upon essentials, are delightfully brought out.

The Via Sacra⁵ (or Holy Street).

Enter HORACE, CRISPINUS following.

Hor. Umph! yes, I will begin an ode so; and it shall be to Mæcænas.

Cris. 'Slid, yonder's Horace! they say he's an excellent poet: Mæcænas loves him. I'll fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I think he be composing as he goes in the street! ha! 'tis a good humour, if he be: I'll compose too.

Hor. "Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,"³

Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim

Above the brim:

I drink as I would write,

In flowing measure filled with flame and sprite."

² Charm, singing as of many birds. (See Note 1, page 105.)

³ Good leas, polite bows.

⁴ Enghle, see Note 2, page 181.

⁵ The Via Sacra. The scene is the scene of Horace's Satire (I. ix.), which begins—

"Ibam forte Via Sacra, sicut meus est mos
Nescio quid meditantur nugarum, totus in illis;
Accurrit quidem notus mihi nomine tantum,
Arreptaque manu: Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?
Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam, et cupio omnia quævis.
Cum assectaretur: Num quid vis? occupo. At ille:
Noris nos, inquit: docti sumus," &c. &c.

⁶ This, perhaps, is a strain suggested by the close of Horace's ninth Epode: "Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos," &c.

¹ The song is a graceful development by Ben Jonson of a four-lined epigram of Martial's to Flaccus, the 58th Epigram of the First Book.

"Qualem, Flacce, velim quæris nolimve puellam?

Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemque nimis.

Illud quod medium est atque inter utrumque probamus:

Nec volo quod cruciat; nec volo quod satiat."

Cris. Sweet Horace, Minerva and the Muses stand auspicious to thy designs! How farest thou, sweet man? frolic? rich? gallant? ha!

Hor. Not greatly gallant, sir; like my fortunes, well: I am bold to take my leave, sir; you'll nought else, sir, would you?

Cris. Troth no, but I could wish thou didst know us, Horace; we are a scholar, I assure thee.

Hor. A scholar, sir! I shall be covetous of your fair knowledge.¹

Cris. Gramercy, good Horace. Nay, we are now turned poet, too, which is more; and a satirist, too, which is more than that: I write just in thy vein, I. I am for your odes, or your sermons, or anything indeed; we are a gentleman besides; our name is Rufus Laberius Crispinus; we are a pretty Stoic too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I think it, sir.

Cris. By Phoebus, here's a most neat, fine street, is't not?² I protest to thee, I am enamoured of this street now, more than of half the streets of Rome again; 'tis so polite, and terse! there's the front of a building, now! I study architecture too: if ever I should build, I'd have a house just of that prospective.

Hor. Doubtless this gallant's tongue has a good turn, when he sleeps. [Aside.

Cris. I do make verses, when I come in such a street as this: oh, your city ladies, you shall have them sit in every shop like the Muses—offering you the Castalian dews, and the Thespian liquors, to as many as have the sweet grace and audacity to—sip of their lips. Did you never hear any of my verses?

Hor. No, sir;—but I am in some fear I must now. [Aside.

Cris. I'll tell thee some, if I can but recover them; I composed even now of a dressing I saw a jeweller's wife wear, who indeed was a jewel herself: I prefer that kind of tire now; what's thy opinion, Horace?

Hor. With your silver bodkin, it does well, sir.

Cris. I cannot tell; but it stirs me more than all your court curls, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable ends, these Tuscan tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramids; give me a fine, sweet—little delicate dressing with a bodkin, as you say; and a mushroom for all your other ornaments!

Hor. Is it not possible to make an escape from him? [Aside.

Cris. I have remitted my verses all this while; I think I have forgot them.

Hor. Here's he could wish you had else. [Aside.

Cris. Pray Jove I can entreat them of my memory!

Hor. You put your memory to too much trouble, sir.

Cris. No, sweet Horace, we must not have thee think so.

Hor. I cry you mercy; then they are my ears. That must be tortured: well, you must have patience, ears.

Cris. Pray thee, Horace, observe.

Hor. Yes, sir; your satin sleeve begins to fret at the rug that is underneath it, I do observe; and your ample velvet bases are not without evident stains of a hot disposition naturally.

Cris. Oh—I'll dye them into another colour, at pleasure. How many yards of velvet dost thou think they contain?

Hor. 'Heart! I have put him now in a fresh way To vex me more:—faith, sir, your mercer's book Will tell you with more patience than I can:— For I am crost,³ and so's not that, I think.

Cris. 'Slight, these verses have lost me again! I shall not invite them to mind, now.

Hor. Rack not your thoughts, good sir; rather defer it To a new time; I'll meet you at your lodging, Or where you please: till then, Jove keep you, sir!

Cris. Nay, gentle Horace, stay; I have it now.

Hor. Yes, sir.—Apollo, Hermes, Jupiter, Look down upon me!

[Aside.

Cris. "Rich was thy hap, sweet dainty cap, There to be placed;

Where thy smooth black, sleek white may smack, And both be graced."

White is there usurped for her brow; her forehead; and then sleek, as the parallel to smooth, that went before. A kind of paranomasie, or agnomination: do you conceive, sir?

Hor. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leave you.

Cris. Why, what haste hast thou? prithee, stay a little; thou shalt not go yet, by Phoebus.

Hor. I shall not! what remedy? fie, how I sweat with suffering!

Cris. And then—

Hor. Pray, sir, give me leave to wipe my face a little.

Cris. Yes, do, good Horace.

Hor. Thank you, sir.

Death! I must crave his leave to [spit] anon; Or that I may go hence with half my teeth:

I am in some such fear. This tyranny Is strange, to take mine ears up by commission,

(Whether I will or no,) and make them stalls

To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash.

Happy thou, bold Bolanus, now I say:⁴

Whose freedom, and impatience of this fellow,

Would, long ere this, have called him fool, and fool,

And rank and tedious fool! and have flung jests

As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him

Out of the place; whilst my tame modesty

Suffers my wit be made a solemn ass,

To bear his fopperies—

[Aside.

Cris. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But—prithee, let's prove to enjoy thee awhile. Thou hast no business, I assure me. Whither is thy journey directed, ha?

Hor. Sir, I am going to visit a friend that's sick.

Cris. A friend! what is he; do not I know him?

Hor. No, sir, you do not know him; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Cris. What's his name? where is he lodged?

³ Crost, i.e., crossed out in sign that it is paid. This passage was called a sneer at Dekker for poverty when Dekker was declared to be Crispinus. Its meaning is that when Crispinus, who has been dealing in raptures about outsides of things, houses or heads, and is stirred in soul by a certain top knot more than by all your court curls, &c. &c., when Crispinus, after this babble about outsides, lays his hand on Horace to detain him, and says, "Pray thee, Horace, observe," Horace whimsically assumes that the arm stretched out in the same moment to take possession of him is offered as subject for remark on its outside.

⁴ "—Misere discedere querens, Ire modo oculus, interdum consistere, in aurem Dicere nescio quid puero, cum sudor ad imos Manaret talos; O te, Bolane, cerebri Felicem! aiebam tacitus."

(Hor., Sat. I., ix. 8—12.)

¹ "—docti sumus. Hic ego: Pluris Hoc, inquam, mihi eris."

(Hor., Sat. I., ix. 7, 8.)

² "—cum quidlibet ille Garretet, vicos, urbem laudaret."

(Hor., Sat. I., ix. 12, 13.)

Hor. Where I shall be fearful to draw you out of your way, sir; a great way hence; pray, sir, let's part.

Cris. Nay, but where is 't? I prithee say.

Hor. On the far side of all Tyber yonder, by Caesar's gardens.¹

Cris. Oh, that's my course directly; I am for you. Come, go; why stand'st thou?

Hor. Yes, sir: marry, the plague is in that part of the city; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

Cris. Foh! it is no matter, I fear no pestilence; I have not offended Phœbus.

Hor. I have, it seems; or else this heavy scourge Could ne'er have lighted on me.

Cris. Come along.

Hor. I am to go down some half mile this way, sir, first, to speak with his physician; and from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of divers drugs.

Cris. Why, it's all one, I have nothing to do, and I love not to be idle; I'll bear thee company. How call'st thou the apothecary?

Hor. Oh that I knew a name would fright him now!—Sir, Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthus, sir.

There's one so call'd, is a just judge in hell,
And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those
That here on earth torment poor patient spirits.

Cris. He dwells at the Three Furies, by Janus's temple.

Hor. Your pothecary does, sir.

Cris. Heart, I owe him money for sweetmeats, and he has laid to arrest me, I hear: but——

Hor. Sir, I have made a most solemn vow, I will never bail any man.

Cris. Well, then, I'll swear, and speak him fair, if the worst come.—But his name is Minos, not Rhadamanthus, Horace.

Hor. That may be, sir; I but guessed at his name by his sign. But your Minos is a judge too, sir.

Cris. I protest to thee, Horace (do but taste me once), if I do know myself, and mine own virtues truly, thou wilt not make that esteem of Varius, or Virgil, or Tibullus, or any of 'em indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgive. I would fain see which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facility, than I, or that could court his mistress, kiss her hand, make better sport with her fan or her dog——

Hor. I cannot bail you yet, sir.

Cris. Or that could move his body more gracefully, or dance better; you should see me, were it not in the street——

Hor. Nor yet.

Cris. Why, I have been a reveller, and at my cloth of silver suit, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be again——

Hor. If you may be trusted, sir.

Cris. And then, for my singing, Hermogenes himself envies me, that is your only master of music you have in Rome.²

Hor. Is your mother living, sir?

Cris. Ay! convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the mother in you, sir. Your father is dead?

Cris. Ay, I thank Jove, and my grandfather too, and all my kinsfolks, and well composed in their urns.

Hor. The more their happiness that rest in peace, Free from the abundant torture of thy tongue:

Would I were with them too!

Cris. What's that, Horace?

Hor. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one Sabella, sung,
When in her urn she cast my destiny,
I being but a child.

Cris. What was it, I pray thee?

Hor. She told me I should surely never perish
By famine, poison, or the enemy's sword;
The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisy,
Should never hurt me, nor the tardy goat:
But in my time I should be once surprised
By a strong tedious talker, that should vex
And almost bring me to consumption:
Therefore, if I were wise, she warn'd me shun
All such long-winded monsters as my bane;
For if I could but scape that one discouser,
I might no doubt prove an old aged man.—
By your leave, sir.

[Going.]

Cris. Tut, tut; abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore Jove, now I think on't, I am to appear in court here, to answer to one that has me in suit: sweet Horace, go with me, this is my hour; if I neglect it, the law proceeds against me. Thou art familiar with these things: prithee, if thou lov'st me, go.

Hor. Now let me die, sir, if I know your laws,
Or have the power to stand still half so long
In their loud courts, as while a case is argued.
Besides, you know, sir, where I am to go.
And the necessity——

Cris. 'Tis true.

Hor. I hope the hour of my release be come: he will, upon this consideration, discharge me, sure.

Cris. Troth, I am doubtful what I may best do, whether to leave thee or my affairs, Horace.³

Hor. O Jupiter! me, sir, me, by any means; I beseech you, me, sir.

Cris. No, faith, I'll venture those now; thou shalt see I love thee: come, Horace.

Hor. Now, then I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard contending with a man that overcomes thus.

Cris. And how deals Mecenas with thee? liberally, ha? is he open-handed? bountiful?

Hor. He's still himself, sir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy

¹ "——Miserè cupis, inquit, abire:
Jam dudum video; sed nil agis: usque tenebo;
Persequar. Hinc quo nunc iter est tibi?—Nil opus est te
Circumagi: quendam volo visere non tibi notum;
Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos—
Nil habeo quod agam et non sum piger: usque sequar te."
(*Hor.*, Sat. I., ix. 14—19.)

² "——invidet quod et Hermogenes, ego canto.—
Interpellandi locus hic erat: Est tibi mater,
Cognati, quis te salvo est opus?—Haud mihi quisquam;
Omnes composui,—Felicis! nunc ego resto.
Confice: namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella

Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna;
Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra;
Garrulus hunc quando consumet," &c. &c.
(*Hor.*, Sat. I., ix. 25—33.)

³ Ben Jonson is still following Horace's Satire:

"Dubius sum quid faciam, inquit,
Tene relinquam, an rem.—Me, sodes.—Non faciam, ille,
Et præcedere cepit; ego, ut contendere durum est
Cum victore, sequor.—Mæcenas quomodo tecum?
Hinc repetit; paucorum hominum et mentis bene sanæ;
Nemo dexterius fortuna est usus. Haberes
Magnum adjutorem," &c. &c.

friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first rank of Romans: I do not know that poet, I protest, has used his fortune more prosperously than thou hast. If thou wouldst bring me known to Mæcenas, I should second thy desert well; thou shouldst find a good sure assistant of me, one that would speak all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not envying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not live, but I think thou and I, in a small time, should lift them all out of favour, both Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and enjoy him wholly to ourselves.

Hor. Gods, you do know it, I can hold no longer: This brize¹ has pricked my patience. Sir, your silkness Clearly mistakes Mæcenas and his house, To think there breathes a spirit beneath his roof, Subject unto those poor affections Of undermining envy and detraction, Moods only proper to base grovelling minds. That place is not in Rome, I dare affirm, More pure or free from such low common evils. There's no man grieved that this is thought more rich, Or this more learned; each man hath his place, And to his merit his reward of grace, Which, with a mutual love, they all embrace.

Cris. You report a wonder; 'tis scarce credible, this.

Hor. I am no torturer to enforce you to believe it; but it is so.

Cris. Why, this inflames me with a more ardent desire to be his than before; but I doubt I shall find the entrance to his familiarity somewhat more than difficult, Horace.

Hor. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you have done me; there's no standing out against you, sir, I see that: either your importunity, or the intimation of your good parts, or—

Cris. Nay, I'll bribe his porter, and the grooms of his chamber; make his doors open to me that way first, and then I'll observe my times. Say he should extrude me his house to-day, shall I therefore desist, or let fall my suit to-morrow? No; I'll attend him, follow him, meet him in the street, the highway, run by his coach, never leave him. What! man hath nothing given him in this life without much labour—

Hor. And impudence.

Archer of heaven, Phœbus, take thy bow,
And with a full-drawn shaft nail to the earth
This Python, that I may yet run hence and live:
Or, brawny Hercules, do thou come down,
And, tho' thou mak'st it up thy thirteenth labour,
Rescue me from this hydra of discourse here.

*Enter FUSCUS ARISTIUS.*²

Ari. Horace, well met.

Hor. Oh, welcome, my reliever;
Aristius, as thou lov'st me, ransom me.

Ari. What ail'st thou, man?

Hor. 'Death, I am seized on here
By a land remora;³ I cannot stir,
Nor move, but as he pleases.

Cris. Wilt thou go, Horace?

Hor. Heart! he cleaves to me like Alcides' shirt,
Tearing my flesh and sinews: oh, I've been vexed

And tortured with him beyond forty fevers.

For Jove's sake, find some means to take me from him.

Ari. Yes, I will;—but I'll go first and tell Mæcenas. [*Aside.*

Cris. Come, shall we go?

Ari. The jest will make his eyes run, i' faith. [*Aside.*

Hor. Nay, Aristius!

Ari. Farewell, Horace. [*Going.*

Hor. 'Death! will he leave me? Fuscus Aristius! do you hear? Gods of Rome! You said you had somewhat to say to me in private.

Ari. Ay, but I see you are now employed with that gentleman; 'twere offence to trouble you; I'll take some fitter opportunity: farewell. [*Exit.*

Hor. Mischief and torment! O my soul and heart,
How are you cramped with anguish! Death itself
Brings not the like convulsions. Oh, this day!
That ever I should view thy tedious face.—

Cris. Horace, what passion, what humour is this?

Hor. Away, good prodigy, afflict me not.—

A friend, and mock me thus! Never was man
So left under the axe.—

Then enters, with two lictors—Roman for bailiffs—
—Minos, the apothecary, to whom Crispinus owes
money for sweetmeats. Horace escapes hastily in
the confusion. Crispinus is arrested, but Tucca
bullies him free, fleeces him of his sword, sharks
also Minos by bullying, and then fastens upon
Histrio, a player who is passing.

HISTRIO passes by.

What's he that stalks by there, boy, Pyrgus? You were best
let him pass, sirrah: do, ferret, let him pass, do—

2 Pyr. 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player! call him, call the lousy slave hither; what,
will he sail by, and not once strike, or vail to a man of war?
ha!—Do you hear, you player, rogue, stalker, come back
here;—

Enter HISTRIO.

No respect to men of worship, you slave! what, you are
proud, you rascal, are you proud, ha? you grow rich, do you,
and purchase, you two-penny tear-mouth? you have For-
tune, and the good year on your side, you stinkard, you
have, you have!

Hist. Nay, sweet captain, be confined to some reason; I
protest I saw you not, sir.

Tuc. You did not! where was your sight, Ædipus? you
walk with hare's eyes, do you? I'll have them glazed, rogue;
an you say the word, they shall be glazed for you: come, we
must have you turn fiddler, again, slave, get a base-viol at
your back, and march in a tawney coat, with one sleeve, to
Goose-fair; then you'll know us, you'll see us then, you will,
gulch,⁴ you will. Then, *Will't please your worship to have any
music, captain?*

Hist. Nay, good captain.

Tuc. What, do you laugh, Howleglas!⁵ death, you per-
stemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellows; I have com-
manded a hundred and fifty such rogues, I.

2 Pyr. Ay, and most of that hundred and fifty have been
leaders of a legion. [*Aside.*

Hist. If I have exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction,
captain.

¹ Brize, gad-fly.

² "—Hæc dum agit, ecce
Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus," &c.

(*Hor.*, Sat. I., ix. 60 to the end.)

³ Remora. The sucking-fish "echeneis," called by the Latins
"remora," which means "hindrance," because it was said to delay
the course of ships by attaching itself to them.

⁴ Gulch, fat glutton; "to gulch," to swallow greedily.

⁵ Howleglas, the German "Eulenspiegel," a jester supposed to
have died in the middle of the fourteenth century, upon whom whim-
sical stupidities were fathered.

Tuc. Say'st thou so, honest vermin! give me thy hand; thou shalt make us a supper one of these nights.

Hist. When you please, by Jove, captain, most willingly.

Tuc. Dost thou swear? To-morrow then; say and hold, slave. There are some of you players honest gentlemen-like scoundrels, and suspected to have some wit, as well as your poets, both at drinking and breaking of jests, and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder ye, now and then, of half-a-dozen shillings, or so. Dost thou not know that Pantolabus¹ there?

Hist. No, I assure you, captain.

Tuc. Go; and be acquainted with him then; he is a gentleman, parcel poet, you slave; his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Go, he pens high, lofty, in a new stalking strain, bigger than half the rhymers in the town again: he was born to fill my mouth, Minotaurus, he was; he will teach thee

into his hand—twenty sesterces I mean, and let nobody see; go, do it, the work shall commend itself; be Minos, I'll pay.

Min. Yes, forsooth, captain.

2 *Pyr.* Do not we serve a notable shark?

[*Aside.*

Tuc. And what new matters have you now afoot, sirrah, ha? I would fain come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good [filthy] one; but they say you have nothing but *Humours*, *Revels*, and *Satires*, ... you slave.

Hist. No, I assure you, captain, not we. They are on the other side of Tyber: we have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain: all the sinners in the suburbs come and applaud our action daily.

Tuc. I hear you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say; I shall be presented by a sort of copper-laced scoundrels of you: life of Pluto! and you stage me, stinkard,



THE FORTUNE THEATRE,² OR NURSERY, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN. (A.D. 1800.)

From J. T. Smith's "Antiquities of London."

to tear and rand. Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty—forty shillings, I mean, stinkard; give him in earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave! If he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travel with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel heads to an old cracked trumpet.

Hist. Troth, I think I have not so much about me, captain.

Tuc. It's no matter; give him what thou hast, stiff-toe, I'll give my word for the rest; though it lack a shilling or two, it skills not; go, thou art an honest shifter; I'll have the statute repealed for thee.—Minos, I must tell thee, Minos, thou hast dejected yon gentleman's spirit exceedingly; dost observe, dost note, little Minos?

Min. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Go to, then, raise, recover, do; suffer him not to droop in prospect of a play, a rogue, a stager: put twenty

your mansions shall sweat for't, your Tabernacles, varlets, your Globes, and your Triumphs.

Hist. Not we, by Phœbus, captain; do not do us imputation without desert.

Tuc. I will not, my good two-penny rascal; reach me thy neuf. Dost hear? what wilt thou give me a week for my brace of beagles here, my little point trussers? you shall have them act among' ye.—Sirrah, you, pronounce.—Thou shalt hear him speak in King Darius' doleful strain.³

1 *Pyr.* "O doleful days! O direful deadly dump! O wicked world, and worldly wickedness! How can I hold my fist from crying, thump, In rue of this right rascal wretchedness?"

Tuc. In an amorous vein now, sirrah: peace!

1 *Pyr.* "Oh, she is wilder, and more hard, withal, Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. Yet might she love me, to uprear her state: Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate. Yet might she love me, to content her fire:

¹ *Pantolabus* (printed in Ben Jonson "Pantalabus"), All-taker, is the name given by Horace, Sat. I. viii. 11; II. i. 22, to a parasite, Mallius Verna, known for running into debt.

² *The Fortune Theatre*, in Golden Lane, near the Barbican, was once the Nursery for Henry VIII.'s children. It was turned into a theatre in Elizabeth's reign.

³ "A Pretie new Enterlude both pithie and pleasaunto of the Story of Kyng Darius" was printed in 1565.

Ay, but her reason masters her desire.

Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall :

Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all."

Tuc. Now the horrible, fierce soldier, you, sirrah.

2 *Pyr.* "What! will I brave thee? ay, and beard thee too;
A Roman spirit scorns to bear a brain
So full of base pusillanimity."

Hist. Excellent!

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that shall ravish thee anon; prick
up thine ears, stinkard.—The ghost, boys?

1 *Pyr.* "Vindicta!"

2 *Pyr.* "Timoria!"

1 *Pyr.* "Vindicta!"

2 *Pyr.* "Timoria!"

1 *Pyr.* "Veni!"

2 *Pyr.* "Veni!"

Tuc. Now, thunder, sirrah, you the rumbling player.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, but somebody must cry *Murder!* then, in a
small voice.

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer there shall do 't. Cry, sirrah, cry.

1 *Pyr.* "Murder, murder!"

2 *Pyr.* "Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?"

Hist. Oh, admirable good, I protest.

Tuc. Sirrah boy, brace your drum a little straiter, and do
the t'other fellow there, he in the—what sha' call him?—and
yet stay too.

2 *Pyr.* "Nay, an thou dalliest, then I am thy foe,
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win;
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals.

Villain! thou diest for more respecting her——"

1 *Pyr.* "Oh, stay, my lord."

2 *Pyr.* "Than me:

Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee;

But if thou dally once again, thou diest."

Tuc. Enough of this, boy.

2 *Pyr.* "Why then lament therefore: . . .

Unto King Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus,

For sparrows must have food——"

Hist. Pray, sweet captain, let one of them do a little of a
lady.

Tuc. Oh, he will make thee eternally enamoured of him,
there: do, sirrah, do; 'twill allay your fellow's fury a little.

1 *Pyr.* "Master, mock on; the scorn thou givest me,
Pray Jove some lady may return on thee."

2 *Pyr.* Now you shall see me do the Moor. Master, lend
me your scarf a little.

Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy service, boy.

2 *Pyr.* You, Master Minos, hark hither a little.

[*Exit with MINOS, to make himself ready.*

Tuc. How dost like him? art not rapt, art not tickled now?
dost not applaud, rascal? dost not applaud?

Hist. Yes: what will you ask for them a week, captain?

Presently there is the first entry of Demetrius.

Enter DEMETRIUS at a distance.

What's he with the half arms there, that salutes us out of his
cloak, like a motion, ha?

Hist. Oh, sir, his doublet's a little decayed; he is otherwise
a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of
plays about the town here; we have hired him to abuse
Horace, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants,
as Tibullus, Mæcenas, Cornelius Gallus, and the rest.

Tuc. And why so, stinkard?

Hist. Oh, it will get us a huge deal of money, captain, and
we have need on 't; for this winter has made us all poorer

than so many starved snakes: nobody comes at us, not a
gentleman, nor a——

Tuc. But you know nothing by him, do you, to make a
play of?

Hist. Faith, not much, captain; but our author will devise
that that shall serve in some sort.

Tuc. Why, my Parnassus here shall help him, if thou wilt.
Can thy author do it impudently enough?

Hist. Oh, I warrant you, captain, and spitefully enough too;
he has one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome; he
will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him.

Tuc. I'll know the poor, egregious, nitty rascal; an he
have these commendable qualities, I'll cherish him—stay,
here comes the Tartar—I'll make a gathering for him, I, a
purse, and put the poor slave in fresh rags; tell him so to
comfort him.

The Act ends with a few more touches of the
humour of Captain Tuca.

The Fourth Act opens with the ambitions of
Chloe, the jeweller's wife, among the great court
ladies who find it convenient to visit her. The
ladies banquet with their poets at the jeweller's ex-
pense. Horace comes to the feast, but the jeweller
soon follows him to introduce Crispinus, Demetrius,
and Captain Tuca.

Enter HORACE.

Gal. Horace! welcome.

Hor. Gentlemen, hear you the news?

Tib. What news, my Quintus?

Hor. Our melancholic friend, Propertius,
Hath closed himself up in his Cynthia's tomb;
And will by no entreaties be drawn thence.

*Enter ALBIUS, introducing CRISPINUS and DEMETRIUS, followed
by TUCCA.*

Alb. Nay, good Master Crispinus, pray you bring near the
gentleman.

Hor. Crispinus! Hide me, good Gallus; Tibullus, shelter
me. [*Going.*

Cris. Make your approach, sweet captain.

Tib. What means this, Horace?

Hor. I am surprised again; farewell.

Gal. Stay, Horace.

Hor. What, and be tired on¹ by yond vulture! No:
Phœbus defend me! [*Exit hastily.*

Tib. 'Slight, I hold my life.

This same is he met him in Holy-street.²

Gal. Troth, 'tis like enough.—This act of Propertius
relisheth very strange with me.

Tuc. By thy leave, my neat scoundrel: what, is this the
mad boy you talked on?

Cris. Ay, this is Master Albius, captain.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, Agamemnon; we hear abroad
thou art the Hector of citizens. What sayest thou? are we
welcome to thee, noble Neoptolemus?

Alb. Welcome, captain, by Jove and all the gods in the
Capitol——

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which of these is thy
wedlock, Menelaus? thy Helen, thy Lucrece? that we may
do her honour, mad boy.

¹ Tired on, pulled at, as a hawk pulls and tears at meat thrown to
it. The phrase was a term in falconry, from the French "tirer,"
to drag or pull.

² Holy-street, Via Sacra.

Cris. She in the little fine dressing, sir, is my mistress.

Alb. For fault of a better, sir.

Tuc. A better! profane rascal: I cry thee mercy, my good scroyle,¹ was 't thou?

Alb. No harm, captain.

Tuc. She is a Venus, a Vesta, a Melpomene: come hither, Penelope; what's thy name, Iris?

Chloe. My name is Chloe, sir; I am a gentlewoman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an empress, Chloe, for an eye and a lip; thou hast an emperor's nose: kiss me again; . . . so! Before Jove, the gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffered so sweet a breath to perfume the bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, Thisbe; the Fates were infatuate, they were, . . .

Chloe. That's sure, sir; let me crave your name, I pray you, sir.

Tuc. I am known by the name of Captain Tucce, . . . the noble Roman, . . . ; a gentleman, and a commander.

Chloe. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander! that's as good as a poet, methinks. [*Walks aside.*]

Cris. A pretty instrument! It's my cousin Cytheris' viol this, is it not?

Cyth. Nay, play, cousin; it wants but such a voice and hand to grace it as yours is.

Cris. Alas! cousin, you are merrily inspired.

Cyth. Pray you play, if you love me.

Cris. Yes, cousin; you know I do not hate you.

Tib. A most subtle wench! how she hath baited him with a viol yonder, for a song!

Cris. Cousin, pray you call Mistress Chloe; she shall hear an essay of my poetry.

Tuc. I'll call her.—Come hither, cockatrice: here's one will set thee up, my sweet . . . , set thee up.

Chloe. Are you a poet so soon, sir?

Alb. Wife, mum.

CRISPINUS plays and sings.

Love is blind, and a wanton;

In the whole world there is scant one

—Such another:

No, not his mother.

He hath plucked her doves and sparrows,

To feather his sharp arrows,

And alone prevaileth,

While sick Venus waileth.

But if Cypris once recover

The wag; it shall behave her

To look better to him:

Or she will undo him.

Alb. O most odoriferous music!

Tuc. Aha, stinkard! Another Orpheus, you slave, another Orpheus! an Arion riding on the back of a dolphin, rascal!

Gal. Have you a copy of this ditty, sir?

Cris. Master Albius has.

Alb. Ay, but in truth they are my wife's verses, I must not show them.

Tuc. Show them, bankrupt, show them; they have salt in them, and will brook the air, stinkard.

Gal. How! "To his bright mistress Canidia!"

Cris. Ay, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as Ovid's Corinna, or Propertius his Cynthia, or your Nemesis, or Delia, Tibullus.

Gal. It's the name of Horace his witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why, the ditty's all borrowed; 'tis Horace's: hang him, plagiarist!

Tuc. How! he borrow of Horace? he shall pawn himself to ten brokers first. Do you hear, Poetasters? I know you to be men of worship!—He shall write with Horace, for a talent; and let Mecænas and his whole college of critics take his part: thou shalt do't, young Phœbus; thou shalt, Phaëton, thou shalt.

Dem. Alas, sir, Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but Humours and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou say'st true, my poor poetical fury, he will pen all he knows. A sharp thorny-toothed satirical rascal, fly him; he carries hay in his horn;² he will sooner lose his best friend than his least jest. What he once drops upon paper against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the mouth of every slave, tankard-bearer, or waterman; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bakehouse, but shall point at him: 'tis all dog and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail. Fough! body of Jove! I'll have the slave whipt one of these days for his Satires and his Humours, by one cashiered clerk or another.

Cris. We'll undertake him, captain.

Dem. Ay, and tickle him, i' faith, for his arrogance and his impudence, in commending his own things; and for his translating,³ I can trace him i' faith. Oh, he is the most open fellow living; I had as lieve as a new suit I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more, then, but do it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new suit; sting him, my little neuftz; I'll give you instructions: I'll be your intelligencer; we'll all join, and hang upon him like so many horse-leeches, the players and all. We shall sup together soon; and then we'll conspire, i' faith.

Gal. Oh, that Horace had stayed still here!

Tib. So would not I; for both these would have turned Pythagoreans then.

Gal. What, mute?

Tib. Ay, as fishes, i' faith. Come, ladies, shall we go?

Cyth. We wait you, sir. But Mistress Chloe asks, if you have not a god to spare for this gentleman.

Gal. Who, Captain Tucce?

Cyth. Ay, he.

Gal. Yes, if we can invite him along, he shall be Mars.

Chloe. Has Mars anything to do with Venus?

Tib. Oh, most of all, lady.

Chloe. Nay, then I pray let him be invited. And what shall Crispinus be?

Tib. Mercury, Mistress Chloe.

Chloe. Mercury! that's a poet, is it?

Gal. No, lady, but somewhat inclining that way; he is a herald at arms.

Chloe. A herald at arms! good; and Mercury! pretty: he has to do with Venus too?

Tib. A little with her face, lady, or so.

² A Roman phrase for a person of dangerous temper, from the custom of winding bay on the horn of a bull that was to be avoided by the passers-by. The phrase and the following passage are taken by Ben Jonson from Horace, the fourth Satire of the First Book, lines 34 and 35:—

"Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge! dummodo risum
Excitiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico," &c.

³ For his translating. It was a pleasure to Ben Jonson to work thoughts of the Latin writers into scenes of his plays, in the way illustrated by the preceding notes. He was censured for it, and called pedant, by men who were afraid lest they should be hitting unawares a famous classic author, when they meant only to strike at the wit of their neighbour. The scene between Horace and Crispinus shows with how ready a wit of his own Ben Jonson made this occasional use of his good scholarship.

¹ Scroyle, scrofulous person.

Chloe. 'Tis very well; pray let us go, I long to be at it.

Cyth. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along?

Cris. You shall not only pray, but prevail, lady.—Come, sweet captain.

Tuc. Yes, I follow: but thou must not talk of this now, my little bankrupt.

Alb. Captain, look here, mum.

Dem. I'll go write, sir.

Tuc. Do, do; stay, there's a drachm to purchase gingerbread for thy muse. [*Exeunt.*]

In the next scene Asinius Lupus, having intelligence from Histrio, the player, that there has been a mysterious hiring of properties, a sceptre and crown for Jove, a caduceus for Mercury, and so forth, sees a plot, summons his lictors to follow him, and arrests Minos his apothecary, when he enters with a potion, because he holds poisoning of himself to be part of the plot. Then the scene changes to the palace, where, in the absence of Augustus Cæsar, the poets and the court ladies are disporting themselves in the hired properties, and banqueting as gods and goddesses. Upon their mirth and music enters Augustus Cæsar, with Mecænas, Horace, Lupus and his lictors. The crest-fallen assembly is dispersed by the wrath of Cæsar. Ovid, for his love of Cæsar's daughter Julia, is banished. Captain Tucça, who had slunk out of the company, brags that he must beat Horace as an informer, but knowing him to be a man of the sword, cringes in his presence. Horace and Mecænas revile Histrio as a meddling informer, and the act ends with a scene of parting between Ovid and Julia.

The Fifth Act opens with Cæsar enthroned, surrounded by Mecænas and the poets, pardoning Cornelius Gallus and Tibullus, and exalting the praise of poesy. The approach of Virgil is announced, and draws the fullest and the frankest praise of him from each of his brother poets.

Cæs. This one consent in all your dooms of him,
And mutual loves of all your several merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

Enter VIRGIL.

See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet him.
Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil! Cæsar and Virgil
Shall differ but in sound; to Cæsar, Virgil,
Of his expressed greatness, shall be made
A second surname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
Where are thy famous Æneids? do us grace
To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.

Virg. Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants,
Which are yet more than my time could supply.
And, could great Cæsar's expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not show them.

Cæs. Virgil is too modest;
Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more:
Show them, sweet Virgil.

Virg. Then, in such due fear
As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly show them.

Cæs. Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life;
And more refulgent in a senseless paper

Than in the sensual complement of kings.

Read, read thyself, dear Virgil; let not me
Profane one accent with an untuned tongue:
Best matter, badly shown, shows worse than bad.
See then this chair, of purpose set for thee
To read thy poem in; refuse it not.

Virtue, without presumption, place may take
Above best kings, whom only she should make.

Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times

A gross untruth, that any poet, void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity,
Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's chair.
Poor virtue raised, high birth and wealth set under,
Crosseth heaven's courses, and makes worldlings wonder.

Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate itself, in this,
Will Cæsar cross; much more all worldly custom.

Hor. Custom, in course of honour, ever errs;
And they are best whom Fortune least prefers.

Cæs. Horace hath but more strictly spoke our thoughts.

The vast rude swing of general confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:
And therefore Reason (which in right should be
The special rector of all harmony)
Shall show we are a man distinct by it,
From those, whom Custom rapteth in her press.
Ascend then, Virgil; and where first by chance
We here have turned thy book, do thou first read.¹

Virg. Great Cæsar hath his will; I will ascend.

'Twere simple injury to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs from unused Virtue,
And makes her shine proportioned to her worth,
To be more nice to entertain his grace,
Than he is choice, and liberal to afford it.

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,
And let none enter [*Exeunt EQUITES*]; peace. Begin, good
Virgil.

Virg. "Meanwhile the skies 'gan thunder, and in tail
Of that, fell pouring storm of sleet and hail;
The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, eachwhere,
With Venus' Dardane nephew, now, in fear,
Seek out for several shelter through the plain,
Whilst floods come rolling from the hills amain.
Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same
Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's great dame,
That hath the charge of marriage, first gave sign
Unto his contract; fire and air did shine,
As guilty of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs with shriekings do the region fill.
Here first began their bane; this day was ground
Of all their ills; for now, nor rumour's sound,
Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido ought;
Her love no longer now by stealth is sought:
She calls this wedlock, and with that fair name
Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit and fame,
Through all the greatest Libyan towns is gone;
Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter none,
That moving grows, and flying gathers strength;
Little at first, and fearful; but at length
She dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!
This child, our parent earth, stirred up with spite
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some write,

¹ Cæsar's chance is Ben Jonson's design. The description of Fame from the Fourth Book of the Æneid is taken for its aptness to the action of the play.

She was last sister of that giant race,
That thought to scale Jove's court: right swift of pace,
And swifter far of wing; a monster vast,
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Stick underneath; and, which may stranger rise
In the report, as many tongues she bears,
As many mouths, as many listening ears.
Nightly in midst of all the heaven she flies,
And through the earth's dark shadow shrieking cries;
Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet sleep;
By day on tops of houses she doth keep,
Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
Cities and towns of most conspicuous site:
As covetous she is of tales and lies,
As prodigal of truth: this monster——"

Lup. [Within.] Come, follow me, assist me, second me!
Where's the emperor?

1 *Eques. [Within.]* Sir, you must pardon us.

2 *Eques. [Within.]* Cæsar is private now; you may not enter.

Tuc. [Within.] Not enter! Charge them upon their allegiance, cropshin.

1 *Eques. [Within.]* We have a charge to the contrary, sir.

Lup. [Within.] I pronounce you all traitors, horrible traitors. What, do you know my affairs? I have matter of danger and state to impart to Cæsar.

Cæs. What noise is there? who's that names Cæsar?

Lup. [Within.] A friend to Cæsar.

One that, for Cæsar's good, would speak with Cæsar.

Cæs. Who is it? look, Cornelius.

1 *Eques. [Within.]* Asinius Lupus.

Cæs. Oh, bid the turbulent informer hence;

We have no vacant ear now, to receive

The unseasoned fruits of his officious tongue.

Mec. You must avoid him there.

Lup. [Within.] I conjure thee, as thou art Cæsar, or respectest thine own safety, or the safety of the state, Cæsar, hear me, speak with me, Cæsar; 'tis no common business I come about, but such, as being neglected, may concern the life of Cæsar.

Cæs. The life of Cæsar! Let him enter. Virgil, keep thy seat.

Equites. [Within.] Bear back, there: whither will you? keep back!

Enter LUPUS, TUCCA, and Lictors.

Tuc. By thy leave, Goodman usher: mend thy peruke; so.

Lup. Lay hold on Horace there; and on Mæcenas, lictors. Romans, offer no rescue, upon your allegiance: read, royal Cæsar. [*Gives a paper.*] I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Tuc. He will, Humours, he will; he will squeeze you, poet puck-fist.

Lup. I'll lop you off for an unprofitable branch, you satirical varlet.

Tuc. Ay, and Epaminondas your patron here, with his flagon chain; come, resign [*takes off MÆCENAS' chain*]: though 'twere your great grandfather's, the law has made it mine now, sir. Look to him, my party-coloured rascals; look to him.

Cæs. What is this, Asinius Lupus? I understand it not.

Lup. Not understand it! A libel, Cæsar; a dangerous, seditious libel; a libel in picture.

Cæs. A libel!

Lup. Ay; I found it in this Horace his study, in Mæcenas his house, here; I challenge the penalty of the laws against them.

Tuc. Ay, and remember to beg their land betimes; before some of these hungry court hounds scent it out.

Cæs. Show it to Horace: ask him if he know it.

Lup. Know it! his hand is at it, Cæsar.

Cæs. Then 'tis no libel.

Hor. It is the imperfect body of an emblem, Cæsar, I began for Mæcenas.

Lup. An emblem! right: that's Greek for a libel. Do but mark how confident he is.

Hor. A just man cannot fear, thou foolish tribune; Not though the malice of traducing tongues, The open vastness of a tyrant's ear, The senseless rigour of the wrested laws, Or the red eyes of strained authority, Should, in a point, meet all to take his life: His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Lup. Innocence! oh, impudence! let me see, let me see. Is not here an eagle? and is not that eagle meant by Cæsar, ha? Does not Cæsar give the eagle? answer me; what sayest thou?

Tuc. Hast thou any evasion, stinkard?

Lup. Now he's turned dumb. I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Hor. Pish: ha, ha!

Lup. Dost thou pish me? Give me my long sword.

Hor. With reverence to great Cæsar, worthy Romans, Observe but this ridiculous comment; The soul to my device was in this distich:

"Thus oft, the base and ravenous multitude
Survive, to share the spoils of fortitude."

Which in this body I have figured here,
A vulture——

Lup. A vulture! Ay, now, 'tis a vulture. Oh, abominable! monstrous! monstrous! Has not your vulture a beak? has it not legs, and talons, and wings, and feathers?

Tuc. Touch him, old buskins.

Hor. And therefore must it be an eagle?

Mec. Respect him not, good Horace: say your device.

Hor. A vulture and a wolf——

Lup. A wolf! good: that's I; I am the wolf: my name's Lupus; I am meant by the wolf. On, on; a vulture and a wolf.

Hor. Preying upon the carcass of an ass——

Lup. An ass! good still: that's I too; I am the ass. You mean me by the ass.

Mec. Prithce leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modesty give it from you.

Mec. But, by that beast, the old Egyptians Were wont to figure, in their hieroglyphics, Patience, frugality, and fortitude; For none of which we can suspect you, tribune.

Cæs. Who was it, Lupus, that informed you first, This should be meant by us? Or was't your comment?

Lup. No, Cæsar; a player gave me the first light of it indeed.

Tuc. Ay, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician besides.

Cæs. Where is that player?

Tuc. He is without here.

Cæs. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the player there, Master Æsop; call him.

Equites. [Within.] Player! where is the player? bear back: none but the player enter.

Enter ÆSOP, followed by CRISPINUS and DEMETRIUS.

Tuc. Yes, this gentleman and his Achates must.

Cris. Pray you, master usher:—we'll stand close here.

Tuc. 'Tis a gentleman of quality, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell ye.—Come, Æsop, hast a bay-leaf in thy mouth? Well said; be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirmed to thee and thy covey, under the emperor's broad seal, for this service.

Cæs. Is this he?

Lup. Ay, Cæsar, this is he.

Cæs. Let him be whipped. Lictors, go take him hence. And, Lupus, for your fierce credulity, One fit him with a pair of larger ears: 'Tis Cæsar's doom, and must not be revoked. We hate to have our court and peace disturbed With these quotidian clamours. See it done.
Lup. Cæsar!

[*Exeunt some of the Lictors, with LUPUS and ÆSOP.*]

Cæs. Gag him. We may have his silence.

Virg. Cæsar hath done like Cæsar. Fair and just Is his award against these brainless creatures. 'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality, Or modest anger of a satiric spirit, That hurts or wounds the body of the state; But the sinister application Of the malicious, ignorant, and base Interpreter, who will distort and strain The general scope and purpose of an author To his particular and private spleen.

Cæs. We know it, our dear Virgil, and esteem it A most dishonest practice in that man Will seem too witty in another's work. What would Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus?

[*They whisper CÆSAR.*]

Tuc. [To MECÆNAS.] Nay, but as thou art a man, dost hear? a man of worship and honourable: hold, here, take thy chain again. Resume, mad Mecænas. What! dost thou think I meant to have kept it, old boy? no: I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou wouldst take it. What! will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls.¹ Come, I love bully Horace as well as thou dost, I: 'tis an honest hieroglyphic. Give me thy wrist, Helicon. Dost thou think I'll second e'er a rhinoceros of them all against thee, ha? or thy noble Hippocrene, here? I'll turn stager first, and be whipt too: dost thou see, bully?

Cæs. You have your will of Cæsar: use it, Romans. Virgil shall be your prætor; and ourself Will here sit by, spectator of your sports; And think it no impeach of royalty. Our ear is now too much profaned, grave Maro, With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines: Put up thy book, till both the time and we

¹ *My three souls.* In Plato's "Timæus" it is taught that man was made with an immortal soul, to which were joined two mortal souls and a body. In the mortal souls it was necessary to include fear, anger, appetite, &c. By contact with these the immortal soul is subject to defilement, but for its better protection it is lodged in the head, and separated by the isthmus of the neck from the two mortal souls placed in the body. Of these two, the better—the courageous, energetic soul—is placed nearer the head in the chest, where it may more easily receive orders from the head to keep down the inferior soul of appetite, which is placed in the belly. The immortal soul is fastened in the brain; the two mortal souls are joined to the line of the spinal marrow, which is the line of communication between the three. The heart is an outwork of the immortal soul, for strengthening its influence over the lower parts. When this higher soul is stirred by wrong, the heart beats violently, and pours its exhortations and threats through the blood-vessels to all subject parts.

Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance For the receiving so divine a work. Proceed with your design.

Mec. Gal. Tib. Thanks to great Cæsar.

Gal. Tibullus, draw you the indictment then, whilst Horace arrests them on the statute of Calumny. Mecænas and I will take our places here. Lictors, assist him.

Hor. I am the worst accuser under heaven.

Gal. Tut! you must do it; 'twill be noble mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.

Tib. Ay, but the world takes knowledge.

Hor. Would the world knew How heartily I wish a fool should hate me!

Tuc. Body of Jupiter! what! will they arraign my brisk Poetaster and his poor journeyman, ha? Would I were abroad skeldering for a drachm, so I were out of this labyrinth again! I do feel myself turn stinkard already, but I must set the best face I have upon't now. [*Aside.*] Well said, my divine, deft Horace, bring the [misbegotten] detracting slaves to the bar, do; make them hold up their spread golls;² I'll give in evidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, Crispinus; would thy man had a clean band!



CRISPINUS.³

Portrait of Thomas Percy, a Gentleman Pensioner (1605).

Cris. What must we do, captain?

Tuc. Thou shalt see anon: do not make division with thy legs so.

Cæs. What's he, Horace?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, Cæsar.

Tuc. I am one of thy commanders, Cæsar; a man of

² *Golls, paws.* A contemptuous word for hands. "Fy, Mr. Constable, what golls you have! Is justice so blind you cannot see to wash your hands?" (Beaumont and Fletcher's "Coxcomb.") The word is allied, possibly, to Latin "vola," the hollow of the hand. But the word "golls" is applied also to rolls of fat on the body, and there may be relation to the Irish "collan," flesh, and Welsh "golwyth," a piece of flesh.

³ This is taken, for the sake of contemporary costume, from a portrait of one who was arraigned for a more serious offence—a share in the Gunpowder Plot.

service and action: my name is Pantilius Tucce; I have served in thy wars against Mark Antony, I.

Cæs. Do you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. He's one that hath had the mustering or convoy of a company now and then: I never noted him by any other employment.

Cæs. We will observe him better.

Tib. Lictor, proclaim silence in the court.

Lict. In the name of Cæsar, silence!

Tib. Let the parties, the accuser and the accused, present themselves.

Lict. The accuser and the accused present yourselves in court.

Cris. Dem. Here.

Virg. Read the indictment.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, jointly and severally indicted, and here presently to be arraigned upon the statute of calumny, or *Lex Remmia*, the one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, alias Cri-spinas, poetaster and plagiarist; the other by the name of Demetrius Fannius, play-dresser and plagiarist. That you (not having the fear of Phœbus, or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege lord, Augustus Cæsar, his crown and dignity, and against the form of a statute, in that case made and provided, have most ignorantly, foolishly, and, more like yourselves, maliciously, gone about to deprave and calumniate the person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, poet, and priest to the Muses; and to that end have mutually conspired and plotted, at sundry times, as by several means, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and envious purpose; taxing him falsely, of self-love, arrogance, impudence, railing, filching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and every of them, in manner and form aforesaid; what answer you? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

Tuc. Not guilty, say.

Cris. Dem. Not guilty.

Tib. How will you be tried?

Tuc. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

[*Aside to CRIS.*

Cris. Dem. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

Virg. Here sits Mæcnas and Cornelius Gallus.

Are you contented to be tried by these?

Tuc. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission, say.

[*Aside.*

Cris. Dem. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission.

Virg. What says the plaintiff?

Hor. I am content.

Virg. Captain, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worshipful prætor! 'tis more of thy gentleness than of my deserving, I wusse. But since it hath pleased the court to make choice of my wisdom and gravity, come, my calumnious varlets; let's hear you talk for yourselves, now, an hour or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act!

Virg. Stay, turn, and take an oath first.

"You shall swear,

By thunder-darting Jove, the king of gods,

And by the genius of Augustus Cæsar;

By your own white and uncorrupted souls,

And the deep reverence of our Roman justice;

To judge this case with truth and equity:

As bound, by your religion, and your laws."

Now read the evidence: but first demand

Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.

[*Gives him two papers.*

Tib. Show this unto Crispinus. Is it yours?

Tuc. Say ay: [*Aside.*] What! dost thou stand upon it, . . . ? Do not deny thine own Minerva, thy Pallas, the issue of thy brain.

Cris. Yes, it is mine.

Tib. Show that unto Demetrius. Is it yours?

Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a father will not deny his own bastard now, I warrant thee.

Virg. Read them aloud.

Tib. "Ramp up, my genius, be not retrograde;¹

But boldly nominate a spade a spade.²

What, shall thy lubrical and glibbery³ Muse

Live, as she were defunct, . . . !"

Tuc. Excellent!

Tib. "Alas! that were no modern consequence, To have cothurnal buskins⁴ frightened hence.

No, teach thy Incubus⁵ to poetize;

And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries⁶

Upon that puft-up lump of balmy froth,"⁷

¹ *Ramp up . . . retrograde.* Most of the words ridiculed are in the early satires of Marston ("Scourge of Villanie"), or in his "Antonio and Mellida," but were used also by other writers. The Prologue to the second part of Marston's "Antonio and Mellida" opens thus:—

"The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein."

"Clumsy" is a word ridiculed later in the scene. Shakespeare in "Hamlet" had used "retrograde," act i., scene 2—

"For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,"

But he never in his plays used the word "clumsy," or "ramp," except in the participle "rampant," or "ramping."

² *Nominate a spade a spade.* There is jest on affectation of the word *nominate* for *call*; the same joke on fine language as in "Love's Labour's Lost," when Sir Nathaniel says (act v., sc. 1), "I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado."

³ *Glibbery.* First Part of "Antonio and Mellida," act i., sc. 1, "His love is glibbery, there's no hold on't, wench." Again, act ii., sc. 1, Catzo, eating a capon, says to Dildo, "Capon's no meat for Dildo; milk, milk, ye glibbery urchin, is food for infants." William Gifford, in his edition of "Ben Jonson," first pointed out these numerous references to Marston.

⁴ *Cothurnal buskins.* Second Part of "Antonio and Mellida," act ii., sc. 5:—

"O now *tragœdia cothurnata* mounts!"

⁵ *Thy Incubus.* Second Part of "Antonio and Mellida," act i., sc. 1—

"Piero. Yet naught but no, and yes!

Strotzo. I would have told you, if the Incubus
That rides your bosom would have patience,"

⁶ Marston's "Scourge of Villanie," Bk. I., Sat. 2—

"O what dry brain melts not sharp mustard rhyme
To purge the snottery of our slimy time!"

⁷ *Balmy froth.* "Scourge of Villanie." To the Readers:—

"Shall each odd punne of the Lawyers' Inn,
Each *barmy froth* that last day did begin
To read his little, or his ne'er-a-whit—"

Again, at the beginning of the 6th Satire, in Bk. I., of the "Scourge of Villanie":—

"Curio, know'st me? Why, thou bottle ale,
Thou *barmy froth*! Oh, stay me, lest I rail
Beyond Nil ultra!"

And in the prose note before the "Scourge of Villanie" addressed "To those that seem judicial persurers," the word occurs in a passage which has been thought to refer to Ben Jonson: "Yet when by some scurvy chance it shall come into the late perfumed fist of judicial Torquatus (that, like some rotten stick in a troubled water, hath got a great deal of barmy froth to stick to his sides), I know he will vouchsafe it some of his new-minded epithets (as real, intrinsecate, Delphic), when in my conscience he understands not the least part of it." Ben Jonson had used those words. The energy of the time, as well as its affectations in court speech, caused English to abound in new-minted words—some good, some bad—and they were in the latter days of Elizabeth, and in the early days of James I., a frequent subject of ridicule.

Tuc. Ah, ha!

Tib. "Or clumsy¹ chilblained judgment, that with oath
Magnificates² his merit and bespawls
The conscious time with humourous foam and brawls,
As if his organons of sense would crack
The sinews of my patience. Break his back,
O poets all and some! for now we list
Of strenuous vengeance to clutch³ the fist.

CRISPINUS."

Tuc. Ay, marry, this was written like a Hercules in poetry,
now.

Cæs. Excellently well threatened!

Virg. And as strangely worded, Cæsar.

Cæs. We observe it.

Virg. The other now.

Tuc. This is a fellow of a good prodigal tongue too; this
will do well.

Tib. "Our Muse is in mind for th' untrussing a poet;
I slip by his name, for most men do know it:
A critic that all the world bescumbers⁴
With satirical humours and lyrical numbers:"

Tuc. Art thou there, boy?

Tib. "And for the most part, himself doth advance
With much self-love, and more arrogance."

Tuc. Good again!

Tib. "And, but that I would not be thought a prater,
I could tell you he were a translator.
I know the authors from whence he has stole,
And could trace him too, but that I understand them not full
and whole."

Tuc. That line is broke loose from all his fellows: chain
him up shorter, do.

Tib. "The best note I can give you to know him by,
Is, that he keeps gallants' company;
Whom I could wish in time should him fear,
Lest after they buy repentance too dear.

DEME. FANNIUS."

Tuc. Well said! this carries palm⁵ with it.

Hor. And why, thou motley gull, why should they fear?
When hast thou known us wrong or tax a friend?
I dare thy malice to betray it. Speak.
Now thou curl'st up, thou poor and nasty snake,
And shrink'st thy poisonous head into thy bosom:
Out, Viper! thou that eat'st thy parents, hence!
Rather such speckled creatures as thyself
Should be eschewed, and shunned: such as will bite
And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame;
Catch at the loosest laughers, and affect
To be thought jesters; such as can devise
Things never seen, or heard, t' impair men's names,
And gratify their credulous adversaries;
Will carry tales, do basest offices,

¹ *Clumsy.* See note 1, page 194.

² Marston's "Pygmalion's Image, and Satires," Sat. 2—

"With that depaints a church reformed state,
The which the female tongues magnificate."

³ *Clutch.*

"Seize on, Revenge, grasp the stern-bended front
Of frowning vengeance with unpaiz'd clutch."

("Second Part of Ant. and Mell.," act iii., sc. 1.)

And in the same play, act v., sc. 1, "The fist of strenuous vengeance
is clutcht."

⁴ *Bescumbers.* In Marston's "Scourge of Villanie," Bk. III., Sat. 9,
is the couplet:

"Ill-tutored pedant, Mortimer's numbers
With muck-pit esculine filth bescumbers."

⁵ *Palm,* in the sense of victory. "Palman qui meruit ferat."

Cherish divided fires, and still increase
New flames out of old embers; will reveal
Each secret that's committed to their trust:

These be black slaves; Romans, take heed of these.⁶

Tuc. Thou twang'st right, little Horace: they be indeed a
couple of chap-fallen curs. Come, we of the bench, let's rise
to the urn, and condemn them quickly.

Virg. Before you go together, worthy Romans,
We are to tender our opinion,
And give you those instructions that may add
Unto your even judgment in the cause:

Which thus we do commence. First, you must know,
That where there is a true and perfect merit
There can be no dejection; and the scorn
Of humble baseness oftentimes so works

In a high soul upon the grosser spirit,
That to his bearded and offended sense
There seems a hideous fault blazed in the object
When only the disease is in his eyes.

Here-hence it comes our Horace now stands taxed
Of impudence, self-love, and arrogance,
By those who share no merit in themselves
And therefore think his portion is as small.

For they, from their own guilt, assure their souls
If they should confidently praise their works
In them it would appear inflation,
Which, in a full and well digested man,
Cannot receive that foul abusive name,
But the far title of erection.

And, for his true use of translating men,
It still hath been a work of as much palm,
In clearest judgments, as to invent or make.

His sharpness,—that is most excusable;
As being forced out of a suffering virtue
Oppressed with the licence of the time:
And howsoever fools or jerking pedants,
Players, or such like buffoon barking wits,
May with their beggarly and barren trash
Tickle base vulgar ears, in their despite
This, like Jove's thunder, shall their pride control,
"The honest satire hath the happiest soul."

Now, Romans, you have heard our thoughts; withdraw when
you please.

Tib. Remove the accused from the bar.

Tuc. Who holds the urn to us, ha? Fear nothing, I'll
quit you, mine honest pitiful stinkards; I'll do 't.

Cris. Captain, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am
generous.

Tuc. Go to.

Cæs. Tibullus, let there be a case of vizards privately
provided; we have found a subject to bestow them on.

Tib. It shall be done, Cæsar.

Cæs. Here be words, Horace, able to bastinado a man's ears.

Hor. Ay.

Please it great Cæsar, I have pills about me,
Mixt with the whitest kind of hellebore,
Would give him a light vomit that should purge
His brain and stomach of those tumorous heats,
Might I have leave to minister unto him.

Cæs. Oh, be his Æsculapius, gentle Horace!

You shall have leave, and he shall be your patient.
Virgil,

Use your authority, command him forth.

⁶ The last ten or eleven lines of this speech are a version from some
lines in one of Horace's "Satires," Book I., Sat. 4. William Gifford
pointed this out, and also supposed reference to Juvenal's opening of
Sat. xiii. in Tuca's "We of the bench, let's rise to the urn."

Virg. Cæsar is careful of your health, Crispinus;
And hath himself chose a physician
To minister unto you: take his pills.¹

Hor. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholesome.
Take yet another; so; stand by, they'll work anon.

Tib. Romans, return to your several seats: lictors, bring forward the urn; and set the accused to the bar.

Tuc. Quickly, you . . . egregious varlets; come forward. What! shall we sit all day upon you? You make no more haste now than a beggar upon pattens; or a physician to a patient that has no money, you pilchers.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You have, according to the Roman custom, put yourselves upon trial to the urn, for divers and sundry calumnies, whereof you have, before this time, been indicted, and are now presently arraigned: prepare yourselves to hearken to the verdict of your tryers. Caius Cilius Mecænas pronounceth you, by this hand-writing, guilty. Cornelius Gallus, guilty. Pantilius Tucce——"

Tuc. Parcel-guilty, I.

Dem. He means himself; for it was he indeed Suborned us to the calumny.

Tuc. I, you . . . cantharides! was it I?

Dem. I appeal to your conscience, captain.

Tib. Then you confess it now?

Dem. I do, and crave the mercy of the court.

Tib. What saith Crispinus?

Cris. Oh, the captain, the captain——

Hor. My physic begins to work with my patient, I see.

Virg. Captain, stand forth and answer.

Tuc. Hold thy peace, poet prætor; I appeal from thee to Cæsar, I. Do me right, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Marry, and I will, sir.—Lictors, gag him; do. And put a case of vizards o'er his head, That he may look bifronted, as he speaks.

Tuc. Gods and fiends! Cæsar! thou wilt not, Cæsar, wilt thou? Away, you . . . vultures; away. You think I am a dead corps now, because Cæsar is disposed to jest with a man of mark, or so. Hold your hooked talons out of my flesh, you inhuman harpies. Go to, do't. What! will the royal Augustus cast away a gentleman of worship, a captain and a commander, for a couple of condemned caitiff calumnious cargoes?

Cæs. Dispatch, lictors.

Tuc. Cæsar! [The vizards are put upon him.

Cæs. Forward, Tibullus.

Virg. Demand what cause they had to malign Horace.

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I, I must confess; but that he kept better company, for the most part, than I; and that better men loved him than loved me; and that his writings thrived better than mine, and were better liked and graced: nothing else.

Virg. Thus envious souls repine at others' good.

Hor. If this be all, faith, I forgive thee freely.

Envy me still, so long as Virgil loves me,²
Gallus, Tibullus, and the best-best Cæsar,

My dear Mecænas; while these, with many more,
Whose names I wisely slip, shall think me worthy
Their honoured and adored society,
And read and love, prove and applaud my poems;
I would not wish but such as you should spite them.

Cris. O——!

Tib. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. Oh, I am sick——!

Hor. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physic works. Faint not, man.

Cris. O—retrograde—reciprocal—incubus.

Cæs. What's that, Horace?

Hor. Retrograde, reciprocal, and incubus are come up.

Gal. Thanks be to Jupiter!

Cris. O—glibbery—lubrical—defunct—O——!

Hor. Well said; here's some store.

Virg. What are they?

Hor. Glibbery, lubrical, and defunct.

Gal. Oh, they came up easy.

Cris. O——O——!

Tib. What's that?

Hor. Nothing yet.

Cris. Magnificate——

Mec. Magnificate! That came up somewhat hard.

Hor. Ay. What cheer, Crispinus?

Cris. Oh! I shall cast up my—spurious—snotteries——

Hor. Good. Again.

Cris. Chilblained—O—O—clumsie——

Hor. That clumsy stuck terribly.

Mec. What's all that, Horace?

Hor. Spurious, snotteries, chilblained, clumsy.

Tib. O Jupiter!

Gal. Who would have thought there should have been such a deal of filth in a poet?

Cris. O—barmy froth——

Cæs. What's that?

Cris. Puffie—inflate—turgidous—ventosity.

Hor. Barmy froth, puffie, inflate, turgidous, and ventosity are come up.

Tib. Oh, terrible windy words!

Gal. A sign of a windy brain.

Cris. O—oblatrant—furibund—fatuate—strenuous.

Hor. Here's a deal: oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.

Cæs. Now all's come up, I trow. What a tumult he had in his belly?

Hor. No, there's the often conscious damp behind still.

Cris. O—conscious—damp.

Hor. It is come up, thanks to Apollo and Æsculapius; yet there's another; you were best take a pill more.

Cris. Oh, no; O—O—O—O—O!

Hor. Force yourself then a little with your finger.

Cris. O—O—prorumped.

Tib. Prorumped! What a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prorumped with it.

Cris. O—O—O!

Virg. Help him, it sticks strangely, whatever it is.

Cris. O—clutcht.

Hor. Now it is come; clutcht.

Cæs. Clutcht! it is well that's come up; it had but a narrow passage.

Cris. O——!

Virg. Again! hold him, hold his head there.

Cris. Snarling gusts—quaking custard.³

Hor. How now, Crispinus?

¹ This pill, with its consequences, is a clever adaptation from the Lexiphanes of Lucian, a lively Greek satirist of the second century. He was born at Samosata, near the Euphrates, and began life as a sculptor, then turned to law, and finally lived a life of his own by the practice of rhetoric in many cities. He saw much of the world, and rose from the delivery of lighter essays as a rhetorician to the most vigorous and ingenious satire upon vices and follies of his time. He died about A.D. 200. Lucian's Lexiphanes (word-shiner) is a great fop, who thinks he has written better than Plato, prorumps affected Greek, and "antisynposiazes Aristot." Ben Jonson closely imitates the manner in which Lexiphanes is relieved of his bad words by a pill.

² This passage is directly taken from Horace's "Satires" (I. x.)

³ "Let custards quake, my zeal must freely run." ("Scourge of Villanie," Bk. I., Sat. 2.)

Cris. O—*obstupescat*.

Tib. Nay, that are all we, I assure you.

Hor. How do you feel yourself?

Cris. Pretty and well, I thank you.

Virg. These pills can but restore him for a time,
Not cure him quite of such a malady
Caught by so many surfeits, which have filled
His blood and brain thus full of crudities :
'Tis necessary therefore he observe
A strict and wholesome diet.¹ Look you take
Each morning of old Cato's principles
A good draught next your heart ; that walk upon,
Till it be well digested ; then come home,
And taste a piece of Terence, suck his phrase
Instead of liquorice ; and, at any hand,
Shun Plantus and old Ennius—they are meats
Too harsh for a weak stomach. Use to read
(But not without a tutor) the best Greeks,
As Orpheus, Musæus, Pindarus,
Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theocrite,
High Homer ; but beware of Lycophron,
He is too dark and dangerous a dish.
You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms,
To stuff out a peculiar dialect ;
But let your matter run before your words.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgic phrase, you shall not straight
Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,
But let it pass ; and do not think yourself
Much damnified if you do leave it out,
When nor your understanding nor the sense
Could well receive it. This fair abstinence,
In time, will render you more sound and clear :
And this have I prescribed to you, in place
Of a strict sentence ; which till he perform,
Attire him in that robe. And henceforth learn
To bear yourself more humbly ; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent and idle spite
On him whose laughter can your worst affright.

Tib. Take him away.

Cris. Jupiter guard Cæsar !

Virg. And for a week or two see him locked up
In some dark place, removed from company ;
He will talk idly else after his physic.
Now to you, sir. [*To DEMETRIUS.*] The extremity of law
Awards you to be branded in the front
For this your calumny : but since it pleaseth
Horace, the party wronged, t' intreat of Cæsar
A mitigation of that juster doom,
With Cæsar's tongue thus we pronounce your sentence.
Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on
That coat and cap, and henceforth think thyself
No other than they make thee ; vow to wear them
In every fair and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

Hor. Only, grave prætor, here, in open court,
I crave the oath for good behaviour
May be administered unto them both.

Virg. Horace, it shall : Tibullus, give it them.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius,
lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnly
attest and swear, that never, after this instant, either at
booksellers' stalls, in taverns, two-penny rooms, tiring-

houses, noblemen's butteries, puisnés chambers (the best and
farthest places where you are admitted to come), you shall
once offer or dare (thereby to endear yourself the more to
any player, engle, or guilty gull in your company) to
malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus
Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man, transcending
you in merit, whom your envy shall find cause to work upon,
either for that, or for keeping himself in better acquaintance
or enjoying better friends ; or if, transported by any sudden
and desperate resolution, you do, that then you shall not
under the batoon,² or in the next presence, being an honour-
able assembly of his favourers, be brought as voluntary
gentlemen to undertake the forswearing of it. Neither shall
you, at any time, ambitiously affecting the title of the Un-
trussers or Whippers of the age, suffer the itch of writing to
over-run your performance in libel, upon pain of being taken
up for lepers in wit, and, losing both your time and your
papers, be irrecoverably forfeited to the hospital of fools. So
help you our Roman gods, and the Genius of great Cæsar !"

Virg. So ! now dissolve the court.

Hor. Tib. Gal. Mec. And thanks to Cæsar,
That thus hath exercised his patience.

Cæs. We have, indeed, you worthiest friends of Cæsar.

It is the bane and torment of our ears
To hear the discords of those jangling rhymers,
That with their bad and scandalous practices
Bring all true arts and learning in contempt.
But let not your high thoughts descend so low
As these despised objects ; let them fall
With their flat grovelling souls : be you yourselves ;
And as with our best favours you stand crowned,
So let your mutual loves be still renowned :
Envy will dwell where there is want of merit,
Though the deserving man should crack his spirit.
"Blush, folly, blush : here 's none that fears
The wagging of an ass's ears,
Although a wolfish case he wears.
Detraction is but baseness' varlet ;
And apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet." [*Exeunt.*]

Ben Jonson's "Poetaster" was replied to at once
by Thomas Dekker and John Marston, who con-
sidered themselves to be personally attacked in the
characters of Crispinus and Demetrius. Dekker was
born in London, perhaps a little earlier than 1577.
He began to write for the stage in 1597. His first
play was a light-hearted comedy, "The Shoemaker's
Holiday," that Ben Jonson could only have thought
well of, for it is brimful of honest mirth, and paints
a blunt and jolly shoemaker with a true dramatic
humour that Ben Jonson would not fail to appreciate.
His next play, "Old Fortunatus," half play, half
fairy masque, had, moreover, an elevation of purpose
that entirely raised Dekker above the "Poetaster."

John Marston was, at the end of Elizabeth's reign,
a young man of about Dekker's age. Marston's
father, also John Marston, was a gentleman of
Coventry, a counsellor at law, who, in 1592, was
Lecturer of the Middle Temple. In 1593, John
Marston the younger graduated at Cambridge as
B.A. In 1598 he published satires—wide open to
charges of rough personality—under the name of
"The Scourge of Villanie," also as "amorist" or
love-poet, a poem called "Pygmalion's Image," with

¹ This whole speech is adapted from Lucian, who gives it as the
advice of Lycinus to Lexiphanes.

² Batoon, staff. French "bâton."

a Satire or two added, and in 1599 he was referred to in manager Henslowe's diary as "the new poet." His first plays (printed in 1602) were "Antonio and Mellida," and the second part of that play, called "Antonio's Revenge." There was some ground for Marston's opinion that he was pointed at in Crispinus, because Crispinus, in the last scene of the "Poetaster," brought up many words out of the "Scourge of Villanie" and "Antonio and Mellida." But Jonson spoke truly, when he said that he was dealing with principles, and not with persons. Dekker and Marston liked Ben Jonson, but agreed with the town that he had for three years been putting his friends into his plays, to lay the whip of satire on their shoulders. Therefore they thought it time that he should be asked how he himself would like such treatment. They wrote the threatened play, therefore, which they called a whip for the satirist—

SATIROMASTIX,

"or the Untrussing of the Humourous Poet." In this Ben Jonson appears as Horace Junior, his own Captain Tucca is set to bully him in prose, and his friends, Marston and Dekker, as Crispinus and Demetrius, reason with him courteously, in sober, earnest verse. A feeble story of the days of William Rufus runs through the piece to make a play of it; but the work was written only for the sake of the return fire upon the "Poetaster," and its best scenes are those in which the two poets administer what they believe to be a needed lesson to the friend for whom they have a goodwill, of which they blend heartiest expression with their satire. The play opens with the strewing of flowers for a wedding, in the house of Sir Quintilian Shorthose. His daughter, Cælestine, is bride. Sir Adam Prickshaft, and Sir Rees ap Vaughan, and the widow Miniver, are guests. So are Crispinus and Demetrius, and the bridegroom is Sir Walter Tyrrel. After this opening of the story, the next scene presents Ben Jonson as

HORACE *sitting in a study behind a curtain, a candle by him burning, books lying confusedly; to himself:*

Hor. To thee whose forehead swells with roses,
Whose most haunted bower
Gives life and scent to every flower,
Whose most adoréd name encloses
Things abstruse, deep and divine;
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire.
Oh, me thy priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In—in—in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortal name—
In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming:
In sacred raptures swimming,
Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
[Foh.] hath, shame, proclaim, oh—
In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaim, not—
Oh, me thy priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame,—
Good, good,—in flowing numbers filled with spright and flame—

*Enter ASINIUS BUBO.*¹

Asi. Horace, Horace, my sweet ningle,² is always in labour when I come; the nine Muses be his midwives, I pray Jupiter, ningle.

Hor. In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame—
To thee—

Asi. To me? I pledge thee sweet ningle, by Bacchus' quaffing bowl, I thought thou had'st drunk to me.

Hor. It must have been in the divine liquor of Parnassus, than in which, I know you would scarce have pledged me, but come, sweet rogue, sit, sit, sit.

Asi. Over head and ears i' faith? I have a sack-full of news for thee; thou shalt plague some of them, if God sends us life and health together.

Hor. It's no matter; empty thy sack anon, but come here first, honest rogue, come.

Asi. Is 't good, is 't good, pure Helicon, ha?

Hor. [Hang] me if it be not the best that ever came from me, if I have any judgment. Look, sir, 'tis an *Epithalamium* for Sir Walter Tyrrel's wedding; my brains have given assault to it but this morning.

Asi. Then I hope to see them fly out like gunpowder ere night.

Hor. Nay, good rogue mark, for they are the best lines that ever I drew.

Asi. Here's the best leaf in England; but on, on, I'll but tune this pipe.³

Hor. Mark, *To thee whose forehead swells with roses.*

Asi. Oh, sweet; but will there be no exceptions taken, because forehead and swelling comes together?

Hor. Push away, away, it's proper, besides 'tis an elegancy to say the forehead swells.

Asi. Nay, an' 't be proper, let it stand, for [Heaven's] love.

Hor. Whose most haunted bower
Gives life and scent to every flower,
Whose most adoréd name encloses
Things abstruse, deep and divine;
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire.

Asi. Oh, pure, rich; there's heat in this; on, on.

Hor. Bright as Eoan fire.

Oh, me thy priest inspire!

For I to thee and thine immortal name . . . mark this.

In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame—

Asi. Ay, marry, there's spright and flame in this.⁴

Hor. A [plague] on this tobacco.

Asi. Would this case were my last, if I did not mark. Nay, all's one, I have always a comfort of pipes about me. Mine ingle is all fire and water; I marked, by this candle (which is none of God's angels); I remember, you started back at spright and flame.

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame,
To thee, Love's mightiest king,
Hymen, O Hymen, does our chaste muse sing.

Asi. There's music in this.

Hor. Mark now, dear Asinius,—

Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the bride,
Though their blushing cheeks they hide,
Yet with kisses will they fee thee, . . .

Yet with kisses will they fee thee, my muse has marched

¹ *Asinius Bubo*. A name formed from Ass and Owl.

² *Ningle* is contracted from *mine ingle*, as a word of endearment. See note 2, page 181.

³ Fill it with tobacco.

⁴ Lighting his pipe, and intent upon the process.

(dear rogue) no farther yet : but how is 't ? how is 't ? Nay, prithee good Asinius, deal plainly, do not flatter me, come, how ?—

Asi. If I have any judgment—

Hor. Nay, look you, sir,—and then follow a troop of other rich and labour'd conceits : oh, the end shall be admirable ! but how is 't, sweet Bubo, how, how ?

Asi. If I have any judgment, 'tis the best stuff that ever dropped from thee.

Hor. You have seen my acrostics ?

Asi. I'll put up my pipes, and then I'll see anything.

Hor. Thou hast a copy of mine odes too, hast not, Bubo ?

Asi. Your odes ? Oh, that which you spoke by word of mouth at the ordinary, when Musco, the gull, cried mew at it.

Hor. A [plague] on him, poor brainless rook ; and, you remember, I told him his wit lay at pawn with his new satin suit, and both would be lost for not fetching home by a day.

Asi. At which he would fain have blushed, but that his painted cheeks would not let him.

Hor. Nay, sirrah, the Palinode which I mean to stitch to my Revels shall be the best and most ingenious piece that ever I sweat for ; stay, rogue, I'll fat thy spleen, and make it plump with laughter.

Asi. Shall I ? faith, ningle, shall I see thy secrets ?

Hor. Pooh ! my friend's.

Asi. But what fardle 's that ?¹ what fardle 's that ?

Hor. Fardle ! away, 'tis my packet ; here lie entombed the loves of knights and earls, here 'tis, here 'tis, here 'tis—Sir Walter Tyrrel's letter to me, and my answer to him. I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious angels, whom I adored as subjects do their sovereigns ; the honest knight angles for my acquaintance, with such golden baits—but why dost laugh, my good rogue ? how is my answer, prithee, how, how ?

Asi. Answer, as God judge me, ningle, for thy wit thou may'st answer any justice of peace in England, I warrant ; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too, I like that, ay, and read'st as legibly as some that have been saved by their neck-verse.

Hor. But how dost like the knight's inditing ?

Asi. If I have any judgment ; a [plague] on 't, here's worshipful lines indeed, here's stuff : but, sirrah ningle, of what fashion is this knight's wit, of what block ?

Hor. Why, you see,—well, well, an ordinary ingenuity, a good wit for a knight ; you know how, before [Heaven], I am haunted with some, the most pitiful dry gallants.

Asi. Troth, so I think ; good pieces of landscape show best afar off.

Hor. Ay, ay, ay, excellent sumpter horses carry good clothes ; but, honest rogue, come, what news, what news abroad ? I have heard of the horses walking at the top of Paul's.

Asi. Ha' ye ? why, the Captain Tucca rails upon you most preposterously behind your back, did you not hear him ?

Hor. A [plague] upon him : by the white and soft hand of Minerva, I'll make him the most ridiculous ; [hang] me if I bring not his humour on the stage ; and—scurvy, limping-tongued captain, poor greasy buff jerkin, hang him. 'Tis out of his element to traduce me, I am too well ranked, Asinius, to be stabbed with his dudgeon wit. Sirrah, I'll compose an epigram upon him, shall go thus—

Asi. Nay, I have more news ; there's Crispinus, and his journeyman poet Demetrius Fannius, too ; they swear they'll bring your life and death upon the stage like a bricklayer in a play.

Hor. Bubo, they must press more valiant wits than their own to do it ; me on the stage ? ha, ha. I'll starve their poor copper-lace work masters that dare play me. I can bring (and that they quake at) a prepared troop of gallants, who, for my sake, shall distaste every unsalted line in their fly-blown comedies.

Asi. Nay, that's certain ; I'll bring one hundred gallants of my rank.

Hor. That same Crispinus is the silliest dor, and Fannius the slightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet, O God !

Why should I care what every dor doth buz

In credulous ears, it is a crown to me

That the best judgments can report me wrong'd.

Asi. I am one of them that can report it.

Hor. I think but what they are, and am not mov'd.

The one, a light voluptuous reveller ;

The other, a strange arrogating puff ;

Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Asi. S'lid, do not Criticus revel in these lines, ha, ningle, ha ?

[Knocking.]

Hor. Yes, they're my own.

Cris. Horace !

Dem. Flaccus !

Cris. Horace, not up yet ?

Hor. Peace ! tread softly, hide my papers ; who's this so early ? Some of my rooks, some of my gulls ?

Cris. Horace ! Flaccus !

Hor. Who's there ? stay, tread softly ; Wat Tyrrel, on my life ; who's there ? my gown, sweet rogue, so, come up, come in.

Enter CRISPINUS and DEMETRIUS.

Cris. Good morrow, Horace.

Hor. Oh, God save you gallants.

Cris. Asinius Bubo, well met.

Asi. Nay, I hope so, Crispinus, yet I was sick a quarter of a year ago of a vehement great toothache ; a [plague] on 't, it bit me vilely. As God save me, la, I knew 'twas you by your knocking so soon as I saw you. Demetrius Fannius, will you take a whiff this morning ? I have tickling gear now, here's that will play with your nose, and a pipe of mine own scouring, too.

Dem. Ay, and a hogshead, too, of your own, but that will never be scour'd clean, I fear.

Asi. I burnt my pipe yesternight, and 'twas never used since ; if you will, 'tis at your service, gallants, and tobacco, too ; 'tis right pudding,² I can tell you. A lady or two took a pipe full or two at my hands, and praised it for the heavens. Shall I fill, Fannius ?

Dem. I thank you, good Asinius, for your love !

I seldom take that physic, 'tis enough

Having so much fool to take him in snuff.³

Hor. Good Bubo, read some book, and give us leave . . .

Asi. Leave have you, dear ningle. Marry, for reading any book, I'll take my death upon 't (as my ningle says), 'tis out of my element ; no faith, ever since I felt one hit me i' th' teeth that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men, could I abide to go to school, I was at *As in presenti*, and left there ; yet, because I'll not be counted a worse fool than I am, I'll turn over a new leaf.

[ASINIUS reads and takes tobacco.⁴

² Right pudding. Tobacco was sold in four forms—ball, leaf, cane, and pudding. Shakespeare never alluded to it in any form. In his poetry no smoking was allowed.

³ To take in snuff was a phrase for being angrily impatient. There is a play of words intended.

⁴ Leaf tobacco now.

¹ Fardle, a pack or burden ; Italian "fardello ;" French "fardeau."

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distill'd roses, and do strive to drain
Out of my ink all gall; that when I weigh
Each syllable I write or speak, because
Mine enemies with sharp and searching eyes
Look through and through me, carving my poor labours
Like an anatomy: O heavens, to see
That when my lines are measured out as straight
As even parallels, 'tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawn awry
The error is not mine, but in their eye
That cannot take proportions.

Cris. Horace, Horace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your guilt; for could we write on paper
Made of these turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
Or speak with angel's tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake the head; though saints should
sing
Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with sting.

Hor. 'Tis true.

Cris. Do we not see fools laugh at heaven and mock
The Maker's workmanship; be not you griev'd
If that which you mould fair, upright, and smooth,
Be screwed awry, made crookéd, lame and vile,
By racking comments and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankles not: for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pills
And only offer you the bitter core.

Hor. Crispinus—

Cris. Say that you have not sworn unto your paper
To blot her white cheeks with the dregs and bottom
Of your friends' private vices: say you swear
Your love and your allegiance to bright virtue
Makes you descend so low as to put on
The office of an executioner,
Only to strike off the swollen head of sin
Where'er you find it standing:
Say you swear,
And make damnation parcel of your oath,
That when your lashing jests make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none. Court, city, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike; yet court, nor city,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare wince at you; great pity.

Dem. If you swear, [to] Fannius, or Crispinus,
Or to the law (our kingdom's golden chain),
To poets . . . , or to players [let me die],
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you:
I wonder then, that of five hundred, four
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man?

Hor. Dear Fannius—

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Hear me, I can—

Dem. You must daub on thick colours, then, to hide it.

Cris. We come like your physicians, to purge
Your sick and dangerous mind of her disease.

Dem. In troth we do, out of our loves we come,
And not revenge,—but if you strike us still,
We must defend our reputations.
Our pens shall like our swords be always sheath'd,
Unless too much provoked: Horace, if then
They draw blood of you, blame us not, we are men:

Come, let thy muse bear up a smother sail,
'Tis the easiest and the basest art to rail.¹

Hor. Deliver me your hands, I love you both,
As dear as my own soul; prove me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorn of men.

Both. Enough: we are friends.

Cris. What reads Asinius?

Asi. By my troth here's an excellent comfortable book;
it's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of, Bubo?

Asi. Mass, it smells of rose-leaves a little, too.

Hor. Then it must be a sweet book; he would fain per-
fume his ignorance.

Asi. I warrant he had wit in him that penn'd it.

Cris. 'Tis good, yet a fool will confess truth.

Asi. The [rascal] made me meet with a hard stile, in two
or three places, as I went over him.

Dem. I believe thee, for they had need to be very low and
easy stiles of wit that thy brains go over.

Enter BLUNT and TUCCA.

Blunt. Where's this gallant? Morrow, gentlemen: what's
this device done yet, Horace?

Hor. Odso, what mean you to let this fellow dog you into
my chamber?

Blunt. Oh, our honest captain: come, prithee, let us see.

Tuc. Why, you . . . muses, why do you walk here
in this gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions, with that . .
poor lime-and-hair rascal?² why—

Cris. Oh, peace, good Tucca; we are all sworn friends.

Tuc. Sworn, that Judas yonder, that walks in rug, will dub
you knights of the post, if you serve under his band of oaths.
The copper-faced rascal will, for a good supper, outswear
twelve dozen of grand juries.

Blunt. A [plague] on't; not done yet, and been about it
three days?

Hor. By [Jove], within this hour. Save you, Captain Tucca.

Tuc. [Hang] thee, thou thin-bearded hermaphrodite, [hang]
thee, I'll save myself, for one, I warrant thee. Is this thy tub,
Diogenes?

Hor. Yes, captain, this is my poor lodging.

Asi. Morrow, Captain Tucca: will you whiff this morning?

Tuc. Art thou there, . . . ; no, . . . Cain, I
am for no whiffs, I: come hither, sheepskin-weaver, . . . ;
thou look'st as though thou hadst begged out of a gaol;
draw, I mean not thy face (for 'tis not worth drawing), but
draw near; this way, march, follow your commander, you
scondrel: so, thou must run of an errand for me, Mephis-
topheles.

Hor. Dear captain, but one word.

Tuc. Out, bench-whistler, out! I'll not take thy word for a
dagger pie; you brown-bread-mouth stinker, I'll teach thee
turn me into Banks his horse,³ and to tell gentlemen I am a
juggler, and can show tricks.

Hor. Captain Tucca, but half a word in your ear.

¹ It certainly is not the fact that in this play, as Gifford said, Dekker
"writes in a downright passion, and foams through every page." Crispinus
and Demetrius speak like gentlemen and fellow-poets here, and
still more conspicuously in a later scene. Tucca bullies as be-
comes his nature, and makes rude personal allusions; but there is
more mirth than malice in the way of pulling the strings of that
puppet, who keeps very well to his character as Jonson painted it.

² *Lime-and-hair rascal.* Tucca's first allusion to the bricklayer's
mortar.

³ *Banks his horse.*

"White cat-eater that doth dwell
In stable small at sign of 'Bell,'"

Tuc. No, you starv'd rascal, thou't bite off mine ears then; you must have three or four suits of names, when . . . th' 'ast but one suit to thy back; you must be called *Asper*, and *Criticus*, and *Horace*—thy title's longer a reading than the stile of the big *Turks*—*Asper*, *Criticus*, *Quintus Horatius Flaccus*.

Hor. Captain, I know upon what even bases I stand, and therefore—

Tuc. Bases? would the rogue were but ready for me.

Blunt. Nay, prithee, dear *Tucca*, come you shall shake—

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunks there, not hands, but I'll shake the gull-proper out of his tann'd skin.

Cris. and Dem. For our sake, captain, nay, prithee hold.

Tuc. Thou wrong'st here a good honest rascal *Crispinus*, and a poor varlet *Demetrius Fannius* (brethren in thine own trade of poetry), thou say'st *Crispinus'* satin doublet is ravelled out here, and that this penurious sneaker is out of elbows; go to, my good full-mouth'd ban-dog, I'll have thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart, Captain *Tucca*, and with you too. I'll lay my hands under your feet, to keep them from aching.

Omnes. Can you have any more?

Tuc. Say'st thou me so, old *Coal* come? do it then; yet 'tis no matter, neither; I'll have thee in league first with these two rolly-pollies; they shall be thy *Damons*, and thou their *Pythias*; *Crispinus* shall give thee an old cast satin suit, and *Demetrius* shall write thee a scene or two, in one of thy strong garlick comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and swear 'tis thine own, old lad, 'tis thine own. Thou never yet fell'st into the hands of *Satin*, didst?

Hor. Never, captain, I thank [Heaven].

Tuc. Go to, thou shalt now, King *Gorboduc*, thou shalt, because I'll have thee [diabolical], I'll have thee all in satin: *Asper*, *Criticus*, *Quintus Horatius Flaccus*, *Crispinus* shall do it, thou shalt do it, heir apparent of *Helicon*, thou shalt do it.¹

Asi. Mine ingle wear an old cast satin suit?

Tuc. I wafer-face your ingle.

Asi. If he carry the mind of a gentleman, he'll scorn it at his heels.

Tuc. Scorn it, dost scorn to be arrested at one of his old suits?

Hor. No, captain, I'll wear anything.

Tuc. I know thou wilt, I know thou'rt an honest low-minded pigmy, for I have seen thy shoulders lapped in a player's old cast cloak, like a sly knave as thou art: and when thou ran'st mad for the death of *Horatio*,² thou borrowed'st a gown of *Roscius the Stager* (that honest *Nicodemus*), and sent'st it home lousy, did'st not? Respond, did'st not?

Blunt. So, so, no more of this. Within this hour—

Hor. If I can sound retreat to my wits, with whom this leader is in skirmish, I'll end within this hour.

Tuc. What wut end? wut hang thyself now? has he not writ finis yet, Jack? what, will he be fifteen weeks about this cockatrice's egg too? has he not cackled yet? not laid yet?

That lifts up hoof to show the pranks
Taught by Magician styled Banks "

("Wit and Drollery," 1656.)

The allusion is to the scene in which *Tucca* exhibited the performance of his pages.

¹ *Asper*, *Criticus*, &c. Ben Jonson put his own comments into the characters of *Asper* in "Every Man Out of His Humour," and *Crites*, which *Tucca* twists into *Criticus* in "Cynthia's Revels," and he associated himself with *Horace* in "The Poetaster."

² When Ben Jonson, at the outset of his career, acted *Jeronimo* in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."

Blunt. Not yet; he swears he will within this hour.

Tuc. His wits are somewhat hard bound; . . . , his muse, . . . the poor saffron-cheek, sun-burnt gipsy wants physic; give the hungry-face pudding-pie-eater ten pills; ten shillings, my fair *Angelica*, they'll make his muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blunt. He shall not want for money if he'll write.

Tuc. Go by, *Jeronimo*, go by;³ and here, drop the ten shillings into this basin; do, drop, when Jack? he shall call me his *Mæcenus*; besides, I'll dam up his oven-mouth for railing at us: so, is it right, Jack? is it sterling? fall off now to the vanward of yonder four stinkers, and ask aloud if we shall go? the knight shall defray, Jack, the knight, when it comes to *summa totalis*, the knight, the knight.—

Blunt. Well, gentlemen, we'll leave you; shall we go, captain? good *Horace*, make some haste.

Hor. I'll put on wings.

Asi. I never saw mine ingle so dash'd in my life before.

Cris. Yes, once, *Asinius*.

Asi. Mass, you say true, he was dash'd worse once, going (in a rainy day) with a speech to the tilt-yard, . . . has called him names a dog would not put up, that had any discretion.

Tuc. Hold, hold up thy hand, I ha' seen the day thou did'st not scorn to hold up thy golls; there's a soldier's spur-royal, twelve pence; stay, because I know thou can'st not write without quicksilver; up again, this goll again, I will give thee double press-money; stay, because I know thou hast a noble head, I'll divide my crown; O royal *Porrex*, there's a *teston*⁴ more; go, thou and thy muse



CAPTAIN TUCCA.

A Soldier in buff jerkin; from the "Navigator" of Captain Charles Saltonstall (1642).

munch, do, munch; come, my dear mandrake, if skeldering fall not to decay, thou shalt flourish: farewell, my sweet *Amadis de Gaul*, farewell.

Hor. Dear captain.

³ Go by, *Jeronimo*. A phrase from "The Spanish Tragedy," much quoted in its time.

⁴ *Teston*, still called *tester*, sixpence. The name was originally that of a French coin, and taken from the "teste" (head) upon it. It fell in value from eightpence to sixpence.

Tuc. Come, Jack.

Dem. Nay, captain, stay; we are of your band.

Tuc. March fair, then.

Cris. Horace, farewell; adieu, Asinius. [Exeunt.]

Asi. Ningle, let's go to some tavern, and dine together, for my stomach rises at this scurvy leather captain.¹

Hor. No, they have choked me with mine own disgrace, Which, fools, I'll spit again even in your face.

The wedding guests are next upon the scene. Sir Vaughan ap Rees talks stage Welsh to Mistress Miniver, and defies the rivalry of Sir Quintilian and Sir Adam. The bridegroom enters, and is followed by King William Rufus. There is song and dance, during which his Majesty falls in love with the bride Cælestine, and then dares the bridegroom to trust her at court that night. There follows a short scene with Horace and Asinius on the way to the wedding festival; then come humours of the Welsh knight and his rivals with Mistress Miniver. Tuca joins. Demetrius and Crispinus enter with epigrams on Tuca composed by Horace. Tuca vows vengeance. Then follows, between the bride, the bridegroom, and the bride's father, the question of the going to the King. The next scene is of a banquet by Sir Vaughan to the "Ladies and Gentlemen," who are "almost all welcome to this sweet nuncions of plums."

Dicach. Almost all, Sir Vaughan? why, to which of us are you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a piece of welcome?

Sir Vau. My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come. I am sorry my Lady Pride is not among you.

Asi. Slid, he makes hounds of us, ningle, a brace quoth a?

Sir Vau. Peter Salamanders, draw out the pictures of all the joint stools, and ladies sit down upon their wooden faces.

Flash. I warrant, sir, I'll give every one of them a good stool.

Sir Vau. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray and desire in hypocritness that bald Sir Adams were here, then, then, then begin to make your rails at the poverty and beggarly want of hair.

Hor. Leave it to my judgment.

Sir Vau. Master Bubo sit there, you and I will think upon our ends at the tables: Master Horace, put your learned body into the midst of these ladies; so 'tis no matter to speak graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

Asi. Mass, I thank my destiny I am not past grace, for by this handful of carraways, I could never abide to say grace.

Dica. Mistress Miniver, is not that innocent gentleman a kind of fool?

Min. Why do you ask, madam?

Dica. Nay, for no harm: I ask because I thought you two had been of acquaintance.

Min. I think he's within an inch of a fool.

Dica. Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare gentleman, would you heard what Mistress Miniver says of you?

Philo. Why, what says she, Madam Dicache?

Dica. Nay, nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.

¹ *Leather captain.* Tuca was in the buff leather suit worn then, and for some years afterwards, under armour, as shown in the woodcut on the preceding page. There are several references to it both in "Poetaster" and "Satiro-mastix."

Philo. Your wish and mine are twins; I wish so too, for then I should be sure to lead a merry life.

Asi. Yes, faith, lady, I'd make you laugh, my bolts now and then should be soon shot; by these comfits, we'd let all slide.

Petu. He takes the sweetest oaths that ever I heard a gallant of his pitch swear; by these comfits, and these carraways, I warrant it does him good to swear.

Asi. Yes, faith, 'tis meat and drink to me.

I am glad, Lady Petula, by this apple, that they please you.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamanders, wine; I beseech you, Master Asinius Bubo, not to swear so deeply, for there comes no fruit of your oaths; here, ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you shall all drink of one cup.

Asi. Peter, I prithee, fill me out too.

Flash. I'd fling you out too, an I might have my will; a [plague] of all fools.

Sir Vau. Mistress Minivers, pray be lusty, would Sir Adams Prickshaft stuck by you.

Hor. Who, the bald knight, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. The same, Master Horace, he that has but a remnant or parcel of hair, his crown is clipt and par'd away; methinks 'tis an excellent quality to be bald; for an there stuck a nose and two neyes in his pate, he might wear two faces under one hood.

Asi. . . . save me la, if I might have my will, I'd rather be a bald gentleman than a hairy; for I am sure the best and tallest yeomen in England have bald heads: methinks hair is a scurvy commodity.

Hor. Bubo, herein you blaze your ignorance.

Sir Vau. Pray stop and fill your mouths, and give Master Horace all your ears.

Hor. For, if of all the body's parts, the head Be the most royal: if discourse, wit, judgment, And all our understanding faculties, Sit there in their high Court of Parliament, Enacting laws to sway this humorous world: This little Isle of Man: needs must that crown, Which stands upon this supreme head, be fair, And held invaluable, and that crown's the hair: The head that wants this honour stands awry, Is bare in name and in authority.

Sir Vau. He meanes bald-pates, Mistress Minivers.

Hor. Hair, 'tis the robe which curious nature weaves, To hang upon the head: and does adorn Our bodies in the first hour we are born: God does bestow that garment: when we die, That (like a soft and silken canopy) Is still spread over us; in spite of death Our hair grows in our grave, and that alone Looks fresh, when all our other beauty's gone. The excellence of hair in this shines clear, That the four elements take pride to wear The fashion of 't: when fire most bright does burn, The flames to golden locks do strive to turn; When her lascivious arms the water hurls About the shore's waist, her sleek head she curls: And rorid² clouds being sucked into the air, When down they melt, hang like fine silver hair. You see the earth, whose head so oft is shorn, Frighted to feel her locks so rudely torn, Stands with her hair on end, and (thus afraid) Turns every hair to a green naked blade. Besides, when, struck with grief, we long to die, We spoil that most which most does beautify, We rend this head-tire off. I thus conclude,

² *Rorid*, dewy. From Latin "ros, roris," dew.

Colours set colours out; our eyes judge right
Of vice or virtue by their opposite:

So, if fair hair to beauty add such grace,
Baldness must needs be ugly, vile, and base.

Sir Vau. True, Master Horace, for a bald reason is a reason
that has no hairs upon 't, a scurvy scalled reason.

Min. By my truly, I never thought you could have picked
such strange things out of hair before.

Asi. Nay, my ningle can tickle it, when he comes to it.

Min. Troth, I shall never be enamelled of a bare-headed
man for this, what shift soever I make.

Sir Vau. Then Mistress Miniver, Sir Adams Prickshaft must
not hit you; Peter, take up all the cloaths at the table and
the plums.

Enter TUCCA and his boy.

Tuc. Save thee, my little worshipful harper; how do ye
my little cracknels? how do ye?

Sir Vau. Welcome, Master Tucca, sit and shoot into your
belly some sugar pellets.

Tuc. No, gramercy, Cadwallader: how do you, Horace?

Hor. Thanks, good Captain.

Tuc. Where's the thing thou carriest about thee? Oh, have
I found thee, my scouring-stick; what's my name, Bubo?

Asi. Would I were hang'd if I can call you any names but
Captain and Tucca.

Tuc. No . . . ; my name's 'Hamlet revenge;' thou'st
been at Paris Garden, hast not?

Hor. Yes, Captain, I have played Zulziman there.

Sir Vau. Then, Master Horace, you played the part of an
honest man.

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could never play that part well
in's life—no, Fulkes, you could not: thou call'st Demetrius
journeyman poet, but thou put'st up a supplication to be a
poor journeyman player, and hadst been still so, but that
thou couldst not set a good face upon it: thou hast forgot
how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the
highway, and tookst mad Jeronimo's part, to get service
among the mimics: and when the stagerites banished thee
into the Isle of Dogs, thou turn'dst ban-dog (villanous Guy),
and ever since bitest; therefore I ask if thou'st been to Paris
Garden, because thou hast such a good mouth; thou baitst
well, read, *lege*, save thyself and read.

Hor. Why, Captain, these are epigrams composed on you.

Tuc. Go not out, farthing candle, go not out, for trusty
Damboys, now the deed is done, I'll pledge this epigram in
wine, I'll swallow it, I, yes.

Sir Vau. God bless us, will he be drunk with nittigrams
now.

Tuc. So, now arise, sprite o' th' buttery; no, herring-bone,
I'll not pull thee out; but arise, dear echo, rise, rise devil, or
I'll conjure thee up.

Min. Good Master Tucca, let's have no conjuring here.

Sir Vau. . . . you scald gouty Captain, why come
you to set encumbrances heere between the ladies?

Tuc. Be not so tart, my precious Metheglin, be not; (my
old woman of Babylon, sit fast).

Min. O [mercy] if I know whereabouts in London Babylon
stands.

Tuc. Feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis, stir not my beau-
teous wriggle-tails, I'll disease¹ none of you, I'll take none of
you up, but only this table-man, I must enter him into some
filthy cinque point, I must.

Hor. Captain, you do me wrong thus to disgrace me.

Tuc. Thou thinkst thou mayst be as saucy with me as my
buff jerkin, to sit upon me, dost?

Hor. [Let me die], if ever I traduced your name.

What imputation can you charge me with?

Sir Vau. [Ay], what coputations can you lay to his sarge?
answer, or by [Supiter] Ile canvas your coxcomb, Tucky.

Min. If they draw, sweethearts, let us shift for ourselves.

Tuc. My noble swaggerer, I will not fall out with thee; I
cannot, my mad comrade, find in my heart to shed thy blood.

Sir Vau. Cumrade? by [Sove], call me cumrade againe, and
ile cumrade ye about the sinnes and shoulders; ownds, what
come you to smell out here? did you not dine and feed
horribly well to-day at dinner, but you come to munch here,
and give us winter-plums? I pray depart, goe marse, marse,
marse out a doors.

Tuc. Adieu, Sir Eglamour; adieu Lute-string, Curtain-rod,
Goose-quill; here, give that full-nos'd Skinker these rhymes.

Asi. Dost threaten me? . . . I'll bind thee to the
good forbearing.

Sir Vau. Will you amble, hobby-horse, will you trot and
amble?

Tuc. Raw artichoke, I shall sauce thee.

[Exit.

Tucca challenges Asinius. Sir Adam Prickshaft,
who is bald, has been thrown out of the good graces
of Mistress Miniver by Horace's praise of hair. She
says she will not marry a bare-headed man. Tucca
will turn the tables for Sir Adam:

Tuc. Thus. Go, cover a table with sweetmeats, let all the
gentlewomen, and that same Pasquils-madcap (mother Bee
there) nibble, bid them bite: they will come to gobble down
plums; then take up that pair of basket hilts, with my com-
mission, I mean Crispinus and Fannius; charge one of them
to take up the bucklers against that hair-monger Horace,
and have a bout or two in defence of bald pates: let them
crack every crown that has hair on't: go, let them lift up
baldness to the sky, and thou shalt see 'twill turn Miniver's
heart quite against the hair.

Sir Ada. Excellent; why then, Master Tucca—

Tuc. Nay, whir, nimble Prickshaft; whir, away, I go upon
life and death; away, fly, Scanderbag, fly.

[Exit.

Enter ASINIUS BUBO, and HORACE aloof.

Boy. Arm, Captain, arm, arm, arm; the foe is come down.

TUCCA offers to shoot.

Asi. Hold, Captain Tucca, hold; I am Bubo, and come to
answer anything you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, dost summon a parley, my little drumstick?
'tis too late; thou seest my red flag² is hung out. . . .

Asi. Use me how you will; I am resolute, for I have made
my will.

Tuc. Wilt fight, Turk-a-ten-pence? wilt fight, then?

Asi. Thou shalt find I'll fight in a godly quarrel, if I be
once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou shalt not want fire, I'll have thee burnt when
thou wilt, my cold Cornelius: but come: *Respice funem*,
look, thou seest; open thyself, my little cutler's shop! I
challenge thee, thou slender gentleman, at four sundry
weapons.

Asi. Thy challenge was but at one, and I'll answer but
one.

Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and
my Captain.

Tuc. Well said, cockerel, out-crow him: art hardy, noble
Huon? art magnanimous? lick-trencher; look, search lest

¹ Disease, put to discomfort.

² My red flag. A reference to Marlowe's Tamburlaine (see page 114).

some lie in ambush; for this man at arms has paper in [him], or some friend in a corner, or else he durst not be so crank.

Boy. Captain, captain, Horace stands sneaking here.

Tuc. I smelt the foul-fisted mortar-treader. Come, my most . . . fastidious rascal, I have a suit to both of you.

Asi. Oh, hold, most pitiful captain, hold.

Hor. Hold, captain, 'tis known that Horace is valiant, and a man of the sword.

Tuc. A gentleman or an honest citizen shall not sit in your penny-bench theatres, with his squirrel by his side cracking nuts; nor sneak into a tavern with his mermaid; but he shall be satired, and epigram'd upon, and his humour must run upon the stage: you'll have Every Gentleman in his Humour, and Every Gentleman Out on's Humour: we that are heads of legions and bands, and fear none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall fear you, you serpentine rascal.

Hor. Honour'd captain—

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad Horastratus, for killing a player, but thou must eat men alive? thy friends, sirrah wild-man? thy patrons, thou anthropophagite? thy Meccenas?

Hor. Captain, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong So close unto your heart; dear captain, think I writ out of hot blood, which now being cold, I could be pleased (to please you) to quaff down The poisoned ink in which I dipt your name.

Tuc. Sayest thou so, my palinodical rhymester?

Hor. Henceforth I'll rather breathe out solecisms, (To do which I'd as soon speak blasphemy) Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth, Believe it, noble captain; it to me Shall be a crown, to crown your acts with praise, Out of your hate your love I'll strongly raise.

Tuc. I know now thou hast a number of these quiddits to bind men to the peace: 'tis thy fashion to flirt ink in every man's face; and then to crawl into his bosom, and damn thyself to wipe it off again, yet to give out abroad, that he was glad to come to composition with me: I know, Monsieur Machiavel, 'tis one of thy rules; my long-heel'd troglodite, I could make thine ears burn now, by dropping into them all those hot oaths, to which thyself gav'st voluntary fire, (when thou wast the man in the moon) that thou would'st never squib out any new saltpetre jests against honest Tucca, nor those maligo-tasters, his Poetasters; I could, Cyncephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowest thou hast broke those oaths in print, my excellent infernal.

Hor. Captain—

Tuc. Nay, I smell what breath is to come from thee. Thy answer is, that there's no faith to be held with heretics and infidels, and therefore thou swear'st anything: but come, lend me thy hand, thou and I henceforth will be Alexander and Lodowick, the Gemini, sworn brothers; thou shalt be Pirithous and Tucca Theseus: but I'll leave thee in the lurch when thou mak'st thy voyage into hell: till then, thine assuredly.

Hor. With all my soul, dear captain.

Tuc. Thou 'lt shoot thy quills at me, when my terrible back is turned, for all this, wilt not, porcupine? and bring me and my heliconists into thy dialogues to make us talk madly, wilt not, Lucian?

Hor. Captain, if I do—

Tuc. Nay, an thou dost, horns of Lucifer, the parcel-poets shall sue thy wrangling muse, in the court of Parnassus, and never leave hunting her, till she plead in *forma pauperis*. But I hope thou hast more grace; come, friends, clap hands, 'tis a bargain; amiable Bubo, thy fist must walk too. So, I

love thee, now I see thou art a little Hercules, and wilt fight; I'll stick thee now in my company like a sprig of rosemary.

Then comes Sir Rees ap Vaughan to fight Tucca for fleecing the widow Miniver of five gold pieces. And then comes Sir Adam's nuncheon of plums, with the defence of baldness wherewith Crispinus, in Sir Adam's interest, is to vanquish Horace's praise of a hairy pate.

Ladies. Thanks, good Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Welcome, red-cheeked ladies, And welcome comely widow; gentlemen, Now that our sorry banquet is put by From stealing more sweet kisses from your lips, Walk in my garden: ladies, let your eyes Shed life into these flowers by their bright beams: Sit, sit, here's a large bower, here all may hear. Now, good Crispinus, let your praise begin, There, where it left off,—baldness.

Cris. I shall win

No praise, by praising that, which to deprave, All tongues are ready, and which none would have.

Blu. To prove that best by strong and arméd reason Whose part reason fears to take, cannot but prove Your wit's fine temper, and from these win love.

Min. I promise you have almost converted me. I pray bring forward your bald reasons, Mr. Poet.

Cris. Mistress, you give my reasons proper names, For arguments (like children) should be like The subject that begets them; I must strive, To crown bald heads, therefore must baldly thrive; But be it as it can; to what before Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more, If a bare head (being like a dead man's skull) Should bear up no praise else but this, it sets Our end before our eyes: should I despair, From giving baldness higher place than hair?

Min. Nay, perdie, hair has the higher place.

Cris. The goodliest and most glorious strange-built wonder Which that great Architect has made, is heaven; For there He keeps His court, it is His kingdom, That's His best masterpiece; yet 'tis the roof, And ceiling of the world: that may be called The head or crown of earth, and yet that's bald, All creatures in it bald; the lovely sun, Has a face sleek as gold; the full-cheeked moon, As bright and smooth as silver: nothing there Wears dangling locks, but sometime blazing stars, Whose flaming curls set realms on fire with wars. Descend more low; look through man's five-fold fence, Of all, the eye, bears greatest eminence; And yet that's bald, the hairs that like a lace Are stitched unto the lids, borrow those forms, Like pent-houses to save the eyes from storms.

Sir Ada. Right, well said.

Cris. A head and face o'er-grown with shaggy dress, Oh, 'tis an Orient pearl hid all in moss; But when the head's all naked and uncrowned, It is the world's globe, even, smooth, and round; Baldness is Nature's butt, at which our life Shoots her last arrow: what man ever led His age out with a staff, but had a head Bare and uncovered? he whose years do rise To their full height, yet not bald, is not wise. The head is wisdom's house, hair but the thatch. Hair? It's the basest stubble; in scorn of it,

This proverb sprung, He has more hair than wit:
Mark you not in derision how we call

A head grown thick with hair, bush-natural?

Min. By your leave (master poet) but that bush-natural is one of the trimmest and most entangling'st beauty in a woman.

Cris. Right, but believe this (pardon me, most fair),
You would have much more wit, had you less hair:
I could more weary you to tell the proofs,
As they pass by, which fight on baldness' side,
Than were you tasked to number on a head
The hairs: I know not how your thoughts are led.
On this strong tower shall my opinion rest,
Heads thick of hair are good, but bald's the best.

Whilst this paradox is in speaking, TUCCA enters with SIR VAUGHAN at one door, and secretly places him: then exit and brings in HORACE muffled, placing him: TUCCA sits among them.

Tuc. Thou art within a hair of it, my sweet Wit-whither-wilt-thou: my delicate poetical fury, thou hast hit it to a hair.

SIR VAUGHAN steps out.

Sir Vau. By your favour, Master Tucky, his bald reasons are wide above two hairs. I beseech you pardon me, Ladies, that I thrust in so malapartly among you, for I did but mich¹ here, and see how this cruel poet did handle bald heads.

Sir Ada. He gave them but their due, Sir Vaughan; widow, did he not?

Min. By my faith, he made more of a bald head than ever I shall be able: he gave them their due truly.

Sir Vau. Nay . . . , their due is to be o' the right hair as I am, and that was not in his fingers to give, but in God a mighties. Well, I will hire that humorous and fantastical poet, Master Horace, to break your bald pate, Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Break my bald pate?

Tuc. Dost hear, my worshipful blockhead?

Sir Vau. Patience, Captain Tucky, let me absolve him; I meane he shall prick, prick your head or sconce a little with his goose-quills, for he shall make another Thalimum, or cross-sticks, or some Polinodyes, with a few nappy-grams in them that shall lift up hair, and set it an end, with his learned and hearty commendations.

Hor. This is excellent; all will come out now.

Dica. That same Horace, methinks, hast the most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet apple, when 'tis bruised: it's better than a spoonful of cinnamon-water next my heart for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' the nose, and talks and rants for all the world, like the poor fellow under Ludgate: oh fie upon him!

Min. By my troth, sweet ladies, it's cake and pudding to me to see his face make faces, when he reads his songs and sonnets.

Hor. I'll face some of you for this, when you shall not budge.

Tuc. It's the stinkiest dung-farmer—foh upon him!

Sir Vau. Foh? ounds, you make him urse than old herring: foh? by [Supiter], I thinke he's as tidy, and as 'all a poet as ever drew out a long verse.

Tuc. The best verse that ever I knew him hack out, was his white neck-verse: noble Ap Rees, thou wouldst scorn to lay thy lips to his commendations, an thou smell'dst him out as I do: he calls thee the burning Knight of the Salamander.

Sir Vau. Right, Peter is my Salamander; what of him? but Peter is never burnt: how now? so, go to, now.

Tuc. And says, because thou clipst the King's English,—

Sir Vau. Oundes me? that's treason: clip? horrible treasons, [Sove] hold my hands; clip? he baits mouse-traps for my life.

Tuc. Right, little twinkler, right: he says because thou speak'st no better, thou can'st not keep a good tongue in thy head.

Sir Vau. By [Supiter], 'tis the best tongue I can buy for love or money.

Tuc. He shoots at thee, too, Adam Bell, and his arrows stick here: he calls thee bald-pate.

Sir Vau. Oundes, make him prove these intolerabilities.

Tuc. And asks who shall carry the vinegar-bottle? and then he rhymes to it, and says Prickshaft: nay, Miniver, he crumples thy cap too; and—

Cris. Come, Tucca, come, no more; the man's well known, thou need'st not paint him: whom does he not wrong?

Tuc. Marry, himself, the ugly Pope Boniface, pardons himself, and therefore my judgment is, that presently he be had from hence to his place of execution, and there be stabbed, stabbed, stabbed. [He stabs at him.²

Hor. Oh, gentlemen, I am slain! O slave, art hir'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me!

Ladies. O [Jove!]

Sir Vau. Ounds, Captain, you have put all poetry to the dint of sword! blow wind about him: ladies, for your Lords sake, you that have smocks, teare off pieces to shoot through his ounds: Is he dead and buried? is he? pull his nose, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tuc. If he be not dead, look here; I had the stab and pippin for him: if I had kill'd him, I could have pleased the great fool with an apple.

Cris. How now? be well, good Horace, here's no wound; You're slain by your own fears; how dost thou, man? Come, put thy heart into his place again; Thy outside's neither pierced, nor inside slain.

Sir Vau. I am glad, Master Horace, to see you walking.

Hor. Gentlemen, I am black and blue the breadth of a groat.

Tuc. Breadth of a groat? there's a teston, hide thy infirmities, my scurvy Lazarus; do, hide it, lest it prove a scab in time; hang thee, desperation, hang thee; thou knowest I cannot be sharp set against thee: look, feel . . . feel my weapon.

Min. Oh, most pitiful, as blunt as my great thumb.

Sir Vau. By [Supiter], as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Paul's; 'tis not like thy aloe, cicatrine tongue, bitter: no, 'tis no stabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: dost roar bulchin? dost roar? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry lanthorn and candle-light.

Sir Vau. Two 'urds Horace about your ears: how chance it passes, that you bid good b'ye to an honest trade of building simneys, and laying down bricks, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but rails; your Muse leans upon nothing but filthy rotten rails, such as stand on Poules head, how chance?

Hor. Sir Vaughan—

Sir Vau. You lie, sir varlet, sir villain, I am Sir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Master Peter Salamander's face as urse as mine? Sentlemen all, and ladies, an you say once or twice Amen, I will lap this little silde, this booby in his blankets again.

¹ Mich, skulk, hide. The word in Shakespeare's phrase of "Miching mallecho."

² Stabs, not with a dagger, but with a small apple in his fist.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Tuc. A blanket, these cracked Venice glasses shall fill him out, they shall toss him!—Hold fast wag-tails: so, come, in, take this bandy with the racket of patience! Why, when? dost stamp, mad Tamberlaine, dost stamp? thou thinkst thou hast mortar under thy feet, dost?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho!

Hor. Oh, hold, most sacred beauties.

Sir Vau. Hold, silence; the puppet-teacher speakes.

Hor. Sir Vaughan, noble captain, gentlemen, Crispinus, dear Demetrius, oh redeem me, Out of this infamous——

Cris. Nay, swear not so, good Horace, now these ladies Are made your executioners: prepare To suffer like a gallant, not a coward; I'll try t' unloose their hands: impossible; Nay, women's vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why would you make me thus the ball of scorn?

Tuc. I'll tell thee why, because thou hast entered actions of assault and battery against a company of honourable and worshipful fathers of the law: you wrangling rascal, law is one of the pillars of the land, and if thou beest bound to it (as I hope thou shalt be), thou'lt prove a skip-Jack, thou'lt be whipp'd. I'll tell thee why, because thy sputtering chaps yelp, that arrogance and impudence and ignorance are the essential parts of a courtier.¹

Sir Vau. You remember, Horace, they will . . . pink, and pump you, an they catch you by the coxcomb: on I pray, one lash, a little more.

Tuc. I'll tell thee why, because thou criest ptooth at worshipful citizens, and call'st them hat-caps and bankrupts, and modest and virtuous wives cockatrices.² I'll tell thee why, because thou hast arraigned two poets against all law and conscience;³ and not content with that; hast turned them amongst a company of horrible black friars.

Sir Vau. The same hand still, it is your own another day, Master Horace, admonitions is good meat.

Tuc. Thou art the true arraigned poet, and shouldst have been hanged, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable copper-laced Christians, that fetched thee out of purgatory, (players I mean), theaterians pouch-mouth, stage-walkers; for this, poet, for this, thou must lie . . . in that blanket, for this——

Hor. What could I do out of a just revenge, But bring them to the stage? they envy me Because I hold more worthy company.

Dem. Good Horace, no; my cheeks do blush for thine, As often as thou speak'st so, where one true And nobly virtuous spirit for thy best part Loves thee, I wish one ten, even from my heart. I make account I put up as deep share In any good man's love, which thy worth earns, As thou thyself; we envy not to see Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesy. No, here the gall lies, we that know what stuff Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk On which thy learning grows, and can give life To thy once dying baseness; yet must we Dance antics on your paper.

Hor. Fannius—

Cris. This makes us angry, but not envious, No; were thy warped soul put in a new mould, I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold.⁴

Sir Vau. And jewels, Master Horace, must be hanged, you know.

Tuc. Good Pagans, well said, they have sewed up that broken seam-rent lie of thine, that Demetrius is out at elbows, and Crispinus is fallen out with satin here, they have; but bloat herring, dost hear?

Hor. Yes, honoured captain, I have ears at will.

Tuc. Is't not better be out at elbows, than to be a bond-slave, and to go all in parchment as thou dost?

Hor. Parchment, captain? 'tis perpetua, I assure you.

Tuc. My perpetual pantaloons, true, but 'tis waxed over; thou art made out of wax; thou must answer for this one day; thy muse is a haggler, and wears clothes upon best-be-trust: thou art great in somebody's books for this, thou knowest where; thou would'st be out at elbows, and out at heels too, but that thou layest about thee with a bill for this, a bill—

Hor. I confess, captain, I followed this suit hard.

Tuc. I know thou didst, and therefore we have Hiren here; speak, my little dish-washers, a verdict . . .

Omnes. Blanket.

Sir Vau. Hold, I pray, hold, by [Supiter] I have put upon my head a fine device, to make you laugh: 'tis not your fool's cap, Master Horace, which you cover'd your poetasters in, but a fine trick, ha, ha, is jumbling in my brain.

Tuc. I'll beat out thy brains, my handsome dwarf, but I'll have it out of thee.

Omnes. What is it, good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. To conclude, 'tis after this manners: because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to be more high and tall as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible person to Court, and there before his Majestie dub, or what you call it, dip his muse in some liquor, and christen him, or dye him, into colours of a poet.

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super, super-excellent! Revellers go, proceed you masters of art in kissing these wenches, and in dances, bring you the quivering bride to court in a mask; come, Grumboll, thou shalt mum with us; come, dog me, skneak's-bill.

Hor. O thou my muse!

Sir Vau. Call upon God a mighty, and no Muses; your Muse, I warrant, is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with your Muse now; therefore I pray marse, marse, marse, oudnes your Moose. [Exeunt.]

Cris. We shall have sport to see them; come, bright beauties, The sun stoops low, and whispers in our ears To hasten on our mask; let's crown this night, With choice composéd wreaths of sweet delight.

Then follows a scene with bride, bridegroom, and Sir Quintilian, in which Cælestine takes a sleeping draught, given to her as poison, that she may escape the danger of her meeting with the king. The king comes; a masque is presented. Cælestine is brought to him in a chair as a dead bride. After due wonderment, and plain speaking by the bridegroom to the king, the father explains:

My king, my son, know all:
I am an actor in this mystery.
And bear the chiefest part. The father I,
'Twas I that ministered to her chaste blood
A true somniferous potion, which did steal
Her thoughts to sleep, and flattered her with death.
I call'd it a quick poisoned drug, to try

malice in a rough wit combat among healthy men, who were to be found soon afterwards in cordial fellowship together.

¹ A reference to "Cynthia's Revels."

² A reference to "Every Man Out of His Humour."

³ A reference to "The Poetaster."

⁴ Passages like this show how little there was of petty spite and

The bridegroom's love and the bride's constancy.
He in the passion of his love did fight
A combat with affection; so did both.
She for the poison strove, he for his oath.
Thus, like a happy father, I have won
A constant daughter and a loving son.

King. Mirror of maidens, wonder of thy name,
I give thee that art given, pure, chaste, the same.
Here, Wat, I would not part for the world's pride
So true a bridegroom and so chaste a bride.

Cris. My liege, to wed a comical event
To presupposed tragic argument,
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadful poet take degree.

King. Dreadful in his proportion or his pen?

Cris. In both: he calls himself the whip of men.

King. If a clear merit stand upon his praise,
Reach him a poet's crown, the honoured bays;
But if he claim it, wanting right thereto,
As many bastard sons of poesy do,
Raze down his usurpation to the ground.
True poets are with art and nature crown'd.
But in what mould soe'er this man be cast,
We make him thine, Crispinus. Wit and judgment
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soul, I know,
Will not go arm'd in passion 'gainst thy foe;
Therefore be thou ourself, whilst ourself sit
But as spectator of this scene of wit.

Cris. Thanks, royal lord, for these high honours done
To me unworthy: my mind's brightest fires
Shall all consume themselves in purest flame
On the altar of your dear eternal name.

King. Not under us, but next us take thy seat:
Arts nourished by kings will make kings great.
Use thy authority.

Cris. Demetrius,
Call in that self-creating Horace, bring
Him and his shadow forth.



HIS MAJESTY'S MOST EXCELLENT DOG.
From the Title-page to Dekker's "Lanterns and Candlelight" (1609).

Dem. Both shall appear:
No black-eyed star must stick in virtue's sphere.

Enter SIR VAUGHAN.

Sir Vau. 'Ounds, did you see him? I pray let all his

majesty's most excellent dogs be set at liberties, and have their freedoms to smell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

Sir Vau. Whom? The composer, the prince of poets, Horace, Horace; he's departed. In God's name and the king's I sarge you to ring it out from all our ears, for Horace's body is departed; master, hue and cry shall—God bless King Williams, I cry you mercy and ask forgiveness, for mine eyes did not find in their hearts to look upon your majesty.

King. What news with thee, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. News? 'Tis as urse news as I can desire to bring about me: our unhandsome-fac'd poet does play at bo-peeps with your grace, and cries "All hid," as boys do.

Officers. Stand by, room there, back, room for the poet.

Sir Vau. He's reprehended and taken, by [Supiter]: I rejoice very near as much as if I had discovered a New-found Land, or the North and East Indies.

Enter TUCCA, his boy after him with two pictures under his cloak, and a wreath of nettles; HORACE and BUBO pulled in by the horns, bound both like Satyrs, SIR ADAM following, MISTRESS MINIVER with him, wearing TUCCA's chain.

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad bull in by the horns. So, bait one at that stake, my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that stake, gurnet's head.

King. What busy fellow's this?

Tuc. Save thee, my most gracious king of hearts, save thee. All hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vail; for but to thee, great Sultan Soliman, I scorn to be thus put off, or to deliver up this sconce, I would.

King. Sir Vaughan, what's this jolly captain's name?

Sir Vau. Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has done God and his country as good and as hot service, in conquering this vile monster poet, as ever did St. George his horseback about the dragon.

Tuc. I sweat for't, but Tawsoone, hold thy tongue, *mon Dieu*; if thou'lt praise me, do't behind my back. I am, my weighty sovereign, one of thy grains, thy valiant vassal. Ask not what I am, but read, turn over, unclasp thy chronicles; there thou shalt find buff jerkin, there read my points of war: I am one of thy mandilian leaders; one that enters into thy royal bands for thee; Pantilius Tucca; one of thy kingdom's chiefest quarrellers; one of thy most faithful—fi—fi—fi—

Sir Vau. Drunkards, I hold my life.

Tuc. No, whirligig, one of his faithful fighters; thy drawer, O royal Tamor Cham.

Sir Vau. Go to, I pray, Captain Tucca; give us all leave to do our business before the king.

Tuc. With all my heart; shi—shi—shi—shake that bear-whelp when thou wilt.

Sir Vau. Horace and Bubo, pray send an answer into his majesty's ears, why you go thus in Ovid's Mortar-Morphosis and strange fashions of apparel.

Tuc. Cur, why?

Asi. My lords, I was drawn into this beastly suit by head and shoulders only for love I bare to my ningle.

Tuc. Speak ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why—

Hor. I did it to retire me from the world,
And turn my muse into a Timonist,
Loathing the general leprosy of sin,
Which like a plague runs through the souls of men:
I did it but to—

Tuc. But to bite every motley-head vice by the nose. You did it, ningle, to play the bugbear satire, and make a camp

royal of fashion-mongers quake at your paper bullets. You nasty tortoise, you and your itchy poetry break out like Christmas, but once a year, and then you keep a revelling, and arraigning and a scratching of men's faces, as though you were Tyber, the long-tailed Prince of Rats, do you?

Cris. Horace—

Sir Vau. Silence; pray let all 'urds be strangled, or held fast between your teeth.

Cris. Under control of my dread sovereign,
We are thy judges; thou that didst arraign
Art now prepared for condemnation?

Should I but bid thy muse stand to the bar,
Thyself against her would give evidence,
For flat rebellion 'gainst the sacred laws
Of divine poesy: herein most she mist,
Thy pride and scorn made her turn satirist,
And not her love to virtue, as thou preachest.
Or should we minister strong pills to thee,
What lumps of hard and indigested stuff,
Of bitter satirism, of arrogance,
Of self-love, of detraction, of a black
And stinking insolence, should we fetch up?
But none of these; we give thee what's more fit:—
With stinging nettles crown his stinging wit.

Tuc. Well said, my poetical huckster; now he's in thy handling, rate him, do, rate him well.

Hor. Oh, I beseech your majesty, rather than thus to be nettled, I'll have my satyr's coat pull'd over mine ears, and be turn'd out of the nine Muses' service.

Asi. And I too, let me be put to my shifts with my ningle.

Sir Vau. By [Sove], so you shall, M. Bubo. Flea off this hairy skin, M. Horace; so, so, so, untruss, untruss.

Tuc. His poetical wreath, my dapper [tit].

Hor. Ooh—

Sir Vau. Nay, your oohs, nor your calinoes cannot serve your turn. Your tongue, you know, is full of blisters with railing, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fiery inventions; and therefore, to preserve your head from aching, this biggin is yours. Nay, by [Supiter], you shall be a poet, though not laurefied, yet nettled, so.

Tuc. Sirrah stinker, thou 'rt but untrussed now; I owe thee a whipping still, and I'll pay it. I have laid rods in . . . vinegar for thee. It shall not be the whipping of the satyr, nor the whipping of the blind bear, but of a counterfeit juggler that steals the name of Horace.

King. How? counterfeit? does he usurp that name?

Sir Vau. Yes, indeed, an't please your grace; he does sup up that abominable name.

Tuc. He does, O King Cambyses, he does. Thou hast no part of Horace in thee but his name and his damnable vices; thou hast such a terrible mouth that thy beard's afraid to peep out. But look here, you staring leviathan, here's the sweet visage of Horace; look, parboiled face, look: Horace had a trim, long beard, and a reasonable face for a poet, as faces go now-a-days; Horace did not screw and wriggle himself into great men's familiarity, impudently, as thou dost, nor wear the badge of gentlemen's company, as thou dost thy taffety sleeves, tacked too only with some points of profit. No, Horace had not his face punched full of eyelet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan; Horace loved poets well, and gave coxcombs to none but fools; but thou lovest none, neither wise men nor fools, but thyself. Horace was a goodly corpulent gentleman, and not so lean a hollow-cheeked scrag as thou art.¹ No; here's the copy of thy countenance; by this

will I learn to make a number of villainous faces more, and to look scurrily upon the world, as thou dost.

Cris. Sir Vaughan, will you minister their oath?

Sir Vau. Master Asinius Bubo, you shall swear as little as you can; one oath shall dam up your innocent mouth.

Asi. Any oath, sir, I'll swear anything.

Sir Vau. You shall swear by Phoebus (who is your poet's good lord and master) that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or knives, which you understand not, nor to write your love-letters, which you, in turning of a hand, set your marks upon as your own; nor you shall not carry Latin poets about you, till you can write and read English at most; and lastly, that you shall not call Horace your Ningle.

Asi. By Phoebus, I swear all this, and as many oaths as you will, so I may trudge.

Sir Vau. Trudge then, pay your legs for fees, and be discharged.

Tuc. Tprooth . . . run, Red-cap; wear horns there.

[Exit ASINIUS.]

Sir Vau. Now, Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for your oath must be like your wits, of many colours, and like a broker's book, of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read the inventory of his oath.

Hor. I'll swear till my hair stands up an end, to be rid of this sting. Oh, this sting!

Sir Vau. 'Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

Tuc. Upon him: *imprimis*.

Sir Vau. *Imprimis*, you shall swear by Phoebus and the half a score Muses lacking one, not to swear to hang yourself, if you thought any man, woman, or child could write plays and rhymes as well-favoured ones as yourself.

Tuc. Well said. Hast brought him to the gallows already?

Sir Vau. You shall swear not to bumbast out a new play with the old linings of jests, stolen from the Temple's Revels.

Tuc. To him, old Tango.

Sir Vau. Moreover, you shall not sit in a gallery when your comedies and interludes have entered their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at every line, to make gentlemen have an eye to you, and to make players afraid to take your part.

Tuc. Thou shalt be my ningle for this.

Sir Vau. Besides, you must forswear to venture on the stage when your play is ended, and to exchange courtesies and compliments with gallants in the lords' rooms, to make all the house rise up in arms, and to cry, "That's Horace; that's he, that's he, that's he that pens and purges humours and diseases."

Tuc. There, boy, again.

Sir Vau. Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poor couple—that is to say, your wits and necessities, *alias dictus*, to the rifling of your muse, *alias* your muse's upsitting, *alias* a poet Whitsun-ale—you shall swear that within three days after you shall not abroad, in book-binders' shops, brag that your viceroys or tributary kings have done homage to you, or paid quarterage.

Tuc. I'll buff thy head, Holofernes.

Sir Vau. Moreover and *imprimis*, when a knight or gentleman of worship does give you his passport to travel in and out to his company, and gives you money for God's sake, I trust in [Sove] you will swear, tooth and nail, not to make scald and wry-mouth jests upon his knighthood, will you not?

Hor. I never did it, by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wilt swear by Parnassus and lie too, Doctor Dodipol?

Sir Vau. Thirdly, and last of all saving one, when your

¹ Here is evidence that Ben Jonson acquired his great bulk after the age of thirty.

plays are misliked at court, you shall not cry Mew like a pussy-cat, and say you are glad you write out of the courtiers' element.

Tuc. Let the element alone; 'tis out of thy reach.

Sir Fau. In briefness, when you sup in taverns amongst your betters, you shall swear not to dip your manners in too much sauce, nor at table to fling epigrams, emblems, or play-speeches about you, like hailstones, to keep you out of the terrible danger of the shot, upon pain to sit at the upper end of the table, at the left hand of Carlo Buffon. Swear all this by Apollo and the eight or nine Muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the Muses (who march three and three in a rank), and by all that belongs to Parnassus, I swear all this.

Tuc. Bear witness.

Cris. That fearful wreath, this honour is your due ;
All poets shall be poet-apes but you.
Thanks (learning's true Mæcanas, poesy's king),
Thanks for that gracious ear which you have lent
To this most tedious, most rude argument.

King. Our spirits have well been feasted ; he whose pen
Draws both corrupt and clear blood from all men,
Careless what vein he pricks, let him not rave
When his own sides are struck : blows, blows do crave.

A few lines more of dialogue end the play, by making Captain Tucca carry off the widow Miniver for his own bride, cheating the knights who had paid court to her.

Too much stress is not to be laid on the personalities of the "Satiromastix." If Ben Jonson's fellow-dramatists shared the common belief that a real Captain Hannam sat for Captain Tucca, of the "Poetaster," and that he attacked them personally when he brought off the Poetaster's stomach many words that had been used in plays of theirs, they could give him a taste of his own whip by way of correction, while expressing hearty admiration of his genius ; as in the "Satiromastix" they distinctly did through their own assumed characters of Crispinus and Demetrius Fannius. Ben Jonson is shown by an entry in Henslowe's Diary to have been fellow-worker with Dekker upon two plays in 1599. The "Poetaster" was in 1601 ; "Satiromastix" was in 1602. In March, 1603, Ben Jonson and Dekker were joint-authors of the pageant prepared in London for the reception of James I. In 1604, John Marston dedicated "The Malcontent" to Ben Jonson as "his candid and cordial friend." Men strong in intellect can wrestle intellectually without narrow spite, and if they lose temper it can soon be found again. Ben Jonson did not intend to deal ungenerously by his fellow-poets, and they had no thought of him that was at all fatal to healthy friendship. Ben Jonson replied to the attack upon him in an Epilogue to the "Poetaster," where he made the Author say of it in a dialogue—

I never writ that piece
More innocent, or empty of offence.
Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall,
Nor was there in it any circumstance
Which, in the setting down, I could suspect
Might be perverted by an enemy's tongue :
Only it had the fault to be called mine :
That was the crime.

P. No! Why, they say you taxed
The law and lawyers, captains and the players,
By their particular names.

Author. It is not so.

I used no name. My books have still been taught
To spare the persons and to speak the vices.

Of the attack upon the lawyers of which he was accused, he said :

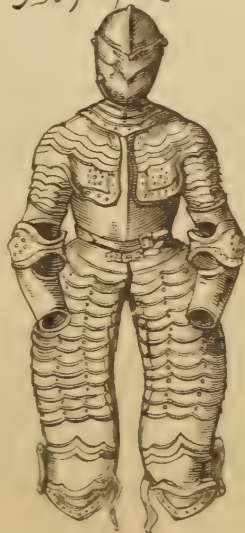
Indeed, I brought in Ovid
Chid by his angry father for neglecting
The study of their laws for poetry ;
And I am warranted by his own words :
Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas ?
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

And in far harsher terms elsewhere, as these :
Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me
Ingrato voces prætstituisse foro.

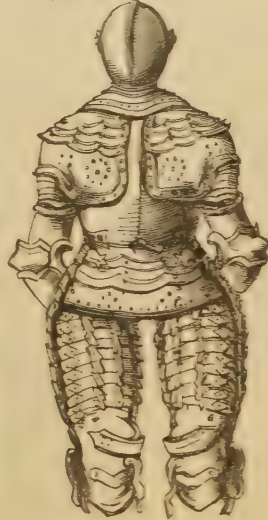
But how this should relate unto our laws,
Or the just ministers, with least abuse,
I reverence both too much to understand.

Then, for the Captain, I will only speak
An epigram I here have made : it is
UNTO TRUE SOLDIERS. That's the lemma : mark it :—
Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view
Such as are miscalled captains and wrong you
And your high names, I do desire that thence
Be nor put on you, nor you take, offence :
I swear, by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession which I once did prove ;
And did not shame it by my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vowed thus much,
But's angry for the Captain still, is such.

The forefront



The backe



ARMOUR OF THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

From the Translation of *Æliam's Tactics*, by John Bingham (1616).

Now, for the Players : it is true I taxed them
And yet but some, and those so sparingly
As all the rest might have sat still unquestioned
Had they but had the wit or conscience
To think well of themselves. But, impotent, they

Thought each man's vice belonged to their whole tribe;
And much good do't them! What they have done 'gainst me
I am not moved with: if it gave them meat,
Or got them clothes, 'tis well; that was their end.
Only amongst them I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawn
To run in that vile line.

P. And is this all?

Will you not answer, then, the libels?

Author. No.

P. Nor the Untrussers?

Author. Neither.

With the disdainful self-assertion of his Epilogue, Ben Jonson joined a resolve to turn from Comedy, that had been so persistently mistaken by low natures.

And, since the Comic Muse
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If Tragedy have a more kind aspect;
Her favours in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
So he judicious be, he shall be alone
A theatre unto me. Once I'll 'say'¹
To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains
As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,
And more despair to imitate their sound.
I, that spend half my nights and all my days
Here in a cell, to get a dark, pale face,
To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,
And in this age can hope no other grace—
Leave me! There's something come into my thought
That must and shall be sung, high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

The fresh strain was his tragedy of "Sejanus," produced in 1603, the year of the death of Queen Elizabeth. This is a fine poem of the fate of power built upon injustice. The favourite of Fortune, who has sought no other God, and who spurns even that deity when adverse to his worldly gain, is shown with his house built upon sand, rising as if to touch the

skies, and tumbling to dire ruin suddenly at last. The play had its purpose summed up in the closing words:—

Lepidus. How Fortune plies her sports, when she begins
To practise them! pursues, continues, adds,
Confounds with varying her impassioned moods!

Arrianus. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to redeem thy crimes,
To make amend for thy ill-placéd favours,
With these strange punishments? Forbear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you do fall,
You push yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise;
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

Terentius. Let this example move the insolent man
Not to grow proud and careless of the gods.
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,
Much more to slighthen, or deny their powers:
For, whom the morning saw so great and high,
Thus low and little 'fore the even doth lie.

When this play was printed, in 1605, there was printed with it John Marston's praise of his "most worthy friend" for a work that would, as he said, "even force applause from despairful envy." Those critics who had no eyes of the understanding for the noble treatment of a poet's theme, and for the genius with which, in some scenes, Ben Jonson has applied even his mastery of humour to a tragic purpose, could see with the eyes over their noses that the bottom of each printed page was charged with references to the Roman authors who had enabled him to set his work in a true picture of old Roman life. His reason for doing so Ben Jonson had given in a preface "To the Readers:"—"Lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to show my integrity, and save myself in those common torturers that bring all wit to the rack." The torturers are not to be escaped so easily. They see a play with its text justified by many references—Suetonius, Tacitus, and other Latin writers—and deliver judgment against "Sejanus" on the evidence of the foot-notes, saying to one another, with great satisfaction, "It is a pedantic play."

¹ *Say, essay.*



From a Folio of Ben Jonson's Works (1611).

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.—A.D. 1603 TO A.D. 1625.



From a Folio of Ben Jonson's Works (1641).

FROM its highest point, reached in the reign of James I., the English drama, before that reign was at an end, began to fall. A mastery acquired under Elizabeth was brought into the reign of James by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The company of Lord Chamberlain's players, to which Shakespeare belonged, became after change of reign the King's players. Shakespeare was at that time thirty-nine years old, Ben Jonson thirty. Shakespeare's "Othello" was produced at court on the 1st of November, 1604, and "Measure for Measure" a few weeks later. "Macbeth" and "King Lear" were acted in 1606. "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "Coriolanus," are all masterpieces of the reign of James I., produced before the date of the earliest notice of a performance of "The Tempest," which is in 1611. With that play, or with "King Henry VIII.," which was being acted when the Globe Theatre was burnt down in 1613, Shakespeare's work as a dramatist ended. In his latter years he had retired to Stratford, where he died at the age of fifty-two, on the 23rd of April, 1616.

Ben Jonson having produced his "Sejanus," written in the last days of Elizabeth's reign, turned to comedy again, but did not continue the line of the three humorous dramatic homilies which had followed his true comedy of "Every Man in his Humour." He returned to comedy proper, with the humours of men shown through the skilful development of an ingenious and well-considered plot. Three of his best comedies—"Volpone, or the Fox," in 1605; "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," in 1609; and "The Alchemist," in 1610—came between "Sejanus," and his one other tragedy, "Catiline," in 1611. In 1605, he was also fellow-worker with Marston and Chapman upon "Eastward Hoe." He had produced also Court Masques—"The Masque of Blackness," in 1605; "The Masque and Barriers," represented in 1606 at Whitehall, in the Christmas celebration of the marriage of the Earl of Essex; "The Masque of Beauty," in 1608; in 1609, the third of the masques in which the Queen herself took part,

THE MASQUE OF QUEENS;

"celebrated from the House of Fame, by the Queen of Great Britain, with her Ladies, at Whitehall, Feb. 2nd, 1609."

It increasing now to the third time of my being used in these services to Her Majesty's personal presentations, with the ladies whom she pleaseth to honour; it was my first and special regard, to see that the nobility of the invention should be answerable to the dignity of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument to be, *A celebration of honourable and true Fame, bred out of Virtue*: observing that rule of the best artist, to suffer no object of delight to pass without his mixture of profit and example.¹ And because Her Majesty (best knowing that a principal part of life, in these spectacles, lay in their variety) had commanded me to think on some dance, or shew, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil, or false masque; I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own steps in that kind, since the last year, I had an anti-masque of boys; and therefore now devised, that twelve women, in the habit of hags, or witches, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Suspicion, Credulity, &c., the opposites to good Fame, should fill that part; not as a masque, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of gesture, and not unaptly sorting with the current, and whole fall of the device.

His Majesty, then, being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly Hell; which flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. And in respect all evils are morally said to come from hell; as also from that observation of Torrensius upon Horace's *Canidia, quæ tot instructa venenis, ex Orci faucibus projecta videri possit*.² these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increased to eleven; all differently attired: some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was Master Jones's, with the invention, and architecture of the whole scene, and machine.³ Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them.

These eleven witches beginning to dance (which is an usual ceremony at their convents or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded and masked), on the sudden one of them missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech.

Hag. Sisters, stay, we want our Dame;

Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we use to say;
That she quickly anoint, and come away.

1 Charm. Dame, dame! the watch is set:

Quickly come, we all are met.—
From the lakes, and from the fens,
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the church-yards, from the graves,

¹ A rule followed by every great English poet.

² Canidia, who, instructed in so many poisons, might seem to have come from the throat of Orcus. (A note on Horace, Epode 5.)

³ Inigo Jones, who became architect to the Queen in 1606, shared honours in the construction of these masques.

From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we!

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

2 *Charm.* The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, on your horse of wood:
Or else tuck up your gray frock,
And saddle your goat, or your green cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thread,¹
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away;
For we all stay.

Nor yet? nay, then,
We'll try her agen.

3 *Charm.* The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning:
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool;
Their livers I stick, with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
Spur, spur upon little Martin,
Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip in your hand, to make him go.
Oh, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

At this the DAME entered to them, naked-armed, bare-footed, her frock tucked, her hair knotted, and folded with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arm, lighted, girded with a snake. To whom they all did reverence, and she spake, uttering, by way of question, the end wherefore they came.

Dame. Well done, my Hags! And come we fraught
with spite,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose?

Hag. Yes.

Dame. But wants there none
Of our just number?

Hags. Call us one by one,
And then our dame shall see.

Dame. First, then advance,
My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,
Known by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,

[As she names them they come forward]

Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands
With quick Credulity, that next her stands,
Who hath but one ear, and that always ope;
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope;

And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung;
She, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost;
Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
Her oblique look; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand applied;
Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall;
She, flame-ey'd Rage; Rage, Mischief.

Hags. Here we are all.

Dame. Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites
To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright nights
Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes:
Shew ourselves truly envious, and let rise
Our wonted rages: do what may beseeem
Such names, and natures; Virtue else will deem
Our powers decreas'd, and think us banish'd earth,
No less than heaven. All her antique birth,
As Justice, Faith, she will restore; and, bold
Upon our sloth, retrieve her age of gold.
We must not let our native manners, thus,
Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not, but in us.
I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
And curse the piety gives it such increase.
Let us disturb it then, and blast the light;
Mix hell with heaven, and make nature fight
Within herself; loose the whole hinge of things;
And cause the ends run back into their springs.

Hags. What our Dame bids us do,
We are ready for.

Dame. Then fall to.

But first relate me, what you have sought,
Where you have been, and what you have brought.

1 *Hag.* I have been all day, looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon, as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2 *Hag.* I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears;
The spurning of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3 *Hag.* I last night lay all alone
On the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4 *Hag.* And I have been choosing out this skull,
From charnel houses, that were full;
From private grots, and public pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 *Hag.* Under a cradle I did creep,
By day; and when the child was asleep,
At night, I sucked the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 *Hag.* I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.²
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind in the tail.

7 *Hag.* A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his hair;
I brought off his rags that danced in the air.

8 *Hag.* The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,

¹ Ben Jonson, in his notes to his *Masque*, refers several times to "the King's Majesty's book (our sovereign) of Demonology." The goat ridden was said to be often the devil himself, but "of the green cock, we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of that colour, and a bottom of blue thread, would transport herself through the air; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school."

² Infants' fat boiled was said to be the chief ingredient in the ointment which enabled witches to ride in the air. It was mixed with poppy and narcotic drugs. The witches anointed themselves with it, and also sometimes their broomsticks. Killing of infants was also one of a witch's occasional recreations.

I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 *Hag.* And I have been plucking, plants among,
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,
Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane;
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10 *Hag.* I, from the jaws of a gardener's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house again,
Killed the black cat, and here's the brain.

11 *Hag.* I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing; what would you have more?

Dame. Yes, I have brought, to help our vows,
Hornéd poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:
And now our orgies let us begin.

Here the Dame put herself in the midst of them, and began her following Invocation:

You fiends and furies (if yet any be
Worse than ourselves), you that have quaked to see
These knots untied, and shrunk, when we have charmed;
You, that to arm us, have yourselves disarmed,
And to our powers resign'd your whips and brands
When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands;
You that have seen me ride, when Hecaté
Durst not take chariot; when the boisterous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the sky,
And that hath thundered, Jove not knowing why:
When we have set the elements at wars,
Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars;
When the wing'd lightning, in the course hath staid,
And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,
To see the corn remove, the groves to range,
Whole places alter, and the seasons change;
When the pale moon, at the first voice down fell
Poisoned, and durst not stay the second spell:
You, that have oft been conscious of these sights;
And thou, three-forméd star, that on these nights
Art only powerful, to whose triple name
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the same;
If now with rites profane, and foul enough,
We do invoke thee; darken all this roof,
With present fogs: exhale earth's rot'nest vapours,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers!

Come, let a murmuring charm resound,
The whilst we bury all i' the ground.
But first, see every foot be bare;
And every knee.

Hag. Yes, Dame, they are.

4 *Charm.* Deep, O deep we lay thee to sleep;
We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry;
Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm:
And when thou dost wake,
Dame earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ache,
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue drake:
Whose form thou shalt take.

Dame. Never a star yet shot!

Where be the ashes?

Hag. Here in the pot.

Dame. Cast them up; and the flint-stone
Over the left shoulder-bone;
Into the west.

Hag. It will be best.

5 *Charm.* The sticks are across, there can be no loss,
The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the sky, that was in the ground,
Follow it then with our rattles, round;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will set it on fire:
Put it in mind to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,
A storm of rain, another of hail.
We all must home in the egg-shell sail;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in—

Dame. Stay, all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies,
Our magic feature will not rise—
Nor yet the storm! we must repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

6 *Charm.* Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods roll,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charms do make.

Dame. Not yet! my rage begins to swell;
Darkness, Devils, Night and Hell,
Do not thus delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you again, if you stay my thrice:
Thorough these crannies where I peep,
I'll let in the light to see your sleep.
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day,
As unto me. Still are you deaf!
Reach me a bough, that ne'er bare leaf,
To strike the air: and Aconite,
To hurl upon this glaring light;
A rusty knife to wound mine arm;
And as it drops I'll speak a charm,
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise,
Once more, his dark and reeking head,
To strike the world, and nature dead,
Until my magic birth be bred.

7 *Charm.* Black go in, and blacker come out;
At thy going down, we give thee a shout.

Hoo!

At thy rising again, thou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have thee do,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.

Hoo! Har! Har! Hoo!

8 *Charm.* A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
And storms for joy of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.

9 *Charm.* About, about, and about,
Till the mists arise, and the lights fly out,

The images neither be seen, nor felt;
The woollen burn, and the waxen melt;
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the air; around, around.

Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a music sound,
And the pace be found,
To which we may dance,
And our charms advance.

At which, with a strange and sudden music, they fell into a magical dance, full of preposterous change and gesticulation.

In the heat of their dance, on the sudden was heard a sound of loud music, as if many instruments had made one blast; with which not only the hags themselves, but the hell into which they ran, quite vanished, and the whole face of the scene altered, scarce suffering the memory of such a thing; but in the place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the HOUSE OF FAME,¹ in the top of which were discovered the twelve Masquers, sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid, and circled with all store of light. From whom a person by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus, and expressing heroic and masculine Virtue, began to speak.



DRESS OF A MASQUER AT THE COURT OF JAMES I.

From the Figure before Dr. Thomas Campion's Masque at Lord Hayes's Marriage, February, 1607.

HEROIC VIRTUE.

So should, at Fame's loud sound, and Virtue's sight,
All dark and envious witchcraft fly the light.
I did not borrow Hermes' wings, nor ask
His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's casque,

Nor on my arm advanced with Pallas' shield,
(By which, my face aversed, in open field
I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name:
When Virtue cut off Terror, he gat Fame.
And if, when Fame was gotten, Terror died,
What black Erynnis, or more hellish Pride,
Durst arm these hags, now she is grown and great,
To think they could her glories once defeat?
I was her parent, and I am her strength,
Heroic Virtue sinks not under length
Of years, or ages; but is still the same
While he preserves as when he got good fame.
My daughter, then, whose glorious house you see
Built all of sounding brass, whose columns be
Men-making poets, and those well-made men,
Whose strife it was to have the happiest pen
Renown them to an after-life, and not
With pride to scorn the muse, and die forgot;
She, that enquireth into all the world,
And hath about her vaulted palace hurled
All rumours and reports, or true or vain,
What utmost lands or deepest seas contain,
But only hangs great actions on her file;
She, to this lesser world, and greatest isle,
To-night sounds honour, which she would have seen
In yond' bright bevy, each of them a queen.
Eleven of them are of times long gone.
Penthesilea, the brave Amazon,
Swift-foot Camilla, queen of Volscia,
Victorious Thomyris of Scythia,
Chaste Artemisia, the Carian dame,
And fair-hair'd Berenice, Egypt's fame,
Hypsicratea, glory of Asia,
Candace, pride of Ethiopia,
The Britain honour, Boadicea,
The virtuous Palmyrene, Zenobia,
The wise and warlike Goth, Amalasunta,
The bold Valasca of Bohemia;
These, in their lives, as fortunes, crown'd the choice
Of womankind, and 'gainst all opposite voice
Made good to time, had, after death, the claim
To live eterniz'd in the House of Fame.
Where hourly hearing (as what there is old?)
The glories of Bell-anna so well told,
Queen of the Ocean; how that she alone
Possess all virtues, for which one by one
They were so fam'd: and wanting then a head
To form that sweet and gracious pyramid

columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c., as being the substantial supporters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles, Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes, which these poets had celebrated. All which stood as in massy gold. Between the pillars, underneath, were figured land-battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacrifices, and all magnificent subjects of honour, in brass, and heightened with silver. In which he profest to follow that noble description made by Chaucer of the place. Above were sited the masquers, over whose heads he devised two eminent figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch. The friezes, both below and above, were filled with several-coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c., the reflex of which, with our lights placed in the concave, upon the masquers' habits, was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellency of all device and riches; and were worthily varied by his invention, to the nations whereof they were queens. Nor are these alone his due; but divers other accessions to the strangeness and beauty of the spectacle: as the hell, the going about of the chariots, and binding the witches, the turning machine, with the presentation of Fame. All which I willingly acknowledge for him: since it is a virtue planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves."

¹ Ben Jonson gives in a note the following description of Inigo Jones's design for this scene:—"There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the house of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower

Wherein they sit, it being the sov'reign place
Of all that palace, and reserved to grace
The worthiest queen: these, without envy' on her,
In life, desired that honour to confer,
Which, with their death, no other should enjoy.
She this embracing with a virtuous joy,
Far from self-love, as humbling all her worth
To him that gave it, hath again brought forth
Their names to memory; and means this night,
To make them once more visible to light:
And to that light, from whence her truth of spirit
Confesseth all the lustre of her merit;
To you, most royal and most happy king,
Of whom Fame's house in every part doth ring
For every virtue, but can give no increase:
Not, though her loudest trumpet blaze your peace.
Lo you, that cherish every great example
Contracted in yourself; and being so ample
A field of honour, cannot but embrace
A spectacle, so full of love, and grace
Unto your court: where every princely dame
Contentds to be as bounteous of her fame
To others, as her life was good to her;
For by their lives they only did confer
Good on themselves; but, by their fame, to yours,
And every age, the benefit endures.

Here the throne wherein they sat, being machina versatilis, suddenly changed; and in the place of it appeared Fama bona, as she is described (in Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa) attired in white, with white wings, having a collar of gold about her neck, and a heart hanging at it: which Orus Apollo, in his hierogl., interprets the note of a good Fame. In her right hand she bore a trumpet, in her left an olive-branch: and for her state, it was, as Virgil describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the clouds. She, after the music had done, which waited on the turning of the machine, called from thence to Heroic Virtue, and spake this following speech.

FAME.

Virtue, my father and my honour; thou
That mad'st me good as great; and dar'st avow
No Fame for thine but what is perfect: aid,
To-night, the triumphs of thy white-wing'd maid.
Do those renown'd queens all utmost rites
Their states can ask. This is a night of nights.
In mine own chariots let them, crown'd, ride;
And mine own birds and beasts, in gears applied
To draw them forth. Unto the first car tie
Far-sighted eagles, to note Fame's sharp eye.
Unto the second, griffons, that design
Swiftness and strength, two other gifts of mine.
Unto the last, our lions, that imply
The top of graces, state, and majesty.
And let those hags be led as captives, bound
Before their wheels, whilst I my trumpet sound.

At which the loud music sounded as before, to give the masquers time of descending.

By this time, imagine the masquers descended; and again mounted into three triumphant chariots, ready to come forth. The first four were drawn with eagles (whereof I gave the reason, as of the rest, in Fame's speech), their four torch-bearers attending on the chariots' sides, and four of the hags bound before them. Then followed the second, drawn by

griffons, with their torch-bearers, and four other hags. Then the last, which was drawn by lions, and more eminent (wherein Her Majesty was), and had six torch-bearers more, peculiar to her, with the like number of hags. After which, a full triumphant music, singing this song, while they rode in state about the stage:

Help, help, all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:
The voice of Fame should be as loud as thunder.
Her house is all of echo made,
Where never dies the sound;
And as her brow the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.
Sing then, good Fame, that 's out of Virtue born:
For, who doth Fame neglect, doth Virtue scorn.

Here they lighted from their chariots, and danced forth their first dance: then a second, immediately following it: both right curious, and full of subtle and excellent changes, and seemed performed with no less spirits, than of those they personated. The first was to the cornets, the second to the violins. After which, they took out the men, and danced the measures; entertaining the time, almost to the space of an hour, with singular variety: when, to give them rest, from the music which attended the chariots, by that most excellent tenor voice, and exact singer (her Majesty's servant, master Jo. Allen) this ditty was sung:

When all the ages of the earth
Were crown'd, but in this famous birth;
And that, when they would boast their store
Of worthy queens, they knew no more:
How happier is that age, can give
A queen, in whom all they do live!

After it, succeeded their third dance; than which, a more numerous composition could not be seen: graphically disposed into letters, and honouring the name of the most sweet and ingenious prince, Charles duke of York. Wherein, beside that principal grace of perspicuity, the motions were so even and apt, and their expression so just, as if mathematicians had lost proportion, they might there have found it. The author was master Thomas Giles. After this, they danced galliards and corrantos. And then their last dance, no less elegant in the place than the rest, with which they took their chariots again, and triumphing about the stage, had their return to the House of Fame celebrated with this last song; whose notes (as the former) were the work and honour of my excellent friend, Alfonso Ferrabosco.

Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,
That sees these live, and triumph yet?
Th' Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,
Greeks' glory, and the Romans' died:
And who yet imitate
Their noises tarry the same fate.
Force greatness all the glorious ways
You can, it soon decays;
But so good Fame shall never:
Her triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of epilogue, than the celebration of who were the celebraters.

THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.	THE Co. of MONTGOMERY.
THE Co. of ARUNDEL.	THE Visc. of CRANBORNE.
THE Co. of DERBY.	THE LA. ELIZ. GUILFORD.
THE Co. of HUNTINGDON.	THE LA. ANNE WINTER.
THE Co. of BEDFORD.	THE LA. WINDSOR.
THE Co. of ESSEX.	THE LA. ANNE CLIFFORD.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher are dramatists who wrote much together, and whose plays belong only to the reign of James I. Fletcher was the son of a bishop, Beaumont the son of a judge. Fletcher was born in 1576, Beaumont in 1586. Beaumont, who was ten years younger, died nine years before Fletcher, Beaumont dying in March, 1616 (a month before Shakespeare), and Fletcher—of the plague—in August, 1625, not many months after the death of James I. The friends began their fellowship as poets in 1607, when there appeared some lines of verse from each of them among the tributes of honour paid to Ben Jonson for his "Volpone." There were eighteen years of activity as a dramatist in Fletcher's life. During nine or ten of them he and Beaumont worked together, but memory of the fellowship clings to the work done by himself, sometimes alone, sometimes with other dramatists, during the other nine years, and the whole body of his plays is contained in volumes known as the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. Their first thorough success together was achieved in 1608 with the play of—

PHILASTER.

The First Act opens in the palace of the usurping King of Sicily and Calabria, with a dialogue between Dion, a Lord (father to the sad Eufrasia, who is disguised as the page Bellario, in Philaster's service), and Cleremont and Thrasiline, two noble gentlemen, his associates. Their speech is of the King's daughter, the Princess Arethusa—

Cle. Here 's nor lords, nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here : besides, it was loudly published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause ?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid of love.

Dion. Oh, sir, the multitude (that seldom know anything but their own opinions) speak that they would have ; but the Prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the State, that, I think, she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously ; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who ? Philaster ?

Dion. Yes, whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policy will not let me know, why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems, your nature is more constant than to enquire after State news. But the king, of late, made a

hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any State order or proclamation till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased, and without a guard ; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them ; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance : which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Then enters Galatea, a discreet and modest lady attending on the Princess, with Megra, a lady of opposite nature, and another lady of weak character. A short exchange of words by these, preludes the entrance of the King and his train, with his daughter Arethusa, and with Pharamond, the Prince of Spain. The King commends his daughter to the Prince of Spain, and adds—

Last, noble son, (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all ; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not ?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see : no more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father ; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself.)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties
Manners and virtues you would wed your kingdoms :
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country !
By more than all my hopes, I hold it happy ;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good ; happy in yours, that is ;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine it in myself most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a Prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defencéd, feared,
Equal to be commanded and obeyed,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow,
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law : yet I his prince, and law.
And dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him, whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living ; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant ; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but
A large inventory of his own commendations.

Enter PHILASTER.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For, certainly,
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape;
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick if I can find,
In all th' anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him
He shall be constable.

By this sun, he'll ne'er make king,
Unless it be of trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise, you have it, sir.

Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks! he fears.
Oh! this same [ill-born] conscience, how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak them freely?—
Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, Prince; you, foreign man.
Never stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread on
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),
By my dead father (oh! I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living,
Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms and some few friends, besides the gods,
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, I might have been. I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look, I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes; for hear me, Pharamond,
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall.

Phi. He's mad beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in 's veins:
Th' outlandish Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, Prince of Popinjays, I'll make it well appear
To you, I am not mad.

King. You do displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over
And maketh nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians; sure, he is somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think, 'twill prove so.

Dion. H'as given him a general purge already, for all
the right he has; and now he means to let him blood: be
constant, gentlemen; by these hilts, I'll run his hazard,
although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace! we are one soul.

Phi. What you have seen in me to stir offence
I cannot find; unless it be this lady
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession,
Which I must keep though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you, without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon anything but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations,)
And from this presence,¹ spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends.
You do deserve our frown: go to, be better tempered.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell
What you may call your knowledge, but th' other is
The man set in mine eye; oh! 'tis a prince
Of wax.

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private. [*They whisper.*]

Phi. Take them then,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him, there's danger in 't. Every
man in this age has not a soul of crystal for all men to read
their actions through: men's hearts and faces are so far
asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon
stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his
bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant; if he
give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder
gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to:
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else: sir, I must have you know,
That you're, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you: smooth your brow, or by the gods—

Phi. I am dead, sir, you're my fate: it was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars led me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possess.

¹ From this presence. Away from it, not now in presence of the king.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: it's here, O King!
A dangerous spirit; now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these be all my subjects.
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me king:
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me: noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit: for this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment. [*Ex. KING, PHA., and ARE.*]

Dion. I thank you, sir, you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand; but eye you
stranger, is not he a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these
strangers, I do affect them strangely: they do the rarest
home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love
all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, lady: 'tis a weak
one, and had need of a night-cap.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours; has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price
Not to undo your children, you're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court; to which your great ones may,
In their diseas'd age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that if the king please, I find,
I may live many years.

Dion. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you: in whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?

Phi. My lord Dion,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is she yet alive?

Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord; the Princess would intreat your
present company.

Phi. The Princess send for me! You are mistaken.

Lady. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say, I will attend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes, go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face?

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.

Thra. But are you sure, it was the Princess sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red

And white friends in her face may steal my soul out.

There's all the danger in 't: but be what may,

Her single name hath arm'd me. [*Ex. PHIL.*]

Dion. Go on:

And be as truly happy as thou art fearless:

Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,

Lest the king prove false. [*Ex. Gentlemen.*]

Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not?

Lady. Madam?

Are. Will Philaster come?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my woman's strength

Is so o'ercharg'd with danger like to grow

About my marriage, that these under things

Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:

How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

Lady. Fear, madam? sure, he knows not what it is.

Are. You are all of his faction; the whole court

Is bold in praise of him; whilst I

May live neglected, and do noble things,

As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,

Drown'd in the doing: but, I know, he fears.

Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks hid more of
love than fear.

Are. Of love? to whom? to you?

Did you deliver those plain words I sent

With such a winning gesture, and quick look,

That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean you.

Are. Of love to me? Alas! thy ignorance

Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.

Nature, that loves not to be questioned why

She did or this, or that, but has her ends,

And knows she does well, never gave the world

Two things so opposite, so contrary,

As he and I am: if a bowl be of blood,

Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,

A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think, I hear him.

Are.

Bring him in:

You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,

Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,

To make the passion of feeble maid

The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Are.

Oh! 'tis well:

Withdraw yourself.

Phi.

Madam, your messenger

Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster, but the words are such I have to say, and do so ill beseech
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wronged you? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam,—you!

Are. Why then should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great:
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth, which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: but for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To anything you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I die: by fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre, and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay, then hear:
I must, and will have them, and more.

Phi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepar'd
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn then away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I can't endure it: turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his:
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price.
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know I must have them—and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discover'd yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is 't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee: now, though thy breath doth strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemn'd life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you!
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you

So violently, would amaze a man,
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Phi. 'Twill be ill,
I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true, and worse,
You should come often: how shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion may agree,
What path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a boy
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay by him, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystick order that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story;
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light;
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Exprest his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished: so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The truest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept: him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

Lady. Madam, the Prince is come to do his service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out
for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!—

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hour: for my sake do.

Phi. I will.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to show,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have an answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable, —

Phi. Good sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my sword,

Phi. Peace, Pharamond; if thou —

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone; by heaven, I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight

My greatness so, and in the chamber of the Princess?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: but were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing:
Give not a word, not a word back: farewell.

[*Exit PHILASTER.*]

A few words more of dialogue with Arethusa
add signs of a low brutish instinct to the cowardice
of Pharamond, and close the First Act of the play.
The Second Act opens with this scene between
Philaster and Dion's daughter Euphrasia, who follows
him disguised as a page, Bellario: —

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apt to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours; you trusted me unknown;
And that which you are apt to construe now
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft, yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me: for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love

To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet:
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty; I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he: but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st,
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the Princess.

Bel. I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you; take this little prayer: —
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*]

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange,
I have read wonders of it; yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit PHIL.*]

The next scene shows the base nature of Pharamond
in contact with the honesty of Galatea, whom
he offends, and with the frail spirit of Megra, whom
he pleases. Then

Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done 't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Ask'd you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Galatea enters with news of her knowledge that
Pharamond has made an appointment to meet Megra.

She is dismissed to the presence, leaving Arethusa to act on her information, for the breaking of the Spanish match. Then

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady.

Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you, To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me: Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou can'st sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas! What kind of grief can thy years know? Had'st thou a curst master when thou went'st to school? Thou art not capable of other grief;

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be, When no breath troubles them; believe me, boy, Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes, And builds himself caves, to abide in them.

Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Can'st thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love? They are deceived, boy; does he speak of me As if he wished me well?

Bel. If it be love, To forget all respect of his own friends In thinking on your face; if it be love, To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day, Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud And hastily as men i' th' streets do fire; If it be love, to weep himself away When he but hears of any lady dead Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance; If, when he goes to rest (which will not be), 'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says he names you once, As others drop a bead, be to be in love; Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh! You are a cunning boy, and taught to lie For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie That bears this sound, is welcomer to me Than any truth that says he loves me not. Lead the way, boy: do you attend me too; 'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus; away.

The act ends with the breaking up of the court at evening, after general observation of the beauty of Bellario,—“The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis;” and Arethusa's bringing the king himself to Pharamond's lodging, with the result of open shame to Pharamond and Megra. Megra retorts upon Arethusa, who has grown, she says, enamoured of a boy now in her service.

The Third Act opens in dialogue between Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline, with current belief of this tale, and growing desire to recover the throne for Philaster from the king and his dishonest daughter. Persuaded in their own minds of the story against Arethusa, they resolve to assert more direct evidence than report for the persuading of Philaster, whom they wish to stir to the seizing of his lawful crown. He enters, they do as they purposed, meet his passion

of disbelief by putting certainty for suspicion, and so leave him in a wild tumult of jealousy. It is a tragic element in this scene that Dion unwittingly is foremost in an act that strikes at the heart of his own child. Upon the full fury of Philaster's wrath, enters Bellario.

Phi.

See, see, you gods,

Enter BELLARIO.

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear When he was innocent, is still the same, Not blasted; is this justice? Do you mean To entrap mortality, that you allow Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord! The Princess doth commend her love, her life, And this unto you.

Phi. Oh, Bellario, Now I perceive she loves me, she does show it In loving thee, my boy; she has made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish, Past my desert; more fit for her attendant, Though far unfit for me who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. Oh, let all women That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here! Here, by this paper she does write to me, As if her heart were mines of adamant To all the world besides, but unto me A maiden-snow that melted with my looks. Tell me, my boy, how doth the Princess use thee? For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were Something allied to her; or had preserved Her life three times by my fidelity; As mothers fond do use their only sons; As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust, For whom my life should pay if he met harm, So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well! But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth With all her loving secrets; and does call me Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more For leaving you; she'll see my services Regarded; and such words of that soft strain, That I am nearer weeping when she ends Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still!

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks, your words Fall not from off your tongue so evenly, Nor is there in your looks that quietness, That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceived, boy. And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And does clap thy cheeks?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

Bel. How, my lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Never, my lord, by Heaven.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life.

The passion of jealousy becomes more manifest in the next words. Bellario understands them then, and says,

You are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you ; I do see
Whereto you tend ; fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you ! 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Philaster's passion still shapes all his words. Bellario declares the Princess innocent, and adds that were she guilty,

The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass.
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee ; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee ; I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse ;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie !
So young and so dissembling ! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall on me straight, if I destroy thee not !

Bel. Heav'n knows, I never did ; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed !
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow ; and kiss those limbs,
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death ?
Can boys condemn that ?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus, without reason ?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord ;
'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy ;
A thing we all pursue ; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjurd souls ; think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjurd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with ! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of ; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I do ?
Why, who can but believe him ? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario ;
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utterest them,
That though I know them false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no vengeance on
Thy tender youth : a love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou dost ; it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,

That did so well become thee ; but, good boy,
Let me not see thee more ; something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee ; if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore !
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [Exit BEL.]

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st ! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body ? Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind !
[Exit PHILASTER.]

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel, my boy comes not back again.
But that, I know, my love will question him
Over and over ; how I slept, waked, talked ;
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sighed, sung,
And ten thousand such, I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations ? Who attends you ?

Are. None but my single self, I need no guard ;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me : have you not a boy ?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. What kind of boy ?

Are. A page, a waiting boy.

King. A handsome boy ?

Are. I think, he be not ugly ;
Well qualified and dutiful I know him ;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays ?

Are. Yes, sir !

King. About eighteen ?

Are. I never asked his age.

King. Is he full of service ?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask ?

King. Put him away.

The scandal raised by Megra now comes home to Arethusa through her father. While she is left alone in grief at this, Philaster enters.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress !

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers ; sweetest fair, the cause ?
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature made again from what I was,
And newly spirited, I'll right your honours.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy !

Phi. What boy ?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me, — What of him ?

Phi. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why ?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous, who ?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my fortune!

Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel,

Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you,
How much I lov'd you? Who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? Who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets, lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?

Who now shall sing your crying elegies?

And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,

And make them mourn? Who shall take up his lute,

And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep

Upon my eyelid, making me dream and cry,

Oh, my dear, dear Philaster.

Phi. Oh, my heart!

Would he had broken thee that made thee know

This lady was not loyal! Mistress, forget

The boy, I'll get thee a far better one.

Are. Oh, never, never, such a boy again,
As my Bellario.

Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever

All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,

And all desire to do well for itself:

Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,

Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, you put him to me, and
The loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my lord?

Phi. False Arethusa!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits

When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,

And to do thus.

Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, Arethusa! Oh, you gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
The cursed boy!

Are. Nay, then I am betrayed,
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow;
Oh, I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom; give it to your joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you;

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you.
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has: how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you. How that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,

And dies believing it, is lost for ever.

How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I th' morning with you and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vows are frosts,
Passed for a night, and with the next sun gone.
How you are, being taken altogether,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.

So farewell all my woe, all my delight! [Exit PHIL.

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!

What way have I deserved this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes
To find out constancy? Save me, how black,

Enter BELLARIO.

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now?
O thou dissembler, that, before thou spok'st,
Wert in thy cradle false! sent to make lies
And betray innocents; thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fooled by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathéd office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou would'st hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,

Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys:
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my latest leave; farewell for ever.
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault; the power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abuséd lord
And mine, that he may know your worth! whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die. [Exit BEL.

Are. Peace guide thee! thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds;
And have my story written in my wounds. [Exit.

So the Third Act ends, and the Fourth opens with
the huntsmen in the wood. The king is then with
the Princess Arethusa, Pharamond, and the chief
people of the court, and the king asks Arethusa,
"Is your boy turned away?" She answers him,
"You did command it, sir; and I obeyed you."

After a dialogue, associated with the hunting scene, that shows the scandal of a court, the wood is left to its solitude, and then enters Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then have taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. O wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out the way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must
Break through thy last command; for I must speak;
You, that are griev'd, can pity; hear, my lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Be' gone:
Go, sell those misbecoming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight,
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spoke'st, when first
I took thee up; curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy old art, I'll not betray it. Which
Way wilt thou take, that I may shun thee; for
Thine eyes are poison unto mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt PHIL. and BEL. severally.*]

Then comes Dion, who asks woodmen whether they have seen a lady ride by on a sable horse studded with stars of white. The King enters in passion. It is his daughter who is lost.

King. I wish to see my daughter, show her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me. What, am I not your king?
If, ay; then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy king to things

Possible and honest! show her me,
Or let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood.

Dion. Indeed, I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betrayed me, you have let me lose
The jewel of my life; go, bring her me,
And set her here before me; 'tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven; speak, can it not?

Dion. No.

King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

King. Is it so? Take heed!

Dion. Sir, take you heed; how you do dare the pow'rs
That must be just.

King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest;
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished;
Yet would not thus be punished; let me choose
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the gods; 'would, somebody draw
bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, and MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No, we have ta'en her horse.

He galloped empty by: there is some treason;
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood; why left you
her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! you should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her.

All separate for search, and then enters the lost
Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head;
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods:
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady; Heav'n knows, I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live, yet I
Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that have plenty,
And from that flowing store, drop some on dry ground. See
The lively red is gone to guard her heart;
I fear she faints. Madam, look up; she breathes not;
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord, your latest farewell! Oh, she stirs:
How is it, madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there; I pray thee, let me go,
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage,
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard

This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing it.
Oh, monstrous! tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he that has a heart,
But he must ease it here?

Bel. My lord, help the princess.

Are. I am well:—forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damn'd act. Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calm'd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I; I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy,—Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me; thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts: when I am dead,
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse; wherever have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me then?

Are. Kill you?

Bel. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario; thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do; begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do or suffer.

Are. If my fortunes be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.

Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world, no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Show me then the way.

Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king if he be in the forest. I have
hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not
see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing
but people better horsed than myself, that outride me; I can
hear nothing but shouting. Those kings had need of good

brains, this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his
wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this
hand, upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heavens and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

Coun. Hold, dastard! strike a woman! thou'rt a craven, I
warrant thee; thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of
venies at wasters¹ with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

Coun. Gad 'uds me, I understand you not; but, I know, the
rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thine own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which thou wilt force
me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if
you touch the woman. [*They fight.*]

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

Are. Heav'ns guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people: I am hurt.
The gods take part against me, could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force. [*Exit Phi.*]

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come
and kiss me now.

*Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, and
Woodmen.*

Phi. What art thou?

Coun. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave
has hurt her.

Phi. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound,
madam?
Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I' faith, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast, look
else.

Phi. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare do this?

Are. I felt it not.

Phi. Speak, villain: who has hurt the princess?

Coun. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Phi. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Phi. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;

Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too, he cannot go far; I made my father's
old fox fly about his ears.

Phi. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all,

'Tis some distracted fellow.

Phi. By this hand,
I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all in my hat to you.

Are. Nay, good sir;

If you do take him, bring him quick² to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.

¹ Venies at wasters, assaults in cudgel play.

² Quick, alive.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will: woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing: come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exit ARE., PHA., DION, CLE., THRA., and 1 Woodman.*]

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay sights.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep: bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever if thou wilt: you sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake!

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought, I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loath'd villain: if she be,
She will conceal who hurt her; he has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou beest
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep [*Cry within.*
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken. Hark! I am pursued. You gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy: I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. [*Wounds him.*

Bel. Oh! death, I hope, is come; blest be the hand!
It meant me well; again, for pity's sake.

Phi. I have caught myself, [*Phi. falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge,
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge: this luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.

Phi. How's this?—
Wouldst thou, I should be safe?

Bel. Else it were vain
For me to live. These little wounds, I have,
Ha' not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loathed! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know,
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee: what wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well: peace! I hear them come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; heav'n knows,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, sir, what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her; 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy that served her.

Pha. O thou damned
In thy creation! What cause could'st thou shape
To hurt the princess?

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed?

Bel. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge, for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes 'till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestowed; leaving me worse,
And more condemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great: in short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.

Pha. If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. [*PHILASTER creeps out of a bush.*

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. 'Tis the Lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramid
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him.

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas! he's mad; come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good 'twas I:
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cle. It was Philaster!

Dion. Is 't not a brave boy?

Well, sirs, I fear me, we are all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then show it; some

Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.

Would you have tears shed for you when you die?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there

I may weep floods, and breathe out my spirit:

'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold

Locked in the heart of earth can buy away

This arm-full from me; this had been a ransom

To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,

Had he been taken: you hard-hearted men,

More stony than these mountains, can you see

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh

To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds

Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears

Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth

Of poor Philaster.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, and a Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but say it was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

Are. Ay me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. No, sir; if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious fool!

Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life;

Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.

Bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence

This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,

I should to earth go weeping: grant me then

(By all the love a father bears his child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures, and their death.

Dion. Death? soft! our law

Will not reach that, for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted, take 'em to you, with a guard.

Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,

We may with more security go on

To your intended match.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not, their overwise heads will think it but a trick. *[Exeunt.]*

Here the Fourth Act ends; the Fifth thus closes the story.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes, but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches: but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away.

Dion. We'll scuffle hard before we perish.

[Exeunt.]

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA and BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. O Arethusa! O Bellario! leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so; I am a man,

False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore; can it bear us all?

Forgive and leave me, but the king hath sent

To call me to my death; oh, show it me,

And then forget me. And for thee, my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollify

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts; 'tis not a life,

'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

Should I outlive you, I should then outlive

Virtue and honour: and, when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury

And waste my limbs to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,

Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)

Do by the honour of a virgin swear

To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.

Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loathed.

Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I

For ever sleep forgotten with my faults:

Every just servant, every maid in love,

Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you?

He was not born of woman that can cut

It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,

For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done

If you had wronged me basely, and had found

My life no price, compared to yours? for love, sirs, deal with me plainly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bel. Then, sir, we would have asked your pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you, indeed? be plain.

Bel. We would, my lord.

Phi. Forgive me then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death.

[Exeunt.]

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city

And the new platform, with some gentlemen

Attending on him.

King. Is the princess ready

To bring her prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your grace.

King. Tell her, we stay.

Dion. King, you may be deceived yet:

The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly: if it must off,—
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice
In thy red ruins.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, and BELLARIO in a robe and garland.

King. How now, what masque is this?

Bel. Right royal sir, I should

Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers;
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the Sirian star and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the clouds when they were big with humour
And delivered in thousand spouts their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
'Till never-pleas'd Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they do so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choked up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorched them even to the roots, and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth.

For now there is no masquing in 't; this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband! Call in

The captain of the citadel; there you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad requiems to your parting souls:
Blood shall put out your torches, and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods:
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Cast amongst dogs, or robbed of his dear young,
The same enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me.

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.

What I have done, I've done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! for this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high, and big, as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder; make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like to the pyramids, lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods,—my little marble,
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, 'less it be some snake, or something
Like to yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, king; there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin persuade you
To love this lady. If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be sav'd; for myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languished under you, and daily withered,
That, heaven knows, it is my joy to die;
I find a recreation in 't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king?

King. Here.

Mes. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster.

Dion. O brave followers!

Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, show your weapons
In honour of your mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!

King. A thousand devils take 'em!

Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em!

Mes. Arm, arm, O king! the city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

[*Exit with ARE., PHI., BEL.*]

King. Away to the citadel; I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers: let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance. [*Exit KING.*]

[*Manent DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE.*]

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too; now, by my life, this
noble lady has deceived us all. A plague upon myself; a
thousand plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her
dear honour! Oh, I could beat myself, or do you beat me
and I'll beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true: are your swords sharp? well, my dear countrymen, what ye lack,—If you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troll you in *secula seculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What if a toy take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, *The devil take the hindmost?*

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! if they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy fleece! may the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! may their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! may they live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! may they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels; unless it be the Gothic Latin they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the KING.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they swarm together! what a hum they raise! devils choke your wild throats; if a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokerage for it, and then bring 'em on, they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster—none but Philaster—must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring Lord Philaster! Speak him fair, call him prince, do him all the courtesy you can, commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits!

[*Exit CLE.*]

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil¹ you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on's skin to quench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's scone, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter CLEREMONT with PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me; do not make Your miseries and my faults meet together, To bring a greater danger. Be yourself, Still found amongst diseases. I have wronged you, And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people, And be what you were born to: take your love, And with her my repentance, and my wishes, And all my prayers; by the gods, my heart speaks this: And if the least fall from me not performed, May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir, I will not do your greatness so much wrong, As not to make your word truth; free the princess, And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand, And hanging on your royal word: be kingly, And be not moved, sir; I shall bring you peace, Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on, Let our caps swarm, my boys, And let your nimble tongues forget your mothers' Gibberish, of "What do you lack," and set your mouths Up, children, till your palates fall frighted half a fathom, Past the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster, Let Philaster be deeper in request, my ding-dongs, My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, Than your cold water camblets or your paintings Spotted with copper; let not your hasty silks, Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin,² or your tissues, Dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard, Your Robin-hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie your affections, In durance to your shops; no, dainty duckers, Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours; And let your uncut choler make the king feel The measure of your mightiness. Philaster! Cry, my rose nobles, cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? these are mad boys, I tell you; these are things that will not strike their top-sails to a foist,³ and let a man of war, an argosy, hull and cry cockles.⁴

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know, And give your greatness warning that you talk No more such bug-words, or that soldered crown Shall be scratch'd with a musket: dear Prince Pippin, Down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled:⁵ let him loose, my spirits, Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, And let us see what this trim man dares do. Now, sir, have at you; here I lie, And with this swashing blow, (do you sweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd Like a hare at a poulterer's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains?

1 Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one so a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? give him a broad-side, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his skin in flowers like a satin, and between every flower a mortal cut; your royalty shall ravel; jag him, gentlemen; I'll have him out to the kell,⁶ then down the seams; oh, for a whip to make him galoon-laces. I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himself, He shall for this time only be sealed up With a feather through his nose, that he may only

² *Cloth of bodkin*, a rich cloth of interwoven silk and gold; its name was corrupted from *baudkin*, *baldaquin*, which is said to be from Baldach, an Oriental name for Bagdad, whence it was first brought.

³ *Foist*, barge or pinnace; from the Dutch "fuste."

⁴ *Hull and cry cockles*, float idly, and follow a mean calling. They'll not lower their flag to a flat, and let the man-of-war, the treasure ship, drift, and cry cockles.

⁵ *Coddled* or *coddled*, softened by soaking in hot water or parboiling, as pippins were, or codlins, i.e., young apples fit for boiling.

⁶ *Kell*, covering of the intestines. Allied to "caul."

¹ *Soil*, feed high; a term applied to horses, from French "saoul." So in "King Lear," act iv., sc. 6., of the dame that shakes her head at pleasure:

"The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite."

See heaven, and think whither he is going.

Nay, beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you, you'd
Be king, thou tender heir apparent to
A church-ale, thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter.

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen: but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal rosciclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty morions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men. Is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak: if not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am myself
Free as my thoughts are! by the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss the gum-golls,¹ and cry, We are your servants?
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery; set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever: there is nothing,
Perpetual imprisonment, cold, hunger, sickness,
All dangers of all sorts and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you: friends, discharge your fears,
Deliver me the prince; I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,²
And mail you like a hawk.³ [*He stirs.*]

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look you, friends, how gently he leads; upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good, my friends, go to your houses, and by me have
Your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my power

You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.

To give you more thanks, were to flatter you;
Continue still your love, and for an earnest,
Drink this.

All. Long mayest thou live, brave prince!

Brave prince! brave prince! [*Exeunt PHI. and PHA.*]

Cap. Go thy ways; thou art the king of Courtesy:
Fall off again, my sweet youths; come, and every man trace
to his house again, and hang his pewter up; then to the
tavern, and bring your wives in muffs: we will have music,
and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, CLEREMONT,
DION, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, and Attendants.*

King. Is it appeased?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep; my lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him; I have heaped a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet, I hope,
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER and PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son!

Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks, I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there; streams of grief
That I have wronged thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee; take thy right; take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexéd soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnished to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and has found it worth
His princely liking; . . .
I know your meaning; I am not the first,
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship
To bear the princess and the boy together.

Dion. How now!

The old slander is revived in the king's mind. Ho
asks one favour of Philaster.

Phi. Command whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

¹ Gumgolls. Golls are hands, and gumgolls perhaps royal hands
made for the servile part of humanity to press their gums against.

² Surcingle, band, girth. Old French "sursangle."

³ Mail a hawk, pinion, fasten the wings down with a girdle. Lat.
"macula," a mesh; Italian "maglia," a mesh, net, coat of mail;
whence mail armour.

King. Bear away the boy
To torture ; I will have her cleared or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir ;
Ask something else, bury my life and right
In one poor grave, but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me : here stands a man
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitiéd.
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful ; for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture : is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live ?

[*Offers to kill himself.*]

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet ; oh, stay that hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir, your tender flesh will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen.

Dion. No ; help, sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me ?

King. Haste there : why stay you ?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How 's that ? Will he confess ?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

Dion. Why speak'st thou not ?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord ?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like ?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you ; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Dion. By Heaven, and so there is.

Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king.
That I may 'scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage ?

Bel. I know it not, my lord.
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame ! Is it possible ? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she ?
Or else her murderer ? Where wert thou born ?

Bel. In Siracusa.

Dion. What 's thy name ?

Bel. Euphrasia.

Dion. 'Tis just, 'tis she now, I do know thee. Oh
That thou hadst died, and I had never seen
Thee nor my shame ! How shall I own thee ? Shall

This tongue of mine e'er call thee daughter more ?

Bel. 'Would I had died, indeed ; I wish it too ;
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.

King. What have you done ?

Dion. All is discovered.

Phi. Why then hold you me ?

[*He offers to stab himself.*]

All is discovered : pray you, let me go.

King. Stay him.

Are. What is discovered ?

Dion. Why, my shame.

It is a woman ; let her speak the rest.

Phi. How ! that again.

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Blest be you powers that favour innocence !

King. Lay hold upon that lady.

Phi. It is a woman, sir ; hark, gentlemen !
It is a woman. Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy : it is a woman. Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, spite of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame ?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none, but before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.

Phi. Take it freely ; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.

Are. And for me,
I have a pow'r to pardon sins as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy.

Phi. But, Bellario
(For I must call thee still so), tell me, why
Thou didst conceal thy sex ; it was a fault ;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue ; and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised ; but yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found ; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and sucked it in
Like breath, then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I : you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever : I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so : alas ! I found it love ;
Yet far from lust, for could I have but lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
From this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself

In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow.
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. And I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me,
Live free, as I do; she that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve, such virtues should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father,
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman.
Her malice cannot hurt us; set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty. But leave the court;
This is no place for such. You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.

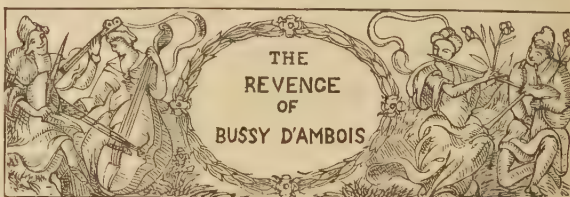
Phi. I do confess,
Renowned sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine, my blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun!—Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

George Chapman, who was born at Hitchin in 1557 or 1559, and was about forty-five years old when Queen Elizabeth died, was a good scholar as well as dramatist, a friend of Ben Jonson's and of the best men of his time. He did not begin to write plays till he was forty; and about the time of Shakespeare's death, when Chapman's age was nearly sixty, he completed his famous translation of all the works ascribed to Homer. As a dramatist, he wrote one or two good comedies, especially "All Fools," based upon Terence's "Self Tormentor" (*Heautontimoroumenos*), and "Monsieur d'Olive." His chief tragedies were, two on "The Conspiracy" and "The Tragedy" of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshal of France under Henri IV., who was still living when the plays were produced,

at about the same date as "Philaster;" and two on the story of Bussy d'Ambois, a tale of the days of Henry III. Bussy d'Ambois, a soldier of fortune, was introduced at court by Monsieur, the king's brother, who meant to use him as a tool. He proved no tool, and the Duke of Guise and the king's brother procured his death by disclosing to the Count of Montsurry a love between his wife Tamyra and the bold adventurer. This play was printed in 1607; the sequel, printed in 1613, was more meditative in its tone, a sort of Odyssey to the Iliad of its predecessor.



Border from the "Mirror for Magistrates" (1610).

It had this dedication to Sir Thomas Howard, which I leave in the old spelling:—

Sir,—Since VVorkes of this kinde haue beene lately esteemed worthy the Patronage of some of our worthiest Nobles, I haue made no doubt to preferre this of mine to your vndoubted Vertue, and exceeding true Noblesse: as contayning matter no lesse deseruing your reading, and excitation to Heroicall life, then any such late Dedication. Nor haue the greatest Princes of Italie, and other Countries, conceiued it any least diminution to their greatnesse, to haue their Names wing'd with these Tragick Plumes, and disperst by way of Patronage, through the most Noble Notices of Europe.

Howsoever therefore in the Scænicall presentation, it might meeete with some maligners, yet considering, euen therein, it past with approbation of more worthy iudgements; the Ballance of their side (especially being held by your impartiall hand) I hope will to no graine abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of eyther person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a Poeme, whose subiect is not truth, but things like truth? Poore eniuous soules they are that caull at truths want in these naturall fictions; materiall instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to Vertue, and deflection from her contrary; being the soule, lims, and limits of an autenticall Tragedie. But whatsoever merit of your full countenance and fauour suffers defect in this, I shall soone supply with some other of more generall account: wherein your right vertuous Name made famous and preserued to posteritie, your future comfort and honour in your present acceptation, and loue of all vertuous and diuine expression; may be so much past others of your Rancke encreast, as they are short of your Iudiciall Ingenuitie, in their due estimation.

For, howsoever those Ignoble and sowrebrow'd VVorldlings are carelesse of whatsoever future, or present opinion spreads of them; yet (with the most diuine Philosopher, if Scripture did not confirme it) I make it matter of my Faith; that we truely retain an intellectuall feeling of Good or Bad after this life; proportionably answerable to the loue or neglect we beare here to all Vertue, and truely-humane Instruction: In whose fauour and honour I wish you most eminent; And rest euer.

Your true Vertues
most true obseruer,
Geo. Chapman.

The play opens with dialogue between Baligny, Lord Lieutenant of Cambray (who is brother-in-law to the murdered Bussy), and Marquis Renel. The murder of Bussy has been permitted to pass unpunished, war and the spirit of war have died out, men rust in idleness, but, says Baligny, affecting to be the faithful follower of the Duke of Guise—

Well thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,
Make with thy greatness a new world arise.
Such deprest nobles (followers of his)
As you, myself, my lord will find a time
When to revenge your wrongs.

Ren. I make no doubt:

In meantime, I could wish the wrong were righted
Of your slain brother-in-law, brave Bussy d'Ambois.

Bal. That one accident was made my charge.

My brother Bussy's sister, now my wife,
By no suit would consent to satisfy
My love of her with marriage, till I vow'd
To use my utmost to revenge my brother:
But Clermont d'Ambois, Bussy's second brother,
Had since his apparition and excitement
To suffer none but his hand in his wreak,
Which he hath vowed, and so will needs acquit
Me of my vow, made to my wife, his sister,
And undertake himself Bussy's revenge:
Yet loathing any way to give it act
But in the noblest and most manly course.
If the Earl dares take it, he resolves to send
A challenge to him, and myself must bear it,
To which delivery I can use no means;
He is so barricaded in his house,
And armed with guard still.

Ren. That means lay on me,
Which I can strangely make. My last lands' sale,
By his great suit, stands now on price with him,
And he, as you know, passing covetous
With that blind greediness that follows gain,
Will cast no danger where her sweet feet tread.
Besides, you know, his lady by his suit,
Wooing as freshly as when first Love shot
His faultless arrows from her rosy eyes,
Now lives with him again, and she, I know,
Will join with all helps in her friend's revenge.

Bal. No doubt, my lord, and therefore let me pray you
To use all speed: for so on needles' points
My wife's heart stands with haste of the revenge,
Being, as you know, full of her brother's fire,
That she imagines I neglect my vow;
Keeps off her kind embraces, and still asks:
When, when, will this revenge come? when performed
Will this dull vow be? And I vow to heaven
So sternly, and so past her sex she urges
My vow's performance, that I almost fear
To see her, when I have a while been absent,
Not showing her, before I speak, the blood
She so much thirsts for freckling hands and face.

Ren. Get you the challenge writ, and look from me
To hear your passage cleared no long time after. [*Exit REN.*]

Bal. All restitution to your worthiest lordship,
Whose errand I must carry to the king,
As having sworn my service in the search
Of all such malcontents and their designs
By seeming one affected with their faction
And discontented humours 'gainst the state:
Nor doth my brother Clermont 'scape my counsel

Given to the king about his Guisean greatness,
Which, as I spice it, hath possessed the king
(Knowing his daring spirit) of much danger
Charged in it to his person. Though my conscience
Dare swear him clear of any power to be
Infected with the least dishonesty,
Yet that sincerity, we politicians
Must say, grows out of envy, since it cannot
Aspire to policy's greatness: and the more
We work on all respects of kind and virtue,
The more our service to the king seems great,
In sparing no good that seems bad to him:
And the more bad we make the most of good,
The more our policy searcheth; and our service
Is wondered at for wisdom and sincereness.
'Tis easy to make good suspected still,
Where good, and God, are made but cloaks for ill.
See Monsieur taking now his leave for Brabant,

*Enter HENRY, MONSIEUR, GUISE, CLERMONT, ESPERNONE,
SOISSON. MONSIEUR taking leave of the KING.*

The Guise, and his dear minion, Clermont d'Ambois,
Whispering together, not of state affairs
I durst lay wagers, (though the Guise be now
In chief heat of his faction), but of something
Savouring of that which all men else despise,
How to be truly noble, truly wise.

Mons. See how he hangs upon the ear of Guise,
Like to his jewel.

Esp. He's now whispering in
Some doctrine of stability and freedom,
Contempt of outward greatness and the guises
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeal,
Being only servile trains and sumptuous houses,
High places, offices.

Mons. Contempt of these
Does he read to the Guise? 'Tis passing needful,
And he, I think, makes show to affect his doctrine.

Esp. Commends, admires it.

Mons. And pursues another.
'Tis fine hypocrisy, and cheap, and vulgar,
Known for a covert practice, yet believed
By those abused souls, that they teach and govern, . . .
As made by custom nothing. This same D'Ambois
Hath gotten such opinion of his virtues,
Holding all learning but an art to live well,
And showing he hath learned it in his life,
Being thereby strong in his persuading others,
That this ambitious Guise, embracing him,
Is thought t' embrace his virtues.

Esp. Yet in some
His virtues are held false for the other's vices:
For 'tis more cunning held, and much more common,
To suspect truth than falsehood: and of both,
Truth still fares worse; as hardly being believed
As 'tis unusual and rarely known.

Mons. I'll part engendering virtue. Men affirm
Though this same Clermont hath a D'Ambois' spirit
And breathes his brother's valour, yet his temper
Is so much past his, that you cannot move him:—
I'll try that temper in him.—Come, you two
Devour each other with your virtue's zeal,
And leave for other friends no fragment of ye:
I wonder, Guise, you will thus ravish him
Out of my bosom, that first gave the life
His manhood breathes, spirit, and means and lustre.
What do men think of me, I pray thee, Clermont?

Once give me leave (for trial of that love
That from thy brother Bussy thou inheritest)
T' unclasp thy bosom.

Cler. As how, sir?

Mons. Be a true glass to me, in which I may
Behold what thoughts the many-headed beast,
And thou thyself, breathes out concerning me,
My ends, and new upstart state in Brabant,
For which I now am bound; my higher aims,
Imagined here in France: speak, man, and let
Thy words be born as naked as thy thoughts:—
Oh, were brave Bussy living!

Cler. Living, my lord?

Mons. Tis true, thou art his brother, but durst thou
Have braved the Guise; mauger his presence, courted
His wedded lady; emptied even the dregs
Of his worst thoughts of me, even to my teeth:
Discern'd not me his rising sovereign
From any common groom, but let me hear
My grossest faults, as grossful as they were.
Durst thou do this?

Cler. I cannot tell: a man
Does never know the goodness of his stomach
Till he sees meat before him. Were I dared,
Perhaps, as he was, I durst do like him.

Mons. Dare then to pour out here thy freest soul,
Of what I am.

Cler. 'Tis stale. He told you it.

Mons. He only jested, spake of spleen and envy:
Thy soul, more learned, is more ingenuous,
Searching, judicial; let me then from thee
Hear what I am.

Cler. What but the sole support
And most expectant hope of all our France,
The toward victor of the whole Low Countries?

Mons. Tush, thou wilt sing encomiums of my praise.
Is this like D'Ambois? I must vex the Guise,
Or never look to hear free truth; tell me,
For Bussy lives not: he durst anger me,
Yet for my love would not have feared to anger
The king himself. Thou understand'st me, dost not?

Cler. I shall, my lord, with study.

Mons. Dost understand thyself? I pray thee tell me,—
Dost never search thy thoughts, what my design
Might be to entertain thee and thy brother?
What turn I meant to serve with you?

Cler. Even what you please to think.

Mons. But what think'st thou?
Had I no end in 't, think'st?

Cler. I think you had.

Mons. When I took in such two as you two were,
A ragged couple of decayed commanders,
When a French crown would plentifully serve
To buy you both to anything i' th' earth,—

Cler. So it would you.

Mons. Nay, bought you both outright,
You and your trunks: I fear me, I offend thee.

Cler. No, not a jot.

Mons. The most renownéd soldier
Epaminondas (as good authors say)
Had no more suits than backs, but you two shared
But one suit 'twixt you both, when both your studies
Were not what meat to dine with; if your partridge,
Your snipe, your woodcock, lark, or your red herring;—
But where to beg it, whether at my house,
Or at the Guise's (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars), or at some cookshop,

To eternise the cook's trust, and score it up.
Dost not offend thee?

Cler. No, sir. Pray proceed.

Mons. As for thy gentry, I dare boldly take
Thy honourable oath: and yet some say
Thou and thy most renownéd noble brother
Came to the court first in a keel of sea-coal.
Dost not offend thee?

Cler. Never doubt it, sir.

Mons. Why do I love thee then? why have I raked thee
Out of the dunghill? cast my cast wardrobe on thee?
Brought thee to court too, as I did thy brother?
Made ye my saucy boon companions?
Taught ye to call our bravest noblemen
By the corruption of their names: Jack, Tom?
Have I blown both for nothing to this bubble?
Though thou art learn'd; thou 'st no enchanting wit,
Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound
To keep thee for my table?

Cler. Well, sir, 'twere

A good knight's place. Many a proud dubb'd gallant
Seeks out a poor knight's living from such emrods.¹

Mons. Of what use else should I design thee to?
Perhaps you'll answer me, to be my pander.

Cler. Perhaps I shall.

Mons. Or did the sly Guise put thee
Into my bosom, to undermine my projects?
I fear thee not; for though I be not sure
I have thy heart, I know thy brain-pan yet
To be as empty a dull piece of wainscot
As ever armed the scalp of any courtier;
A fellow only that consists of sinews;
Mere Swisser, apt for any execution.

Cler. But killing of the king.

Mons. Right: now I see
Thou understand'st thyself.

Cler. Ay, and you better.

You are a king's son born.

Mons. Right.

Cler. And a king's brother.

Mons. True.

Cler. And might not any fool have been so too,
As well as you?

Mons. A [plague] upon you.

Cler. You did no princely deeds
Ere you were born, I take it, to deserve it;
Nor did you any since that I have heard;
Nor will do ever any, as all think.

Mons. The devil take him. I'll no more of him.

Guise. Nay: stay, my lord, and hear him answer you.

Mons. No more, I swear. Farewell.

[*Ex. MONS., ESPER., SOISS.*]

Guise. No more? Ill fortune!
I would have given a million to have heard
His scoffs retorted: and the insolence
Of his high birth and greatness (which were never
Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)
Made show to his dull eyes beneath the worth
That men aspire to by their knowing virtues,
Without which greatness is a shade, a bubble.

Cler. But what one great man dreams of that, but you?
All take their births and birthrights left to them,
Acquired by others, for their own worth's purchase,

¹ *Emrods*, emeralds: held restorative as princes—

“—in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend.”

(Shakspeare, “*Lover's Complaint*.”)

When many a fool in both is great as they :
 And who would think they could win with their worths
 Wealthy possessions when, won to their hands,
 They neither can judge justly of their value
 Nor know their use ; and therefore they are puff'd
 With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is :
 Enabled only by the goods they have
 To scorn all goodness : none great, fill their fortunes.
 But as those men that make their houses greater
 Their households being less, so fortune raises
 Huge heaps of outside in these mighty men,
 And gives them nothing in them.

Guise. True as truth :

And therefore they had rather drown their substance
 In superfluities of bricks and stones ;
 Like Sisypheus, advancing of them ever,
 And ever pulling down ; than lay the cost
 Of any sluttish corner on a man
 Built with God's finger and enstiled his temple.

Bal. 'Tis nobly said, my lord.

Guise. I would have these things
 Brought upon stages, to let mighty misers
 See all their grave and serious miseries played,
 As once they were in Athens and old Rome.

Cler. Nay, we must now have nothing brought on stages
 But puppetry and pied ridiculous antics :
 Men thither come, to laugh, and feed fool-fat,
 Check at all goodness there, as being profaned :
 When wheresoever Goodness comes, she makes
 The place still sacred, though with other feet
 Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.
 Let me learn anything that fits a man,
 In any stables shown as well as stages.

Bal. Why ? is not all the world esteemed a stage ?

Cler. Yes : and right worthily : and stages too
 Have a respect due to them, if but only
 For what the good Greek moralist says of them :
 Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches ?
 Give me an expert actor, I'll show all
 That can within his greatest glory fall.
 Is a man 'fraid with poverty and lowliness ?
 Give me an actor, I'll show every eye
 What he laments so, and so much doth fly,
 The best and worst of both : if but for this then,
 To make the proudest outside that most swells
 With things without him and above his worth
 See how small cause he has to be so blown up ;
 And the most poor man to be grieved with poorness ;
 Both being so easily borne by expert actors.
 The stage and actors are not so contemptful
 As every innovating Puritan
 And ignorant sweater out of zealous envy
 Would have the world imagine. And besides
 That all things have been likened to the mirth
 Used upon stages, and for stages fitted,
 The splenetic philosopher that ever
 Laughed at them all, were worthy the enstaging.
 All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears,
 He so conceited that he could distil thence
 Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.
 Heard he a lawyer, never so vehement pleading ;
 He stood and laughed. Heard he a tradesman swearing
 Never so thriftily, selling of his wares ;
 He stood and laughed. Heard he a holy brother,
 For hollow ostentation, at his prayers
 Ne'er so impetuously ; he stood and laughed.
 Saw he a great man never so insulting,

Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws,
 Not for their good, but his ; he stood and laughed.
 Saw he a youthful widow
 Never so weeping, wringing of her hands,
 For her lost lord ; still the philosopher laughed.
 Now whether he supposed all these presentments,
 Were only maskeries, and wore false faces,
 Or else were simply vain, I take no care,
 But still he laughed, how grave soe'er they were.

Guise. And might right well, my Clermont ; and for this
 Virtuous digression, we will thank the scoffs
 Of vicious Monsieur. But now for the main point
 Of your late resolution for revenge
 Of your slain friend.

Cler. I have here my challenge,
 Which I will pray my brother Baligny
 To bear the murderous earl.

Bal. I have prepared
 Means for access to him, through all his guard.

Guise. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
 And bring us the success.

Bal. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Then the scene turns to Tamyra breathing revenge
 with thought of the slain Bussy, turns to Montsurry,
 and the device for a half forcible delivery to him by
 Baligny of the challenge from Bussy's brother Clermont.
 The opening of the Second Act shows Baligny,
 a treacherous spy on the Duke of Guise, in private
 discourse with Henri III. This is the whole Act.

HENRY ; BALIGNY.

Hen. Come, Baligny, we now are private. Say,
 What service bring'st thou ? make it short ; the Guise
 (Whose friend thou seem'st) is now in court, and near,
 And may observe us.

Bal. This, sir, then, in short.
 The faction of the Guise (with which my policy,
 For service to your highness seems to join)
 Grows ripe, and must be gather'd into hold ;
 Of which my brother Clermont being a part
 Exceeding capital, deserves to have
 A capital eye on him. And as you may
 With best advantage, and your speediest charge,
 Command his apprehension : which (because
 The Court, you know, is strong in his defence)
 We must ask country swinge¹ and open fields.
 And therefore I have wrought him to go down
 To Cambray with me (of which government
 Your highness' bounty made me your lieutenant) ;
 Where when I have him, I will leave my house
 And feign some service out about the confines,
 When in the meantime, if you please to give
 Command to my lieutenant, by your letters,
 To train² him to some muster where he may,
 Much to his honour, see for him your forces
 Put into battle ; when he comes, he may
 With some close stratagem be apprehended.
 For otherwise your whole powers there will fail
 To work his apprehension : and with that
 My hand needs never be discerned therein.

Hen. Thanks, honest Baligny.

Bal. Your highness knows
 I will be honest and betray for you
 Brother and father : for, I know, my lord,

¹ Swinge, or swing, space for action.

² Train, draw deceitfully.

Treachery for kings is truest loyalty ;
 Nor is to bear the name of treachery,
 But grave, deep policy. All acts that seem
 Ill in particular respects, are good
 As they respect your universal rule,
 As in the main sway of the universe
 The supreme Rector's general decrees
 To guard the mighty globes of earth and heaven ;
 Since they make good that guard to preservation
 Of both those in their order and first end,
 No man's particular (as he thinks) wrong
 Must hold him wrong'd : no, not though all men's reasons,
 All law, all conscience, concludes it wrong.

Nor is comparison a flatterer
 To liken you here to the King of kings,
 Nor any man's particular offence
 Against the world's sway, to offence at yours
 In any subject, who as little may
 Grudge their particular wrong if so it seem
 For th' universal right of your estate :
 As (being a subject of the world's whole sway
 As well as yours, and being a righteous man
 To whom heaven promises defence, and blessing,
 Brought to decay, disgrace, and quite defenceless,)
 He may complain of heaven for wrong to him.

Hen. 'Tis true : the simile at all parts holds,
 As all good subjects hold, that love our favour.

Bal. Which is our heaven here ; and a misery
 Incomparable, and most truly hellish
 To live deprived of our king's grace and countenance,
 Without which best conditions are most cursed.
 Life of that nature, howsoever short,
 Is a most lingering, and tedious life ;
 Or rather no life, but a languishing,
 And an abuse of life.

Hen. 'Tis well conceited.

Bal. I thought it not amiss to yield your highness
 A reason of my speeches ; lest perhaps
 You might conceive I flattered : which I know
 Of all ills under heaven you most abhor.

Hen. Still thou art right, my virtuous Baligny,
 For which I thank and love thee. Thy advice
 I'll not forget ; haste to thy government,
 And carry D'Ambois with thee.—So farewell.

Bal. Your majesty fare ever like itself.

Enter GUISE.

Guise. My sure friend Baligny !

Bal. Noblest of princes !

Guise. How stands the State of Cambray ?

Bal. Strong, my lord,
 And fit for service : for whose readiness
 Your creature Clermont d'Ambois and myself
 Ride shortly down.

Guise. That Clermont is my love ;
 France never bred a nobler gentleman
 For all parts : he exceeds his brother Bussy.

Bal. Ay, my lord ?

Guise. Far : because besides his valour
 He hath the crown of man, and all his parts,
 Which learning is ; and that so true and virtuous,
 That it gives power to do, as well as say,
 Whatever fits a most accomplished man ;
 Which Bussy, for his valour's season, lacked,
 And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes
 Beyond decorum, where this absolute Clermont,
 Though only for his natural zeal to right

He will be fiery when he sees it crossed,
 And in defence of it ; yet when he lists
 He can contain that fire, as hid in embers.

Bal. No question, he's a true, learn'd gentleman.

Guise. He is as true as tides, or any star
 Is in his motion : and for his rare learning,
 He is not (as all else are that seek knowledge)
 Of taste so much depraved, that they had rather
 Delight and satisfy themselves to drink
 Of the stream troubled, wand'ring ne'er so far
 From the clear fount, than of the fount itself.
 In all, Rome's Brutus is revived in him,
 Whom he of industry doth imitate.
 Or rather, as great Troy's Euphorbus was
 After Pythagoras ; so is Brutus, Clermont.
 And were not Brutus a conspirator—

Bal. Conspirator, my lord ? Doth that impair him ?
 Cæsar began to tyrannise ; and when virtue
 Nor the religion of the gods could serve
 To curb the insolence of his proud laws,
 Brutus would be the gods' just instrument.
 What said the princess, sweet Antigone,
 In the grave Greek tragedian, when the question
 'Twixt her and Creon is, for laws of kings ?
 Which when he urges, she replies on him,
 Though his laws were a king's, they were not God's ;
 Nor would she value Creon's written laws
 With God's unwritten edicts : since they last not
 This day and the next, but every day and ever,
 Where king's laws alter every day and hour,
 And in that change imply a bounded power.

Gui. Well, let us leave these vain disputings what
 Is to be done, and fall to doing something.

When are you for your government in Cambray ?

Bal. When you command, my lord.

Gui. Nay, that's not fit.

Continue your designments with the king,
 With all your service ; only if I send,
 Respect me as your friend, and love my Clermont.

Bal. Your highness knows my vows.

Gui. Ay, 'tis enough. [*Exit GUISE. Manet BAL.*]

Bal. Thus must we play on both sides, and thus hearten
 In any ill those men whose good we hate.

Kings may do what they list, and for kings, subjects ;
 Either exempt from censure or exception :
 For, as no man's worth can be justly judg'd
 But when he shines in some authority,
 So no authority should suffer censure
 But by a man of more authority.
 Great vessels into less are emptied never,
 There's a redundancy past their continent ever.
 These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures ;
 For look how spinners weave out of themselves
 Webs, whose strange matter none before can see ;
 So these, out of an unseen good in Virtue,
 Make arguments of right and comfort in her,
 That clothe them like the poor web of a spinner.

Enter CLERMONT.

Cler. Now, to my challenge. What's the place, the weapon ?

Bal. Soft, sir : let first your challenge be received.
 He would not touch, nor see it.

Cler. Possible !

How did you then ?

Bal. Left it, in his despite.

But when he saw me enter, so expectless,¹

¹ Expectless, unexpected.

To hear his base exclaims of murder, murder,
Made me think noblesse lost in him, quick buried.¹

Cler. They are the breathing sepulchres of noblesse;
No trulier noblemen, than lions' pictures
Hung up for signs are lions. Who knows not
That lions the more soft kept, are more servile?
And look how lions close kept, fed by hand,
Lose quite th' innative fire of spirit and greatness
That lions free breathe, foraging for prey;
And grow so gross, that mastiffs, curs, and mongrels
Have spirit to cow them; so our soft French nobles
Chained up in ease and numbed security,
Their spirits shrunk up like their covetous fists;
And never opened but Domitian-like,
And all his base, obsequious minions,
When they were catching, though it were but flies;
Besotted with their peasants' love of gain,
Rusting at home, and on each other preying,
Are for their greatness but the greater slaves,
And none is noble but who scrapes and saves.

Bal. 'Tis base, 'tis base; and yet they think them high.

Cler. So children mounted on their hobby-horse,
Think they are riding, when with wanton toil
They bear what should bear them. A man may well
Compare them to those foolish great-spleened camels,
That to their high heads, begged of Jove horns higher;
Whose most uncomely and ridiculous pride
When he had satisfied, they could not use,
But where they went upright before, they stooped,
And bore their heads much lower for their horns:
As these high men do, low in all true grace,
Their height being privileged to all things base.
And as the foolish poet that still writ
All his most self-lov'd verse in paper royal,
Of parchment rul'd with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings;
Never so blest as when he writ and read
The ape-lov'd issue of his brain; and never
But joying in himself; admiring ever;—
Yet in his works behold him, and he show'd
Like to a ditcher: so these painted men,
All set on outside, look upon within,
And not a peasant's entrails you shall find
More foul and meased, nor more starved of mind.

Bal. That makes their bodies fat. I fain would know
How many millions of our other nobles
Would make one Guise. There is a true tenth worthy,
Who, did not one act only blemish him—

Cler. One act? what one?

Bal. One, that (though years past done)
Sticks by him still, and will distain him ever.

Cler. Good heaven! wherein? what one act can you name
Suppos'd his stain, that I'll not prove his lustre?

Bal. To satisfy you, 'twas the Massacre.

Cler. The Massacre? I thought 'twas some such blemish.

Bal. Oh, it was heinous.

Cler. To a brutish sense,

But not a manly reason. We so tender
The vile part in us, that the part divine
We see in hell and shrink not. Who was first
Head of that Massacre?

Bal. The Guise.

Cler. 'Tis nothing so.

Who was in fault for all the slaughters made

In Ilion, and about it? Were the Greeks?
Was it not Paris ravishing the queen
Of Lacedæmon? Breach of shame and faith?
And all the laws of hospitality?
This is the beastly slaughter made of men,
When Truth is overthrown, his laws corrupted;
When souls are smother'd in the flattered flesh,
Slain bodies are no more than oxen slain.

Bal. Differ not men from oxen?

Cler. Who says so?

But see wherein. In the understanding rules
Of their opinions, lives, and actions;
In their communities of faith and reason.
Was not the wolf that nourished Romulus
More human than the men that did expose him?

Bal. That makes against you.

Cler. Not, sir, if you note

That by that deed, the actions difference make
'Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor forms.
Had faith nor, shame, all hospitable rights
Been broke by Troy, Greece had not made that slaughter.
Had that been saved (says a philosopher),
The Iliads and Odysseys had been lost:
Had faith and true religion been preferred,
Religious Guise had never massacred.

Bal. Well, sir, I cannot when I meet with you
But thus digress a little, for my learning,
From any other business I intend.
But now the voyage we resolv'd for Cambray,
I told the Guise, begins; and we must haste.
And till the Lord Renel hath found some means
(Conspiring with the countess) to make sure
Your sworn wreak on her husband, though this failed,
In my so brave command we'll spend the time,
Sometimes in training out in skirmishes
And battles all our troops and companies,
And sometimes breathe your brave Scotch running horse,
That great Guise gave you, that all th' horse in France
Far over-runs at every race and hunting
Both of the hare and deer. You shall be honoured
Like the great Guise himself, above the king.
And (can you but appease your great-spleened sister,
For our delayed wreak of your brother's slaughter)
At all parts you'll be welcomed to your wonder.

Cler. I'll see my lord the Guise again before
We take our journey.

Bal. Oh, sir, by all means:

You cannot be too careful of his love,
That ever takes occasion to be raising
Your virtues, past the reaches of this age,
And ranks you with the best of th' ancient Romans.

Cler. That praise at no part moves me, but the worth
Of all he can give others spher'd in him.

Bal. He yet is thought to entertain strange aims.

Cler. He may be, well; yet not as you think strange.
His strange aims are to cross the common custom
Of servile nobles; in which he's so ravished,
That quite the earth he leaves, and up he leaps
On Atlas' shoulders, and from thence looks down,
Viewing how far off other high ones creep:
Rich, poor of reason, wander; all pale looking,
And trembling but to think of their sure deaths,
Their lives so base are, and so rank their breaths,
Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make sweet
With life's dear odours, a good mind and name;
For which, he only loves me, and deserves
My love and life, which through all deaths I vow:

¹ Quick buried, buried alive.

Resolving this, whatever change can be,
Thou hast created, thou hast ruined me.

[Exit.]

In the Third Act Captain Maillard, Chalon, and Aumale are in Cambray with troops, having secret instructions to arrest Clermont, who has, according to the design already set forth, been left by Baligny, and upon whom the troops have come with an outward show of paying him honour. He is warned. Those plotting his ruin deceive him with false oaths. He doubts; but alike philosophical and brave, goes at the close of the Act to see a review held in his honour, at which two soldiers, sent to him in the disguise of attendant lacqueys, have been appointed to strike him down and seize him. Then these are the Fourth and Fifth Acts.



CÆNA PRIMA.

Alarum within. Excursions over the stage.

The Lacqueys running, MAILLARD following them.

Mail. Villains, not hold him when ye had him down.

1. Who can hold lightning? 'Sdeath, a man as well

Might catch a cannon bullet in his mouth,

And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.

Mail. Pursue; enclose him; stand, or fall on him, And ye may take him. 'Sdeath, they make him guards.

[Exit.]

Alarum still, and enter CHALON.

Chal. Stand, cowards, stand, strike, send your bullets at him.

1. We came to entertain him, sir, for honour.

2. Did ye not say so?

Chal. Slaves, he is a traitor:
Command the horse troops to overrun the traitor. [Exit.]

Shouts within. Alarum still, and chambers shot off. Then enter AUMALE.

Aum. What spirit breathes thus in this more than man,
Turns flesh to air possessed, and in a storm
Tears men about the field like autumn leaves?
He turned wild lightning in the lackey's hands,
Who, though their sudden violent twitch unhorsed him,
Yet when he bore himself, their saucy fingers
Flew as too hot off, as he had been fire.
The ambush then made in, through all whose force,
He drove as if a fierce and fire-given cannon
Had spit his iron vomit out amongst them.
The battles then, in two half-moons enclosed him,
In which he showed as if he were the light
And they but earth, who wond'ring what he was
Shrunk their steel horns, and gave him glorious pass:
And as a great shot from a town besieged
At foes before it flies forth black and roaring,
But they too far, and that with weight oppress'd,
As if disdainful earth doth only graze,
Strike earth, and up again into the air,
Again sinks to it, and again doth rise,

And keeps such strength that when it softliest moves,
It piecemeal shivers any let it proves,—
So flew brave Clermont forth, till breath forsook him:
His spirit's convulsions made him bound again,
Past all their reaches, till, all motion spent,
His fixed eyes cast a blaze of such disdain,
All stood and stared, and untouched let him lie,
As something sacred fallen out of the sky.

[A cry within.]

Oh, now some rude hand hath laid hold on him!

Enter MAILLARD, CHALON leading CLERMONT, Captains and Soldiers following.

See, prisoner led, with his bonds honoured more
Than all the freedom he enjoyed before.

Mail. At length we have you, sir.

Cler. You have much joy too,
I made you sport yet. But I pray you tell me,
Are not you perjurd?

Mail. No: I swore for the king.

Cler. Yet perjury I hope is perjury.

Mail. But thus forswearing is not perjury.

You are no politician. Not a fault,

How foul soever done for private ends,

Is fault in us sworn to the public good.

We never can be of the damned crew.

We may impolitic ourselves, as 'twere,

Into the kingdom's body politic,

Whereof indeed we are members. You miss terms.

Cler. The things are yet the same.

Mail. 'Tis nothing so: the property is alter'd:

You are no lawyer. Or say that oath and oath

Are still the same in number, yet their species

Differ extremely.

Cler. Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none:
Retain you that, sir? who said so?

Mail. 'Twas I.

Cler. Thy own tongue damn thine infidelity.

But captains all, you know me nobly born,

Use ye t' assault such men as I with lackeys?

Chal. They are no lackeys, sir, but soldiers,
Disguis'd in lackeys' coats.

1. Sir, we have seen the enemy.

Cler. Avaunt, ye rascals, hence!

Mail. Now leave your coats.

Cler. Let me not see them more.

Aum. I grieve that Virtue lives so undistinguish'd

From Vice in any ill, and though the crown

Of sovereign law she should be yet her footstool,

Subject to censure, all the shame and pain

Of all her rigour.

Cler. Yet false policy

Would cover all, being like offenders hid,

That, after notice taken where they hide,

The more they crouch and stir the more are spied.

Aum. I wonder how this chanc'd you.

Cler. Some informer,

Bloodhound to mischief, usher to the hangman,

Thirsty of honour for some huge state act,

Perceiving me great with the worthy Guise,

And he, I know not why, held dangerous,

Made me the desperate organ of his danger,

Only with that poor colour: 'tis the common

And more than [cat]-like trick of treachery,

And vermin bred to rapine and to ruin:

For which this fault is still to be accus'd;

Since good acts fail, crafts and deceits are us'd.
If it be other, never pity me.

Aum. Sir, we are glad, believe it, and have hope
The king will so conceit it.

Cler. At his pleasure.

In meantime, what's your will, lord-lieutenant?

Mail. To leave your own horse, and to mount the trumpet's.

Cler. It shall be done: this heavily prevents
My purposed recreation in these parts;
Which now I think on: let me beg you, sir,
To lend me some one captain of your troops,
To bear the message of my hapless service
And misery, to my most noble mistress,
Countess of Cambray: to whose house this night
I promis'd my repair, and know most truly
With all the ceremonies of her favour
She sure expects me.

Mail. Think you now on that?

Cler. On that, sir? Ay, and that so worthily,
That if the king, in spite of your great service,
Would send me instant promise of enlargement,
Condition I would set this message by,
I would not take it, but had rather die.

Aum. Your message shall be done, sir: I myself
Will be for you a messenger of ill.

Cler. I thank you, sir, and doubt not yet to live
To quit your kindness.

Aum. Mean space use your spirit
And knowledge for the cheerful patience
Of this so strange and sudden consequence.

Cler. Good sir, believe that no particular torture
Can force me from my glad obedience
To anything the high and general Cause,
To match with his whole fabric, hath ordained.
And know ye all (though far from all your aims,
Yet worth them all, and all men's endless studies)
That in this one thing, all the discipline
Of manners and of manhood is contain'd:
A man to join himself with th' universe
In his main sway, and make, in all things fit,
One with that all, and go on, round as it;
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into straits, or into nought revert,
Wishing the complete universe might be
Subject to such a rag of it as he:
But to consider great necessity
All things, as well refract as voluntary,
Reduceth to the prime celestial Cause,—
Which he that yields to with a man's applause,
And cheek by cheek goes, crossing it no breath,
But like God's image follows to the death,
That man is truly wise; and everything,
Each cause, and every part, distinguishing
In nature, with enough art understands,
And that full glory merits at all hands,
That doth the whole world at all parts adorn,
And appertains to one celestial born. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter BALIGNY, RENEL.

Bal. So foul a scandal never man sustained,
Which caus'd by the king, is rude and tyrannous:
Give me a place, and my lieutenant make
The filler of it!

Ren. I should never look
For better of him; never trust a man,
For any justice, that is rapt with pleasure;
To order arms well, that makes smocks his ensigns,

And his whole governments sails: you heard of late,
He had the four-and-twenty ways of venery
Done all before him.

Bal. 'Twas abhorr'd and beastly.

Ren. 'Tis more than nature's mighty hand can do
To make one humane and a lecher too.

Look how a wolf doth like a dog appear,
So, like a friend is an adulterer,
Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods
No more true men are, than so many toads.
A good man happy, is a common good;
Vile men advanced live of the common blood.

Bal. Give and then take, like children.

Ren. Bounties are
As soon repented as they happen rare.

Bal. What should kings do, and men of eminent places;
But as they gather, sow gifts to the graces?
And where they have given, rather give again,
(Being given for virtue) than like babes and fools,
Take and repent gifts; why are wealth and power?

Ren. Power and wealth move to tyranny, not bounty.
The merchant for his wealth is swollen in mind,
When yet the chief lord of it is the wind.

Bal. That may so chance to our state-merchants too:
Something performed, that hath not far to go.

Ren. That's the main point, my lord; insist on that.

Bal. But doth this fire rage further? hath it taken
The tender tinder of my wife's sere blood?
Is she so passionate?

Ren. So wild, so mad,
She cannot live, and this unwreaked sustain.
The woes are bloody that in women reign.
The Sicile gulf keeps fear in less degree;
There is no tiger, not more tame than she.

Bal. There is no looking home then?

Ren. Home? Medea
With all her herbs, charms, thunders, lightnings,
Made not her presence and black haunts more dreadful.

Bal. Come, to the king, if he reform not all,
Mark the event, none stand where that must fall. [Exeunt.

Enter Countess, RIOUA, and an Usher.

Ush. Madame, a captain come from Clermont D'Ambois
Desires access to you.

Count. And not himself?

Ush. No, madame.

Count. That's not well. Attend him in. [Exit Usher.
The last hour of his promise now run out
And he break? some brack¹'s in the frame of nature
That forceth his breach.

Enter Usher and AUMALE.

Aum. Save your ladyship.

Count. All welcome. Come you from my worthy servant?

Aum. Ay, madame, and confer such news from him.

Count. Such news? what news?

Aum. News that I wish some other had the charge of.

Count. Oh, what charge? what news?

Aum. Your ladyship must use some patience
Or else I cannot do him that desire,
He urg'd with such affection to your grace's.

Count. Do it; for heaven's love do it, if you serve
His kind desires; I will have patience.
Is he in health?

Aum. He is.

¹ Brack, flaw.

Count. Why, that's the ground
Of all the good estate we hold in earth;
All our ill built upon that, is no more
Than we may bear, and should. Express it all.

Aum. Madam, 'tis only this; his liberty.

Count. His liberty! Without that, health is nothing.
Why live I, but to ask in doubt of that,
Is that bereft him?

Aum. You'll again prevent me.

Count. No more, I swear, I must hear, and together
Come all my misery. I'll hold though I burst.

Aum. Then, madame, thus it fares: he was invited
By way of honour to him, to take view
Of all the powers his brother Baligny
Hath in his government; which rang'd in battles,
Maillard, lieutenant to the governor,
Having received strict letters from the king,
To train him to the musters, and betray him,
To their surprise, which, with Chalon in chief,
And other captains, all the field put hard
By his incredible valour for his 'scape,
They haplessly and guiltlessly perform'd,
And to Bastille he's now led prisoner.

Count. What change is here? how are my hopes prevented?
Oh, my most faithful servant; thou betrayed!
Will kings make treason lawful? Is society
(To keep which only, kings were first ordain'd)
Less broke in breaking faith 'twixt friend and friend,
Than 'twixt the king and subject? let them fear,
Kings' precedents in licence lack no danger.
Kings are compar'd to gods, should be like them
Full in all right, in nought superfluous;
Nor nothing straining pass right, for their right:
Reign justly, and reign safely. Policy
Is but a guard corrupted, and a way
Ventured in deserts, without guide or path.
Kings punish subjects' errors with their own.
Kings are like archers, and their subjects, shafts:
For as when archers let their arrows fly,
They call to them, and bid them fly or fall,
As if 'twere in the free power of the shaft
To fly or fall, when only 'tis the strength,
Straight shooting, compass given it by the archer,
That makes it hit or miss; and doing either,
He's to be praised or blamed, and not the shaft:
So kings to subjects crying, "Do, do not this,"
Must to them by their own example's strength,
The straightness of their acts, and equal compass,
Give subjects power to obey them in the like;
Not shoot them forth with faulty aim and strength,
And lay the fault in them for flying amiss.

Aum. But for your servant, I dare swear him guiltless.

Count. He would not for his kingdom traitor be;
His laws are not so true to him, as he.
Oh, knew I how to free him, by way forced
Through all their army, I would fly, and do it:
And had I, of my courage and resolve,
But ten such more, they should not all retain him;
But I will never die, before I give
Maillard a hundred slashes with a sword,
Chalon a hundred breaches with a pistol.
They could not all have taken Clermont D'Ambois,
Without their treachery; he had bought his bands out
With their slave bloods: but he was credulous;
He would believe, since he would be believ'd;
Your noblest natures are most credulous.
Who gives no trust, all trust is apt to break;

Hate like hell-mouth, who think not what they speak.

Aum. Well, madame, I must tender my attendance
On him again. Will't please you to return
No service to him by me?

Count. Fetch me straight

My little cabinet. [*Exit NURSE*] 'Tis little, tell him,
And much too little for his matchless love:
But as in him the worths of many men
Are close contracted; [*Enter NURSE*] so in this are jewels
Worth many cabinets. Here, with this, good sir,
Commend my kindest service to my servant,
Thank him, with all my comforts; and, in them,
With all my life for them: all sent from him
In his remembrance of me, and true love:
And look you tell him, tell him how I lie

[*She kneels down at his feet.*]

Prostrate at feet of his accursed misfortune,
Pouring my tears out, which shall ever fall,
Till I have pour'd for him out eyes and all.

Aum. Oh, madame, this will kill him: comfort you
With full assurance of his quick acquittal;
Be not so passionate: rise, cease your tears.

Count. Then must my life cease. Tears are all the vent
My life hath to 'scape death: tears please me better
Than all life's comforts, being the natural food
Of hearty sorrow. As a tree fruit bears,
So doth an undissembled sorrow, tears.

[*He raises her, and leads her out.* *Exeunt.*]

Ush. This might have been before, and saved much charge.
[*Exit.*]

*Enter HENRY, GUISE, BALIGNY, ESP., SOISSON, PERICOT with
pen, ink, and paper.*

Gui. Now, sir, I hope your much abused eyes see
In my word for my Clermont, what a villain
He was who whispered in your jealous ear
His own black treason in suggesting Clermont's,
Colour'd with nothing but being great with me.
Sign then this writ for his delivery,
Your hand was never urg'd with worthier boldness:
Come, pray sir, sign it: why should kings be pray'd
To acts of justice? 'tis a reverence
Makes them despised, and shows they stick and tire
In what their free powers should be hot as fire.

Hen. Well, take your will, sir; I'll have mine ere long.

[*Averse.*]

But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one?

Gui. In his most gentle and unwearied mind,
Rightly to virtue fram'd; in very nature;
In his most firm inexorable spirit
To be removed from anything he chooseth
For worthiness; or bear the least persuasion
To what is base, or fitteth not his object;
In his contempt of riches and of greatness;
In estimation of th' idolatrous vulgar;
His scorn of all things servile and ignoble,
Though they could gain him never such advancement;
His liberal kind of speaking what is truth,
In spite of temporising; the great rising,
And learning of his soul, so much the more
Against ill Fortune, as she set herself
Sharp against him, or would present most hard,
To shun the malice of her deadliest charge;
His detestation of his special friends
When he perceived their tyrannous will to do,
Or their objection basely to sustain;
Any injustice that they could revenge;

The flexibility of his most anger,
 Even in the main career and fury of it,
 When any object of desertful pity
 Offers itself to him; his sweet disposeure
 As much abhorring to behold as do
 Any unnatural and bloody action;
 His just contempt of jesters, parasites,
 Servile observers, and polluted tongues:
 In short, this Senecal man¹ is found in him,
 He may with heaven's immortal powers compare,
 To whom the day and fortune equal are,
 Come fair or foul, whatever chance can fall,
 Fixed in himself, he still is one to all.

Hen. Shows he to all others thus?

Omnes.

To all that know him.

Hen. And apprehend I this man for a traitor?

Gui. These are your Machiavelian villains,
 Your bastard Teucers that, their mischiefs done,
 Run to your shield for shelter: Cacuses,
 That cut their too large murderous thieveries
 To their den's length still: woe be to that state
 Where treachery guards, and ruin makes men great.

Hen. Go, take my letters for him, and release him.

Om. Thanks to your highness! Ever live your highness!

[*Exeunt.*]

Bal. Better a man were buried quick, than live
 A property for state, and spoil to thrive.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CLERMONT, MAILLARD, CHALON, with Soldiers.

Mail. We joy you take a chance so ill, so well.

Cler. Who ever saw me differ in acceptance
 Of either fortune?

Chal. What, love bad like good?
 How should one learn that?

Cler. To love nothing outward
 Or not within own powers to command;
 And so being sure of everything we love,
 Who cares to lose the rest? If any man
 Would neither live nor die in his free choice,
 But as he sees necessity will have it,
 (Which if he would resist, he strives in vain,)
 What can come near him that He doth not well,
 And if in worst events His will be done
 How can the best be better? all is one.

Mail. Methinks 'tis pretty.

Cler. Put no difference

If you have this, or not this; but as children
 Playing at quoits ever regard their game
 And care not for their quoits, so let a man
 The things themselves that touch him not esteem,
 But his free power in well disposing them.

Chal. Pretty, from toys.

Cler. Methinks this double distich
 Seems prettily too, to stay superfluous longings:—
 Not to have want, what riches doth exceed?
 Not to be subject, what superior thing?
 He that to nought aspires, doth nothing need.
 Who breaks no law, is subject to no king.

Mail. This goes to mine ear well, I promise you.

Chal. Oh, but 'tis passing hard to stay one thus.

Cler. 'Tis so; rank custom raps² men so beyond it,
 And as 'tis hard, so well men's doors to bar
 To keep the cat out, and th' adulterer,
 So 'tis as hard to curb affections so
 We let in nought to make them overflow.

And as of Homer's verses, many critics
 On those stand of which Time's old moth hath eaten
 The first or last feet, and the perfect parts
 Of his unmatched poem sink beneath,
 With upright gasping and sloth dull as death:
 So the unprofitable things of life,
 And those we cannot compass, we affect;
 All that doth profit, and we have, neglect,
 Like cautious and basely-getting men
 That, gathering much, use never what they keep,
 But for the least they lose, extremely weep.

Mail. This pretty talking and our horses walking
 Down this steep hill, spends time with equal profit.

Cler. 'Tis well bestow'd on ye, meat and men sick
 Agree like this and you: and yet even this
 Is th' end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.

Chal. I long to hear, sir, how your mistress takes this.

Enter AUMALE with a cabinet.

Mail. We soon shall know it: see Aumale returned.

Aum. Ease to your bands, sir.

Cler. Welcome, worthy friend.

Chal. How took his noblest mistress your sad message?

Aum. As great rich men take sudden poverty.

I never witnessed a more noble love,
 Nor a more ruthless sorrow: I well wished
 Some other had been master of my message.

Mail. You are happy, sir, in all things but this one
 Of your unhappy apprehension.

Cler. This is to me, compared with her much moan,
 As one tear is to her whole passion.

Aum. Sir, she commends her kindest service to you,
 And this rich cabinet.

Chal. Oh, happy man!

This may enough hold to redeem your bands.

Cler. These clouds, I doubt not, will be soon blown over.

Enter BALIGNY with his discharge: RENEL, and others.

Aum. Your hope is just and happy; see, sir, both
 In both the looks of these.

Bal. Here's a discharge

For this your prisoner, my good lord lieutenant.

Mail. Alas, sir, I usurp that style enforced,
 And hope you know it was not my aspiring.

Bal. Well, sir, my wrong aspired past all men's hope.

Mail. I sorrow for it, sir.

Ren. You see, sir, there
 Your prisoner's discharge authentic.

Mail. It is, sir, and I yield it him with gladness.

Bal. Brother, I brought you down to much good purpose.

Cler. Repeat not that, sir; the amends makes all.

Ren. I joy in it, my best and worthiest friend:
 Oh, you've a princely fautor³ of the Guise.

Bal. I think I did my part too.

Ren. Well, sir; all

Is in the issue well: and, worthiest friend,
 Here's from your friend the Guise; here from the countess,
 Your brother's mistress, the contents whereof
 I know, and must prepare you now to please
 Th' unrested spirit of your slaughtered brother,
 If it be true, as you imagined once,
 His apparition showed it. The complot
 Is now laid sure betwixt us; therefore haste
 Both to your great friend, who hath some use weighty
 For your repair to him, and to the countess,
 Whose satisfaction is no less important.

¹ Senecal man. With a mind philosophical as Seneca's.

² Raps, snatches. From Latin "rapio."

³ Fautor, favourer, patron. A Latin word.

Cler. I see all, and will haste as it importeth.
And, good friend, since I must delay a little
My wished attendance on my noblest mistress,
Excuse me to her, with return of this,
And endless protestation of my service.
And now become as glad a messenger,
As you were late a woeful.

Aum. Happy change!
I ever will salute thee with my service. [Exit.]

Bal. Yet more news, brother; the late jesting Monsieur
Makes now your brother's dying prophecy equal
At all parts, being dead as he presaged.

Ren. Heaven shield the Guise from seconding that truth,
With what he likewise prophesied on him.

Cler. It hath enough, 'twas graced with truth in one,
To the other falsehood and confusion.
Lead to the court, sir.

Bal. You I'll lead no more,
It was too ominous and foul before. [Exeunt.]

Finis actus quarti.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

*Ascendit Umbra Bussi.*¹

Umb. Up from the chaos of eternal night,
(To which the whole digestion of the world
Is now returning) once more I ascend,
And bide the cold damp of this piercing air,
To urge to Justice, whose almighty word
Measures the bloody acts of impious men
With equal penance, who in the act itself
Includes the infliction, which like chainéd shot
Batter together still; though, as the thunder
Seems, by men's duller hearing than their sight,
To break a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time tear the labouring cloud,
So men think penance of their ills is slow
Though the ill and penance still together go.
Reform, ye ignorant men, your manless lives
Whose laws ye think are nothing but your lusts!
When leaving, but for supposition sake,
The body of felicity, Religion,
Set in the midst of Christendom, and her head
Cleft to her bosom, one half one way swaying,
Another the other, all the Christian world,
And all her laws, whose observation
Stands upon faith, above the power of reason;
Leaving (I say) all these, this might suffice,
To fray ye from your vicious swinge in ill,
And set you more on fire to do more good:
That since the world (as which of you denies)
Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude
That all the joints and nerves sustaining nature
As well may break and yet the world abide,
As any one good unrewarded die,
Or any one ill 'scape his penalty. [The ghost stands close.]

Enter GUISE, CLERMONT.

Gui. Thus, friend, thou see'st how all good men would
thrive,
Did not the good thou prompt'st me with prevent
The jealous ill pursuing them in others.
But now thy dangers are dispatched, note mine:
Hast thou not heard of that admiréd voice,
That at the barricadoes spake to me,
(No person seen,) Let's lead, my lord, to Rheims?

Cler. Nor could you learn the person?

Gui. By no means.

Cler. 'Twas but your fancy then, a waking dream.
For as in sleep, which binds both th' outward senses,
And the sense common too, th' imagining power,
Stirred up by forms hid in the memory's store,
Or by the vapours of o'er-flowing humours
In bodies full and foul and mixed with spirits,
Feigns many strange, miraculous images,
In which act it so painfully applies
Itself to those forms, that the common sense
It actuates with his motion, and thereby,
Those fictions true seem, and have real act:
So, in the strength of our conceits, awake,
The cause alike doth of like fictions make.

Gui. Be what it will, 'twas a presage of something
Weighty and secret, which th' advertisements
I have received from all parts, both without,
And in this kingdom, as from Rome and Spain
Soccain and Savoy, gives me cause to think;
All writing that our plot's catastrophe
For propagation of the Catholic cause
Will bloody prove, dissolving all our councils.

Cler. Retire then from them all.

Gui. I must not do so.

The Archbishop of Lyons tells me plain
I shall be said then to abandon France
In so important an occasion:
And that mine enemies, their profit making
Of my faint absence, soon would let that fall,
That all my pains did to this height exhale.

Cler. Let all fall that would rise unlawfully.
Make not your forward spirit in virtue's right
A property for vice, by thrusting on
Further than all your powers can fetch you off.
It is enough, your will is infinite
To all things virtuous and religious,
Which, within limits kept, may without danger
Let virtue some good from your graces gather,
Avarice of all is ever Nothing's father.

Ghost. Danger, the spur of all great minds, is ever
The curb to your tame spirits; you respect not,
With all your holiness of life and learning,
More than the present, like illiterate vulgars.
Your mind, you say, kept in your flesh's bounds,
Shows that man's will must ruled be by his power:
When by true doctrine you are taught to live
Rather without the body than within,
And rather to your God still than yourself.
To live to Him, is to do all things fitting
His image, in which, like Himself we live;
To be His image, is to do those things
That make us deathless, which by death is only
Doing those deeds that fit eternity,
And those deeds are the perfecting that justice
That makes the world last, which proportion is
Of punishment and wreak for every wrong,
As well as for right a reward as strong:—
Away then, use the means thou hast to right
The wrong I suffered! What corrupted law
Leaves unperformed in kings, do thou supply,
And be above them all in dignity. [Exit.]

Gui. Why stand'st thou still thus, and appliest thine ears
And eyes to nothing?

Cler. Saw you nothing here?

Gui. Thou dream'st. Awake now: what was here to see?

Cler. My brother's spirit! urging his revenge.

¹ The Ghost of Bussy rises.

Gui. Thy brother's spirit! pray thee mock me not.

Cler. No, by my love and service.

Gui. Would he rise,

And not be thund'ring threats against the Guise?

Cler. You make amends for enmity to him

With ten parts more love, and desert of me;

And as you make your hate to him no let

Of any love to me, no more bears he

(Since you to me supply it) hate to you.

Which reason and which justice is performed

In spirits ten parts more than fleshy men;

To whose foresights our acts and thoughts lie open.

And therefore, since he saw the treachery

Late practised by my brother Baligny,

He would not honour his hand with the justice

(As he esteems it) of his blood's revenge,

To which my sister needs would have him sworn

Before she would consent to marry him.

Gui. O Baligny, who would believe there were

A man, that (only since his looks are raised

Upwards, and have but sacred heaven in sight)

Could bear a mind so more than devilish

As for the painted glory of the countenance

Flitting in kings, doth good for nought esteem,

And the more ill he does the better seem.

Cler. We easily may believe it, since we see

In this world's practice few men better be.

Justice to live doth nought but justice need,

But policy must still on mischief feed.

Untruth, for all his ends, truth's name doth sue in;

None safely live but those that study ruin.

A good man happy, is a common good;

Ill men advanced live of the common blood.

Gui. But this thy brother's spirit startles me,

These spirits sold or never haunting men

But some mishap ensues.

Cler. Ensue what can:

Tyrants may kill, but never hurt a Man;

All to his good makes, spite of death and hell.

Enter AUMALE.

Aum. All the desert of good, renown your highness!

Gui. Welcome Aumale.

Cler. My good friend, friendly welcome.

How took my noblest mistress the changed news?

Aum. It came too late, sir, for those loveliest eyes,

Through which a soul looked so divinely loving,

Tears nothing uttering her distress enough,

She wept quite out, and like two falling stars

Their dearest sights quite vanished with her tears.

Cler. All good forbid it!

Gui. What events are these?

Cler. All must be borne, my lord.—And yet this chance

Would willingly enforce a man to cast off

All power to bear with comfort, since he sees

In this, our comforts made our miseries.

Gui. How strangely thou art loved of both the sexes;

Yet thou lov'st neither, but the good of both.

Cler. In love of women, my affection first

Takes fire out of the frail parts of my blood;

Which till I have enjoyed, is passionate,

Like other lovers: but fruition past,

I then love out of judgment; the desert

Of her I love still sticking in my heart,

Though the desire and the delight be gone;

Which must chance still, since the comparison

Made upon trial 'twixt what reason loves,

And what affection, makes in me best

Ever preferred; what most love, valuing least.

Gui. Thy love being judgment then, and of the mind,
Marry thy worthiest mistress now being blind.

Cler. If there were love in marriage, so I would.

But I deny that any man doth love,

Affecting wives, maids, widows, any women:

For neither flies love milk, although they drown

In greedy search thereof; nor doth the bee

Love honey, though the labour of her life

Is spent in gathering it; nor those that fat

Or beasts, or fowls, do any thing therein

For any love: for as when only Nature

Moves men to meat, as far as her power rules

She doth it with a temperate appetite,

The too much men devour abhorring nature;

And in the most health, is our most disease.

So, when humanity rules men and women,

'Tis for society confined in reason.

But what excites the [mere] desire in blood

By no means justly can be construed love;

For when love kindles any knowing spirit,

It ends in virtue and effects divine;

And is in friendship chaste and masculine.

Gui. Thou shalt my mistress be; methinks my blood

Is taken up to all love with thy virtues.

And howsoever other men despise

These paradoxes strange and too precise,

Since they hold on the right way of our reason

I could attend them ever. Come, away;

Perform thy brother's thus importuned wreak;

And I will see what great affairs the king

Hath to employ my counsel, which he seems

Much to desire, and more and more esteems.

[*Exit.*]

Enter HENRY, BALIGNY, with six of the guard.

Hen. Saw you his saucy forcing of my hand

To D'Ambois' freedom?

Bal. Saw, and through mine eyes

Let fire into my heart, that burned to bear

An insolence so giantly austere.

Hen. The more kings bear at subjects' hands, the more

Their lingering justice gathers; that resembles

The weighty and the goodly-bodied eagle,

Who being on earth before her shady wings

Can raise her into air, a mighty way

Close by the ground she runs; but being aloft,

All she commands she flies at; and the more

Death in her serres¹ bears, the more time she stays

Her thund'ry stoop from that on which she preys.

Bal. You must be then more secret in the weight

Of these your shady counsels, who will else

Bear, where such sparks fly as the Guise and D'Ambois,

Powder about them. Counsels, as your entrails,

Should be unpierced and sound kept; for not those

Whom you discover you neglect, but ope

A ruinous passage to your own best hope.

Hen. We have spies set on us, as we on others;

And therefore they that serve us must excuse us

If what we most hold in our hearts take wind,

Deceit hath eyes that see into the mind.

But this plot shall be quicker than their twinkling,

On whose lids fate with her dead weight shall lie

And confidence that lightens ere she die.

¹ Seres, claws. "Sere" is the claw of an eagle or bird of prey, from the French "serre."

Friends of my guard, as ye gave oath to be
True to your sovereign, keep it manfully :
Your eyes have witnessed oft th' ambition
That never made access to me in Guise
But treason ever sparkled in his eyes :
Which if you free us of, our safety shall
You not our subjects but our patrons call.

Omnes. Our duties bind us : he is now but dead.

Hen. We trust in it, and thank ye. Baligny,
Go lodge their ambush, and thou God that art
Fautor of princes, thunder from the skies
Beneath his hill of pride this giant Guise.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TAMYRA with a letter, CHARLOTTE¹ in man's attire.

Tam. I see you are servant, sir, to my dear sister,
The lady of her loved Baligny.

Char. Madam, I am bound to her virtuous bounties
For that life which I offer in her virtuous service
To the revenge of her renowned brother.

Tam. She writes to me as much, and much desires
That you may be the man whose spirit she knows
Will cut short off these long and dull delays,
Hitherto bribing the eternal justice :
Which I believe, since her unmatched spirit
Can judge of spirits that have her sulphur in them
But I must tell you, that I make no doubt
Her living brother will revenge her dead,
On whom the dead imposed the task ; and he,
I know, will come to effect it instantly.

Char. They are but words in him. Believe them not.

Tam. See ; this is the vault, where he must enter :
Where now I think he is.

Enter RENEL at the vault, with the COUNTESS being blind.

Ren. God save you, lady.
What gentleman is this, with whom you trust
The deadly weighty secret of this hour ?

Tam. One that yourself will say, I well may trust.

Ren. Then come up, madam. [*He helps the COUNTESS up.*
See here, honoured lady,

A countess that in love's mishap doth equal
At all parts your wronged self ; and is the mistress
Of your slain servant's brother, in whose love,
For his late treacherous apprehension,
She wept her fair eyes from her ivory brows,
And would have wept her soul out, had not I
Promised to bring her to this mortal quarry,
That by her lost eyes for her servant's love
She might conjure him from this stern attempt,
In which (by a most ominous dream she had)
She knows his death fixed, and that never more
Out of this place the sun shall see him live.

Char. I am provided then to take his place
And undertaking on me.

Ren. You, sir, why ?

Char. Since I am charged so by my mistress,
His mournful sister.

Tam. See her letter, sir.

[*He reads.*

Good madam, I rue your fate more than mine,
And know not how to order these affairs,
They stand on such occurrents.

Ren. This indeed

I know to be your lady mistress' hand,
And know besides his brother's will, and must
Endure no hand in this Revenge but his.

Enter Umbra Bussy.²

Umb. Away, dispute no more ; get up, and see,
Clermont must author this just tragedy.

Coun. Who's that ?

Ren. The spirit of Bussy.

Tam. Oh, my servant ! let us embrace.

Umb. Forbear. The air, in which
My figure's likeness is impressed, will blast.
Let my Revenge for all loves satisfy,
In which, dame, fear not, Clermont shall not die
No word dispute more : up, and see the event.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Make the guard sure, Renel ; and then the doors
Command to make fast, when the earl is in.

[*Exit REN.*

The black soft-footed hour is now on wing
Which for my just wreak ghosts shall celebrate
With dances dire and of infernal state.

[*Exit.*

Enter GUISE.

Gui. Who says that death is natural, when nature
Is with the only thought of it dismayed ?

I have had lotteries set up for my death,
And I have drawn beneath my trencher one,
Knit in my handkerchief another lot,
The words being : you are a dead man if you enter.
And these words, this imperfect blood and flesh
Shrink at in spite of me ; their solid'st part
Melting like snow within me, with cold fire.
I hate myself, that seeking to rule kings
I cannot curb my slave. Would any spirit
Free, manly, princely, wish to live to be
Commanded by this mass of slavery,
Since reason, judgment, resolution,
And scorn of what we fear, will yield to fear ?
While this same sink of sensuality swells,
Who would live sinking in it, and not spring
Up to the stars, and leave this carrion here,
For wolves, and vultures, and for dogs to tear ?
O Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to chide
This softness from my flesh, far as my reason,
Far as my resolution, not to stir
One foot out of the way, for death and hell !
Let my false man by falsehood perish here,
There's no way else to set my true man clear.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The king desires your grace to come to council.

Gui. I come. It cannot be : he will not dare
To touch me with a treachery so profane.

Would Clermont now were here, to try how he
Would lay about him, if this plot should be :

Here would be tossing souls into the sky !
Who ever knew blood saved by treachery ?

Well, I must on, and will ; what should I fear ?

Not against two, Alcides ? against two,
And Hercules to friend, the Guise will go.

[*He takes up the arras, and the guard enters upon him : he draws.*

Gui. Hold, murderers !

[*They strike him down. The KING comes in, fight with Es.,*
So then, this is confidence [Sois., and others.

In greatness, not in goodness ! Where is the king ?
Let him appear to justify his deed.

In spite of my betrayed wounds, ere my soul
Take her flight through them, and my tongue hath strength
To urge his tyranny—

¹ Charlotte, it should be remembered, is herself Baligny's wife,
sister of Bussy D'Ambois, bent on the revenging of his death.

² The Ghost of Bussy.

Hen. See, sir, I am come
To justify it before men, and God,
Who knows with what wounds in my heart for woe
Of your so wounded faith, I made these wounds;
Forced to it by an insolence of force
To stir a stone; nor is a rock opposed
To all the billows of the churlish sea
More beat, and eaten with them, than was I
With your ambitious mad idolatry;
And this blood I shed is to save the blood
Of many thousands.

Gui. That's your white pretext.
But you will find one drop of blood shed lawless
Will be the fountain to a purple sea.
The present lust and shift made for kings' lives
Against the pure form and just power of law,
Will thrive like shifter's purchases; there hangs
A black star in the skies, to which the sun
Gives yet no light, will rain a poisoned shower
Into your entrails, that will make you feel
How little safety lies in treacherous steel.

Hen. Well, sir, I'll bear it. You've a brother too,
Bursts with like threats, the scarlet cardinal:
Seek, and lay hands on him; and take this hence,—
Their bloods, for all you, on my conscience. *[Exit.]*

Gui. So, sir, your full swing take: mine, death hath curbed.
Clermont, farewell! Oh, didst thou see but this:
But it is better, see by this the ice
Broke to thine own blood, which thou wilt despise
When thou hear'st mine shed. Is there no friend here
Will bear my love to him?

Aum. I will, my lord.

Gui. Thanks with my last breath: recommend me then
To the most worthy of the race of men. *[Dies. Exeunt.]*

Enter MONTS. and TAMYRA.

Mont. Who have you let into my house?

Tam. I, none.

Mont. 'Tis false, I savour the rank blood of foes
In every corner.

Tam. That you may do well;
It is the blood you lately shed, you smell.

Mont. 'Sdeath, the vault opes. *[The gulf opens.]*

Tam. What vault? hold your sword. *[CLERMONT ascends.]*

Cler. No, let him use it.

Mont. Treason! murder, murder!

Cler. Exclaim not; 'tis in vain, and base in you,
Being one, to only one.

Mont. O bloody strumpet!

Cler. With what blood charge you her? It may be mine
As well as yours. There shall not any else
Enter or touch you. I confer no guards,
Nor imitate the murderous course you took:
But single here, will have my former challenge
Now answer'd single. Not a minute more
My brother's blood shall stay for his Revengo,
If I can act it; if not, mine shall add
A double conquest to you, that alone
Put it to fortune now, and use no odds.
Storm not, nor beat yourself thus 'gainst the doors,
Like to a savage vermin in a trap:
All doors are sure made, and you cannot 'scape,
But by your valour.

Mont. No, no, come and kill me.

Cler. If you will die so like a beast, you shall.
But when the spirit of a man may save you,
Do not so shame man, and a noble man.

Mont. I do not show this baseness that I fear thee,
But to prevent and shame thy victory,
Which of one base is base, and so I'll die.

Cler. Here then.

Mont. Stay, hold, one thought hath hardened me, *[He starts up.]*

And since I must afford thee victory,
It shall be great and brave, if one request
Thou wilt admit me.

Cler. What's that?

Mont. Give me leave

To fetch and use the sword thy brother gave me
When he was bravely giving up his life.

Cler. No, I'll not fight against my brother's sword:
Not that I fear it; but since 'tis a trick
For you to show your back.

Mont. By all truth, no:
Take but my honourable oath, I will not.

Cler. Your honourable oath! Plain truth no place has
Where oaths are honourable.

Tam. Trust not his oath.
He will lie like a lapwing, when she flies
Far from her sought nest, still "here 'tis" she cries.

Mont. Out on thee, dam of devils, I will quit
Disgrace thy bravo's conquest, die, not fight. *[Lies down.]*

Tam. Out on my fortune to wed such an object.
Now is the people's voice the voice of God;
He that to wound a woman wants so much,
As he did me, a man dares never touch.

Cler. Revenge your wounds now, madam, I resign him
Up to your full will, since he will not fight.
First you shall torture him (as he did you,
And justice wills), and then pay I my vow.
Here, take this poignard.

Mont. Sink earth, open heaven,
And let fall vengeance.

Tam. Come, sir, good sir, hold him.

Mont. O shame of women, whither art thou fled!

Cler. Why, good my lord, is it a greater shame
For her than you? Come, I will be the bands
You used to her, profaning her fair hands.

Mont. No, sir, I'll fight now, and the terror be
Of all you champions to such as sho.

I did but thus far dully: now observe,
O all you aching foreheads that have robb'd
Your hands of weapons and your hearts of valour,
Join in me all your rages and rebutters,
And into dust ram this same race of furies
In this one relic of the Ambois gall,
In his one purple soul shed, drown it all. *[Fight.]*

Mont. Now give me breath a while.

Cler. Receive it freely.

Mont. What think you of this now?

Cler. It is very noble;

Had it been free, at least, and of yourself,
And thus we see, where valour most doth vaunt,
What 'tis to make a coward valiant.

Mont. Now I shall grace your conquest.

Cler. That you shall.

Mont. If you obtain it.

Cler. True, sir, 'tis in fortune.

Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I would scarce
Change lives with you, I feel so great a change
In my tall spirits breathed, I think with the breath
A D'Ambois breathes here; and Necessity,
With whose point now pricked on, and so, whose help
My hands may challenge, that doth all men conquer,

If she except not you of all men only,
May change the case here.

Cler. True, as you are changed,
Her power in me urged, makes you another man
Than yet you ever were.

Mont. Well, I must on.

Cler. Your lordship must by all means.

Mon. Then at all.

Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him.

CHARLOTTE above.

Char. Death of my father! What a shame is this!
Stick in his hands thus?

Ren. Gentle sir, forbear.

Coun. Is he not slain yet? [*She gets down.*]

Ren. No, madam, but hurt in divers parts of him.

Mont. Y'have given it me,
And yet I feel life for another vennie.¹

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Cler. What would you, sir?

Char. I would perform this combat.

Cler. Against which of us?

Char. I care not much if 'twere
Against thyself: thy sister would have shamed
To have thy brother's wreak with any man
In single combat stick so in her fingers.

Cler. My sister? know you her?

Tam. Ay, sir, she sent him
With this kind letter, to perform the wreak
Of my dear servant.

Cler. Now alas, good sir,
Think you you could do more?

Char. Alas! I do,
And wer't not, I, fresh, sound, should charge a man
Weary and wounded, I would long ere this
Have proved what I presume on.

Cler. You have a mind
Like to my sister, but have patience now;
If next charge speed not, I'll resign to you.

Mont. Pray thee let him decide it.

Cler. No, my lord,
I am the man in fate; and since so bravely
Your lordship stands me, 'scape but one more charge,
And on my life, I'll set your life at large.

Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,
Sit joy and all good on thy victory.

Fights and falls down. He gives his hand to CLER. and his wife.

Mont. Farewell; I heartily forgive thee,—wife,
And thee, let penitence spend thy rest of life.

Cler. Noble and Christian!

Tam. Oh, it breaks my heart.

Cler. And should; for all faults found in him before,
These words, this end, makes full amends and more.
Rest, worthy soul, and with it the dear spirit
Of my loved brother, rest in endless peace!
Soft lie thy bones, heaven be your soul's abode,
And to your ashes be the earth no load.

[*Music, and the Ghost of Bussy enters, leading the Ghosts of
the GUISE, MONSIEUR, Cardinal GUISE, and CHATTILLON,
they dance about the dead body, and Exeunt.*]

Cler. How strange is this! the Guise amongst these
spirits!

¹ Vennie, venue, an assault in fencing. French "venue," a coming on.

And his great brother Cardinal,—both yet living!
And that the rest with them with joy thus celebrate
This our revenge! This certainly presages
Some instant death both to the Guise and Cardinal.
That the Chattillon's ghost too should thus join
In celebration of this just revenge,
With Guise, that bore a chief stroke in his death,—
It seems that now he doth approve the act.
And these true shadows of the Guise and Cardinal,
Forerunning thus their bodies, may approve
That all things to be done, as here we live,
Are done before all times in the other life.
That spirits should rise in these times, yet are fables;
Though learnedst men hold that our sensitive spirits
A little time abide about the graves
Of their deceased bodies; and can take,
In cold condensed air, the same forms they had
When they were shut up in this body's shade.

Enter AUMALE.

Aum. Oh, sir, the Guise is slain!

Cler. Avert it, Heaven!

Aum. Sent for to council by the king, an ambush
Lodged for the purpose rushed on him, and took
His princely life; who sent, in dying then,
His love to you, as to the best of men.

Cler. The worst, and most accursed of things creeping
On earth's sad bosom. Let me pray ye all
A little to forbear, and let me use
Freely mine own mind in lamenting him.
I'll call ye straight again.

Aum. We will forbear, and leave you free, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Cler. Shall I live, and he
Dead, that alone gave means of life to me?
There's no disputing with the acts of kings,
Revenge is impious on their sacred persons:
And could I play the worldling (no man loving
Longer than gain is reaped, or grace from him)
I should survive, and shall be wondered at,
Though in mine own hands being I end with him:
But friendship is the cement of two minds,
As of one man the soul and body is,
Of which one cannot sever but the other
Suffers a needful separation.

Ren. I fear your servant, madam: let's descend.

[*Descend REN. and COUNTESS.*]

Cler. Since I could skill of man, I never lived
To please men worldly, and shall I in death
Respect their pleasures, making such a jar
Betwixt my death and life, when death should make
The comfort sweetest; th'end being proof and crown
To all the skill and worth we truly own?
Guise, O my lord, how shall I cast from me
The bands and covers hind'ring me from thee?
The garment or the cover of the mind
The human soul is; of the soul, the spirit
The proper robe is; of the spirit, the blood;
And of the blood, the body is the shroud.
With that must I begin then to unclothe,
And come at the other. Now then as a ship,
Touching at strange, and far removed shores,
Her men ashore go for their several ends,
Fresh water, victuals, precious stones, and pearl,
All yet intentive when the master calls
The ship to put off, ready to leave all
Their greediest labours, lest they there be left
To thieves or beasts or be the country's slaves:

So, now my master calls, my ship, my venture
 All in one bottom put, all quite put off,
 Gone under sail, and I left negligent,
 To all the horrors of the vicious time,
 The far removed shores to all virtuous aims;
 None favouring goodness; none but he respecting
 Piety or manhood. Shall I here survive?
 Not cast me after him into the sea
 Rather than here live, ready every hour
 To feed thieves, beasts, and be the slave of power?
 I come, my lord! Clermont, thy creature, comes!

Enter AUMALE, TAMYRA, CHARLOTTE.

Aum. What? lie and languish, Clermont? Cursed man
 To leave him here thus! He hath slain himself.

Tam. Misery on misery! O me, wretched dame
 Of all that breathe! All Heaven turn all his eyes
 In hearty envy thus on one poor dame!

Char. Well done, my brother: I did love thee ever,
 But now adore thee. Loss of such a friend
 None should survive,—of such a brother.
 With my false husband live, and both these slain!
 Ere I return to him, I'll turn to earth.

Enter RENEL leading the COUNTESS.

Ren. Horror of human eyes, O Clermont D'Ambois!
 Madam, we stayed too long, your servant's slain.

Coun. It must be so, he liv'd but in the Guise,
 As I in him. Oh, follow, life, mine eyes.

Tam. Hide, hide thy snaky head! To cloisters fly!
 In penance pine! Too easy 'tis to die.

Cler. It is. In cloisters then let's all survive.
 Madam, since wrath nor grief can help these fortunes,
 Let us forsake the world, in which they reign,
 And for their wish'd amends to God complain.

Count. 'Tis fit and only needful: lead me on,—
 In heaven's course comfort seek, in earth is none. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter HENRY, ESPERNONE, SOISSONS, and others.

Hen. We came indeed too late, which much I rue,
 And would have kept this Clermont as my crown.
 Take in the dead, and make this fatal room,
 The house shut up, the famous D'Ambois Tomb. [*Exeunt.*]



From Knolles's "History of the Turks" (1610).

Montsurry had, in the ethics of old poetry, so much of a right to kill Bussy d'Ambois that one might be content if Bussy's death went unrevenged. But the wealth of thought lavished upon the study of the philosophic Clermont, whom in the play of "the Revenge" he has thus painted as brother to the headstrong man of action, is very characteristic of George Chapman's genius. His sentences, though often clouded with an overweight of thought, flash out again and again with vivid utterances that bring truth to light.

Thomas Heywood, a Lincolnshire man and Fellow of Peterhouse, had joined the players about the same time as Ben Jonson, and wrote many plays during the

reigns of James I. and Charles I. He died about the year 1641, having had, as he said, "either an entire hand or at least a main finger in two hundred and twenty dramas." There remain two historical plays on the reign of "King Edward the Fourth." He wrote a play called "the Fair Maid of the Exchange," in which the heroine is rescued from danger by a magnanimous cripple, who fights two rascals with his crutch, and who, when she falls in love with him, leads her to happy life with a more suitable husband. "The Loyal Subject" and "A Woman Killed with Kindness" are two of Heywood's best plays, and he wrote four mythological dramas, on the four Ages—the Golden, the Silver, the Brazen, and the Iron. "The Golden Age, or the Lives of Jupiter and Saturn, with the defining of the Heathen Gods," was printed in 1611 "as it hath beene sundry times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants."



A CHECK USED AT THE RED BULL.

Homer plays Chorus and explains the show, saying when he first introduces himself—

I was the man

That flourished in the world's first infancy;
 When it was young and knew not how to speak
 I taught it speech and understanding both,
 Even in the cradle. Oh, then farther me,
 You that are in the world's decrepit age,
 When it is near his universal grave,
 To sing an old song, and in this Iron Age
 Show you the state of the first Golden world.
 I was the Muses' patron, Learning's spring,
 And you shall once more hear old Homer sing.

Thomas Middleton was another active dramatist, who was about thirty-two years old at the accession of James I., and wrote, in 1613, a play called "The Witch" with incantations that, like those in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens," some speak of in connection with the incantations in Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

Cyril Tourneur, who wrote only in the reign of James I., has left us "The Atheist's Tragedy," "The Revenger's Tragedy," and "The Nobleman." William Rowley and Nathaniel Field also are dramatists of the reign of James I. But a greater than these is John Webster, whose tragic power may be illustrated by his "Duchess of Malfi." The influence of Italy is indicated in our drama by the frequent use of stories (there are ten among the plays of Shakespeare) that have their scene laid in Italy. Some of the most familiar characters in our old English plays are individual forms of types

familiar in Italian burlesque comedy; but in the time of James I., when our drama was at its ripest, though with traces of incipient decay, Italian literature had lost its vigour, and was, perhaps, at its weakest on the stage. Thomas Coryat, writing in 1611 of a visit to Venice, said of the theatre there that "the house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately playhouses in England; neither can their actors compare with ours for apparel, shows, and music. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before; for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometime used in London; and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesturo, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor." The Italians also had by this time developed the beginnings of their musical drama. The first drama with musical accompaniments is said to have been represented in 1480, in the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. Orazio Vecchi, of Modena, in a piece called "Antiparnaso," of which every scene is said by Dr. Burney to be nothing more than a five-part madrigal in action, made all the actors sing, not excepting the Pantaloon, the Zany, Doctor Graziano, and Captain



CHARACTERS OF THE OLD ITALIAN COMEDY.

Spagnuolo, who all appeared upon his scene. These were stock characters. Captain Spagnuolo was the bragging soldier, the rudimentary form of Captain Bobadil and Captain Tucca. Doctor Graziano was the foolish scholar; not only the pantaloon, but also the harlequin had now made his appearance on the Italian stage. The first musical piece that put the dialogue into recitative with songs interspersed, is said to have been the "Euridice" of Ottavio Rinuccini, a Florentine, produced in December, 1600, on the occasion of the marriage of Mary de' Medici with Henri IV. of France.

Little is known of John Webster. He was born free of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and was, perhaps, the son of a John Webster who was de-

scribed as a citizen and merchant tailor of London in 1591. The poet had a play out in 1601, which is not now in existence, on "The Guise; or the Massacre



THE OLD ITALIAN PANTALON AND HARLEQUIN.

of France;" and his career as a dramatist, beginning about that time, brought him to the fulness of his power in 1612, when "the White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona," was printed. This is one of his two finest plays. The other, produced on the stage about the year 1616, the year of the death of Shakespeare, and first printed in 1623, was



From Knolles's "History of the Turks" (1610).

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

At Malfi, or Amalfi, a seaport in Southern Italy, on the north shore of the Gulf of Salerno, the scene opens in the presence-chamber of the Duchess who, as a widow, rules the place. Of her two brothers, one—her twin brother—is Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and the other is a

cardinal, living at Rome. They have been paying a visit to her at her court when the play opens, and are about to sail away again. At the same time, Antonio Bologna, steward of the Duchess's household, whom she secretly intends to marry, has just returned from a long visit to France, an accomplished gentleman, who is victor at the sports that served to entertain the visitors to Malfi. With the welcome home of Antonio by Delio, one of his old friends, the story begins thus.

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO.

Delio. You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio; You have been long in France, and you return

A very formal Frenchman in your habit :
How do you like the French court ?



COURT OF AN OLD ITALIAN PALACE. (THE OLD PALACE AT FLORENCE.)

Ant. I admire it :

In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fixed order, their judicious king
Begins at home ; quits first his royal palace
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons,—which he sweetly terms
His master's master-piece, the work of heaven ;
Considering duly that a prince's court
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if 't chance
Some cur's'd example poison't near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is 't makes this blessed government
But a most provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times ?
Though some o' the court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to foresee.—Here comes Bosola,
The only court-gall ; yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of piety :
Indeed, he rails at those things which he wants ;
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so.—Here's the Cardinal.

Enter Cardinal and Bosola.

Bos. I do haunt you still.

Card. So.

Bos. I have done you better service than to be slighted
thus. Miserable age, where only the reward of doing well
is the doing of it !

Card. You enforce your merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the galleys in your service ; where, for
two years together, I wore two towels instead of a shirt, with
a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mantle.
Slighted thus ! I will thrive some way : black-birds fatten
best in hard weather ; why not I in these dog-days ?

Card. Would you could become honest !

Bos. With all your divinity do but direct me the way to it.
I have known many travel far for it, and yet return as arrant
knaves as they went forth, because they carried themselves
always along with them. [*Exit Cardinal.*] Are you gone ?
Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the devil ; but this
great fellow were able to possess the greatest devil, and make
him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit ?

Bos. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow
crooked over standing pools ; they are rich and o'er-laden
with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on
them. Could I be one of their flattering panders, I would
hang on their ears like a horseleech, till I were full, and then
drop off. I pray, leave me. Who would rely upon these
miserable dependencies, in expectation to be advanced to-
morrow ? what creature ever fed worse than hoping Tan-
talus ? nor ever died any man more fearfully than he that
hoped for a pardon. There are rewards for hawks and dogs
when they have done us service ; but for a soldier that
hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry
is his last suppertation.

Delio. Geometry !

Bos. Ay, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter
swing in the world upon an honourable pair of crutches, from
hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir : and yet do not you
scorn us ; for places in the court are but like beds in the
hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and
so lower and lower. [*Exit.*]

Del. I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys
For a notorious murder ; and 'twas thought
The Cardinal suborned it : he was released
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,
When he recovered Naples.

Ant. 'Tis great pity
He should be thus neglected : I have heard
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness ; for, I'll tell you,
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul,
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all black malcontents ; and their close rearing,
Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

Delio. The presence 'gins to fill : you promised me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.

Ant. The lord Cardinal's,
And other strangers' that are now in court ?
I shall.—Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

*Enter FERDINAND, CASTRUCCIO, SILVIO, RODERIGO,
GRISOLAN, and Attendants.*

Ferd. Who took the ring oftener ?

Sil. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd. Our sister Duchess' great-master of her household ?
give him the jewel.—When shall we leave this sportive
action, and fall to action indeed ?

Cast. Methinks, my lord, you should not desire to go to
war in person.

Ferd. Now for some gravity :—why, my lord ?

Some talk with the courtiers develops the weak-

ness of Castruccio, whose wife, Julia, is mistress to the Cardinal. Duke Ferdinand then turns to Antonio.

Ferd. You are a good horseman, Antonio: you have excellent riders in France: what do you think of good horsemanship?

Ant. Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action.

Ferd. You have bespoke it worthily.

Silvio. Your brother, the lord Cardinal, and sister Duchess.

Re-enter Cardinal, with Duchess, CARIOLA, her Attendant, and JULIA.

Card. Are the galleys come about?

Gris. They are, my lord.

Ferd. Here's the Lord Silvio come to take his leave.

Delio. Now, sir, your promise: what's that Cardinal? I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow, Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance, Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him for form; but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman; the spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads; where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for them than ever was imposed on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatterers, panders, intelligencers, atheists and a thousand such political monsters. He should have been Pope; but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did bestow bribes so largely and so impudently as if he would have carried it away without heaven's knowledge. Some good he hath done——

Delio. You have given too much of him. What's his brother?

Ant. The Duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature:

What appears in him mirth is merely outside;
If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

Delio. Twins?

Ant. In quality.

He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits
With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' the bench
Only to entrap offenders in their answers;
Dooms men to death by information;
Rewards by hearsay.

Delio. Then the law to him

Is like a foul black cobweb to a spider,—
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison
To entangle those shall feed him.

Ant. Most true:

He never pays debts unless they be shrewd turns,
And those he will confess that he doth owe.
Last, for his brother there, the Cardinal,
They that do flatter him most say oracles
Hang at his lips; and verily I believe them,
For the devil speaks in them.
But for their sister, the right noble Duchess,
You never fixed your eye on three fair medals
Cast in one figure, of so different temper.
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
You only will begin then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,
She held it less vain-glory to talk much
Than your penance to hear her: whilst she speaks,
She throws upon a man so sweet a look,

That it were able to raise one to a galliard
That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote
On that sweet countenance; but in that look
There speaketh so divine a continence
As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.
Her days are practised in such noble virtue,
That sure her nights, nay, more, her very sleeps,
Are more in heaven than other ladies' shifts.
Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,
And dress themselves in her.

Delio. Fie, Antonio,

You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

Ant. I'll case the picture up: only thus much:

All her particular worth grows to this sum,—
She stains the time past, lights the time to come.

Cari. You must attend my lady in the gallery,
Some half an hour hence.

Ant. I shall.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO and DELIO.]

Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you.

Duch. To me, sir?

Ferd. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
One that was in the galleys—

Duch. Yes, I know him.

Ferd. A worthy fellow he is: pray, let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.

Duch. Your knowledge of him
Commends him and prefers him.

Ferd. Call him hither.

[*Exit* Attendant.]

We are now upon parting. Good Lord Silvio,
Do us commend to all our noble friends
At the leaguer.

Silvio. Sir, I shall.

Ferd. You are for Milan?

Silvio. I am.

Duch. Bring the caroches.—We'll bring you down to the
haven.

[*Exeunt* Duchess, SILVIO, CASTRUCCIO, RODERIGO,
GRISOLAN, CARIOLA, JULIA, and Attendants.]

Card. Be sure you entertain that Bosola
For your intelligence: I would not be seen in't;
And therefore many times I have slighted him
When he did court our furtherance, as this morning.
Ferd. Antonio, the great-master of her household,
Hath been far fitter.

Card. You are deceived in him:
His nature is too honest for such business.—
He comes: I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter BOSOLA.

Bos. I was lured to you.

Ferd. My brother, here, the Cardinal could never
Abide you.

Bos. Never since he was in my debt.

Ferd. Maybe some oblique character in your face
Made him suspect you.

Bos. Doth he study physiognomy?

He did suspect me wrongfully.

Ferd. For that

You must give great men leave to take their times.
Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceived:
You see the oft shaking of the cedar-tree
Fastens it more at root.

Bos. Yet, take heed;
For to suspect a friend unworthily
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's gold.

Bos. So:

What follows? never rained such showers as these
Without thunderbolts i' the tail of them. Whose throat must
I cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
To live i' the court here, and observe the Duchess;
To note all the particulars of her 'haviour,
What suitors do solicit her for marriage,
And whom she best affects. She's a young widow:
I would not have her marry again.

Bos. No, sir?

Ferd. Do not you ask the reason; but be satisfied
I say I would not.

Bos. It seems you would create me
One of your familiars.

Ferd. Familiar! what's that?

Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible devil in flesh,—
An intelligencer.

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee; and ere long thou mayst arrive
At a higher place by 't.

Bos. Take your devils,
Which hell calls angels: these curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;
And should I take these, they'd take me to hell.

Ferd. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given:
There is a place that I procured for you
This morning, the provisorship o' the horse;
Have you heard on 't?

Bos. No.

Ferd. 'Tis yours: is't not worth thanks?

Bos. I would have you curse yourself now, that your
bounty

(Which makes men truly noble) e'er should make me
A villain. Oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must do
All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil
Candies all sins o'er; and what heaven terms vile,
That names he complimentary.

Ferd. Be yourself;
Keep your old garb of melancholy; 'twill express
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come near 'em: this will gain
Access to private lodgings, where yourself
May, like a politic dormouse—

Bos. As I have seen some
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming
To listen to any talk; and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream. What's my place?
The provisorship o' the horse? say, then, my corruption
Grew out of horse-dung: I am your creature.

Ferd. Away!

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame.
Sometimes the devil doth preach.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Duchess, Cardinal, and CARIOLA.

Card. We are to part from you; and your own discretion
Must now be your director.

Ferd. You are a widow:
You know already what man is; and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence—

Card. No,

Nor any thing without the addition, honour,
Sway your high blood.

Ferd. Marry! they are most luxurious
Will wed twice.

Card. Oh, fie!

Ferd. Their livers are more spotted
Than Laban's sheep.

Duch. Will you hear me?
I'll never marry.

Card. So most widows say;
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an hour-glass: the funeral sermon
And it end both together.

Ferd. Now hear me:
You live in a rank pasture, here, i' the court;
There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly;
'Twill poison your fame; look to 't: be not cunning;
For they whose faces do belie their hearts
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,
Ay, and give the devil suck.

Duch. This is terrible good counsel.

Ferd. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,
Subtler than Vulcan's engine: yet, believe 't,
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.

Card. You may flatter yourself,
And take your own choice; privately be married
Under the eaves of night—

Ferd. Think 't the best voyage
That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,
Which, though 't goes backward, thinks that it goes right
Because it goes its own way: but observe,
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed than celebrated.

Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.

Ferd. And those joys,
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps
Which do fore-run man's mischief.

Card. Fare you well.
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it. [*Exit.*

Duch. I think this speech between you both was studied,
It came so roundly off.

Ferd. You are my sister;
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loth to see 't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.
I would have you give o'er these chargeable revels:
A visor and a mask are whispering-rooms
That were never built for goodness;—fare ye well;—
And women like

. . . . variety of courtship:
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow. [*Exit.*

Duch. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'd make them my low footsteps: and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achiev'd
Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),
So I through frights and threatenings will assay
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
I winked and chose a husband.—Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life,—my fame.

Cari. Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison

Keep poison from their children.

Duch. Thy protestation

Is ingenuous and hearty : I believe it.

Is Antonio come ?

Cari. He attends you.

Duch. Good dear soul,

Leave me ; but place thyself behind the arras,

Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed ;

For I am going into a wilderness

Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue

To be my guide. [*CARIOLA goes behind the arras.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

I sent for you : sit down ;

Take pen and ink, and write : are you ready ?

Ant. Yes.

Duch. What did I say ?

Ant. That I should write somewhat.

Duch. Oh, I remember.

After these triumphs and this large expense,

It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire

What's laid up for to-morrow.

Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.

Duch. Beauteous !

Indeed, I thank you : I look young for your sake ;

You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Ant. I'll fetch your grace

The particulars of your revenue and expense.

Duch. Oh, you are

An upright treasurer : but you mistook ;

For when I said I meant to make inquiry

What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean

What's laid up yonder for me.

Ant. Where ?

Duch. In heaven.

I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,

In perfect memory), and I pray, sir, tell me,

Were not one better make it smiling, thus,

Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,

As if the gifts we parted with procured

That violent distraction ?

Ant. Oh, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit :

But I intend to make you overseer.

What good deed shall we first remember ? say.

Ant. Begin with that first good deed began i' the world

After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage :

I'd have you first provide for a good husband ;

Give him all.

Duch. All ?

Ant. Yes, your excellent self.

Duch. In a winding-sheet ?

Ant. In a couple.

Duch. Saint Winifred, that were a strange will !

Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Duch. What do you think of marriage ?

Ant. I take 't, as those that deny purgatory :

It locally contains or heaven or hell ;

There's no third place in 't.

Duch. How do you affect it ?

Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,

Would often reason thus—

Duch. Pray, let us hear it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him ? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight

To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse

Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter

Like a taught starling.

Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this ?

One of your eyes is bloodshot ; use my ring to 't.

They say 'tis very sovereign : 'twas my wedding-ring,

And I did vow never to part with it

But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.

Ant. You have made me stark blind.

Duch. How ?

Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.

Duch. Remove him.

Ant. How ?

Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it : thus ; is it fit ?

[*She puts the ring upon his finger : he kneels.*]

Ant. What said you ?

Duch. Sir,

This goodly roof of yours is too low built ;

I cannot stand upright in 't nor discourse,

Without I raise it higher : raise yourself ;

Or, if you please, my hand to help you : so. [*Raises him.*]

Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,

That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,

But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt

With the wild noise of prattling visitants,

Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.

Conceive not I am so stupid but I am

Whereto your favours tend : but he's a fool

That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i' the fire

To warm them.

Duch. So, now the ground's broke,

You may discover what a wealthy mine

I make you lord of.

Ant. Oh, my unworthiness !

Duch. You were ill to sell yourself :

This darkening of your worth is not like that

Which tradesmen use i' the city ; their false lights

Are to rid bad wares off : and I must tell you,

If you will know where breathes a complete man

(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,

And progress through yourself.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,

I should be honest : I have long serv'd Virtue,

And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

Duch. Now she pays it.

The misery of us that are born great !

We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us ;

And as a tyrant doubles with his words,

And fearfully equivocates, so we

Are forced to express our violent passions

In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path

Of simple virtue, which was never made

To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag

You have left me heartless ; mine is in your bosom :

I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble :

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,

To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident :

What is 't distracts you ? This is flesh and blood, sir ;

'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster

Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man !

I do here put off all vain ceremony,

And only do appear to you a young widow

That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,

I use but half a blush in 't.

Ant. Truth speak for me

I will remain the constant sanctuary

Of your good name.

Duch. And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,

Being now my steward, here upon your lips

I sign your *Quietus est*. This you should have begg'd now :

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,

As fearful to devour them too soon.

Ant. But for your brothers ?

Duch. Do not think of them :

All discord without this circumference

Is only to be pitied, and not feared :

Yet, should they know it, time will easily

Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,

And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it

Would not have savour'd flattery.

Duch. Kneel. [*CARIOLA comes from behind the arras.*]

Ant. Ha !

Duch. Be not amazed ; this woman 's of my counsel :

I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber

Per verba presenti is absolute marriage.

[*She and ANTONIO kneel.*]

Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence

Never untwine !

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,

Be still in motion !

Duch. Quickening, and make

The like soft music !

Ant. That we may imitate the loving palms,

Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,

That never bore fruit, divided !

Duch. What can the church force more ?

Ant. That fortune may not know an accident,

Either of joy or sorrow, to divide

Our fix'd wishes !

Duch. How can the church build faster ?

We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church

That must but echo this.

With the Duchess thus wedded to Antonio and blindly following her will, the First Act of the play ends ; Cariola closing the scene after their departure with this comment :

Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman

Reign most in her, I know not ; but it shows

A fearful madness : I owe her much of pity.

The Second Act opens again in the palace of the Duchess of Malfi, where Bosola is set as the spy for her brothers. Bosola is in satiric, scornful dialogue with Castruccio, and with an old lady, keeping "his old garb of melancholy." He suspects that the Duchess is about to become a mother, and stands ready to try her with a gift of apricots. Then he is in dialogue with Antonio, whose relation to the Duchess—hitherto carefully concealed from her brothers—he does not suspect ; and next has an opportunity of offering his apricots, which are eaten greedily. But the Duchess suddenly falls ill, and to conceal the birth of her child the outer gates of the palace are locked, that none may leave, because it is given out that she has had an attempt made on her life with poisoned apricots.

Delio. How fares it with the Duchess ?

Ant. She's exposed

Unto the worst of torture, pain, and fear

Delio. Speak to her all happy comfort.

Ant. How I do play the fool with mine own danger !

You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome :

My life lies in your service.

Delio. Do not doubt me.

Ant. Oh, 'tis far from me : and yet fear presents me

Somewhat that looks like danger.

Delio. Believe it,

'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more :

How superstitiously we mind our evils !

The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,

Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,

Or singing of a cricket, are of power

To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well :

I wish you all the joys of a bless'd father ;

And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast,—

Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best. [*Exit.*]

Enter CARIOLA.

Cari. Sir, you are the happy father of a son :

Your wife commends him to you.

Ant. Bless'd comfort !—

For heaven's sake tend her well : I'll presently

Go set a figure for 's nativity. [*Ecount.*]

SCENE III.

Enter BOSOLA, with a dark lantern.

Bos. Sure I did hear a woman shriek : list, ha !

And the sound came, if I received it right,

From the Duchess' lodgings. There's some stratagem

In the confining all our courtiers

To their several wards : I must have part of it ;

My intelligence will freeze else. List, again !

It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,

Best friend of silence and of solitariness,

The owl, that scream'd so.—Ha ! Antonio !

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. I heard some noise.—Who's there ? what art thou ? speak.

Bos. Antonio, put not your face nor body

To such a forc'd expression of fear :

I am Bosola, your friend.

Ant. Bosola !—

[*Aside.*] This mole does undermine me.—Heard you not

A noise even now ?

Bos. From whence ?

Ant. From the Duchess' lodging.

Bos. Not I : did you ?

Ant. I did, or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walk towards it.

Ant. No : it may be 'twas

But the rising of the wind.

Bos. Very likely.

Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat :

You look wildly.

Ant. I have been setting a figure

For the Duchess' jewels.

Bos. Ah, and how falls your question ?

Do you find it radical ?

Ant. What's that to you ?

'Tis rather to be questioned what design,

When all men were commanded to their lodgings,

Makes you a night-walker.

Bos. In sooth, I'll tell you:
Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil
Had leas't to do here; I came to say my prayers;
And if it do offend you I do so,
You are a fine courtier.

Ant. [*Aside.*] This fellow will undo me.—
You gave the Duchess apricots to-day:
Pray heaven they were not poisoned!

Bos. Poisoned! a Spanish fig
For the imputation.

Ant. Traitors are ever confident
Till they are discovered. There were jewels stol'n too:
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More than yourself.

Bos. You are a false steward.

Ant. Saucy slave, I'll pull thee up by the roots.

Bos. Maybe the ruin will crush you to pieces.

Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir:
Are you scarce warm, and do you show your sting?
You libel well, sir.

Bos. No, sir: copy it out,
And I will set my hand to 't.

Ant. [*Aside.*] My nose bleeds.
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it merely comes by chance:
Two letters, that are wrote here for my name,
Are drowned in blood!
Mere accident.—For you, sir, I'll take order;
If the morn you shall be safe:—[*aside*] 'tis that must colour
Her lying-in:—sir, this door you pass not:
I do not hold it fit that you come near
The Duchess' lodgings, till you have quit yourself.—

[*Aside.*] The great are like the base, nay, they are the same,
When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame. [*Exit.*]

Bos. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper:—
Some of your help, false friend:—Oh, here it is.
What's here? a child's nativity calculated! [*Reads.*]

"The Duchess was delivered of a son, 'twixen the hours twelve
and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1504,"—that's this year—
"decimo nono Decembris,"—that's this night,—"*taken accord-*
ing to the meridian of Malfi,"—that's our Duchess: happy
discovery!—"The lord of the first house being combust in the
ascendant, signifies short life; and Mars being in a human sign,
joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth
threaten a violent death. *Cætera non scrutantur.*"¹

Why, now 'tis most apparent: this precise fellow
Is [go-between]:—I have it to my wish!
This is a parcel of intelligency
Our courtiers were cased up for: it needs must follow
That I must be committed on pretence
Of poisoning her; which I'll endure, and laugh at.
If one could find the father now! but that
Time will discover. Old Castruccio
If the morning posts to Rome: by him I'll send
A letter that shall make her brothers' galls
O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty way.
Though lust do mask in ne'er so strange disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise. [*Exit.*]

Now the scene changes to Rome, where Castruccio's
wife, Julia, is with the Cardinal, whose courtship has
a note of scorn in it. Next Delio has suit to her,
speaks of her husband's hard riding to Rome, and
hears told her by a servant that Castruccio has

delivered a letter which seemed to put the Duke of
Calabria out of his wits. Then we hear the Duke
and the Cardinal, the two brothers of the Duchess,
in counsel over the news sent by Bosola. The Duke
is in a tempest of passion, the Cardinal more danger-
ously quiet in his wrath at the supposed taint on the
royal blood of Arragon and Castile.

Card. How idly shows this rage, which carries you,
As men convey'd by witches through the air,
On violent whirlwinds! this intemperate noise
Fittly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.

Ferd. Have not you
My palsy?

Card. Yes, but I can be angry
Without this rupture: there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deformed, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself.
You have divers men who never yet expressed
Their strong desire of rest but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself
In tune.

Ferd. So I will only study to seem
The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
In you, or in myself; for I do think
It is some sin in us Heaven doth revenge
By her.

Card. Are you stark mad?

The Act ends with a passionate resolve to find the
father of the child.

At the opening of the Third Act, time has elapsed.
There are two more children of the Duchess's mar-
riage to Antonio when Delio returns to Malfi, in the
train of the Duchess's brother Ferdinand. Ferdinand
is again visiting his sister, and, in the opinion of
Antonio, "doth bear himself right dangerously."

He is so quiet that he seems to sleep
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter:
Those houses that are haunted are most still
Till the devil be up.

The character of the Duchess has suffered among
her people, but they suppose only of Antonio that he
has used his office in the household to get wealth.

For other obligation
Of love or marriage between her and me
They never dream of.

Delio. The Lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.

Enter DUCHESS, FERDINAND, and Attendants.

Ferd. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary.—I am to bespeak
A husband for you.

Duch. For me, sir! pray, who is 't?

Ferd. The great Count Malatesti.

Duch. Fie upon him!

A count! he's a mere stick of sugar-candy;
You may look quite through him. When I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honour.

¹ The rest not searched into.

Ferd. You shall do well in 't. How is 't, worthy Antonio?

Duch. But, sir, I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honour.

Ferd. Let me be ever deaf to 't:
One of Pasquil's paper-bullets, court calumny,
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces
Are seldom purged of. Yet say that it were true,
I pour it in your bosom my fixed love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny
Faults, were they apparent in you. Go, be safe
In your own innocence.

Duch. [*Aside.*] O bless'd comfort!
This deadly air is purged.

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS, ANTONIO, DELIO, and Attendants.]

Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot-burning coulters.

Enter BOSOLA.

Now, Bosola,

How thrives our intelligence?

Bos. Sir, uncertainly:
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom we may go read i' the stars.

Ferd. Why, some
Hold opinion all things are written there.

Bos. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read them.
I do suspect there hath been some sorcery
Used on the Duchess.

Ferd. Sorcery! to what purpose?

Bos. To make her dote on some desertless fellow
She shames to acknowledge.

Ferd. Can your faith give way
To think there's power in potions or in charms,
To make us love whether we will or no?

Bos. Most certainly.

Ferd. Away! these are mere gulleries, horrid things,
Invented by some cheating mountebanks
To abuse us. Do you think that herbs or charms
Can force the will? Some trials have been made
In this foolish practice, but the ingredients
Were lenitive poisons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Swears by equivocation they are in love.
The witchcraft lies in her rank blood. This night
I will force confession from her. You told me
You had got, within these two days, a false key
Into her bed-chamber.

Bos. I have.

Ferd. As I would wish.

Bos. What do you intend to do?

Ferd. Can you guess?

Bos. No.

Ferd. Do not ask, then:

He that can compass me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quicksands.

Bos. I do not
Think so.

Ferd. What do you think, then, pray?

Bos. That you are
Your own chronicle too much, and grossly
Flatter yourself.

Ferd. Give me thy hand; I thank thee:
I never gave pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee. Farewell.
That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,
Who rails into his belief all his defects.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Bed-chamber of the Duchess.

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, and CARIOLA.

Duch. Bring me the casket hither, and the glass.—
You get no lodging here to-night, my lord.

Ant. Indeed, I must persuade one.

Duch. Very good:
I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,
That noblemen shall come with cap and knee
To purchase a night's lodging of their wives.

They are idly playful, and the Duchess at her
dressing-glass says presently,

I prithee,

When were we so merry?—My hair tangles.

Ant. Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the room,
And let her talk to herself: I have divers times
Served her the like, when she hath chafed extremely.
I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO and CARIOLA.]

Duch. Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to change?
When I wax grey, I shall have all the court
Powder their hair with arras,¹ to be like me.
You have cause to love me; I entered you into my heart
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.

Enter FERDINAND *behind.*

We shall one day have my brothers take you napping:
Methinks his presence, being now in court,
Should make you keep your own [room]; but you'll say
Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,
You shall [see] no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?
'Tis welcome:

For know, whether I am doomed to live or die,
I can do both like a prince.

Ferd. Die, then, quickly! [*Giving her a poniard.*]
Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it that doth eclipse thee?

Duch. Pray, sir, hear me.

Ferd. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,
And no essential thing?

Duch. Sir,—

Ferd. Do not speak.

Duch. No, sir:

I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

Ferd. O most imperfect light of human reason,
That mak'st us so unhappy to foresee
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort
But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.

Duch. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.

Ferd. So!

Duch. Happily, not to your liking: but for that,
Alas, your shears do come untimely now
To clip the bird's wings that's already flown!
Will you see my husband?

Ferd. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisk.

Duch. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy.

¹ Arras, orris, a flower of the iris kind, its root having the scent of violets.

The wild fury of Ferdinand breaks out again.
The Duchess asks,

Why might not I marry?

I have not gone about in this to create
Any new world or custom.

Ferd. Thou art undone;

And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it
About my heart.

Duch. Mine bleeds for 't.

Ferd. Thine! thy heart!

What should I name 't unless a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

Duch. You are in this

Too strict; and were you not my princely brother,
I would say, too wilful: my reputation
Is safe.

Ferd. Dost thou know what reputation is?

I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since the instruction
Comes now too late.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told them, they should find him in great battles,
Or cities plagued with plagues: Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talked of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents: "Stay," quoth Reputation,
"Do not forsake me; for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again." And so for you:
You have shook hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible. So, fare you well:
I will never see you more.

Duch. Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cased up, like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty.

Ferd. So you have some virgins
That are witches. I will never see thee more.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTONIO with a pistol, and CARIOLA.

Duch. You saw this apparition?

Ant. Yes: we are
Betrayed. How came he hither? I should turn
This to thee, for that.

Cari. Pray, sir, do; and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence.

Duch. That gallery gave him entrance.

Ant. I would this terrible thing would come again,
That, standing on my guard, I might relate
My warrantable love.— [*She shows the poniard.*]

Ha! what means this?

Duch. He left this with me.

Ant. And it seems did wish
You would use it on yourself.

Duch. His action
Seem'd to intend so much.

Ant. This hath a handle to 't,
As well as a point: turn it towards him,
And so fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.

[*Knocking within.*]

How now! who knocks? more earthquakes?

Duch. I stand

As if a mine beneath my feet were ready
To be blown up.

Cari. 'Tis Bosola.

Duch. Away!

O misery! methinks unjust actions
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we.
You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd it already.
[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. The Duke your brother is ta'en up in a whirlwind;
Hath took horse, and 's rid post to Rome.

Duch. So late?

Bos. He told me, as he mounted into the saddle,
You were undone.

Duch. Indeed, I am very near it.

Bos. What's the matter?

Duch. Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in 's accounts:
My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit.

Bos. Strange!—[*Aside.*] This is cunning.

Duch. And hereupon
My brother's bills at Naples are protested
Against.—Call up our officers.

Bos. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Duch. The place that you must fly to is Ancona:
Hire a house there; I'll send after you
My treasure and my jewels. Our weak safety
Runs upon ingenious wheels: short syllables
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a feign'd crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie,
'Cause it must shield our honours.—Hark! they are coming.

Re-enter BOSOLA and Officers.

Ant. Will your grace hear me?

Duch. I have got well by you; you have yielded me
A million of loss; I am like to inherit
The people's curses for your stewardship.
You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,
Till I had signed your quietus; and that cured you
Without help of a doctor.—Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all;
So shall you hold my favour; I pray, let him;
For h'as done that, alas! you would not think of,
And, because I intend to be rid of him,
I mean not to publish.—Use your fortune elsewhere.

Ant. I am strongly armed to brook my overthrow,
As commonly men bear with a hard year:
I will not blame the cause on 't; but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humour. Oh, the inconstant
And rotten ground of service! you may see,
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night,
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
A-loth to part from 't; yet parts thence as cold
As when he first sat down.

Duch. We do confiscate,
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
All that you have.

Ant. I am all yours; and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so.

Duch. So, sir, you have your pass.

Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to serve
A prince with body and soul. — [Exit.

Bos. Here's an example for extortion: what moisture is
drawn out of the sea, when foul weather comes, pours down,
and runs into the sea again.

Duch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.

Sec. Off. He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I
thought your grace would find him a Jew.

Third Off. I would you had been his officer, for your own
sake.

Fourth Off. You would have had more money.

First Off. He stopped his ears with black wool, and to
those came to him for money said he was thick of hearing.

Sec. Off. Some said he was an hermaphrodite, for he could
not abide a woman.

Fourth Off. How scurvy proud he would look when the
treasury was full! Well, let him go.

First Off. Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after
him, to scour his gold chain.

Duch. Leave us. [Exeunt Officers.
What do you think of these?

Bos. That these are rogues that in 's prosperity,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wished
His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses,
And follow'd after 's mule, like a bear in a ring.

Well, never look to have the like again:
He hath left a sort of flattering rogues behind him;
Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers
In their own money: flatterers dissemble their vices,
And they dissemble their lies; that's justice.
Alas, poor gentleman!

Duch. Poor! he hath amply filled his coffers.

Bos. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god of riches,
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,
He goes limping, to signify that wealth
That comes on God's name comes slowly; but when he's sent
On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles.
Let me show you what a most unvalued jewel
You have in a wanton humour thrown away,
To bless the man shall find him. He was an excellent
Courtier and most faithful; a soldier that thought it
As beastly to know his own value too little
As devilish to acknowledge it too much.
Both his virtue and form deserved a far better fortune:
His discourse rather delighted to judge itself than show
itself:

His breast was filled with all perfection,
And yet it seemed a private whispering-room,
It made so little noise of 't.

Duch. But he was basely descended.

Bos. Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,
Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues?
You shall want him:

For know an honest statesman to a prince
Is like a cedar planted by a spring:
The spring bathes the tree's roots, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so.
I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on
Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied
Together with an intelligencer's heart-string,
Than depend on so changeable a prince's favour.
Fare thee well, Antonio! since the malice of the world
Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet
That any ill happened unto thee, considering thy fall
Was accompanied with virtue.

Duch. Oh, you render me excellent music!

Bos. Say you?

Duch. This good one that you speak of, is my husband.

Bos. Do I not dream? can this ambitious age
Have so much goodness in 't as to prefer
A man merely for worth, without these shadows
Of wealth and painted honours? possible?

Duch. I have had three children by him.

Bos. Fortunate lady!

For you have made your private nuptial bed
The humble and fair seminary of peace.
No question but many an unbeneficed scholar
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice
That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
That have no dowries shall hope your example
Will raise them to rich husbands. Should you want
Soldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and Moors
Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected poets of your time,

In honour of this trophy of a man,
Raised by that curious engine, your white hand,
Shall thank you, in your grave, for 't; and make that
More reverend than all the cabinets
Of living princes. For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.

Duch. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,
So would I find concealment.

Bos. Oh, the secret of my prince,
Which I will wear on the inside of my heart!

Duch. You shall take charge of all my coin and
jewels,

And follow him; for he retires himself
To Ancona.

Bos. So.

Duch. Whither, within few days,
I mean to follow thee.

Bos. Let me think:

I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage
To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues
From fair Ancona; so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight
Will seem a princely progress, retaining
Your usual train about you.

Duch. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.

Cari. In my opinion,
She were better progress to the baths at Lucca,
Or go visit the Spa
In Germany; for, if you will believe me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This feigned pilgrimage.

Duch. Thou art a superstitious fool:
Prepare us instantly for our departure.
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

[Exeunt DUCHESS and CARIOLA.

Bos. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil;
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard: he may work in a lady's chamber,
As here for proof. What rests but I reveal
All to my lord? Oh, this base quality
Of intelligencer! why, every quality in the world
Prefers but gain or commendation:
Now, for this act I am certain to be raised,
And men that paint weeds to the life are praised.

[Exit.

The scene changes to Rome, where the Cardinal, known as a warrior before he joined the church, is informed by a carpet soldier, the Count Malatesti, that the Emperor has joined him in commission "with the right fortunate soldier the Marquis Pescara."

Pescara. Bosola arrived! what should be the business? Some falling-out amongst the cardinals. These factions amongst great men, they are like Foxes, when their heads are divided, They carry fire in their tails, and all the country About them goes to wreck for 't.

Silvio. What's that Bosola?

Delio. I knew him in Padua,—a fantastical scholar, like such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what colour Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth-ache. He hath studied himself half blear-eyed to know the true symmetry of Cæsar's nose by a shoeing-horn; and this he did to gain the name of a speculative man.

Pes. Mark Prince Ferdinand:
A very salamander lives in 's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire.

Sil. That cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones: he lifts up 's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm.

Pes. The Lord Ferdinand laughs.

Delio. Like a deadly cannon
That lightens ere it smokes.

Pes. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life that struggle with great statesmen.

Delio. In such a deformed silence witches whisper their charms.

Card. Doth she make religion her riding-hood
To keep her from the sun and tempest?

Ferd. That,
That damns her. Methinks her fault and beauty,
Blended together, show like leprosy,
The whiter, the fouler. I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christened.

Card. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona
To have them banished.

Ferd. You are for Loretto:
I shall not be at your ceremony; fare you well.—
Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With 's mother's honesty.

Bos. I will.

Ferd. Antonio!
A slave that only smelled of ink and counters,
And never in 's life looked like a gentleman
But in the audit-time.—Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort-bridge. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Two Pilgrims to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.

First Pil. I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this;
Yet I have visited many.

Second Pil. The Cardinal of Arragon
Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat:
His sister Duchess likewise is arrived
To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect
A noble ceremony.

First Pil. No question.—They come.

Here the ceremony of the Cardinal's instalment in the habit of a soldier, performed in delivering up his cross, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrine, and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs; then ANTONIO, the DUCHESS, and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb-show expressed towards them by the Cardinal and the state of Ancona, banished: during all which ceremony, a ditty is sung, to very solemn music, by divers churchmen: and then exeunt all except the Two Pilgrims.

First Pil. Here's a strange turn of state! Who would have thought

So great a lady would have matched herself
Unto so mean a person? yet the cardinal
Bears himself much too cruel.

Sec. Pil. They are banished.

First Pil. But I would ask what power hath this state
Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?

Sec. Pil. They are a free state, sir, and her brother showed
How that the Pope, fore-hearing of her looseness,
Hath seized into the protection of the church
The dukedom which she held as dowager.

First Pil. But by what justice?

Sec. Pil. Sure, I think by none,
Only her brother's instigation.

First Pil. What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger?

Sec. Pil. 'Twas her wedding-ring;
Which he vowed shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.

First Pil. Alas, Antonio!
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to 't, his own weight
Will bring him sooner to the bottom. Come, let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things do help the unhappy man to fall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, Children, CARIOLA, and Servants.

Duch. Banished Ancona!

Ant. Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great men's breath.

Duch. Is all our train
Shrunk to this poor remainder?

Ant. These poor men,
Which have got little in your service, vow
To take your fortune: but your wiser buntings,
Now they are fledged, are gone.

Duch. They have done wisely.
This puts me in mind of death: physicians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
Their patients.

Ant. Right the fashion of the world:
From decayed fortunes every flatterer shrinks;
Men cease to build where the foundation sinks.

Duch. I had a very strange dream to-night.

Ant. What was 't?

Duch. Methought I wore my coronet of state,
And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were changed to pearls.

Ant. My interpretation
Is, you'll weep shortly; for to me the pearls
Do signify your tears.

Duch. The birds that live i' the field
On the wild benefit of nature live

Happier than we ; for they may choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring.

Enter BOSOLA with a letter.

Bos. You are happily o'erta'en.

Duch. From my brother ?

Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand your brother
All love and safety.

Duch. Thou dost blanch mischief,
Wouldst make it white. See, see, like to calm weather
At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair
To those they intend most mischief. [*Reads.*

"Send Antonio to me ; I want his head in a business."

A politic equivocation !

He doth not want your counsel, but your head ;

That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.

And here's another pitfall that 's strew'd o'er

With roses ; mark it, 'tis a cunning one : [*Reads.*

*"I stand engaged for your husband for several debts at Naples :
let not that trouble him ; I had rather have his heart than his
money :"*—

And I believe so too.

Bos. What do you believe ?

Duch. That he so much distrusts my husband's love,
He will by no means believe his heart is with him
Until he see it : the devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles.

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love which I present you ?

Duch. Their league is like that of some politic kings,
Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruin : tell them so.

Bos. And what from you ?

Ant. Thus tell him ; I will not come.

Bos. And what of this ?

Ant. My brothers have dispersed
Blood-hounds abroad ; which till I hear are muzzled,
No truce, though hatched with ne'er such politic skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will.
I'll not come at them.

Bos. This proclaims your breeding :
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,
As the adamant draws iron. Fare you well, sir :
You shall shortly hear from 's.

Duch. I suspect some ambush :
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan.
Let us not venture all this poor remainder
In one unlucky bottom.

Ant. You counsel safely.
Best of my life, farewell, since we must part :
Heaven hath a hand in 't ; but no otherwise
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring 't in better order.

Duch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you.—Farewell, boy :
Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery ; for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sense
Of sorrow.—In the Eternal Church, sir,
I do hope we shall not part thus.

Ant. Oh, be of comfort !
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are used :
Man, like to cassia, is proved best, being bruised.

Duch. Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,

Account it praise to suffer tyranny ?
And yet, O Heaven, thy heavy hand is in 't !
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compar'd myself to 't : naught made me e'er
Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.

Ant. Do not weep :

Heaven fashioned us of nothing ; and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing.—Farewell, Cariola,
And thy sweet armful.—If I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger : fare you well.

Duch. Let me look upon you once more, for that speech
Came from a dying father : your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

Ant. My heart is turned to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger : fare you well.

[*Exeunt ANTONIO and his son.*

Duch. My laurel is all withered.

Cari. Look, madam, what a troop of arm'd men
Make toward us.

Duch. Oh, they are very welcome :
When Fortune's wheel is overcharged with princes,
The weight makes it move swift : I would have my ruin
Be sudden.

Re-enter BOSOLA visarded, with a guard.

I am your adventure, am I not ?

Bos. You are : you must see your husband no more.

Duch. What devil art thou that counterfeit'st heaven's
thunder ?

Bos. Is that terrible ? I would have you tell me whether
Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them
To the nets ? you have hearken'd to the last too much.

Duch. O misery ! like to a rusty o'ercharg'd cannon
Shall I never fly in pieces ?—Come, to what prison ?

Bos. To none.

Duch. Whither, then ?

Bos. To your palace.

Duch. I have heard
That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er
The dismal lake, but brings none back again.

Bos. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.

Duch. Pity !
With such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough
To be eaten.

Bos. These are your children ?

Duch. Yes.

Bos. Can they prattle ?

Duch. No :

But I intend, since they were born accursed,
Curses shall be their first language.

Bos. Fie, madam !

Forget this base, low fellow,—

Duch. Were I a man,
I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.

Bos. One of no birth.

Duch. Say that he was born mean :
Man is most happy when 's own actions
Be arguments and examples of his virtue.

Bos. A barren, beggarly virtue.

Duch. I prithee, who is greatest ? can you tell ?
Sad tales befit my woe : I'll tell you one.
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her

With this rough language; "Why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of floods,
Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest and fresh time o' the year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself
With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou
Pass by our dogship without reverence?"
"Oh," quoth the salmon, "sister, be at peace:
Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!
Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown:
I' the market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire."
So to great men the moral may be stretch'd;
Men oft are valu'd high, when they're most wretch'd.—
But come, whither you please. I am arm'd 'gainst misery;
Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will:
There's no deep valley but near some great hill. *[Exeunt.]*

Here the Third Act closes; and the Fourth thus opens:—

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Malft, in the Palace of the DUCHESS.

Enter FERDINAND and BOSOLA.

Ferd. How doth our sister Duchess bear herself
In her imprisonment?

Bos. Nobly: I'll describe her.
She's sad as one long used to't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it; a behaviour so noble
As gives a majesty to adversity:
You may discern the shape of loveliness,
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles:
She will muse four hours together; and her silence,
Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake.

Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortified
With a strange disdain.

Bos. 'Tis so; and this restraint,
Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with tying,
Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she is kept from.

Ferd. Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart. Inform her what I told you. *[Exit.]*

Enter DUCHESS.

Bos. All comfort to your grace!

Duch. I will have none.
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poisoned pills
In gold and sugar?

Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' the night;
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but for his vow
He dares not see you.

Duch. At his pleasure.—
Take hence the lights.—He's come.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Where are you?

Duch. Here, sir.

Ferd. This darkness suits you well.

Duch. I would ask you pardon.

Ferd. You have it;

For I account it the honorablest revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon.—Where are your cubs?

Duch. Whom?

Ferd. Call them your children;
For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.

Duch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' the church
Shall make you howl in hell for't.

Ferd. It had been well,
Could you have lived thus always; for, indeed,
You were too much i' the light:—but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand
[Gives her a dead man's hand.]

To which you have vowed much love; the ring upon't
You gave.

Duch. I affectionately kiss it.

Ferd. Pray do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that ow'd it; you shall see
Whether he can aid you.

Duch. You are very cold:
I fear you are not well after your travel.—
Ha! lights!—Oh, horrible!

Ferd. Let her have lights enough. *[Exit.]*

Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath
left

A dead man's hand here?

*[Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures
of ANTONIO and his children, appearing as if they
were dead.]*

Bos. Look you, here's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were't my picture, fashioned out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill; and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bos. What's that?

Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

Bos. Come, you must live.

Duch. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
In hell, that they must live, and cannot die.
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again,
And revive that rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.

Bos. Oh, fie! despair? remember
You are a Christian.

Duch. The Church enjoins fasting:
I'll starve myself to death.

Bos. Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend: the bee
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lid.

Duch. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must despatch me?

I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.
Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.
Duch. Indeed, I have not leisure to tend
So small a business.

Bos. Now, by my life, I pity you.
Duch. Thou art a fool, then,
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity itself. I am full of daggers
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

Enter Servant.

What are you?
Serv. One that wishes you long life.
Duch. I would thou wert hanged for the horrible curse
Thou hast given me; I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity. I'll go pray;—
No, I'll go curse.

Bos. Oh, fie!
Duch. I could curse the stars.
Bos. Oh, fearful!
Duch. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.

Bos. Look you, the stars shine still.
Duch. Oh, but you must
Remember, my curse hath a great way to go.—
Plagues that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them!

Bos. Fie, lady!
Duch. Let them, like tyrants,
Ne'er be remembered but for the ill they've done;
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them!—

Bos. Oh, uncharitable!
Duch. Let heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them!—
Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed:
It is some mercy when men kill with speed. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish; she's plagued in art:
These presentations are but framed in wax
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.

Bos. Why do you do this?
Ferd. To bring her to despair.
Bos. Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty:
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer-books.

Ferdinand answers with passionate threats of more
torment to the mind:

And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolved
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad-folk, and place them near her lodging;
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' the moon:
If she can sleep the better for it, let her.
Your work is almost ended.

Bos. Must I see her again?

Ferd. Yes.

Bos. Never.

Ferd. You must.

Bos. Never in mine own shape;
That's forfeited by my intelligence
And this last cruel lie: when you send me next,
The business shall be comfort.

Ferd. Very likely;
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio
Lurks about Milan: thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a fire as great as my revenge,
Which never will slack till it have spent his fuel:
Intemperate agues makes physicians cruel. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that?

Cari. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practised till this hour.

Duch. Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and idly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Cari. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.

Duch. Thou art deceived:
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison.

Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.

Duch. Thou art a fool:
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

Cari. Pray dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?

Duch. Of nothing;
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?

Cari. Yes, out of question.

Duch. Oh, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow:
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duch. Very proper;
And Fortune seems only to have her eye-sight
To behold my tragedy.—How now!
What noise is that?

Enter Servant.

Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forced him to laugh,

And so the imposthume broke; the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

Serv. There's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian
That in his works said such a day o' the month
Should be the day of doom, and, failing of 't,
Ran mad; an English tailor crazed i' the brain
With the study of new fashions; a gentleman-usher
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations
Or "How do you" she employed him in each morning;
A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,
Mad 'cause he was hindered transportation:
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the devil were among them.

Duch. Sit, Cariola.—Let them loose when you please,
For I am chained to endure your tyranny.

Enter Madmen.

Here by a Madman this song is sung to a dismal kind of music.

*Oh, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly doggéd howl,
Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears
And corrosived your hearts.
At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.*

First Madman. Doom's-day not come yet; I'll draw it
nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the
world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is
stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

Second Madman. Hell is a mere glass-house, where the
devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow
irons, and the fire never goes out.

First Madman. I have skill in heraldry.

Second Madman. Hast?

First Madman. You do give for your crest a woodcock's
head with the brains picked out on 't; you are a very
ancient gentleman.

Third Madman. Greek is turned Turk: we are only to be
saved by the Helvetian translation.

First Madman. Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

Second Madman. Oh, rather lay a corrosive: the law will
eat to the bone.

Third Madman. He that drinks but to satisfy nature is
damned.

Fourth Madman. I have pared the devil's nails forty times,
roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured agues with them.

Third Madman. Get me three hundred milch-bats, to make
possets to procure sleep.

Fourth Madman. All the college may throw their caps at
me: I have made a soap-boiler costive; it was my master-
piece.

[*Here the dance, consisting of Eight Madmen, with music
answerable thereunto; after which, BOSOLA, like an
old man, enters.*

Duch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt Servant and Madmen.*

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is
insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory
of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little cruddled milk,
fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those
paper prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible,
since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a
lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is
like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads,
like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge
of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy Duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to
sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner
than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a
mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear:
a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee,
would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living; I am a
tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry:—of what stuff wilt thou
make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do
we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do
not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven:
but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of
the tooth-ache: they are not carved with their eyes fixed
upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the
world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall:—

Enter Executioners, with a coffin, cords, and a bell.

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it:

I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cari. Oh, my sweet lady!

Duch. Peace; it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now every thing is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

Cari. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady?—Call for help.

Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours? they are mad-folks.

Bos. Remove that noise.

Duch. Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give:
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cari. I will die with her.

Duch. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[CARIOLA is forced out by the Executioners.

Now what you please:

What death?

Bos. Strangling; here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them:

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?

Bos. Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit:

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smother'd
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way, for heaven-sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.

First Execut. We are ready

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?

First Execut. Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me:—

Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees [*Kneels*].—Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep!—
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*The Executioners strangle the Duchess*¹

Bos. Where's the waiting-woman?

Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[*CARIOLA and Children are brought in by the Executioners, who presently strangle the Children.*

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

Cari. Oh, you are damned
Perpetually for this! My turn is next;
Is't not so order'd?

Bos. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for't.

Cari. You are deceived, sir;
I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.

Bos. Come, despatch her.—

You kept her counsel; now you shall keep ours.

Cari. I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.

First Execut. Here's your wedding-ring.²

Cari. Let me but speak with the duke; I'll discover
Treason to his person.

Bos. Delays:—throttle her.

First Execut. She bites and scratches.

Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd; I have not been at confession
This two years.

Bos. [*To Executioners.*] When?

[*The Executioners strangle CARIOLA.*

Bear her into the next room;

Let these lie still.

[*Exit the Executioners with the body of CARIOLA.*

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what

You'd have her. But here begin your pity:

[*Shows the Children strangled.*

Alas, how have these offended?

Ferd. The death

Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

¹ "All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the duchess's death is ushered in are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victim is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions of *this life*, so her language seems *not of this world*. She has lived among horrors till she is become 'native and endowed unto that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a smatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale. What are 'Luke's iron crown,' the brazen bull of Perillus, Procrustes' bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of madmen, the tomb-maker, the bell-man, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees! To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit; this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's head horrors accumulate,' but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality, they 'terrify babes with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum." C. Lamb ("Spec. of Eng. Dram. Poets").

² Showing the round of the noose in the rope.

Bos. Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep ?

Other sins only speak ; murder shrieks out :

The element of water moistens the earth,

But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face ; mine eyes dazzle : she died young.

Bos. I think not so ; her infelicity

Seemed to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins ;

And should I die this instant, I had lived

Her time to a minute.

Bos. It seems she was born first :

You have bloodily approved the ancient truth,

That kindred commonly do worse agree

Than remote strangers.

Ferd. Let me see her face

Again. Why didst not thou pity her ? what

An excellent honest man mightst thou have been,

If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary !

Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thyself,

With thy advanc'd sword above thy head,

Between her innocence and my revenge !

I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,

Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done 't.

For let me but examine well the cause :

What was the meanness of her match to me ?

Only I must confess I had a hope,

Had she continued widow, to have gained

An infinite mass of treasure by her death :

And what was the main cause ? her marriage,

That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.

For thee, as we observe in tragedies

That a good actor many times is cursed

For playing a villain's part, I hate thee for 't,

And, for my sake, say, thou hast done much ill well.

Bos. Let me quicken your memory, for I perceive

You are falling into ingratitude : I challenge

The reward due to my service.

Ferd. I'll tell thee

What I'll give thee.

Bos. Do.

Ferd. I'll give thee pardon

For this murder.

Bos. Ha !

Ferd. Yes, and 'tis

The largest bounty I can study to do thee.

By what authority didst thou execute

This bloody sentence ?

Bos. By yours.

Ferd. Mine ! was I her judge ?

Did any ceremonial form of law

Doom her to not-being ? did a complete jury

Deliver her conviction up i' the court ?

Where shalt thou find this judgment registered,

Unless in hell ? See, like a bloody fool,

Thou'st forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for 't.

Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite

When one thief hangs another. Who shall dare

To reveal this ?

Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee ;

The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,

Not to devour the corpse, but to discover

The horrid murder.

Bos. You, not I, shall quake for 't.

Ferd. Leave me.

Bos. I will first receive my pension.

Ferd. You are a villain.

Bos. When your ingratitude

Is judge, I am so.

Ferd. O horror,

That not the fear of Him which binds the devils

Can prescribe man obedience !—

Never look upon me more.

Bos. Why, fare thee well.

Your brother and yourself are worthy men :

You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,

Rotten, and rotting others ; and your vengeance,

Like two chained bullets, still goes arm in arm :

You may be brothers ; for treason, like the plague,

Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one

That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream :

I am angry with myself, now that I wake.

Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o' the world,

That I may never see thee.

Bos. Let me know

Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir

I served your tyranny, and rather strove

To satisfy yourself than all the world :

And though I loathed the evil, yet I loved

You that did counsel it ; and rather sought

To appear true servant than an honest man.

Ferd. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light :

'Tis a deed of darkness.

[*Exit.*

Bos. He's much distracted. Off, my painted honour !

While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,

We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire.

What would I do, were this to do again ?

I would not change my peace of conscience

For all the wealth of Europe.—She stirs ; here's life :—

Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine

Out of this sensible hell :—she's warm, she breathes :—

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,

To store them with fresh colour.—Who's there !

Some cordial drink !—Alas ! I dare not call :

So pity would destroy pity.—Her eye opes,

And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was shut,

To take me up to mercy.

Duch. Antonio !

Bos. Yes, madam, he is living ;

The dead bodies you saw were but feigned statues.

He's reconciled to your brothers ; the Pope hath wrought

The atonement.

Duch. Mercy !

[*Dies.*

Bos. Oh, she's gone again ! there the cords of life broke.

O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps

On turtle's feathers, whilst a guilty conscience

Is a black register wherein is writ

All our good deeds and bad, a perspective

That shows us hell ! That we cannot be suffered

To do good when we have a mind to it !

This is manly sorrow ;

These tears, I am very certain, never grew

In my mother's milk : my estate is sunk

Below the degree of fear : where were

These penitent fountains while she was living ?

Oh, they were frozen up ! Here is a sight

As direful to my soul as is the sword

Unto a wretch hath slain his father. Come,

I'll bear thee hence,

And execute thy last will ; that's deliver

Thy body to the reverend dispose

Of some good women : that the cruel tyrant

Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to Milan,

Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection.

[*Exit.*]

The Fifth Act opens in Milan, with dialogue between Antonio and Delio, who misdoubts the Arragonian brethren.

For though they have sent their letters of safe-conduct
For your repair to Milan, they appear
But nets to entrap you.

The brave soldier, the Marquis of Pescara, under whom Antonio holds lands, has been moved to seize them. Delio tries the position for his friend by asking the marquis for

the citadel of Saint Benet,
With some demesnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna.

They are refused to him, and directly afterwards given to the light Julia, who supports her petition with a letter from the Cardinal. Honest Pescara refused Delio because

it were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend.

Then in the gallery of a palace at Milan belonging to the Duke and Cardinal, Pescara visits Ferdinand, whose storm of passion has now laid his mind in ruin.

Enter PESCARA and Doctor.

Pes. Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?

Doc. If 't please your lordship; but he's instantly
To take the air here in the gallery
By my direction.

Pes. Pray thee, what's his disease?

Doc. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call it lycanthropia.

Pes. What's that?

I need a dictionary to 't.

Doc. I'll tell you.

In those that are possessed with 't there o'erflows
Such melancholy humour they imagine
Themselves to be transforméd into wolves;
Steal forth to churchyards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since
One met the Duke 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind Saint Mark's Church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howled fearfully;
Said he was a wolf, only the difference
Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,
His on the inside; bade them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try: straight I was sent for,
And, having ministered to him, found his grace
Very well recovered.

Pes. I am glad on 't.

Doc. Yet not without some fear
Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,
I'll go a nearer way to work with him
Than ever Paracelsus dreamed of; if
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out of him.
Stand aside; he comes.

Enter FERDINAND, Cardinal, MALATESTI, and BOSOLA.

Ferd. Leave me.

Mal. Why doth your lordship love this solitariness?

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are crows, daws,
and starlings that flock together. Look, what's that follows
me?

Mal. Nothing, my lord.

Ferd. Yes.

Mal. 'Tis your shadow.

Ferd. Stay it; let it not haunt me.

Mal. Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine.

Ferd. I will throttle it.

[*Throws himself down on his shadow.*]

Mal. Oh, my lord, you are angry with nothing.

Ferd. You are a fool: how is 't possible I should catch my
shadow, unless I fall upon 't? When I go to hell, I mean to
carry a bribe; for, look you, good gifts evermore make way
for the worst persons.

Pes. Rise, good my lord.

Ferd. I am studying the art of patience.

Pes. 'Tis a noble virtue.

Ferd. To drive six snails before me from this town to
Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them
take their own time;—the patient'st man i' the world match
me for an experiment;—and I'll crawl after like a sheep-
biter.

Card. Force him up.

[*They raise him.*]

Ferd. Use me well, you were best. What I have done, I
have done: I'll confess nothing.

Doc. Now let me come to him.—Are you mad, my lord?
are you out of your princely wits?

Ferd. What's he?

Pes. Your doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard sawed off, and his eyebrows
filed more civil.

Doc. I must do mad tricks with him, for that's the only
way on 't.—I have brought your grace a salamander's skin
to keep you from sun-burning.

Ferd. I have cruel sore eyes.

Doc. The white of a cockatrice's egg is present remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you were best.—Hide me
from him: physicians are like kings,—they brook no con-
tradiction.

Doc. Now he begins to fear me: now let me alone with
him.

Card. How now! put off your gown!

Doc. . . . he and I'll go pelt one another
—Now he begins to fear me.—Can you fetch a frisk, sir?—
Let him go, let him go, upon my peril: I find by his eye he
stands in awe of me; I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.

Ferd. Can you fetch your frisks, sir!—I will stamp him
into a cullis,¹ flay off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies
this rogue hath set i' the cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgeon's-
hall.—Hence, hence! you are all of you like beasts for
sacrifice: there's nothing left of you but tongue and belly,
flattery and lechery. [*Exit.*]

Pes. Doctor, he did not fear you thoroughly.

Doc. True; I was somewhat too forward.

Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment
Hath fallen upon this Ferdinand!

Pes. Knows your grace
What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?

Card. [*Aside*] I must feign somewhat.—Thus they say it
grew:—

¹ Cullis, meat jelly, strong broth. French "coulis."

You have heard it rumour'd, for these many years
 None of our family dies but there is seen
 The shape of an old woman, which is given
 By tradition to us to have been murdered
 By her nephews for her riches. Such a figure
 One night, as the prince sat up late at 's book,
 Appeared to him; when crying out for help,
 The gentlemen of 's chamber found his grace
 All on a cold sweat, altered much in face
 And language: since which apparition,
 He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
 He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speak with you.

Pes. We'll leave your grace,
 Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
 All health of mind and body.

Card. You are most welcome.

[*Exeunt* PESCARA, MALATESTI, and Doctor.

Are you come? so.—[*Aside.*] This fellow must not know
 By any means I had intelligence
 In our Duchess' death; for, though I counselled it,
 The full of all the engagement seemed to grow
 From Ferdinand.—Now, sir, how fares our sister?
 I do not think but sorrow makes her look
 Like to an oft-dyed garment: she shall now
 Taste comfort from me. Why do you look so wildly?
 Oh, the fortune of your master here the prince
 Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:
 If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat,
 Though he had a cold tombstone o'er his bones,
 I'd make you what you would be.

Bos. Anything;
 Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to 't:
 They that think long small expedition win,
 For musing much o' the end cannot begin.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?

Card. I am busy; leave me.

Julia. [*Aside.*] What an excellent shape hath that fellow!
 [Exit.

Card. 'Tis thus. Antonio lurks here in Milan:
 Inquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,
 Our sister cannot marry; and I have thought
 Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and style me
 Thy advancement.

Bos. But by what means shall I find him out?

Card. There is a gentleman called Delio
 Here in the camp, that hath been long approved
 His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow;
 Follow him to mass; maybe Antonio,
 Although he do not account religion
 But a school-name, for fashion of the world
 May accompany him; or else go inquire out
 Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
 Him to reveal it. There are a thousand ways
 A man might find to trace him; as to know
 What fellows haunt the Jews for taking up
 Great sums of money, for sure he's in want;
 Or else to go to the picture-makers, and learn
 Who bought her picture lately: some of these
 Happily may take.

Bos. Well, I'll not freeze i' the business:
 I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
 Above all sights i' the world.

Card. Do, and be happy.

Bos. This fellow doth breed basilisks in 's eyes,

He's nothing else but murder; yet he seems
 Not to have notice of the Duchess' death.
 'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example;
 There cannot be a surer way to trace
 Than that of an old fox.

Re-enter JULIA.

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.

Bos. How now!

Julia lets Bosola know how quickly she has transferred to him her light fancies, and when she offers to do something to prove her love, he bids her discover for him the cause of the Cardinal's melancholy. She promises to do that immediately. Let him hide and hear.

Go get you in:

You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart
 Like a skein of silk.

The Cardinal enters, saying to his servants,

Let none, upon your lives, have conference
 With the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know it.—

[*Aside.*] In this distraction he may reveal
 The murder.

Yond 's my lingering consumption:
 I am weary of her, and by any means
 Would be quit of.

Julia then tries her skill in winning from the
 Cardinal his secret cause of trouble.

Sir, never was occasion
 For perfect trial of my constancy
 Till now: sir, I beseech you—

Card. You'll repent it.

Julia. Never.

Card. It hurries thee to ruin: I'll not tell thee.
 Be well advised, and think what danger 'tis
 To receive a prince's secrets: they that do,
 Had need have their breasts hooped with adamant
 To contain them. I pray thee, yet be satisfied;
 Examine thine own frailty; 'tis more easy
 To tie knots than unloose them: 'tis a secret
 That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie
 Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven years hence.

Julia. Now you dally with me.

Card. No more; thou shalt know it.
 By my appointment the great Duchess of Malfi
 And two of her young children, four nights since,
 Were strangled.

Julia. O heaven! sir, what have you done!

Card. How now? how settles this? think you your bosom
 Will be a grave dark and obscure enough
 For such a secret?

Julia. You have undone yourself, sir.

Card. Why?

Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it.

Card. No?

Come, I will swear you to 't upon this book.

Julia. Most religiously.

Card. Kiss it. [*She kisses the book.*

Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity
 Hath undone thee: thou'rt poison'd with that book;
 Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,
 I have bound thee to 't by death.

[Exit.

Re-enter BOSOLA.

Bos. For pity sake, hold!

Card. Ha, Bosola!

Julia. I forgive you

This equal piece of justice you have done;
For I betrayed your counsel to that fellow;
He overheard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceal it.

Bos. O foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poisoned him?

Julia. 'Tis weakness,
Too much to think what should have been done. I go,
I know not whither. [Dies.]

Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?

Bos. That I might find a great man like yourself,
Not out of his wits as the Lord Ferdinand,
To remember my service.

Card. I'll have thee hewed in pieces.

Bos. Make not yourself such a promise of that life
Which is not yours to dispose of.

Card. Who placed thee here?

Bos. Her lust, as she intended.

Card. Very well:
Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.

Bos. And wherefore should you lay fair marble colours
Upon your rotten purposes to me?
Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i' the graves
Of those were actors in't?

Card. No more; there is
A fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue to Fortune any longer?
'Tis the fool's pilgrimage.

Card. I have honours in store for thee.

Bos. There are many ways that conduct to seeming honour,
And some of them very dirty ones.

Card. Throw to the devil
Thy melancholy. The fire burns well;
What need we keep a stirring of't, and make
A greater smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?

Bos. Yes.

Card. Take up that body.

Bos. I think I shall

Shortly grow the common bier for churchyards.

Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants
To aid thee in the murder.

Bos. Oh, by no means. Physicians that apply horse-
leeches to any rank swelling use to cut off their tails, that
the blood may run through them the faster: let me have no
train when I go to shed blood, lest it make me have a greater
when I go to the gallows.

Card. Come to me after midnight, to help to remove
That body to her own lodging: I'll give out
She died o' the plague; 'twill breed the less inquiry
After her death.

Bos. Where's Castruccio her husband?

Card. He's rode to Naples, to take possession
Of Antonio's citadel.

Bos. Believe me, you have done a very happy turn.

Card. Fail not to come: there is the master-key
Of our lodgings; and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you.

Bos. You shall find me ready. [Exit Cardinal.]
Oh, poor Antonio, though nothing be so needful
To thy estate as pity, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my footing:
In such slippery ice-pavements men had need

To be frost-nailed well, they may break their necks else:
The precedent's here afore me. How this man
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'tis well:
Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall between. Well, good Antonio,
I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruel biters that have got
Some of thy blood already. It may be,
I'll join with thee in a most just revenge:
The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes
With the sword of justice. Still methinks the duchess
Haunts me: there, there!—'Tis nothing but my melancholy.
O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,
That throws men down only to raise them up! [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO.

Delio. Yond's the Cardinal's window. This fortification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
And to yond side o' the river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard,
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have suppos'd it is a spirit
That answers.

Ant. I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history:
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred
Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday; but all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.

Echo. Like death that we have.

Delio. Now the echo hath caught you.

Ant. It groan'd, methought, and gave
A very deadly accent.

Echo. Deadly accent.

Delio. I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow.

Echo. A thing of sorrow.

Ant. Ay, sure, that suits it best.

Echo. That suits it best.

Ant. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.

Echo. Ay, wife's voice.

Delio. Come, let us walk further from't.
I would not have you go to the Cardinal's to-night:
Do not.

Echo. Do not.

Delio. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
Than time: take time for't; be mindful of thy safety.

Echo. Be mindful of thy safety.

Ant. Necessity compels me:
Make scrutiny throughout the passages
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate.

Echo. Oh, fly your fate!

Delio. Hark! the dead stones seem to have pity on you,
And give you good counsel.

Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.

Echo. Thou art a dead thing.

Ant. My Duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly: O heaven,
Shall I never see her more?

Echo. Never see her more.

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the echo
But that; and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Delio. Your fancy merely.

Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague,
For to live thus is not indeed to live;
It is a mockery and abuse of life:
I will not henceforth save myself by halves;
Lose all, or nothing.

Delio. Your own virtue save you!
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you:
It may be that the sight of his own blood
Spread in so sweet a figure may beget
The more compassion. However, fare you well.
Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none:
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Cardinal, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, and
GRISOLAN.

Card. You shall not watch to-night by the sick prince;
His grace is very well recover'd.

Mal. Good my lord, suffer us.

Card. Oh, by no means;
The noise, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him: I pray, all to bed;
And though you hear him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you.

Pes. So, sir; we shall not.

Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honours, for I was enjoin'd to't
By himself; and he seem'd to urge it sensibly.

Pes. Let our honours bind this trifle.

Card. Nor any of your followers.

Mal. Neither.

Card. It may be, to make trial of your promise,
When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
And feign myself in danger.

Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.

Card. Why, I thank you.

Gris. 'Twas a foul storm to-night.

Rod. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like an osier.

Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the devil,
To rock his own child. [*Exeunt all except the Cardinal.*]

Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging. Oh, my conscience!
I would pray now; but the devil takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this hour I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body: when he hath served my turn,
He dies.

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. Ha! 'twas the Cardinal's voice; I heard him name
Bosola and my death. Listen; I hear one's footing.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Bos. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I see I must stand upon my guard.

Ferd. What say to that? whisper softly; do you agree to't? So; it must be done i' the dark: the Cardinal would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. [*Exit.*]

Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murder.

We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cured with death.

Enter ANTONIO and Servant.

Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark lantern.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right, my sword!— [*Stabs him.*]
I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit
In a minute.

Bos. What art thou?

Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself.

Re-enter Servant with a lantern.

Serv. Where are you, sir?

Ant. Very near my home.—Bosola!

Serv. Oh, misfortune!

Bos. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else.—Antonio!
The man I would have saved 'bove mine own life!
We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded
Which way please them.—Oh, good Antonio,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear
Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair Duchess
And two sweet children—

Ant. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murdered.

Ant. Some men have wished to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do 't in sadness: I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'd nor healed, for I have no use
To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blown in the air.
Pleasure of life, what is 't? only the good hours
Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation. I do not ask
The process of my death; only commend me
To Delio.

Bos. Break, heart!

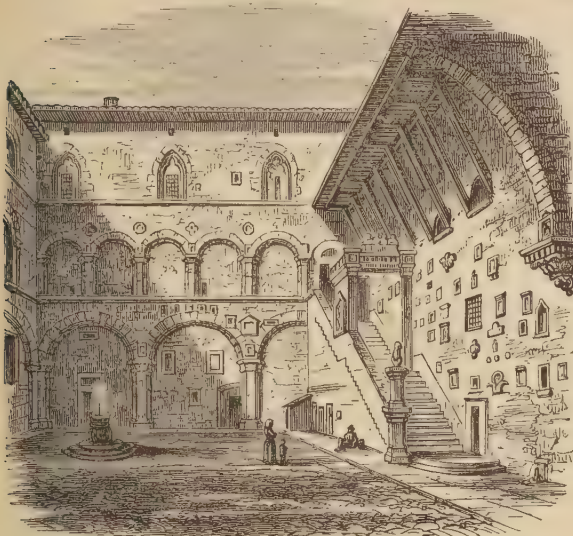
Ant. And let my son fly from the courts of princes. [*Dies.*]
Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio?

Serv. I brought him hither,
To have reconciled him to the Cardinal.

Bos. I do not ask thee that.

Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge.—Oh, my fate moves swift!
I have this Cardinal in the forge already;
Now I'll bring him to the hammer. O direful misprision!
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base; I'll be mine own example.—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st.

[*Exeunt.*]



PALACE OF THE PODESTA, FLORENCE. (From a Picture by Canaletto.)

SCENE V.

Enter Cardinal, with a book.

Card. I am puzzled in a question about hell:
He says, in hell there's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

Enter BOSOLA, and Servant bearing ANTONIO's body.

Now, art thou come?

Thou look'st ghastly:
There sits in thy face some great determination
Mixed with some fear.

Bos. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.

Card. Ha!—Help! our guard!*Bos.* Thou art deceived;

They are out of thy howling.

Card. Hold; and I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.

Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.

Card. Raise the watch! we are betray'd!

Bos. I have confined your flight:
I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further.

Card. Help! we are betrayed!*Enter, above, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, and GRISOLAN.**Mal.* Listen.*Card.* My dukedom for rescue!*Rod.* Fie upon his counterfeiting!*Mal.* Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.*Rod.* Yes, yes, 'tis he:

But I'll see him hanged ere I'll go down to him.

Card. Here's a plot upon me; I am assaulted! I am lost,
Unless some rescue!

Gris. He doth this pretty well;

But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honour.

Card. The sword's at my throat!*Rod.* You would not bawl so loud then.*Mal.* Come, come, let's go

To bed: he told us thus much aforehand.

Pes. He wished you should not come at him; but,
believe 't,

The accent of the voice sounds not in jest:
I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines

Force ope the doors.

[*Exit above.*]*Rod.* Let's follow him aloof,

And note how the Cardinal will laugh at him.

[*Exeunt, above, MALATESTI, RODERIGO,
and GRISOLAN.*]

Bos. There's for you first,
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door
To let in rescue.

[*Kills the Servant.*]*Card.* What cause hast thou to pursue my life?*Bos.* Look there.*Card.* Antonio!*Bos.* Slain by my hand unwittingly.

Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'st thy sister,
Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,
And left her naught but her sword.

Card. Oh, mercy!

Bos. Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;
For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity
Can drive thee. I'll not waste longer time; there!

[*Stabs him.*]*Card.* Thou hast hurt me.*Bos.* Again![*Stabs him again.*]

Card. Shall I die like a leveret,
Without any assistance?—Help, help, help!
I am slain!

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. The alarm! give me a fresh horse;
Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost.
Yield, yield! I give you the honour of arms,
Shake my sword over you; will you yield?

Card. Help me; I am your brother!*Ferd.* The devil!

My brother fight upon the adverse party!

[*He wounds the Cardinal, and, in the scuffle,
gives BOSOLA his death-wound.*]

There flies your ransom.

Card. Oh, justice!

I suffer now for what hath former bin:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

Ferd. Now you're brave fellows. Cæsar's fortune was
harder than Pompey's; Cæsar died in the arms of prosperity,
Pompey at the feet of disgrace. You both die in the field.
The pain's nothing: pain many times is taken away with
the apprehension of greater, as the toothache with the sight
of the barber that comes to pull it out: there's philosophy
for you.

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect.—Sink, thou main cause
[*Kills FERDINAND.*]

Of my undoing!—The last part of my life
Hath done me best service.

Ferd. Give me some wet hay; I am broken-winded.
I do account this world but a dog-kennel:
I will vault credit and affect high pleasures
Beyond death.

Bos. He seems to come to himself,
Now he's so near the bottom.

Ferd. My sister, O my sister! there's the cause on't.
Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust.

[*Dies.*]*Card.* Thou hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth ;
'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Enter, below, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, and GRISOLAN.

Pes. How now, my lord !

Mal. Oh, sad disaster !

Rod. How comes this ?

Bos. Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murder'd
By the Arragonian brethren ; for Antonio
Slain by this hand ; for lustful Julia
Poisoned by this man ; and lastly for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' the end
Neglected.

Pes. How now, my lord !

Card. Look to my brother :

He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
Here i' the rushes.¹ And now, I pray, let me
Be laid by and never thought of.

Pes. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
His own rescue !

Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death ?

Bos. In a mist ; I know not how :
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play. Oh, I am gone !
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruined, yield no echo. Fare you well.
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die
In so good a quarrel. Oh, this gloomy world !
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live !
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just :
Mine is another voyage.

Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to the palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and showed me
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

Enter DELIO, and ANTONIO'S SON.

Mal. Oh, sir, you come too late !

Delio. I heard so, and

Was armed for 't, ere I came. Let us make noble use
Of this great ruin ; and join all our force
To establish this young hopeful gentleman
In's mother's right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow ;
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth :
Integrity of life is Fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end. *[Exeunt.]*

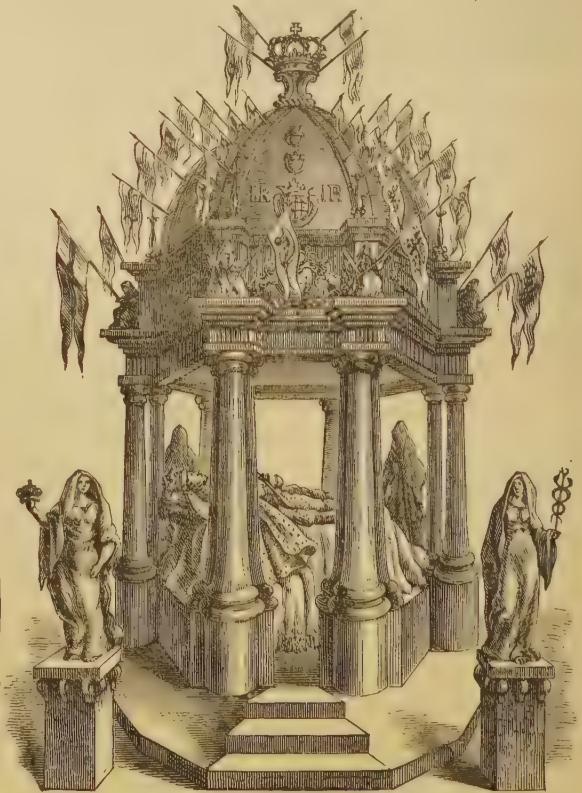
In August, 1624, the Spanish Ambassador, Count Gondomar, protested against an English play by Thomas Middleton, which had been acted in June that summer, and expressed England's delight at the failure of the Spanish marriage. The play was called "A Game of Chess." White and Black in the play

represented England and Spain. White wins, for the White Knight (Charles, Prince of Wales) takes the Black Knight (the Conde de Gondomar) by discovery, and checkmates the Black King. Gondomar complained of the bringing of high personages, including the King of England and the King of Spain, by allegory upon the stage, and of the frequent insults to Spain throughout the play. The Privy Council took proceedings, and the play was suppressed ; but no severe measures were taken with dramatist or actors, for they had duly obtained the licence of the Master of the Revels, and they represented the strong feeling of England.

There remain two dramatists of high mark—Philip Massinger and John Ford—who wrote in the reign of James, and produced some of their best plays in the time of Charles the First, which we have next to illustrate.²

[Dies.]

[Dies.]



FUNERAL HEARSE OF JAMES I. (Designed by Inigo Jones.)

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH.—
A.D. 1625 TO A.D. 1660.

PHILIP MASSINGER was about nineteen years old at the time of the death of Queen Elizabeth, and had not long passed forty when King James I. died.

² The number of plays that can be given in this volume bears, of course, a very small proportion to the whole wealth of the English drama. There are dramatists of second rank, like William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who produced four "Monarchic Tragedies" in 1603,

¹ Rushes formerly strewn on the floor of halls and rooms.

Massinger was about ten years older than James Shirley, the last of the good dramatists born under Elizabeth. He was about ten years younger than Ben Jonson, who still lived, with broken health, and ranked as master poet, during the first twelve years of the reign of Charles I. Ben Jonson died in 1637, the year in which Milton wrote "Lycidas;" Francis Beaumont had died in the same year as Shakespeare (1616); John Fletcher died in the same year as King James (1625); John Ford was only about two years younger than Massinger. We look next, therefore, to Massinger and Ford.



PHILIP MASSINGER.

From the Portrait in Coxeter's Edition of his Plays (1761).

Philip Massinger, son of Arthur Massinger, a gentleman of the household of the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, near Salisbury, was well educated, and entered as a commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in May, 1602. Antony Wood says that his exhibition was from the Earl of Pembroke, and that he gave his mind more to poetry and romance, for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have studied, as he was patronised to that end. He left Oxford without a degree about the year 1606, when, perhaps by the death of his father, he seems to have been thrown upon his own resources. An undated document, perhaps of 1614, shows Massinger to have been poor and a playwright when it was written. His first printed play was "The Virgin Martyr," in 1622. Then followed

1604, and 1605; occasional plays written by true poets, like Samuel Daniel's "Philotas," printed in 1605; and single plays of considerable literary interest, like "The Return from Parnassus," acted at Christmas by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge, and printed in 1606, which the limits of this book oblige me to pass over. The book is not a history, but a series of specimens, with no more narrative than is necessary to explain coherently when and by whom each piece was written. Readers who desire fuller details may receive much help from Professor A. W. Ward's two volumes of "A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne" (Macmillan, 1875), an interesting and very serviceable book, based evidently upon honest independent reading of the works described.

"The Duke of Milan," in 1623. No other plays by Massinger were printed in the reign of James I., and the earliest work of his printed under Charles I. was "The Roman Actor," in 1629.

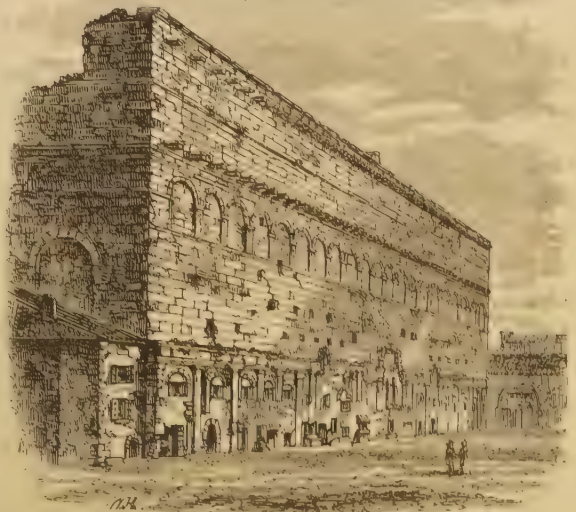
Massinger shows in "The Roman Actor" respect for his art as a dramatist, and hatred of tyranny in its most absolute form, personified by Domitian. But his plays contain frequent traces of political opinions, and it is evident that Massinger was much less distinctly than his fellow-dramatists upon the king's side when Charles I. came into contest with his Parliament. In 1638, when ship-money was in question, Massinger produced a play—now lost—called "King and Subject," on the story of Don Pedro the Cruel. From this piece one allusion has been quoted with the record that King Charles at Newmarket, with his own hand, wrote upon it, "This is too insolent, and to be changed." Said the king in the play,—

Monies? We'll raise supplies which ways we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify.

And now here is, according to Massinger, one of the Cæsars in

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

The play opens at the theatre with Paris, the hero of the piece, and two of his fellow-actors, Latinus and Æsopus.



REMAINS OF A ROMAN THEATRE AT ORANGE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

(Copied by permission from Fergusson's "History of Architecture," 1835.)

Æsop. What do we act to-day?
Lat. Agave's frenzy,
With Pentheus' bloody end.
Par. It skills not what;
The times are dull, and all that we receive

Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.
 The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention
 Both of the buskined scene and humble sock,
 That reign in every noble family,
 Declaim against us; and our theatre,
 Great Pompey's work,¹ that hath given full delight
 Both to the ear and eye of fifty thousand
 Spectators in one day, as if it were
 Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled,
 Is quite forsaken.

Pleasures of worse natures, Latinus says, are
 gladly entertained. The most censorious of the
 Roman gentry will pay lavishly to buy their shame.

Par. Yet grudge us,
 That with delight join profit, and endeavour
 To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
 Decipher to the life what honours wait
 On good and glorious actions, and the shame
 That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
 Of six sestertii.²

Æsop. For the profit, Paris,
 And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us;
 Since, while you hold your grace and power with Cæsar,
 We, from your bounty, find a large supply,
 Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.

Par. Our aim is glory, and to leave our names
 To aftertime.

Lat. And, would they give us leave,
 There ends all our ambition.

Æsop. We have enemies,
 And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
 The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,
 Said at his table, ere a month expired,
 For being galled in our last comedy,
 He'd silence us for ever.

Par. I expect
 No favour from him; my strong Aventine³ is
 That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheer'd
 In his most sullen moods, will once return,
 Who can repair with ease the consul's ruins.

Lat. 'Tis frequent in the city, he hath subdued
 The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,
 The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

Enter two Lictors.

Par. Jove hasten it! With us?—I now believe
 The consul's threats, Æsopus.

1 Lict. You are summoned
 To appear to-day in senate.

2 Lict. And there to answer
 What shall be urged against you.

Par. We obey you.
 Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.
 We, that have personated in the scene
 The ancient heroes and the falls of princes,
 With loud applause; being to act ourselves,
 Must do it with undaunted confidence.
 Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport;
 And, though condemned, let's hear it without sorrow,
 As if we were to live again to-morrow.

1 Lict. 'Tis spoken like yourself.

Enter ÆLIUS LAMIA, JUNIUS RUSTICUS, and PALPHURIUS SURA.

Lam. Whither goes Paris?

1 Lict. He's cited to the senate.

Lat. I am glad the state is
 So free from matters of more weight and trouble,
 That it has vacant time to look on us.

Par. That reverend place, in which the affairs of kings
 And provinces were determined, to descend
 To the censure of a bitter word or jest
 Dropped from a poet's pen! Peace to your lordships!
 We are glad that you are safe.

[*Exeunt Lictors, PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS.*]

Lam. What times are these!
 To what's Rome fallen! may we, being alone,
 Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state,
 And not fear the informer?

Rust. Noble Lamia,
 So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
 Are practised everywhere, we hardly sleep,
 Nay, cannot dream with safety. All our actions
 Are called in question; to be nobly born
 Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,
 Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,
 Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile
 From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons
 Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous
 Is to be guilty. They are only safe
 That know to soothe the prince's appetite,
 And serve his lusts.

Sura. 'Tis true, and 'tis my wonder,
 That two sons of so different a nature
 Should spring from good Vespasian. We had a Titus,
 Styled, justly, "the Delight of all Mankind,"
 Who did esteem that day lost in his life,
 In which some one or other tasted not
 Of his magnificent bounties. One that had
 A ready tear when he was forc'd to sign
 The death of an offender: and so far
 From pride, that he disdain'd not the converse
 Even of the poorest Roman.

Lam. Yet his brother,
 Domitian, that now sways the power of things,
 Is so inclined to blood, that no day passes
 In which some are not fastened to the hook,
 Or thrown down from the Gemonies.⁴ His freedmen
 Scorn the nobility, and he himself,
 As if he were not made of flesh and blood,
 Forgets he is a man.

¹ Pompey's Theatre in the Campus Martius was the first stone theatre built in Rome. There had been wooden theatres, and one built B.C. 59, a few years before Pompey's, would hold 80,000 persons, and had 3,000 statues between its pillars. Pompey overcame the objection to stone theatres by making the benches of his lead up as steps to a temple of Venus Victorious. The opening of Pompey's Theatre, which would hold 40,000 persons, was celebrated by combats of beasts in which 500 lions and twenty elephants were killed. When in this theatre the play of "Clytemnestra" was acted, six hundred mules were introduced to give pomp to the show. The Flavian Amphitheatre, called afterwards the Coliseum, was begun by Vespasian and completed in Domitian's reign.

² The salary of six sestertii. Sestertius meant two and a-half, and was the name of a small silver coin, equivalent to two and a-half of the copper coins called asses, and to about twopence in English money. Six sestertii would, therefore, mean about a shilling.

³ Aventine, one of the seven hills of Rome. "My strong Aventine," the strong rock I build on.

⁴ The Gemonies. "Gemonius" in Latin is that which is associated with sighs and groans. The Gemonies, or "gemonis scalse," were steps on the Aventine Hill to which bodies of executed criminals were dragged by hooks to be thrown into the Tiber flowing below.

Rust. In his young years
He showed what he would be when grown to ripeness :
His greatest pleasure was, being a child,
With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies,
Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape
In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple
To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure
In the bosom of the god : and, in his edicts,
He does not blush, or start, to style himself
(As if the name of emperor were base)
Great Lord and God Domitian.

Sura. I have letters
He's on his way to Rome, and purposes
To enter with all glory. The flattering senate
Decrees him divine honours ; and to cross it
Were death with studied torments :—for my part,
I will obey the time ; it is in vain
To strive against the torrent.

Rust. Let's to the curia,
And, though unwillingly, give our suffrages
Before we are compelled.

Lam. And since we cannot
With safety use the active, let's make use of
The passive fortitude, with this assurance,
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend,
Though at the worst, will now begin to mend. [Exeunt.]

The scene then changes to the house of the Senator
Ælius Lamia, whose fair wife, Domitia, the emperor
has marked out for his own. Domitian's freedman,
Parthenius, visits her on his master's errand.

Enter DOMITIA and PARTHENIUS.

Dom. To me this reverence !

Parth. I pay it, lady,
As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress :
For understand with joy, he that commands
All that the sun gives warmth to, is your servant ;
Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes.
Think upon state and greatness, and the honours
That wait upon Augusta, for that name,
Ere long, comes to you :—still you doubt your vassal—

[Presents a letter.]

But, when you've read this letter, writ and signed
With his imperial hand, you will be freed
From fear and jealousy ; and, I beseech you,
When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,
And senators shall take it for an honour,
As I do now, to kiss these happy feet ;
When every smile you give is a preferment,
And you dispose of provinces to your creatures ;
Think on Parthenius.

[Kneels.]

Dom. Rise. I am transported,
And hardly dare believe what is assured here.
The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar,
Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour
Upon his humble handmaid ?

Parth. What, but your beauty ?
When nature framed you for her masterpiece,
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,
She had no other ends but to design you
To the most eminent place. I will not say
(For it would smell of arrogance, to insinuate
The service I have done you) with what zeal
I oft have made relation of your virtues,
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar

Was fired with the relation of your story :
I am rewarded in the act, and happy
In that my project prospered.

The husband enters, and the wife is taken from
him by a centurion and soldiers, who are at the
bidding of Parthenius.



A ROMAN COUP D'ETAT.

From a Statue in the Justinian Gallery, Rome.

Lam. Can you, Domitia,
Consent to this ?

Dom. 'Twould argue a base mind
To live a servant, when I may command.
I now am Cæsar's : and yet, in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the palace,
Provided you deserve it in your service,
You shall find me your good mistress. Wait me, Parthenius ;
And now farewell, poor Lamia. [Exeunt all but LAMIA.]

Lam. To the gods
I bend my knees (for tyranny hath banished
Justice from men), and as they would deserve
Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them,
That this my ravished wife may prove as fatal
To proud Domitian, and her embraces
Afford him, in the end, as little joy,
As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy !

The next scene represents the actors brought
before the senate, on the information of Aretinus
the spy.

Aret. Cite Paris, the tragedian.

Par. Here.

Aret. Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the quality of treason,
As libellers against the state and Cæsar.

Par. Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord :
In what are we delinquents ?

Aret. You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feigned names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touched at ; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And, with satirical and bitter jests,
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians.

Par. If I free not myself,
And in myself the rest of my profession,
From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too,
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.

Aret. Are you on the stage,
You talk so boldly ?

Par. The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted ; and I am
So confident in the justice of our cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.—
If, to express a man sold to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at,
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such licentious courses ; laying open
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof,
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
To choose fair Virtue for our guide, not Pleasure,
Condemned unto the fire ?

Sura. There's spirit in this.

Par. Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman empire
Was raised up to this height ; if, to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heat
T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward or favour from the commonwealth,
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers :
They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honourable thing
The active virtue is : but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres ?
Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
Show great Alcides honoured in the sweat
Of his twelve labours ; or a bold Camillus,
Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
From the insulting Gauls ; or Scipio,
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquered Carthage : if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,—
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.

Rust. He has put

The consuls to their whisper.

Par. But, 'tis urged,
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage
That does go off unpunish'd ? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps ?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion that
Even those spectators that were so inclined
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him ; if there be,
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.

Or, when a covetous man's expressed, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over ;
Yet he is so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessities
To maintain life ; if a patrician,
Though honoured with a consulship, find himself
Touched to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his sentence as he favours
The person, not the cause ; saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent, out of particular spleen ;
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom,
That puts you in remembrance of things past
Or things intended,—TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
I have said, my lord : and now, as you find cause,
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my life ! I never saw him
Act an orator's part before.

Æsop. We might have given
Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet
Our cause delivered worse.

[A shout within.]

Enter PARTHENIUS.

Aret. What shout is that ?

Parth. Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is
Returned in triumph.

Ful. Let's all haste to meet him.

Aret. Break up the court ; we will reserve to him
The censure¹ of this cause.

All. Long life to Cæsar !

[Exeunt.]

In the next scene, as Domitian approaches, Julia, daughter of Titus, and Cænis, who was mistress to Vespasian, dispute precedence, which Domitia proudly claims. Domitian enters in triumph with captives, whom he sends to prison and to execution. He then boasts of himself as of a god.

Cæs. When I but name the Daci
And grey-eyed Germans whom I have subdued,

¹ Censure. Latin "censura," expression of opinion, favourable or unfavourable.

The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph
(Truth must take place of father and of brother)
Will be no more remembered. I am above
All honours you can give me; and the style
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,
Not my ambition, is deserved.

Aret. At all parts
Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,
In our acknowledgment.

Cæs. Thanks, Aretinus;
Still hold our favour.



DOMITIAN. (From a Statue in the Justinian Gallery, Rome.)

The senators cast lives, wealth, liberties, at his feet, and Domitian takes openly to wife the wife of Lamia.

Lam. You are too great to be gainsaid.

Cæs. Let all

That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,
Without examining the reason why,
Salute her (by this kiss I make it good)
With the title of Augusta.

Dom. Still your servant.

All. Long live Augusta, great Domitian's empress!

Cæs. Paris, my hand.

Par. [*Kissing it.*] The gods still honour Cæsar!

Cæs. The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,
We are for soft delights. Command the poets
To use their choicest and most rare invention
To entertain the time, and be you careful
To give it action: we'll provide the people
Pleasures of all kinds.—My Domitia, think not
I flatter, though thus fond.—On to the Capitol:
'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.
This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone
He can command all, but is awed by none.

The Second Act opens with a picture of sordid avarice in the father of Parthenius, Domitian's freed-

man. The son endeavours in vain to persuade the father to cease from denying himself the just dues of life. "No," says the old man, Philargus—

No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,
Which, every hour increasing, does renew
My youth and vigour; but, if lessened, then,
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er't while I live, it being my life,
My soul, my all: but when I turn to dust,
And part from what is more esteemed, by me
Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,
Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And, like me, serve my idol.

[*Exit.*

Parth. What a strange torture
Is avarice to itself! what man, that looks on
Such a penurious spectacle, but must
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,
Or the ass whose back is cracked with curious viands,
Yet feeds on thistles. Some course I must take,
To make my father know what cruelty
He uses on himself.

Enter PARIS.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I make bold to inquire the emperor's pleasure;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your favour may instruct us what 's his will
Shall be this night presented.

Parth. My loved Paris,
Without my intercession, you well know,
You may make your own approaches, since his ear
To you is ever open.

Par. I acknowledge
His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever
I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead!
The grace he pleases to confer upon me,
(Without boast I may say so much) was never
Employed to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His fury.

Parth. 'Tis confessed: many men owe you
For provinces they ne'er hoped for, and their lives,
Forfeited to his anger:—you being absent,
I could say more.

Par. You still are my good patron;
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankful.

Parth. I believe so.
Met you my father?

Par. Yes, sir, with much grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself?

Parth. Oh, Paris, 'tis a weight
Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss
Remove it, it should off: but he is deaf
To all persuasion.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I'll offer my advice: I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an impossibility, but that
Your father, looking on a covetous man
Presented on the stage as in a mirror,

May see his own deformity and loathe it.
Now, could you but persuade the emperor
To see a comedy we have, that's styled
The Cure of Avarice, and to command
Your father to be a spectator of it,
He shall be so anatomised in the scene,
And see himself so personated, the baseness
Of a self-torturing miserable wretch
Truly described, that I much hope the object
Will work compunction in him.

Parth. There's your fee;
I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness,
I will effect the rest.

Par. Sir, when you please;
We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor. [Exit.]

The emperor enters with his spy Aretinus, who reports comments of malcontents, Junius Rusticus, Palphurius Sura, Ælius Lamia, upon his tyranny.

But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign
To her you honour with Augusta's title,
Being only named, they do conclude there was
A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus;
But nothing Roman left now but in you
The lust of Tarquin.

Cæs. Yes, his fire and scorn
Of such as think that our unlimited power
Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend
An interest to that which I call mine;
Or but remember she was ever his,
That's now in our possession? Fetch him hither.

[Exit Guard.]

I'll give him cause to wish he rather had
Forgot his own name, than e'er mentioned hers.
Shall we be circumscribed? Let such as cannot
By force make good their actions, though wicked,
Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes!
What our desires grant leave and privilege to,
Though contradicting all divine decrees
Or laws confirmed by Romulus and Numa,
Shall be held sacred.

Aret. You should, else, take from
The dignity of Cæsar.

Cæs. Am I master
Of two and thirty legions that awe
All nations of the triumphéd world
Yet tremble at our frown, to yield account
Of what's our pleasure to a private man!
Rome perish first, and Atlas' shoulders shrink,
Heaven's fabric fall, the sun, the moon, the stars
Losing their light and comfortable heat,
Ere I confess that any fault of mine
May be disputed!

Aret. So you preserve your power,
As you should, equal and omnipotent here
With Jupiter's above.

[PARTHENIUS kneeling, whispers CÆSAR.]

Cæs. Thy suit is granted,
Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service
Done to Augusta.—Only so? a trifle:
Command him hither. If the comedy fail
To cure him, I will minister something to him
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,
And think upon himself.

Parth. May it succeed well,
Since my intents are pious!

[Exit.]

Cæs. We are resolved

What course to take; and therefore, Aretinus,
Inquire no further. Go you to my empress,
And say I do entreat (for she rules him
Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe
The music of her voice at yonder window,
When I advance my hand, thus. I will blend

[Exit ARETINUS.]

My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost.
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater violence, and hate clothed in smiles,
Strikes, and with horror, dead the wretch that comes not
Prepared to meet it.—

Re-enter Guard with LAMIA.

Our good Lamia, welcome!

Lamia is mocked, insulted, and then sent to execution.

Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,
And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess
What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee
Guilty of treason.—Off with his head! do you stare?
By her that is my patroness, Minerva,
Whose statue I adore of all the gods,
If he but live to make reply, thy life
Shall answer it!

[The Guard leads off LAMIA, stopping his mouth.]

My fears of him are freed now;

And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,
For an offence he never could imagine,
In wantonness removed.—Descend, my dearest;
Plurality of husbands shall no more
Breed doubts of jealousies in you: [Exit DOM. above.] 'tis dis-
patched,
And with as little trouble here, as if
I had killed a fly.

*Enter DOMITIA, ushered in by ARETINUS, her train borne
up by JULIA, CÆNIS, and DOMITILLA.*

Now you appear, and in
That glory you deserve! and these, that stoop
To do you service, in the act much honour'd!
Julia, forget that Titus was thy father;
Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember
Sabinus or Vespasian. To be slaves
To her is more true liberty than to live
Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars,
That wait on Phoebe in her full of brightness,
Compared to her, you are. Thus, thus I seat you
By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once
Were the adoréd glories of the time,
To witness to the world they are your vassals,
At your feet to attend you.

Dom. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my pride. And yet, when I consider
That I am yours, all duties they can pay
I do receive as circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS with PHILARGUS.

Parth. Cæsar's will
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

Phil. Lose time to see an interlude! must I pay too,
For my vexation?

Parth. Not in the court:
It is the emperor's charge.

Phil. I shall endure
My torment then the better.

Cæs. Can it be
This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father?
No actor can express him: I had held
The fiction for impossible in the scene,
Had I not seen the substance.—Sirrah, sit still,
And give attention; if you but nod,
You sleep for ever.—Let them spare the prologue,
And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,
And come to the last act—there, where the cure
By the doctor is made perfect.

The interlude is represented that shows Avarice as in a mirror, and achieves its cure. But old Philargus is not to be cured by a play, and in spite of the entreaties of his son Parthenius, who is aghast at the result of his experiment, Domitian sends the old man off to execution.

Phil. Pray you, give me leave
To die as I have lived. 'I must not part with
My gold; it is my life: I am past cure.

Cæs. No; by Minerva, thou shalt never more
Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,
Enjoy it:—thine here, and thy life together,
Is forfeited.

Phil. Was I sent for to this purpose?

Parth. Mercy for all my service; Cæsar, mercy!

Cæs. Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he dies,
And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me;
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:
Since such as wilfully would hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty.

The Third Act opens with the rebellion of Julia and Domitilla against the pride of the new Augusta.



A ROMAN EMPRESS (JULIA, WIFE OF TIBERIUS).
From a Statue at Rome.

Stephanos, Domitilla's freedman, offers to give his life to the achievement of revenge upon Domitian.

Cænus enters, joins the rebellion, and tells how Domitia, at the play of the "Cure of Avarice," was fascinated by the person of the actor Paris.

Domitil. Where is her Greatness?

Cænus. Where you would little think she could descend
To grace the room or persons.

Jul. Speak, where is she?

Cænus. Among the players; where, all state laid by,
She does enquire who acts this part, who that,
And in what habits? blames the tirewomen
For want of curious dressings;—and, so taken
She is with Paris the tragedian's shape,
That is to act a lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.

Domitil. In the mean time
How spends the emperor his hours?

Cænus. As ever

He hath done heretofore; in being cruel
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes.
And, but this morning, if 't be possible,
He hath outgone himself, having condemned,
At Aretinus his informer's suit,
Palphurius Sura, and good Junius Rusticus,
Men of the best repute in Rome for their
Integrity of life; no fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel sentence
On Pætus Thræsea, the philosopher,
Their patron and instructor.

Steph. Can Jove see this,
And hold his thunder!

Domitil. Nero and Caligula
Only commanded mischiefs; but our Cæsar
Delights to see them.

Jul. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with silence.

Cænus. We are called for
By our proud mistress.

Domitil. We awhile must suffer.

Steph. It is true fortitude to stand firm against
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
In fear to suffer more calamity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another room in the same.

Enter CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS.

Cæs. They are then in fetters?

Parth. Yes, sir, but——

Cæs. But what?

I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.

Parth. I shall, sir:

But still submitting to your god-like pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed——

Cæs. To the point.

Parth. Nor let your sacred majesty believe
Your vassal, that with dry eyes looked upon
His father dragged to death by your command,
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.

Cæs. Well; forward.

Parth. 'Tis my zeal

Still to preserve your clemency admired,
Tempered with justice, that emboldens me
To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sir,
These bookmen, Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Deserve all tortures: yet, in my opinion,
They being popular senators, and cried up

With loud applauses of the multitude
 For foolish honesty and beggarly virtue,
 'Twould relish more of policy, to have them
 Made away in private, with what exquisite torments
 You please,—it skills not,—than to have them drawn
 To the degrees¹ in public; for 'tis doubted
 That the sad object may beget compassion
 In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar
 That may disturb you.

Cæs. Hence, pale-spirited coward!
 Can we descend so far beneath ourself
 As or to court the people's love, or fear
 Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as dust
 Before the whirlwind of our will and power,
 Add any moment to us? Or thou think,
 If there are gods above, or goddesses,
 But wise Minerva, that's mine own, and sure,
 That they have vacant hours to take into
 Their serious protection or care
 This many-headed monster? Mankind lives
 In few, as potent monarchs and their peers;
 And all those glorious constellations
 That do adorn the firmament, appointed
 Like grooms with their bright influence to attend
 The actions of kings and emperors,
 They being the greater wheels that move the less.
 Bring forth those condemned wretches;—[*Exit PARTHENIUS*]
 —let me see

One man so lost, as but to pity them,
 And though there lay a million of souls
 Imprisoned in his flesh, my hangman's hooks
 Should rend it off, and give them liberty.
 Cæsar hath said it.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS, with ARETINUS, and Guard: Executioners dragging in JUNIUS RUSTICUS and PALPHURIUS SURA, bound back to back.

Aret. 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure,
 That with fixed eyes you carefully observe
 The people's looks. Charge upon any man
 That with a sigh or murmur does express
 A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths.
 You know his will, perform it.

Cæs. A good bloodhound,
 And fit for my employments.

Sura. Give us leave
 To die, fell tyrant:

Rust. For, beyond our bodies,
 Thou hast no power.

Cæs. Yes; I'll afflict your souls,
 And force them groaning to the Stygian lake,
 Prepared for such to howl in that blaspheme
 The power of princes, that are gods on earth.
 Tremble to think how terrible the dream is
 After this sleep of death.

Rust. To guilty men
 It may bring terror; not to us, that know
 What 'tis to die, well taught by his example
 For whom we suffer. In my thought I see
 The substance of that pure untainted soul
 Of Thrasea, our master, made a star,
 That with melodious harmony invites us
 (Leaving this dunhill Rome, made hell by thee)
 To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere
 Above yon crystal canopy.

Cæs. Do invoke him

With all the aids his sanctity of life
 Have won on the rewarders of his virtue;
 They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin?—Torment them.

[*The Executioners torment them, they still smiling.*]

So, take a leaf of Seneca now, and prove
 If it can render you insensible
 Of that which but begins here. Now an oil,
 Drawn from the Stoic's frozen principles,
 Predominant over fire, were useful for you.
 Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan!—
 Is my rage lost? What curséd charms defend them!
 Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
 That I am cruel?

Aret. Over-merciful:
 'Tis all your weakness, sir.

Parth. I dare not show
 A sign of sorrow; yet my sinews shrink,
 The spectacle is so horrid.

[*Aside.*]

Cæs. I was never
 O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little,
 And show you are corporeal, and not turned
 Aërial spirits.—Will it not do? By Pallas,
 It is unkindly done to mock his fury
 Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tortured
 In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,
 That does report him to have sat unmoved,
 When cunning surgeons ripped his arteries
 And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,
 Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead?
 If so, we wash an Æthiopia.

Sura. No; we live.

Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm patience treading
 Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely,
 As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure
 Thy hangman's studied tortures, is a debt
 We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us
 The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,
 Which growing out of fashion, though it be
 Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
 Being itself divine, in her best lustre.
 But unto such as thou, that have no hopes
 Beyond the present, every little scar,
 The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,
 That does inform them only they are mortal,
 Pierce through and through them.

Cæs. We will hear no more.

Rust. This only, and I give thee warning of it:
 Though it is in thy will to grind this earth²
 As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,
 They shall seem re-collected to thy sense:—
 And, when the sandy building of thy greatness
 Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me
 As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape;
 For I'll appear in horror.

Cæs. By my shaking
 I am the guilty man, and not the judge.
 Drag from my sight these curséd ominous wizards,
 That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,
 Which way soe'er I look, are furies to me.
 Away with them! first show them death, then leave
 No memory of their ashes. I'll mock fate.

[*Exeunt Executioners with RUSTICUS and SURA.*]
 Shall words fright him victorious armies circle?
 No, no; the fever does begin to leave me;

¹ To the degrees, to the steps. See Note 4, page 272.

² This earth—of my body.

Enter DOMITIA, JULIA, and CÆNIS; STEPHANOS following.

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain
I could renew the vigour of my youth,
And be a second Virbius.¹ O my glory!
My life! command! my all!

Dom. As you to me are.

[*Embracing and kissing.*]

I heard you were sad; I have prepared you sport
Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar,
(I hug myself for 't,) I have been instructing
The players how to act; and to cut off
All tedious impertinence, have contracted
The tragedy into one continued scene.
I have the art of 't, and am taken more
With my ability that way, than all knowledge
I have, but of thy love.

Cæs. Thou art still thyself,
The sweetest, wittiest,—

Dom. When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an Iphis of thy Paris!—and, to humble
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me,
(How'er she is your cousin,) I have forced her
'To play the part of Anaxáreté—
You are not offended with it?

Cæs. Anything
That does content thee yields delight to me:
My faculties and powers are thine.

Dom. I thank you:
Prithee let's take our places. Bid them enter
Without more circumstance.

After a short flourish, enter PARIS as IPHIS.

How do you like

That shape? methinks it is most suitable
To the aspect of a despairing lover.
The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears
That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.

Cæs. And all was excellent.

Dom. Now hear him speak.

Iphis. "That she is fair, (and that an epithet
Too foul to express her,) or descended nobly,
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths
In which poor Iphis glories. But that these
Perfections, in no other virgin found,
Abused, should nourish cruelty and pride
In the divinest Anaxáreté,
Is, to my love-sick, languishing soul, a riddle;
And with more difficulty to be dissolved,
Than that the monster Sphinx, from the steep rock,
Offered to Ædipus. Imperious Love,
As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,
Thy never-tired votary, hath presented
With scalding tears whole hetacombs of sighs,
Preferring thy power and thy Paphian mother's
Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's
(That, after Saturn, did divide the world,
And had the sway of things, yet were compelled
By thy inevitable shafts to yield
And fight under thy ensigns) be auspicious
To this last trial of my sacrifice
Of love and service!"

Dom. Does he not act it rarely?

Observe with what a feeling he delivers
His orisons to Cupid; I am rapt with 't.

Iphis. "And from thy never-emptied quiver take
A golden arrow, to transfix her heart,
And force her love like me; or cure my wound
With a leaden one, that may beget in me
Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol—
But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed
In my rash wish: 'tis I that am unworthy,
But she all merit, and may in justice challenge,
From the assurance of her excellencies,
Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness,
All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,
As faithful advocates to make intercession,
A loyal heart with pure and holy flames,
With the foul fires of lust never polluted.
And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears,
My limbs benumbed with cold, I oft have washed,
With my glad lips I kiss this earth, grown proud
With frequent favours from her delicate feet."

Dom. By Cæsar's life, he weeps! and I forbear
Hardly to keep him company.

Iphis. "Blest ground, thy pardon,
If I profane it with forbidden steps.
I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it
With such a trembling reverence, as if
My hands held up for expiation
To the incenséd gods to spare a kingdom.—
Within there, ho! something divine come forth
To a distressed mortal."

Enter LATINUS as a Porter.

Port. "Ha! Who knocks there?"

Dom. What a churlish look this knave has!

Port. "Is 't you, sirrah?"

Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and quickly;
Dog-whips shall drive you hence, else."

Dom. Churlish devil!

But that I should disturb the scene, as I live
I would tear his eyes out.

Cæs. 'Tis in jest, Domitia.

Dom. I do not like such jesting: if he were not
A flinty-hearted slave, he could not use
One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells
At the other's sweet humility!

Cæs. 'Tis his part:

Let them proceed.

Dom. A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.

Iphis. "As you have, gentle sir, the happiness
(When you please) to behold the figure of
The masterpiece of nature, limned to the life
In more than human Anaxáreté,
Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands
Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you,
As you are a man, and did not suck the milk
Of wolves, and tigers, or a mother of
A tougher temper, use some means these eyes,
Before they are wept out, may see your lady.
Will you be gracious, sir?"

Port. "Though I lose my place for 't,
I can hold out no longer."

Dom. Now he melts,
There is some little hope he may die honest.

Port. "Madam!"

Enter DOMITILLA as ANAXARETE.

Anax. "Who calls? What object have we here?"

¹ *Virbius.* Hippolytus is said by Virgil to have been restored to life by medicinal herbs and the love of Diana, and carried to Italy, where he was placed in the grove of Aricia, and worshipped under the name of Virbius, meaning "twice a man."

Dom. Your cousin keeps her proud state still ; I think I have fitted her for a part.

Anax. " Did I not charge thee I ne'er might see this thing more ! "

Iphis. " I am, indeed, What thing you please ; a worm that you may tread on : Lower I cannot fall to show my duty, Till your disdain hath digged a grave to cover This body with forgotten dust ; and, when I know your sentence, cruellest of women, I'll, by a willing death, remove the object That is an eyesore to you. "

Anax. " Wretch, thou dar'st not : That were the last and greatest service to me Thy doating love could boast of. What dull fool But thou, could nourish any flattering hope One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune, Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness, Much less consent to make my lord of one I'd not accept, though offered for my slave ? My thoughts stoop not so low. "

Dom. There's her true nature : No personated scorn.

Anax. " I wrong my worth, Or to exchange a syllable or look With one so far beneath me. "

Iphis. " Yet take heed, Take heed of pride, and curiously consider, How brittle the foundation is, on which You labour to advance it. Niobe, Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn Latona's double burthen ; but what followed ? She was left a childless mother, and mourned to marble. The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness Can change to loath'd deformity ; your wealth The prey of thieves ; queen Hecuba, Troy fired, Ulysses' bondwoman : but the love I bring you Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate, Can ravish from you. "

Dom. Could the oracle Give better counsel ?

Iphis. " Say, will you relent yet, Revoking your decree that I should die ? Or, shall I do what you command ? Resolve ; I am impatient of delay. "

Anax. " Despatch then : I shall look on your tragedy unmoved, Peradventure laugh at it ; for it will prove A comedy to me. "

Dom. O devil ! devil !

Iphis. " Then thus I take my last leave. All the curses Of lovers fall upon you ; and, hereafter, When any man, like me contemned, shall study, In the anguish of his soul, to give a name To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only Say, this most bloody woman is to me, As Anaxáreté was to wretched Iphis ! Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glory in The ruins you have made : for Hymen's bands, That should have made us one, this fatal halter For ever shall divorce us : at your gate, As a trophy of your pride and my affliction, I'll presently hang myself. "

Dom. Not for the world— [Starts from her seat. Restrain him, as you love your lives !

Cæs. Why are you Transported thus, Domitia ? 'tis a play ;

Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits This passion in you.

Par. I ne'er purposed, madam, To do the deed in earnest ; though I bow To your care and tenderness of me.

Dom. Let me, sir, Entreat your pardon ; what I saw presented, Carried me beyond myself.

Cæs. To your place again, And see what follows.

Dom. No, I am familiar With the conclusion ; besides, upon the sudden I feel myself much indisposed.

The Act ends with a few strokes showing the infatuation of Domitian ; the suspicious glance of the spy Aretinus at Domitia ; and the note of vengeance in exchange of words by Stephanos and Domitilla.

The Fourth Act opens with comments of the jealous women, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis, on the progress of Domitia's passion for the Roman actor.

Enter PARTHENIUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, and CÆNIS.

Parth. Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris !

Jul. You observed not, As it appears, the violence of her passion, When, personating Iphis, he pretended, For your contempt, fair Anáxareté, To hang himself.

Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that ; But never could imagine it could work her To such a strange intemperance of affection, As to doat on him.

Domitil. By my hopes, I think not That she respects, though all here saw, and marked it ; Presuming she can mould the emperor's will Into what form she likes, though we and all The informers of the world conspired to cross it.

Cæn. Then with what eagerness, this morning, urging The want of health and rest, she did entreat Cæsar to leave her !

Domitil. Who no sooner absent, But she calls, " Dwarf ! " (so in her scorn she styles me) " Put on my pantofles ; fetch pen and paper, I am to write : "—and with distracted looks, In her smock, impatient of so short delay As but to have a mantle thrown upon her, She sealed—I know not what, but 'twas indorsed, " To my loved Paris. "

Jul. Add to this, I heard her Say, when a page received it, " Let him wait me, And carefully, in the walk called our Retreat, Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence, Unsent for, never enters. "

Parth. This being certain, (For these are more than jealous suppositions,) Why do not you, that are so near in blood, Discover it ?

Domitil. Alas ! you know we dare not. 'Twill be received for a malicious practice, To free us from that slavery which her pride Imposes on us. But if you would please To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever, We would avert it.

Parth. I would second you,

But that I am commanded with all speed
To fetch in Ascleterio the Chaldean;
Who, in his absence, is condemned of treason,
For calculating the nativity
Of Cæsar, with all confidence foretelling,
In every circumstance, when he shall die
A violent death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my directions, I would have you speak
As much to Aretinus as you have
To me delivered: he in his own nature
Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for goodness' sake,
(With which he never yet held correspondence,
But to endear his vigilant observings
Of what concerns the emperor, and a little
To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,
That crossed him in the senate-house.—

Enter ARETINUS.

Here he comes,

His nose held up; he hath something in the wind,
Or I much err, already. My designs
Command me hence, great ladies; but I leave
My wishes with you.

[*Exit.*

Aret. Have I caught your Greatness
In the trap, my proud Augusta?

Domitil. What is't wraps him?

Aret. And my fine Roman Actor! Is't even so?

Aretinus is prepared for action. The angry
women deliver their accusation to Domitian, and
on peril of their lives proceed to put their accusation
to the proof.

The scene changes to the Empress's Retreat, a
private walk in the gardens of the Palace.

Enter DOMITIA, PARIS, and Servants.

Dom. Say we command that none presume to dare
On forfeit of our favour, that is life,
Out of a saucy curiousness, to stand
Within the distance of their eyes or ears
Till we please to be waited on.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

And, sirrah,

Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant opinion
'Tis done to grace you.

Par. With my humblest service
I but obey your summons, and should blush else
To be so near you.

Dom. 'Twould become you rather
To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,
If, when you are rewarded, in your cups
You boast this privacy.

Par. That were, mightiest empress,
To play with lightning.

Dom. You conceive it right.
The means to kill or save is not alone
In Cæsar circumscribed; for, if incensed,
We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly.

Par. 'Twould ill become the lowness of my fortune
To question what you can do, but with all
Humility to attend what is your will,
And then to serve it.

Dom. And would not a secret,
Suppose we should commit it to your trust,
Scald you to keep it?

Par. Though it raged within me
Till I turned cinders, it should ne'er have vent.
To be an age a-dying, and with torture,
Only to be thought worthy of your counsel
Or actuate what you command to me,
A wretched obscure thing not worth your knowledge,
Were a perpetual happiness.

Dom. We could wish
That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In reason, but that thou, whom oft I have seen
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful, and gainsome, and what virtues else
The poet pleases to adorn you with;
But that (as vessels still partake the odour
Of the sweet precious liquors they contained)
Thou must be really, in some degree,
The thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble;
We seriously believe it, and presume
Our Paris is the volume, in which all
Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced with,
Are curiously bound up.

Par. The argument
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting
A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,
Or any other weak and vicious person,
Of force I must be such. Oh, gracious madam,
How glorious soever or deformed
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended
And all my borrowed ornaments put off,
I am no more nor less than what I was
Before I entered.

Domitia speaks plainly; but still Paris is discreet.

Par. Oh, madam! hear me with a patient ear
And be but pleased to understand the reasons
That do deter me from a happiness
Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe
My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties,
Beyond my hopes or merits, showered upon me,
Make payment for them with ingratitude,
Falsehood and treason? Though you have a shape
Might tempt Hippolytus, and larger power
To help or hurt than wanton Phædra had,
Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon,
Though I refuse to satisfy.

Dom. You are coy,
Expecting I should court you. Let mean ladies
Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures
To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures;
But for Augusta so to lose herself,
That holds command o'er Cæsar and the world,
Were poverty of spirit. Thou must—thou shalt:
The violence of my passion knows no mean,
And in my punishments and my rewards
I'll use no moderation. Take this only,
As a caution from me; threadbare chastity
Is poor in the advancement of her servants,
But wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent
To have the salary of vice weigh down
The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling,
Thy sudden answer.

Par. In what a strait am I brought in!
Alas! I know that the denial's death;
Nor can my grant, discovered, threaten more.
Yet, to die innocent, and have the glory

For all posterity to report, that I
 Refused an empress, to preserve my faith
 To my great master, in true judgment must
 Show fairer than to buy a guilty life
 With wealth and honour. 'Tis the base I build on:—
 I dare not, must not, will not.

Dom. How! contemned?
 Since hopes, nor fears, in the extremes, prevail not,
 I must use a mean. [*Aside.*—Think who 'tis sues to thee.
 Deny not that yet which a brother may
 Grant to a sister: as a testimony

*Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, CÆNIS, and a
 Guard, behind.*

I am not scorned, kiss me;—kiss me again:
 Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,
 And I thy Helen.

Par. Since it is your will.

Cæs. And I am Menelaus: but I shall be
 Something I know not yet.

Dom. Why lose we time
 And opportunity? These are but salads
 To sharpen appetite: let us to the feast,
 [*Courting PARIS wantonly.*

Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,
 And I Alcmena.

Cæs. [*Comes forward.*] While Amphitrio
 Stands by, and draws the curtains.

Par. Oh!—

[*Falls on his face.*

Dom. Betrayed!

Cæs. No; taken in a net of Vulcan's filing,
 Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods
 Are sad spectators, not one of them daring
 To witness, with a smile, he does desire
 To be so shamed for all the pleasure that
 You've sold your being for! What shall I name thee?
 Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
 Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit,
 Wronged men have breathed out against wicked women,
 Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from
 Thy low condition to the height of greatness,
 Command, and majesty, in one base act
 To render me,—that was, before I hugged thee,
 An adder, in my bosom, more than man,—
 A thing beneath a beast? Did I force these
 Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to
 Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought
 But how with benefits to bind thee mine;
 And am I thus rewarded? Not a knee,
 Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault?
 Break, stubborn silence: what canst thou allege
 To stay my vengeance?

Dom. This. Thy lust compelled me
 To be a strumpet, and mine hath returned it
 In my intent and will, though not in act,
 To cuckold thee.

Cæs. O impudence! take her hence,
 And let her make her entrance into hell,
 By leaving life with all the tortures that
 Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power
 Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs
 Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me
 To right myself, and hate her!—Kill her.—Hold!
 Oh that my dotage should increase from that
 Which should breed detestation! By Minerva,
 If I look on her longer, I shall melt,

And sue to her, my injuries forgot,
 Again to be received into her favour;
 Could honour yield to it! Carry her to her chamber;
 Be that her prison, till in cooler blood
 I shall determine of her. [*Exit Guard with DOMITILLA.*

Aret. Now step I in,
 While he's in this calm mood, for my reward.—
 Sir, if my service has deserved—

Cæs. Yes, yes:
 And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robbed me of
 All rest and peace, and been the principal means
 To make me know that, of which if again
 I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it

Re-enter Guard.

With the loss of empire. Strangle him; take these hence too,
 And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your reason,
 Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think
 That this discovery, that hath showered upon me
 Perpetual vexation, should not fall
 Heavy on you? Away with them!—Stop their mouths;
 I will hear no reply.

[*Exit Guard with ARETINUS, JULIA, CÆNIS, and
 DOMITILLA.*

—O Paris, Paris!

How shall I argue with thee? how begin
 To make thee understand, before I kill thee,
 With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from me?
 Yet, in respect I have favoured thee, I'll hear
 What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse
 Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust;
 And wish thou couldst give me such satisfaction,
 As I might bury the remembrance of it.
 Look up: we stand attentive.

Par. O dread Cæsar!
 To hope for life, or plead in the defence
 Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
 I know I have deserved death; and my suit is,
 That you would hasten it: yet, that your highness,
 When I am dead, (as sure I will not live,)
 May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,
 Her will, and the temptation of that beauty
 Which you could not resist. How could poor I, then,
 Fly that which followed me, and Cæsar sued for?
 This is all. And now your sentence.

Cæs. Which I know not
 How to pronounce. Oh that thy fault had been
 But such as I might pardon! if thou hadst
 In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome,
 Betrayed an army, butchered the whole senate,
 Committed sacrilege, or any crime
 The justice of our Roman laws calls death,
 I had prevented any intercession,
 And freely signed thy pardon.

Par. But for this,
 Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;
 Nor let it to posterity be recorded,
 That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffered a wrong
 Which, if a private man should sit down with it,
 Cowards would baffle¹ him.

Cæs. With such true feeling
 Thou arguest against thyself, that it
 Works more upon me, than if my Minerva,
 The grand protectress of my life and empire,

¹ Baffle, treat contemptuously. A knight was baffled by hanging him in effigy upside down. Old French "beffler," to mock.

On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,
 "Cæsar, show mercy!" and, I know not how,
 I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing;
 Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.
 What we must do, we shall do: we remember
 A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,
 Called *The False Servant*.

Par. Such a one we have, sir.

Cæs. In which a great lord takes to his protection
 A man forlorn, giving him ample power
 To order and dispose of his estate
 In 's absence, he pretending then a journey:
 But yet with this restraint that, on no terms,
 (This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,
 She having played false to a former husband,)
 The servant, though solicited, should consent,
 Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.

Par. That was, indeed, the argument.

Cæs. And what
 Didst thou play in it?

Par. The *False Servant*, sir.

Cæs. Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait without?

Par. They do, sir, and prepared to act the story
 Your majesty mentioned.

Cæs. Call them in. Who presents
 The injured lord?

Enter ÆSOPUS, LATINUS, and a Lady.

Æsop. 'Tis my part, sir.

Cæs. Thou didst not
 Do it to the life; we can perform it better.
 Off with my robe and wreath; since Nero scorned not
 The public theatre, we in private may
 Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, without
 Wearing a beard, or other property,
 Will fit the person.

Æsop. Only, sir, a foil,
 The point and edge rebated, when you act,
 To do the murder. If you please to use this,
 And lay aside your own sword.

Cæs. By no means,
 In jest or earnest this parts never from me.
 We'll have but one short scene—that, where the lady
 In an imperious way commands the servant
 To be unthankful to his patron: when
 My cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,
 And do it sprightly: though but a new actor,
 When I come to execution, you shall find
 No cause to laugh at me.

Lat. In the name of wonder,
 What's Cæsar's purpose!

Æsop. There is no contending.

Cæs. Why, when?

Par. I am armed:
 And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his
 Inevitable dart aimed at my breast,
 His cold embraces should not bring an ague
 To any of my faculties, till his pleasures
 Were served and satisfied; which done, Nestor's years
 To me would be unwelcome. [*Aside.*]

Lady. "Must we entreat,
 That were born to command? or court a servant,
 That owes his food and clothing to our bounty,
 For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?
 Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of
 Thy absent lord, or that thou standst engaged
 For thy life to his charity; nor thy fears

Of what may follow, it being in my power
 To mould him any way."

Par. "As you may me,
 In what his reputation is not wounded,
 Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.
 I know you're young and fair; be virtuous too,
 And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you
 To the height of happiness."

Lady. "Can my love-sick heart
 Be cured with counsel? or durst reason ever
 Offer to put in an exploded plea
 In the court of Venus? My desires admit not
 The least delay; and therefore instantly
 Give me to understand what I must trust to:
 For, if I am refused, and not enjoy
 Those ravishing pleasures from thee, I run mad for,
 I'll swear unto my lord, at his return,
 (Making what I deliver good with tears.)
 That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me
 What I make suit for. And then but imagine
 What 'tis to die, with these words, *slave and traitor*,
 With burning corsives writ upon thy forehead,
 And live prepared for 't."

Par. "This he will believe
 Upon her information, 'tis apparent;
 And then I'm nothing: and of two extremes,
 Wisdom says, choose the less. [*Aside.*—Rather than fall
 Under your indignation, I will yield:
 This kiss, and this, confirms it."

Æsop. Now, sir, now.

Cæs. I must take them at it?

Æsop. Yes, sir; be but perfect.

Cæs. O villain! thankless villain!—I should talk now,
 But I've forgot my part. But I can do:
 Thus, thus, and thus! [*Stabs PARIS.*]

Par. Oh! I am slain in earnest.

Cæs. 'Tis true; and 'twas my purpose, my good Paris:
 And yet, before life leave thee, let the honour
 I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.
 If it had been within the power of Cæsar,
 His dignity preserved, he had pardoned thee:
 But cruelty of honour did deny it.
 Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study
 To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish
 My Paris from all others; and in that
 Have shown my pity. Nor would I let thee fall
 By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs
 Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook, however
 Thy crime deserved it: but, as thou didst live
 Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou
 Shouldst die in action, and to crown it, die,
 With an applause enduring to all times,
 By our imperial hand.—His soul is freed
 From the prison of his flesh; let it mount upward!
 And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile
 Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed
 In a golden urn; poets adorn his hearse
 With their most ravishing sorrows, and the stage
 For ever mourn him, and all such as were
 His glad spectators, weep his sudden death,
 The cause forgotten in his epitaph.

[*Sad music; the Players bear off PARIS' body, CÆSAR and
 the rest following.*]

The Fifth Act has for its theme the retribution
 upon tyranny.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace, with an image of Minerva.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, STEPHANOS, and Guard.

Parth. Keep a strong guard upon him, and admit not Access to any, to exchange a word Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases To call him to his presence.—[*Exit* Guard.]—The relation That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me. The informer Aretinus put to death For yielding him a true discovery Of the empress' wantonness; poor Paris killed first, And now lamented; and the princesses Confined to several islands; yet Augusta, The machine on which all this mischief moved, Received again to grace!

Steph. Nay, courted to it: Such is the impotence of his affection! Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out The people made suit for her, whom they hate more Than civil war or famine. But take heed, My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes, You lend or furtherance or favour to The plot contrived against her: should she prove it, Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man, Her power o'er doating Cæsar being now Greater than ever.

Parth. 'Tis a truth I shake at; And, when there's opportunity——

Steph. Say but, Do, I am yours, and sure.

Parth. I'll stand one trial more, And then you shall hear from me.

Steph. Now observe The fondness of this tyrant, and her pride.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter CÆSAR and DOMITIA.

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.

Dom. It may be, on your part.

Cæs. Forgiven too, Domitia:—'tis a favour That you should welcome with more cheerful looks. Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for That did the injury, and yet must sue To her whose guilt is washed off by his mercy, Only to entertain it?

Dom. I asked none; And I should be more wretched to receive Remission for what I hold no crime, But by a bare acknowledgment, than if By slighting and contemning it as now I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers Persuade thee that thy murders, lusts, and rapes Are virtues in thee; and what pleases Cæsar, Though never so unjust, is right and lawful; Or work in thee a false belief that thou Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth, When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes, And all the ensigns of thy boasted power, Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar, Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to His violent passions, and in that my slave; Nay, more my slave than my affections made me To my loved Paris.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this? Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you know The strength that you hold on me, do not use it With too much cruelty; for though 'tis granted

That Lydian Omphale had less command O'er Hercules than you usurp o'er me, Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke Of my fond dotage.

Dom. Never; do not hope it:

It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's captive, And not to be redeemed, my empire's larger Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death. And when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury, To drop down tears in vain spent to appease me, I know thy fervour such to my embraces, Which shall be, though still kneeled for, still denied thee, That thou with languishment shalt wish my Actor Did live again, so thou mightst be his second To feed upon those delicacies when he's sated.

Cæs. O my Minerva!



SEATED MINERVA. (From a Statue at Rome.)

Dom. There she is, [*points to the statue*] invoke her: She cannot arm thee with ability To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater: Or only say to thy centurions, Dare none of you do what I shake to think on, And, in this woman's death, remove the Furies That every hour afflict me?—Lamia's wrongs, When thy lust forced me from him, are, in me, At the height revenged; nor would I outlive Paris, But that thy love, increasing with my hate, May add unto thy torments; so, with all Contempt I can, I leave thee.

[*Exit*]

Cæs. I am lost; Nor am I Cæsar. When I first betrayed The freedom of my faculties and will To this imperious Siren, I laid down The empire of the world and of myself At her proud feet. Sleep all my ireful powers? Or is the magic of my dotage such That I must still make suit to hear those charms

That do increase my thralldom? Wake, my anger!
For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear
With usual terror, and enable me,
Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart,
Nor have a tongue to say this, *Let her die*,
Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand,

[Pulls out a table-book.

To sign her death. Assist me, great Minerva,
And vindicate thy votary! [Writes.] So; she's now
Among the list of those I have proscribed,
And are, to free me of my doubts and fears,
To die to-morrow.

Steph. That same fatal book
Was never drawn yet, but some men of rank
Were marked out for destruction.

Parth. I begin
To doubt myself.

Cæs. Who waits there?

Parth. [Coming forward.] Cæsar.

Cæs. So!

These, that command armed troops, quake at my frowns,
And yet a woman slights them. Where's the wizard
We charged you to fetch in?

Parth. Ready to suffer
What death you please to appoint him.

Cæs. Bring him in.

We'll question him ourself.

Enter Tribunes, and Guard with ASCLETARIO.

Now, you, that hold

Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix
The day and hour in which we are to part
With life and empire, punctually foretelling
The means and manner of our violent ends;
As you would purchase credit to your art,
Resolve me, since you are assured of us,
What fate attends yourself?

Ascle. I have had long since
A certain knowledge, and as sure as thou
Shalt die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of
The kalends of October, the hour five,
Spite of prevention, this carcass shall be
Torn and devoured by dogs;—and let that stand
For a firm prediction.

Cæs. May our body, wretch,
Find never nobler sepulchre, if this
Fall ever on thee! Are we the great disposer
Of life and death, yet cannot mock the stars
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor;
And having cut his throat, erect a pile,
Guarded with soldiers, till his curséd trunk
Be turned to ashes: upon forfeit of
Your life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascle. 'Tis in vain;
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæs. Drag him hence,

[The Tribunes and Guard bear off ASCLETARIO.

And do as I command you. I was never
Fuller of confidence; for, having got
The victory of my passions, in my freedom
From proud Domitia, (who shall cease to live,
Since she disdains to love,) I rest unmoved:
And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,
Chaldeans' vain predictions, jealous fears
Of my near friends and freedmen, certain hate
Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors

The soldiers' doubted faith or people's rage
Can bring to shake my constancy, I am armed.
That scrupulous thing styled conscience is seared up,
And I insensible of all my actions

For which by moral and religious fools
I stand condemned, as they had never been.

And, since I have subdued triumphant Love,

I will not deify pale captive Fear,

Nor in a thought receive it: for, till thou,

Wisest Minerva, that from my first youth

Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me,

Not Junius Rusticus' threatened apparition,

Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold,

Being things impossible to human reason,

Shall in a dream disturb me. Bring my couch, there;

A sudden but a secure drowsiness

Invites me to repose myself. [*A couch is brought in.*] Let
music,

With some short ditty, second it:—[*Exit PARTHENIUS.*]—The
mean time,

Rest there, dear book, which opened, when I wake,

[Lays the book under his pillow.

Shall make some sleep for ever.

[Music and a song. CÆSAR sleeps.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS and DOMITIA.

Dom. Write my name

In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! the fear's idle:

He durst not, could not.

Parth. I can assure nothing;

But I observed, when you departed from him,

After some little passion, but much fury,

He drew it out: whose death he signed, I know not;

But in his looks appeared a resolution

Of what before he staggered at. What he hath

Determined of is uncertain, but too soon

Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,

His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,

Who never use to enquire his will, but serve it.

Now, if out of the confidence of your power,

The bloody catalogue being still about him,

As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,

You may instruct yourself or what to suffer

Or how to cross it.

Dom. I would not be caught

With too much confidence. By your leave, sir. Ha!

No motion!—you lie uneasy, sir,

Let me mend your pillow. [*Takes away the book.*

Parth. Have you it?

Dom. 'Tis here.

Cæs. Oh!

Parth. You have waked him: softly, gracious madam,

While we are unknown; and then consult at leisure.

[*Exeunt.*

Dreadful music. The apparitions of JUNIUS RUSTICUS and
PALPHURIUS SURA rise, with bloody swords in their hands;
they wave them over the head of CÆSAR, who seems troubled
in his sleep, and as if praying to the image of MINERVA,
which they scornfully seize, and then disappear with it.

Cæs. [*Starting.*] Defend me, goddess, or this horrid dream

Will force me to distraction! whither have

These Furies borne thee? Let me rise and follow.

I am bathed o'er with the cold sweat of death,

And am deprived of organs to pursue

These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once

Robbed of my hopes and being? No, I live—

[Rises distractedly

Yes, live, and have discourse, to know myself
 Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser
 Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it,
 In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?
 Am I not Cæsar?—How! again repeat it?
 Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die!—What traitor?
 He that hath been a traitor to himself,
 And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit
 A competent judge o'er Cæsar? Cæsar. Yes,
 Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must suffer;
 Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she?
 Where is my goddess? vanished! I am lost then.
 No; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth,
 That Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
 Although their ashes were cast in the sea,
 Were by their innocence made up again,
 And in corporeal forms but now appeared,
 Waving their bloody swords above my head,
 As at their deaths they threatened. And methought,
 Minerva, ravished hence, whispered that she
 Was, for my blasphemies, disarmed by Jove,
 And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so,

[Thunder and lightning.]

His thunder does confirm it, against which,
 Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

Enter three Tribunes.

Is no assurance. Ha! come you resolved
 To be my executioners?

1 *Trib.* Allegiance

And faith forbid that we should lift an arm
 Against your sacred head.

2 *Trib.* We rather sue

For mercy.

3 *Trib.* And acknowledge that in justice
 Our lives are forfeited for not performing
 What Cæsar charged us.

1 *Trib.* Nor did we transgress it

In our want of will or care; for, being but men,
 It could not be in us to make resistance,
 The gods fighting against us.

Cæs. Speak, in what

Did they express their anger? we will hear it,
 But dare not say, undaunted.

1 *Trib.* In brief thus, sir:

The sentence given by your imperial tongue,
 For the astrologer Asclepius's death,
 With speed was put in execution.

Cæs. Well.

1 *Trib.* For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and his arms
 Pinioned behind his back, the breathless trunk
 Was with all scorn dragged to the field of Mars,
 And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood,
 Smeared o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else
 Could help to feed or to increase the fire,
 The carcass was thrown on it; but no sooner
 The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame,
 But suddenly, to the amazement of
 The fearless soldier, a sudden flash
 Of lightning, breaking through the scattered clouds,
 With such a horrid violence forced its passage,
 And, as disdaining all heat but itself,
 In a moment quenched the artificial fire:
 And before we could kindle it again,
 A clap of thunder followed with such noise
 As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,
 Had in his secret purposes determined

An universal ruin to the world.

This horror past, not at Deucalion's flood
 Such a stormy shower of rain (and yet that word is
 Too narrow to express it) was o'er seen:
 Imagine rather, sir, that with less fury
 The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile;
 Or that the sea, spouted into the air
 By the angry Orc, endangering tall ships
 But sailing near it, so falls down again.—
 Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins:
 For, as in vain we laboured to consume
 The wizard's body, all the dogs of Rome,
 Howling and yelling like to famished wolves,
 Brake in upon us; and though thousands were
 Killed in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile,
 And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.

Cæs. But have they torn it?

1 *Trib.* Torn it, and devoured it.

Cæs. I then am a dead man, since all predictions
 Assure me I am lost. Oh, my loved soldiers,
 Your emperor must leave you! yet, however
 I cannot grant myself a short reprieve,
 I freely pardon you. The fatal hour
 Steals fast upon me: I must die this morning
 By five, my soldiers; that's the latest hour
 You e'er must see me living.

1 *Trib.* Jove avert it!

In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.

Cæs. Oh, no, it cannot be; it is decreed

Above, and by no strength here to be altered.
 Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,
 Compassed of late with armies, in his eyes
 Carrying both life and death, and in his arms
 Fathoming the earth; that would be styled a god,
 And is, for that presumption, cast beneath
 The low condition of a common man,
 Sinking with mine own weight.

1 *Trib.* Do not forsake

Yourself; we'll never leave you.

2 *Trib.* We'll draw up

More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason.

Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended gods,
 That now sit judges on me, from their envy
 Of my power and greatness here, conspire against me.

1 *Trib.* Endeavour to appease them.

Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless:

I am past hope of remission. Yet, could I
 Decline this dreadful hour of five, these terrors,
 That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me:
 And could you but till then assure me——

1 *Trib.* Yes, sir;

Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn
 In which we'll mix our ashes.

Cæs. 'Tis said nobly:

I am something comforted: howe'er, to die
 Is the full period of calamity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, DOMITIA, JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA,
 STEPHANOS, SEJEIUS and ENTELLUS.

Parth. You see we are all condemned; there's no evasion;
 We must do, or suffer.

Steph. But it must be sudden;
 The least delay is mortal.

Dom. Would I were
 A man, to give it action!

Domitil. Could I make my approaches, though my stature
Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring
As hers that can reach higher.

Steph. I will take
That burthen from you, madam. All the art is,
To draw him from the tribunes that attend him ;
For, could you bring him but within my sword's reach,
The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant
To Stephanos.

Sej. You shall not share alone
The glory of a deed that will endure
To all posterity.

Ent. I will put in
For a part, myself.

Parth. Be resolved, and stand close.
I have conceived a way, and with the hazard
Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither.
But then no trifling.

Steph. We'll despatch him, fear not :
A dead dog never bites.

Parth. Thus then at all.

[*Exit ; the rest conceal themselves.*]

Enter CÆSAR and the Tribunes.

Cæs. How slow-paced are these minutes ! in extremos,
How miserable is the least delay !
Could I imp¹ feathers to the wings of time,
Or with a little ease command the sun
To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern hill,
Making the hour to tremble at, past recalling,
As I can move this dial's tongue to six ;
My veins and arteries, emptied with fear,
Would fill and swell again. How do I look ?
Do you yet see death about me ?

1 Trib. Think not of him ;
There is no danger : all these prodigies
That do affright you, rise from natural causes ;
And though you do ascribe them to yourself,
Had you ne'er been, had happened.

Cæs. 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be
That I, that feel myself in health and strength,
Should still believe I am so near my end,
And have my guards about me ? Perish all
Predictions ! I grow constant they are false,
And built upon uncertainties.

1 Trib. This is right ;
Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar.

Cæs. We will to
The camp, and having there confirmed the soldier
With a large donative, and increase of pay,
Some shall—I say no more.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS.

Parth. All happiness,
Security, long life, attend upon
The monarch of the world !

Cæs. Thy looks are cheerful.

Parth. And my relation full of joy and wonder.
Why is the care of your imperial body,
My lord, neglected, the feared hour being past,
In which your life was threatened ?

Cæs. Is't past five ?

Parth. Past six, upon my knowledge : and, in justice,

Your clockmaster should die, that hath deferred
Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted,
That brings assured intelligence that your legions
In Syria have won a glorious day
And much enlarged your empire. I have kept him
Concealed, that you might first partake the pleasure
In private, and the senate from yourself
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you and to your fortune.

Cæs. Hence, pale fear, then !
Lead me, Parthenius.

1 Trib. Shall we wait you ?

Cæs. No.
After losses guards are useful. Know your distance.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS.*]

2 Trib. How strangely hopes delude men ! as I live,
The hour is not yet come.

1 Trib. Howe'er, we are
To pay our duties, and observe the sequel.

[*Exeunt Tribunes. DOMITIA and the rest come forward.*]

Dom. I hear him coming. Be constant.

Re-enter CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS.

Cæs. Where, Parthenius,
Is this glad messenger ?

Steph. Make the door fast.—Here ;
A messenger of horror.

Cæs. How ! Betrayed ?

Dom. No ; taken, tyrant.

Cæs. My Domitia
In the conspiracy !

Parth. Behold this book.

Cæs. Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though I am unarmed,
I'll not fall poorly. [*Overthrows STEPHANOS.*]

Steph. Help me.

Ent. Thus, and thus !

Sej. Are you so long a falling ? } *They stab him.*

Cæs. 'Tis done basely. [*Falls, and dies.*]

Par. This for my father's death.

Dom. This for my Paris.

Jul. This for thy incest.

Domitil. This for thy abuse
Of Domitilla. [*They severally stab him.*]

Tribunes. [*Within.*] Force the doors !

Enter Tribunes.

O Mars !

What have you done ?

Parth. What Rome shall give us thanks for.

Steph. Dispatched a monster.

1 Trib. Yet he was our prince,
However wicked ; and, in you, this murder,
Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge :
Nor will we, that served under his command,
Consent that such a monster as thyself,
(For, in thy wickedness, Augusta's title
Hath quite forsook thee,) thou, that wert the ground
Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence unpunished.
Lay hands on her, and drag her to her sentence.—
We will refer the hearing to the Senate,
Who may at their best leisure censure you.
Take up his body : he in death hath paid
For all his cruelties. Here's the difference :
Good kings are mourned for after life ; but ill,
And such as governed only by their will
And not their reason, unlamented fall,
No good man's tear shed at their funeral.

[*Exeunt ; the Tribunes bearing the body of CÆSAR.*]

¹ Imp, graft, from First-English "impan." A hawk's wing was said to be imp'd when a strong feather was put in place of a broken one to secure the better flight. Children are imps as grafts or buds on the parent stock.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS,

printed in 1633, is a play of Massinger's, that has held its place on the stage until the present day. It is a comedy, with the scene laid near Nottingham, and owes its life upon the stage to a character in it—that of Sir Giles Overreach—which actors like to play. He is a usurer, without pity or conscience, who lives liberally, is bold and defiant—

This Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.
He fights men out of their estates, and breaks
Through all the law nets made to curb ill men
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily.

He seeks to marry his one child, Margaret, to Lord Lovell, and is ready to spend freely his own money and her honour for alliance with a noble house. He has ruined his careless nephew Wellborn, and become possessed of his estate. Wellborn in tattered clothes, at the beginning of the play, is the scoff of a low innkeeper. Tom Allworth, Lord Lovell's page, and son to a rich widow, Lady Allworth, loves Margaret Overreach, and is also Wellborn's friend. The fathers of the two young men had been warm friends. When Wellborn visits Lady Allworth, for his father's sake, she forgets her anger at his follies, and falls into his Way to Pay Old Debts to his uncle. She allows it to be thought that he is favoured in suit for her hand. Sir Giles's chief agent and steward, Marrall, falls into the trap, but cannot persuade his master. The usurer feasts Lord Lovell, who is in the counsels of his page. He also enforces basest counsel upon his innocent daughter to secure that prize. Lady Allworth comes to his house during the feast, as if to invite Lord Lovell, brings Wellborn with her, and so behaves as to secure the delusion of Sir Giles, whose comment on the wonder is—

It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Sir Giles's coach and Sir Giles's money are suddenly at his nephew's service; all Wellborn's debts are paid, and his rich clothes are taken out of pawn. But Marrall the steward grows impatient of many insults. In Lady Allworth's house, Sir Giles being alone with Lord Lovell, opens his bad mind to the expected son-in-law:

Over. To my wish; we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive, to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands; for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frightened with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper; and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other peddling complaints
Breathed out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser

Of what was common, to my private use ;
 Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
 And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
 I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
 Right honourable ; and 'tis a powerful charm
 Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
 Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire

The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,

My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble ;
 Nay more, if you will have my character
 In little, I enjoy more true delight
 In my arrival to my wealth by dark
 And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
 In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
 My haste commands me hence ; in one word, therefore,—
 Is it a match ?

Lov. I hope, that it is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure ; not the hate of all mankind here,
 Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
 Shall make me study aught but your advancement
 One story higher : an earl ! if gold can do it,
 Dispute not my religion, nor my faith ;
 Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
 You may make choice of what belief you please,
 To me they are equal. So, my lord, good morrow. [Exit.]

Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
 Such a portent ! I, that have lived a soldier,
 And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
 To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed all over
 In a cold sweat : yet, like a mountain, he
 (Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
 Is no more shaken than Olympus is
 When angry Boreas loads his double head
 With sudden drifts of snow.

This disclosure enables Lady Allworth to bring
 Lord Lovell into the confederation for utter discom-
 fiture of Sir Giles ; and he agrees to pretend that
 he has married Margaret. Marrall, insulted by Sir
 Giles, courts what he believes to be the rising for-
 tunes of the nephew ; and begins to betray secrets
 of his master :—

This only, in a word ; I know Sir Giles
 Will come upon you for security
 For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
 As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
 Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
 Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land ;
 I had a hand in 't (I speak it to my shame)
 When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve it : then urge him to produce
 The deed in which you passed it over to him,
 Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
 To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
 And present moneys : I'll instruct you further
 As I wait on your worship. If I play not my prize
 To your full content and your uncle's much vexation,
 Hang up Jack Marrall.

Will. I rely upon thee. [Exeunt.]

Even Margaret is driven, by her father's baseness
 towards her, to join, as Lord Lovell counsels, in the

plot against her father. Sir Giles, being led to believe
 that the lord urges a secret marriage, proceeds to force
 his daughter to it, and unwittingly secures her union
 to the young page Allworth, who is supposed to be
 acting for his master :—

All. An 't please your honour,
 For so before to-morrow I must style you,
 My lord desires this privacy in respect
 His honourable kinsmen are far off,
 And his desires to have it done brook not
 So long delay as to expect their coming ;
 And yet he stands resolved with all due pomp,
 As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
 To have his marriage at court celebrated
 When he has brought your honour up to London.

Over. He tells you true ; 'tis the fashion, on my know-
 ledge :

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,

Must put it off, forsooth ! . . .

Tempt me no further ; if you do, this goad

[Points to his sword.]

Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
 Were you but by to do a father's part
 And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,
 What do I care who gives you ? since my lord
 Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
 I know not, master Allworth, how my lord
 May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
 Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense ; to-morrow
 I'll furnish him with any sums : in the meantime,
 Use my ring to my chaplain ; he is beneficed
 At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo :
 'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in 't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your
 ring ?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
 Without your knowledge ; and then to be refused,
 Were such a stain upon me !—if you pleased, sir,
 Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse !

I say again, I will not cross my lord ;
 Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink, there !

All. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. [Writes.]

All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my
 lord,

In respect he comes disguised ; and only write,—
 Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advised.

'Tis done ; away !—[MARGARET kneels.]—My blessing, girl ?
 thou hast it.

Nay, no reply, begone :—good master Allworth,
 'This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

All. I hope so, sir. [Exeunt ALLWORTH and MARGARET.]

Over. Farewell !—Now all's cocksure.
 Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
 Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
 Your honourable daughter ? has her honour
 Slept well to-night ? or, will her honour please
 To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto,
 (This is state in ladies,) or my eldest son
 To be her page, and wait upon her trencher ?
 My ends, my ends are compass'd—then for Wellborn
 And the lands ; were he once married to the widow—

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [Exit.]

So the Fourth Act ends with Sir Giles Overreach exultant, and the ground beneath him everywhere undermined. The Fifth Act here follows. Of the justice Greedy who appears in it, no more need be said than that he is an amusing person, who is on the scent of all feasts in the play.

SCENE I.—*A room in Lady ALLWORTH'S House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, and AMBLE.

L. All. By this you know how strong the motives were That did, my lord, induce me to dispense A little with my gravity, to advance, In personating some few favours to him, The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn. Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer In some few men's opinions for't, the action; For he that ventured all for my dear husband, Might justly claim an obligation from me To pay him such a courtesy; which had I Coyly or over-curiously denied, It might have argued me of little love To the deceased.

Lov. What you intended, madam, For the poor gentleman, hath found good success; For, as I understand, his debts are paid And he once more furnished for fair employment; But all the arts that I have used to raise The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth, Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well: For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant Than their years can promise; and for their desires, On my knowledge they are equal.

L. All. As my wishes Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear The building, though well grounded. To deceive Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox In his proceedings, were a work beyond The strongest undertakers; not the trial Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam: Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means; And judgment, being a gift derived from Heaven, Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men That ne'er consider from whom they receive it, Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it. Which is the reason that the politic And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth, Is by simplicity oft over-reached.

L. All. May he be so! yet in His name to express it Is a good omen.

Lov. May it to myself Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you! What think you of the motion?

L. All. Troth, my lord, My own unworthiness may answer for me; For had you, when that I was in my prime, My virgin flower uncropped, presented me With this great favour; looking on my lowness Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth, I could not but have thought it as a blessing Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest, And undervalue that which is above My title, or whatever I call mine. I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry A widow might disparage me; but being A true-born Englishman, I cannot find How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more, That which you think a blemish is to me The fairest lustre. You already, madam, Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish A husband that deserves you; which confirms me, That, if I am not wanting in my care To do you service, you'll be still the same That you were to your Allworth. In a word, Our years, our states, our births are not unequal, You being descended nobly, and allied so; If then you may be won to make me happy, But join your lips to mine, and that shall be A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good Should I refuse it [*Kisses him*]; yet, my lord, receive me As such a one the study of whose whole life Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not with all tenderness Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord, To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter WELLBORN, handsomely apparelled.

You are welcome, sir.

Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am Your creature, madam, and will never hold My life mine own when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you. You could not make choice of a better shape To dress your mind in.

L. All. For me, I am happy That my endeavours prospered. Saw you of late Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam, By his minister, Marrall. He's grown into strange passions About his daughter. This last night he look'd for Your lordship at his house, but missing you, And she not yet appearing, his wise head Is much perplexed and troubled.

Lov. It may be, Sweetheart, my project took.

L. All. I strongly hope.

Over. [*Within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing, I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship, For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw A little out of sight, though not of hearing, You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me. [Steps aside.]

Enter OVERREACH, with distracted looks, driving in MARRALL before him, with a box.

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry, And thou a subject only fit for beating, And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;

Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer and dare not resist. [*Aside.*]

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord, her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make curtseys
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

L. All. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime, as I am myself,
I give you to understand I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

Well. Sir.

Over. No more?

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?

Well. Insolent to you!

Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best more than myself?

Over. His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*]

L. All. This is excellent!

Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozen'd;
I name no parties.

Well. Well, sir, and what follows?

Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Re-
member,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the gaol. You know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else?

Over. End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it; you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in [reckless] taverns.

Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed you shall not;
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*]

L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,

Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him!
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!

L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Over. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed. [*Aside to WELLBORN.*]

Well. This rage is vain, sir.
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt! Oh, impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here enclosed
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now!

Well. I do acknowledge none. I ne'er pass'd over
Any such land. I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

L. All. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in a humbler key and sue for favour.

L. All. Never: do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence. If thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*]
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!

L. All. A fair skin of parchment.

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?

Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were delivered, and this only
Made nothing. Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Over. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two : and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight. Besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses. The deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this ?

[*Aside to MARRALL.*]

Mar. I ! no, I assure you :

I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours ;
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me ?

Mar. Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me !

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.

The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise, your football, or
The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge,
Can now anatomise you and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride ; and, with these gabions guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverise, the walls you think defend you.

L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage !

Well. To him again.

Over. Oh, that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear
thee

Joint after joint !

Mar. I know you are a tearer.

But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you ; when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families who, yet alive
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.

Well. All will come out.

L. All. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep me from thee should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee !

Lov. Heaven's hand is in this :

One bandog worry the other !

[*Aside.*]

Over. I play the fool
And make my anger but ridiculous :
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so :

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY and PARSON WILLDO.

Shall find no harbour here :—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome !
There's comfort in thy looks ; is the deed done ?

Is my daughter married ? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo. Married ! yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts ! there's more gold for
thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting ! at least for a month
I am provided : empty guts, croak no more,
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.¹

Over. Instantly be here ? [*Whispering to WILLDO.*]

To my wish ! to my wish ! Now you that plot against me,
And hope to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble :—[*Loud music*]—they come ! I
hear the music.

A lane there for my lord !

Well. This sudden heat

May yet be cooled, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord !

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*]
Grow not in passion ; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened : not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How !

All. So I assure you ; all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas ! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it ;
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil ! are they married ?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them
joy !

Over. Confusion and ruin ! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these :—my brain turns !

Willdo. Why this rage to me ?

Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words ?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot—

Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath ! I will not ;
That I, that, in all passages I touched
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void.

Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses ; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill MARGARET.*]

¹ "Bearing-dishes, solid substantial dishes, portly viands." (Halliwell's "Dict. of Archaic and Provincial Words.")

Lov. [*Coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims but that
They may be crossed.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house and change
Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!

Well. You'll grow like him
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place.
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes, (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell add to my afflictions!

[*Exit.*

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my
stomach;

I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest.
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you
As never worshipful had.

Well. I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?

Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose;

His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Order (*Lady Allworth's Steward.*) Take this kick with you.

Amble (*Lady Allworth's Usher.*) And this.

Furnace (*Lady Allworth's Cook.*) If that I had my cleaver
here,

I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven

False servants still arrive at.

[*Exit*

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again!

Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.

Well. His looks are ghastly.

Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.

[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.*

Well. There's no help;

Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.

Lov. How he foams!

Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. Oh, my dear father! [*They force OVERREACH off.*

All. You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you, take comfort.
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach. For me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.

All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.

It is a time of action. If your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.

Well. [*Coming forward.*] Nothing wants then
But your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we
Nor he that wrote the comedy can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours, (as you may,
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play :)
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACTORS OF COMEDY IN ANCIENT GREECE.
From J. Baptista Casalius, "*De Tragœdia et Comœdia.*"

John Ford, about two years younger than Philip Massinger, was born in 1586, at Ilington, in North Devon. He was of good family. When James I. came to the throne he was a youth of seventeen, who had just begun the study of law in the Middle Temple. He joined in play-writing under James I., but did not print a play of his own until 1628. He did not look to his plays for income, but wrote them for the pleasure he found in the exercise of his genius. His first printed play, in 1628, was "*The Lover's Melancholy.*" Three more plays of his were printed in 1633. One of them was

THE BROKEN HEART,

of which the scene is laid in Sparta.

ACT I., SCENE I.—Orgilus, son of the Counsellor Crotolon, obtains leave from his father to quit Sparta. Feud between this family and that of the dead Thrasus had been turned to peace by the old Amyclas, king of Sparta; reconciliation was to have been confirmed by marriage of Orgilus to the only daughter of Thrasus, the fair Penthea. But Thrasus had left a son, Ithocles, in whom the old spirit of feud survived. Ithocles forbade his sister's marriage with Orgilus, and forced her into union against her will

with a rich noble, Bassanes. Bassanes is of a jealous temper. Orgilus pleads to his father, Crotolon, a desire to free Penthea from the torture of her husband's jealousy, by withdrawing himself to Athens, and has leave to do so. But before leaving he obtains a promise from his sister Euphranea that she will not marry without his consent.

SCENE 2.—Meanwhile King Amyclas, with his Counsellor Armotes, uncle of Ithocles, and Prophilus, who is the friend of Ithocles, rejoices in the hero of successful war with the Messenians.

Death-braving Ithocles brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.
Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
To Lacedemon's royalty.

Calantha, the king's daughter, who has Euphranea, sister of Orgilus, among her maids of honour, has heard of the valour of Ithocles. She is present when he returns, and, when he has received the king's thanks, crowns him with a chaplet:

Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift,
Deserved, not purchased.

Ithocles takes praise like a brave man who is more concerned to give their due to others, even to the courtiers Hemophil and Groneas, who "were not missing, to wish their country's peace."

SCENE 3.—But Orgilus has meant no flight to Athens. In Sparta still, disguised as a scholar in the grove within the gardens of the palace, granted by special favour lately from the king to Tecnicus, who there gives lessons of philosophy, he watches "Penthea's usage and Euphranea's faith" with anger at his heart. He sees that his sister's heart turns towards Prophilus, the friend of Ithocles, whom he hates for having thwarted his own love; he overhears their innocent love-talk in the garden, is observed by them, maintains his disguise as a poor scholar, and calls himself Aplotes.

Euph. Dost thou want anything?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My lord,—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands;
The like from you to me. So can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence;
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues cannot.

Euph. Occasion is most favourable; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day,
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I beseech thee,
Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty:
You will not fail me books?

Pro. Nor aught besides
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphranea,
Mine Prophilus.

Org. I have a pretty memory;
It must prove my best friend.—I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write
The books thou wouldst have bought thee, in a note,
Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money:
Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it; or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not forget
Our names.

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.
Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our desires;
We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires!

[*Exeunt PRO. and EUPH.*]
Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!
Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.
Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,
Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purposed by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own stories;
They die too basely who outlive their glories.

ACT II., SCENE 1.—When he has displayed to his
servant Phulas the mad passion of his jealousy,
Bassanes tells Penthea that they shall go to court.

Thy brother is returned, sweet, safe, and honoured
With a triumphant victory; thou shalt visit him;
We will to court.

But he speaks with ill-dissembled jealousy, and is
stung by talk of the woman Grausis, whom he has
placed with his wife as overseer. Lords and ladies
arrive from court, among them Prophilus, who brings
to Penthea the desire of her brother Ithocles for her
instant presence. She shall go.

SCENE 2.—In the king's palace at Sparta the
victorious Ithocles is touched by ambition, for he
loves the king's daughter, Calantha. Crotolon, her
father, cannot answer to the suit of Prophilus for
Euphranea without the consent of her brother Orgilus.

Ith. Not yet
Resolved, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta: the king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been moved to 't.
Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Crotolon
For a dispatch.

Crot. Kings may command. Their wills
Are laws not to be questioned.

Ith. By this marriage
You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me and mine to yours
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine and I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord!

Ith. What, good sir? speak your thought.

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed.
Your uncle here, Armotes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasus lived,—but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.

Arm. You are bold and bitter.

Ith. He presses home the injury; it smarts.—[*Aside.*]
No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve them.
Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawnness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to:—'twas a fault,
A capital fault; for then I could not dive
Into the secrets of commanding love;
Since when experience, by th' extremes in others,
Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Crotolon,
I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current.

Arm. The acknowledgment is satisfaction:
What would you more?

Crot. I am conquered: if Euphranea
Herself admit the motion, let it be so;
I doubt not my son's liking.

Ith. Use my fortunes.
Life, power, sword, and heart, all are your own.
Arm. The princess, with your sister.

Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA,
EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and GRAUSIS.

Cal. I present you
A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.

Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wedlock
Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.
'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume, [To Bass.
'T' immure her in a chamber.

Bass. 'Tis her will;
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare:
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now?

Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.

Bass. [*Aside.*] I like the answer well; 'tis sad and modest.
There may be tricks yet, tricks—Have an eye, Grausis!

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we joined in must not
Fall by too long demur.

Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,
For my part.

Arm. With condition, that his son
Favour the contract.

Cal. Such delay is easy.
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert!

Pro. Most sweetly gracious!

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,

Eternity of pleasures;—no restoratives
Like to a constant woman!—(but where is she?
'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a new monster) [*aside*].—I can speak by proof,
For I rest in Elysium; 'tis my happiness.

Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolved, speak freely,
In your affections to this gentleman?

Euph. Nor more nor less than as his love assures me,
Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so! I know your answer. [To *Pro.*]

Ith. It had been pity,
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMOPHIL.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your presence;
And, fairest princess, yours.

Cal. We will attend him.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gron. Where are the lords? all must unto the king
Without delay; the prince of Argos—

Cal. Well, sir?

Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

Cal. How!

The prince of Argos?

Gron. 'Twas my fortune, madam,
T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Ith. Penthea!

Pen. Brother.

Ith. Let me an hour hence
Meet you alone, within the palace grove,
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be cleared of any to disturb us.

Pro. I shall.

Bass. How's that?

Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—
I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.

Bassanes remains jealous even of his wife's meeting alone with her brother.

SCENE 3.—Having brought Penthea to the grove in the palace gardens to await her brother, Prophilus meets there the student Aplotes, as he believes (the disguised Orgilus, Penthea's passionate lover), and commits Penthea for the next hour to his care. She pays little heed to the student until passion stirs in the philosophy he talks.

Penthea. Be not frantic.

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food:
Such is the leanness of a heart, divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;
No horror should deface that precious figure
Sealed with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away! some fury hath bewitched thy tongue:
The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions
Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone,
Begone, without reply!

Org. Be just, Penthea,
In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.

Thus I take off the shroud in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[*Throws off his scholar's dress.*]

What is thy sentence next?

Pen. Rash man! thou lay'st
A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life; yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelty enforced
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
Why would you fall from goodness thus?

Org. Oh, rather
Examine me, how I could live to say
I have been much, much wronged. 'Tis for thy sake
I put on this imposture; dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turned to marble,
Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest
Confirms me thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye. [PEN. kneels.]

Org. You instruct my duty. [ORG. kneels.]

Pen. We may stand up. [*They rise.*] Have you ought else
to urge

Of new demand? as for the old, forget it;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever: what more would you?

Org. I would possess my wife: the equity
Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove
Your steps some distance from me; at this pace
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrowed shape.

Org. You are obeyed; 'tis done. [*He resumes his disguise.*]

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise, I was thine,
The heavens do witness; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.
Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt. I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—
Now let us part.

Org. Part! yet advise thee better:
Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall, nor will.

Orgilus departs in passion; jealous Bassanes, who has watched his wife, enters with Grausis in suppressed wrath, but brings news.

Lady, come; your brother
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord?

Bass. A sudden fit, 'twill off;
Some surfeit of disorder.—How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o' th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy!

Pen. Then let us care
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds: sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III., SCENE 1.—Orgilus parts from his master
Tecnicus, and leaves the grove in which he has
hidden himself under the guise of a poor student of
philosophy. Tecnicus doubts, and warns, and com-
ments upon his departed pupil.

Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes; curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts:—
But let the gods be moderators still;
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES, with a Casket.

From whence come you?

Arm. From King Amyclas,—pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here,
In this sealed box, he sends a treasure,
Dear to him as his crown; he prays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt¹
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains.

Tee. What is 't, Armostes?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth;
The sum of what the Oracle delivered,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tee. Apollo [*He takes the casket.*
Inspire my intellect!—The Prince of Argos
Is entertain'd?

Arm. He is; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.

Tee. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes!

Arm. Like to Tecnicus. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.—In the house of Ithocles, in a room
adjoining his sick-chamber, jealous Bassanes and
Grausis come with Penthea to her brother's cham-
ber-door. There is soft music and a song heard from
within.

Song.

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?
No, oh no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty; such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

Prophilus having taken away Bassanes and Grausis,

*The scene opens; ITHOCLES is discovered in a chair, and
PENTHEA beside him.*

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me; nearer yet:
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have lived
At distance, like two strangers; I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,
Had proved to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead
From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand plucked from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust;
For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee! first, let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cherished
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!

Ith. Wronged soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother!

Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass;
Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages
Of country toil drinks the untroubled streams
With leaping kids and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure; whilst I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earned with his sweat, and lays him down to sleep
While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee merciful.

¹ Bolt, sift, separate the flour from the bran.

Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband;
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray; nay, will you?

Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?

Pen. Such an one

As only you have made me; a faith-breaker,
. . . . ;—forgive me, I am one—
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithocles;

. Wilt kill me now?

The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betrayed their name
To infamy in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous. Thou shalt stand
A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolv'd martyrdom; wronged maids
And married wives shall to thy hallowed shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles, crowned with myrtle, if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure lend
One finger but to ease it.

Pen. Oh, no more!

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve?

Ith. Friendship or [nearness]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have moved this question; 'tis a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,

By your new protestations I conjure you,
Partake her name.

Ith. Her name?—'tis,—'tis—I dare not!

Pen. All your respects are forged.

Ith. They are not.—Peace!

Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable!

Do I now love thee? For my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do;—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the Prince of Argos?

Ith. Trouble not

The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story.
I sweat in blood for 't.

Pen. We are reconciled.

Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide.

Have comfort; you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee;

Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows

Have not too much dulled my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention for an active strain.

Ith. Mad man!—Why have I wrong'd a maid so excellent?

Bassanes bursts upon brother and sister with
drawn sword, followed by those who would restrain

him, and the scene closes with his shame at his own
folly.

SCENE 3.—At court, Nearchus, Prince of Argos,
has the consent of King Amyclas to his suit for
Calantha, who receives him courteously, and the
king reasons with Armostes and Crotolon that

The marriage

Between young Prophilus and Euphranea

Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures

At celebration of it, would give life

To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman;

Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high attempts,
Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us!

Cal. A prince a subject?

Near. Yes, to Beauty's sceptre;

As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, and PROPHILUS.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome:
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me, your poor servant.

Ith. So amorously close!—so soon—my heart! [*Aside.*]

Pro. What sudden change is next?

Ith. Life to the king!

To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[*The KING gives ORG. his hand to kiss.*]

Crot. My son preferred by Ithocles!

[*Aside.*]

Amyc. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engrossed
Some rarity of wit to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit: think on 't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,

Becoming such a father, ^{as} worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most ^{for} virtuous ^{for}.

Org. May my duty ^{marriage}
Still rise in your opinion. I ^h princess!

Ith. Euphranea's ^{will not scorn} a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,

Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare

For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight
All mists of dulness; crown the hours with gladness:
No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!

Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

Near. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady!

SCENE 4.—In the house of Crotolon, Orgilus, returned, since he hates Ithocles who parted him from Penthea, expresses deep repugnance to his sister's marriage with the friend of Ithocles. He then yields, and in the presence of Ithocles joins the hands of Prophilus and Euphranea, speaks for them a bridal song, and adds to it—

If these gallants
Will please to grace a poor invention,
By joining with me in some slight device,
I'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.

SCENE 5.—In Calantha's chamber, where sad Penthea has sought the princess.

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for:
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak, and enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much, woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion. [*Aside.*—Then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper

My will was character'd; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee;

It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me

But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage.
May those be ever young!

Cal. A second jewel

You mean to part with?

Pen. 'Tis my Fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeching charity without dishonour!

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! speak the last;
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago since first I lost my heart:
Long have I lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only Brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What said'st thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it;
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared,
He moves before you!

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen. First his heart

Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
(On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service:
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change

Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?

Pen. I must leave the world

To revel in Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet, by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit: but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look or one harsh word,

[*Weeps.*]

And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind—oh, most unkind!

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are you?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think you sleep, you drones: wait on Penthea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles? wrong'd lady! [*Aside.*]

Pen. My reckonings are made even: death or fate
Can now nor strike too soon nor force too late. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV., SCENE 1.—Armotes, in the chamber of
Ithocles, seeks in vain to understand his grief. As
they speak, Calantha comes.

The princess, sir.

Ith. The princess? ha!

Arm. With her the Prince of Argos.

Enter NEARCHUS, leading CALANTHA; AMELUS, CHRISTALLA,
PHILEMA.

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance
Of livery from the allowance of your favour;
This little spark— [*Attempts to take a ring from her finger.*]

Cal. A toy!

Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child;—vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be denied.

Cal. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap;
So cheap, that let him take it, who dares stoop for 't,
And give it, at next meeting, to a mistress:
She'll thank him for 't perhaps.

[*Cast the ring before ITHOCLES, who takes it up.*]

Amelus. The ring, sir, is
The princess's; I could have took it up.

Ith. Learn manners, prithee.—To the bless'd owner,
Upon my knees— [*Kneels and offers it to CALANTHA.*]

Near. You are saucy.

Cal. This is pretty!
I am, belike, "a mistress"—wondrous pretty!
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on 't.—On, cousin!

[*Exeunt* NEAR., CAL., CHRIS., and PHIL.

Ith. [*To AME.*] Follow, spaniel;
I'll force you to a fawning else.

Ame. You dare not.

[*Exit.*]

Arm. My lord, you were too forward.

Ith. Look ye, uncle.
Some such there are, whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures (observe me, uncle) of rare object:
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance;

Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers,
A real, visible, material happiness;
And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.
I saw it, sir, I saw it; for it came
From her own hand.

Arm. The princess threw it to you.

Ith. True; and she said—well I remember what—
Her cousin prince would beg it.

Arm. Yes, and parted
In anger at your taking on 't.

Ith. Penthea,
Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language!
I want a fee to gratify thy merit;
But I will do—

Arm. What is 't you say?

Ith. "In anger"?

In anger let him part; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves as lick
The dust his footsteps print into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine; it should not;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be anything
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty Prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

Quick blood is stirred between Ithocles and the
Prince of Argos; Orgilus stands between, affecting
friendly courtesy. The philosopher Tecnicus then
enters with the prophetic scroll and warning of
grief to come.

Ithocles,

When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.

And to Orgilus the oracle is—

"Let craft with courtesy awhile confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner."

SCENE 2.—Bassanes, won by the innocence of
Penthea, repents his jealousy too late. Orgilus enters
to him.

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
Of manhood, hooped about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,
Cursed by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,
Is left a prey to words.

Bass. Exercise

Your trials for addition to my penance:
I am resolved.

Org. Play not with misery
Past cure: some angry minister of fate hath
Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne; but—what 's the miracle
More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live!

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgment;
'Tis anchored into a firm resolution;
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:
Practise yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast

From every joy of life! Thou barren rock!
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

Enter PENTHEA, with her hair loose, ITHOCLES, PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA.

Ith. Sister, look up, your Ithocles, your brother
Speaks to you; why d' you weep? dear, turn not from me.—
Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object!

Org. Man, dost see it?
Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merriment?
Why dost not laugh?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent:
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing pitifully,
And 'twere a comely music, when in parts
One sung another's knell. The turtle sighs
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
He must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream! indeed, I've slept
With mine eyes open, a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave: I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapped up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly formed
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal!

Org. Wisdom, look ye,
Begins to rave!—Art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for certain,
I should have cried when they cried.—Truly, brother,
My father would have pick'd me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning *Ætna*,
And bury me in flames! sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores:—affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
The jealousies that hatched this thralldom first
With thine own poniard! Every antick rapture
Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not; it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
'To bandy passion! ere I'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once.

[*To ORG.*

Org. Thou didst, wronged creature: in despite of malice,
For it I'll love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand;
Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.

Pen. Complain not, though I wring it hard: I'll kiss it;
Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear:
Like whom do I look, prithee?—nay, no whispering.
Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness
Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—

[*Pointing to ITHOCLES.*

And yet he paid for 't home; alas! his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gather'd roses in the garden,
I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 'tis he.

[*Again pointing to ITH.*

Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue!

Bass. Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour.

[*Aside.*

Org. She has tutored me;
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness.
Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

Pen. Kiss it.—
Alack, alack, his lips be wondrous cold!
Dear soul, he has lost his colour! have you seen
A straying heart? all crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace usher her into Elysium!
If this be madness, madness is an oracle.

[*Exit.*

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,
We cannot any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh,—misery of miseries!

Pen. Take comfort,
You may live well and die a good old man:
By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
If you had join'd our hands once in the temple,
'Twas since my father died, for had he lived
He would have done 't, I must have called you father.—
Oh, my wrecked honour! ruined by those tyrants,
A cruel brother, and a desperate dotage.
There is no peace left for a ravished wife
Widowed by lawless marriage; to all memory,
Penthea's—poor Penthea's name is strumpeted:
But since her blood was seasoned by the forfeit
Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,
Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never heightened
With taste of sustenance! starve; let that fulness
Whose pleurisy hath fevered faith and modesty—
Forgive me; oh! I faint.

[*Falls into the arms of her attendants.*

Arm. Be not so wilful,
Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature
Will call her daughter, monster!—what! not eat?
Refuse the only ordinary means
Which are ordain'd for life? be not, my sister,
A murderess to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bassanes?

Bass. Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts
Enough to think: all shall be well anon.

'Tis tumbling in my head; there is a mastery
In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside;
Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits
Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—

Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone; I'll search out
The trick on 't.

[*Aside.*

Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.
Griefs are sure friends; they leave, without control,
No cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

[*Exit, supported by CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Bass. I grant ye; and will put in practice instantly
What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderful,
'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd;
Yet, when I've done 't, I've done 't:—ye shall all thank me.

[*Exit.*

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul

Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,
As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,
Shall's welcome him with thunder? we are haunted,
And must use exorcism to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.

The generous Prince of Argos, seeing that
Calantha loves the soldier Ithocles, takes warning
by "life-spent Penthea and unhappy Orgilus." He
sends Ithocles to Calantha. But King Amyclas
suddenly is ill.

SCENE 3.—To the drooping king is presented a
box, left by the philosopher Tecnicus, who is gone
to Delphos. Unsealed it yields the secret of the
oracle.

Read, Armostes.

Arm. The plot in which the Vine takes root
Begins to dry from head to foot;
The stock, soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape:
But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.

Amyc. That is the oracle; what exposition
Makes the philosopher?

Arm. This brief one, only.

The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king;
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the Elm: the rest conceal'd.

TECNICUS.

Amyc. Enough; although the opening of this riddle
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest:
But must Calantha quail too? that young grape
Untimely budded! I could mourn for her;
Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour
So to be crost by fate.

Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense; I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the dew
Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of oracles
Is to be then digested, when the events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As uttered; Truth is child of Time; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amyc. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation!—where is Ithocles?—
Armostes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine

Of my frail carcass, on the funeral pile,
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend here!

Enter ITHOCLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS,
EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!

Ith. Oh, my royal master!

Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my life's
solace,

With your fore-judging fears: there is no physic
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty; I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness:
Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org. This very morning;

Which, with your highness' leave, you may observe too.
Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle, maids know only that they know not.
Pish! prithee, blush not; 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business—is't not, sister?

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth becomes thee.
But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward
The bridal sports, to which I will be present;
If not, at least consenting: mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You have built me,

To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never!—

[*Aside.*

May I propose a suit?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no further
Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand; [*To ITH.*
Calantha, take thine own. In noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wished for, 'cause the
same.

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my word?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich Fortune's guard, the favour of a princess,
Rock thee, brave man, in ever-crowned plenty!—
You are minion of the time; be thankful for it.
Ho! here's a swing in destiny—apparent!
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

[*Aside.*

Amyc. On to your recreations.—Now convey me
Unto my bed-chamber; none on his forehead
Wear a distempered look.

All. The gods preserve you !

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity !

[*AMYCLAS is carried out.—Exeunt all but ITHOCLES, detained by ORGILUS.*]

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord ?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own ; for Prophilus must henceforth

Be all thy sister's ; friendship, though it cease not

In marriage, yet is oft at less command

Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great lord,

My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal ! a subject royal ?

Org. Why not, pray sir ?

The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,

Stooped to desert, not birth ; there's as much merit

In clearness of affection as in puddle

Of generation ; you have conquered love

Even in the loveliest. If I greatly err not,

The son of Venus hath bequeathed his quiver

To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows

Calantha's breast is opened.

Ith. Can it be possible ?

Org. I was myself a piece of a suitor once,

And forward in preferment too ; so forward

That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,

Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark ye !)

My certainty of marriage stood assured

With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's.

Ith. 'Tis granted :

And for a league of privacy between us,

Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret ;

The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not ?

I now applaud her wisdom : when your kingdom

Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,

I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch ;

Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness

Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus !

It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory

Of numerous children, potency of nobles,

Bent knees, hearts paved to tread on !

Ith. With a friendship

So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting

For office ; but for service—

Ith. We'll distinguish

Our fortunes merely in the title ; partners

In all respects else but the bed.—

Org. The bed ?

Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy !—till lastly

We slip down in the common earth together.

And there our beds are equal ; save some monument

To shew this was the king, and this the subject—

[*Soft sad Music.*]

List, what sad sounds are these ? extremely sad ones.

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings.

Org. Hark ! a voice too.

A Song (within).

Oh, no more, no more, too late.

Sighs are spent ; the burning tapers

Of a life as chaste as fate,

Pure as are unwritten papers,

Are burnt out : no heat, no light

Now remains ; 'tis ever night.

Love is dead ; let lovers' eyes,

Locked in endless dreams,

Th' extremes of all extremes,

Ope no more, for now Love dies.

Now Love dies,—implying

Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. Oh, my misgiving heart !

Org. A horrid stillness

Succeeds this deathful air ; let's know the reason :

Tread softly ; there is mystery in mourning.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Apartment of PENTHEA in the same.*

PENTHEA discovered in a chair, veiled ; CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA at her feet, mourning. Enter two Servants, with two other chairs, one with an engine.¹

Enter ITHOCLES and ORGILUS.

1 Serv. [*Aside to ORG.*] 'Tis done ; that on her right hand.

Org. Good ! begone.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room !

Org. How fares the lady ?

Phil. Dead.

Chris. Dead !

Phil. Starved.

Chris. Starved !

Ith. Me miserable !

Org. Tell us

How parted she from life ?

Phil. She called for music,

And begged some gentle voice to tune a farewell

To life and griefs ; Christalla touch'd the lute,

I wept the funeral song.

Chris. Which scarce was ended,

But her last breath sealed up these hollow sounds :

"O cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus !"

So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died !

Org. Up ! you are messengers of death, go from us ;

[*CHRIS. and PHIL. rise.*]

Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.

Away ; and,—hark ye !—till you see us next,

No syllable that she is dead.—Away,

Keep a smooth brow.—[*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*—] My lord.—

Ith. Mine only sister !

Another is not left me.

Org. Take that chair,

I'll seat me here in this : between us sits

The object of our sorrows ; some few tears

We'll part among us : I perhaps can mix

One lamentable story to prepare them.—

There, there !—sit there, my lord.

Ith. Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, the chair closes upon him.*]

What means this treachery ?

Org. Caught ! you are caught,

Young master ! 'tis thy throne of coronation,

Thou fool of greatness ! See, I take this veil off ;

Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames

Of an insulting Phaëton, her brother.

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely ?

Org. I foreknew

The last act of her life, and trained thee hither,

To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.

¹ Engine, "ingenium," a cunning device.

You dreamt of kingdoms, did you ! how to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess !
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth ; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touched upon your thought ! as for my injuries,
Alas ! they were beneath your royal pity ;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound thee.
Behold thy fate ; this steel ! *[Draws a dagger.]*

Ith. Strike home ! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome.
But prithee faint not ; if the wound close up,
Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg compassion,
As loath to leave the vainness of my glories.
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour ; neither could I,
With equal trial of unequal fortune,
By hazard of a duel ; 'twere a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
On to the execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors.

Org. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language ! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly ;
And take this peace along : some few short minutes
Determined, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost ; then, if we tug for mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand—be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality ! thus, thus I free it. *[Stabs him.]*

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.
Org. Keep up thy spirit :
I will be gentle even in blood ; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel. *[Stabs him again.]*

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow
Safety, with best success ; oh, may it prosper !—
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds :
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long looked-for peace—now—moves—to heaven. *[Dies.]*

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood ! henceforth welcome
Best expectation of a noble sufferance.
I'll lock the bodies safe till what must follow
Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for ever !—
In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
No monument lasts but a happy name.

[Locks the door, and exit.]

The Fifth Act opens in the house of Bassanes, who has been seeking cure for Penthea. Orgilus enters to him, will acquaint him with an unmatched secret that shall set a period to his griefs, and bids him follow. And then thus ends the play :—

SCENE II.—A State Room in the Palace.

A Flourish. Enter EUPHRANEA, led by GRONEAS and HEMOPHIL ; PROPHILUS, led by CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA ; NEARCHUS supporting CALANTHA ; CROTOLON and AMELUS.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus ;
On whom attend they ?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whispered some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher ; wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence : as for Bássanes,
Delights to him are troublesome ; Armostes
Is with the king ?

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance !

Cousin, hand you the bride ; the bridegroom must be
Entrusted to your courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea ; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

THE REVELS.

Music.—NEARCHUS dances with EUPHRANEA, PROPHILUS with
CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA with HEMOPHIL, PHILEMA with
GRONEAS.

They dance the first change ; during which ARMOSTES enters.

Arm. *[Whispers CAL.]* The king your father's dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is't possible ?

They dance the second change.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. *[Whispers CAL.]* Oh, madam !
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee !—

Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They dance the third change.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. *[Whispers CAL.]* Brave Ithocles is murdered, murdered cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds ! Strike up more sprightly ;
Our footings are not active like our heart
Which treads the nimble measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck !

The last change.

Cal. So ! let us breathe awhile.—*[Music ceases.]*—Hath not
this motion

Raised fresher colours on our cheeks ?

Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully :
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady.

Cal. Yes, yes ; some hollow voice delivered to me
How that the king was dead.

Arm. The king is dead :
That fatal news was mine ; for in mine arms
He breathed his last, and with his crown bequeath'd you
Your mother's wedding ring ; which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange !

Cal. Peace crown his ashes ! We are queen then.

Near. Long live Calantha ! Sparta's sovereign queen !

All. Long live the queen !

Cal. What whisper'd Bássanes ?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starved to death.

Cal. She's happy. She hath finished
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles
Was murdered;—rather butchered, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaimed his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How! murdered!

Cal. By whose hand?

Org. By mine; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge; the reasons
Are just, and known; quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope, or abilitment to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fie, Orgilus!

Euph. Fie, brother!

Cal. You have done it?

Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced. Armestes, rend not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities; thou hast lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife: continue man still;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
And entered into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly. Mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear; not for Penthea!
Excellent misery!

Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence:
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excused. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son; and Euphranea, take a farewell,
And both be gone.

Crot. [To *Org.*] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution!

Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye!
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus; my vengeance
Aimed never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw. [*Exeunt Crot., Pro., and Euph.*]
Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatched from him,
With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best; there's all our bounty.
But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution,
Instant, before you part.

Near. Your will commands us.

Org. One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe your
clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference. Those that are dead,
Are dead: had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,

One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords;
We'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

[*Exeunt CAL., PHIL., and CHRIS.*]

Arm. 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice?

Org. To bleed to death.

Arm. The executioner?

Org. Myself, no surgeon;
I am well skilled in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream; here's a skilful instrument:

[*Shews his dagger.*]

Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution,
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for you,
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit;
Quick, fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship!
Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand.—[*They give him a staff.*]—If a
proneness,

Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betrayed me to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety:
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune; which, since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea, has lain bed-rid.
We trifle time in words:—thus I shew cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[*Pierces the vein with his dagger.*]

Arm. Desperate courage!

Near. Honourable infamy!

Hem. I tremble at the sight.

Gron. 'Would I were loose!

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broach'd;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.
Grasp hard this other stick—I'll be as nimble—
But prithee, look not pale.—Have at ye! stretch out
Thine arm with vigour, and unshaken virtue.

[*Opens the vein.*]

Good! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted
To conquer in extremities: this pastime
Appears majestic; some high-tuned poem,
Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory and his subject's triumph.
How is't, man?—droop not yet.

Org. I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death:
My sovereign, as his liegeman; on my mistress,
As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy.
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, strength, or cunning; but for that I durst not
Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outfaced my vengeance.
Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phœbus' fire!

I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect :

Revenge proves its own Executioner.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,

The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters—

Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.

Org. So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature!

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow :

Welcome, thou ice that sit'st about my heart,

No heat can ever thaw thee.

[*Dies.*

Near. Speech hath left him.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time; his funeral urn

Shall be my charge; remove the bloodless body.

The Coronation must require attendance;

That past, my few days can be but one mourning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Temple.*

An Altar, covered with white: two lights of virgin wax upon it. — Recorders,¹ during which enter Attendants, bearing ITHOCLES on a Hearse, in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter CALANTHA, in white, crowned, attended by EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA, also in white: NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

CALANTHA kneels before the Altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft Music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute

To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful

Your duties or obedience is, to render

Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,

Who have been ever fortunate in princes

Of masculine and stirring composition?

A woman has enough to govern wisely

Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.

A nation warlike, and inured to practice

Of policy and labour, cannot brook

A feminine authority: we therefore

Command your counsel, how you may advise us

In choosing of a husband, whose abilities

Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,

Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens

Of constancy too lately, to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice

By your own judgment both allowed and liked of,

Sparta may grow in power and proceed

To an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind?

Bass. Alas, great mistress! reason is so clouded

With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,

That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.

Give me some corner of the world to wear out

The remnant of the minutes I must number,

Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints

Of virgins who have lost contracted partners;

Of husbands howling that their wives were ravished

By some untimely fate; of friends divided

By churlish opposition; or of fathers

Weeping upon their children's slaughtered carcasses;

Or daughters groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,

And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort

As musical as theirs. What can you look for

From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man,

But craziness of age?

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam,

Cal. Were I presently

To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely

What articles I would propose to treat on,

Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty

Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos

Armotes might be viceroy; in Messene

Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes—

Bass. I, queen? alas! what I?

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal;

The multitudes of high employments could not

But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,

Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,

Should wait upon your person, in your chamber:

I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,

She'll prove a constant wife; and Philema

Should into Vesta's temple.

Bass. This is a testament!

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be performed.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus;

He should be, cousin, solemnly invested

In all those honours, titles, and preferments

Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,

Too short a time enjoyed.

Pro. I am unworthy

To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady!

Near. Madam, what means that word, "neglected husband"?

Cal. Forgive me:—now I turn to thee, thou shadow

Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,

I put my mother's wedding-ring upon

His finger:—'twas my father's last bequest.

[*Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLES.*

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am.

Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,

I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture.

When one news straight came huddling on another,

Of death! and death! and death! still I danced forward;

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.

Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,

Yet live to court new pleasures, and outlive them:

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings.

—Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last!—[*Kisses ITH.*—
crack, crack—

Argos now's Sparta's king. Command the voices

Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song

I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song!

¹ *Recorders*, small flutes with a note like the music of birds, whence their name:

"Fair Philomel, night music of the spring,
Sweetly records her tuneful harmony." (Drayton.)

DIRGE.

Cho. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delight, and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.

First voice. Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.

Second. Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.

Third. Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.

Cho. Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care:
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a BROKEN HEART.

Arm. Look to the queen!

Bass. Her heart is broke indeed.
Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst missed this part!
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus! thus said he:

When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.

'Tis here fulfilled.

Near. I am your king.

All. Long live

Nearchus, King of Sparta!

Near. Her last will

Shall never be digressed from; wait in order

Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—

The counsels of the gods are never known

Till men can call the effects of them their own.

[*Exeunt.*]



TRAGEDY AND COMEDY. (From a Roman Bas-relief of the Apotheosis of Homer.)¹

The opposition of the Puritans to plays took its bitterest form in the year of the publication of Ford's "Broken Heart." William Prynne then published (A.D. 1633) "Histrio-mastix. The Players Scourge, or Actors Tragedie, Divided into Two Parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture, of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospel; of 55 Synodes and Councils; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the year of our Lord 1200; of about 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors, since; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets, of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republicques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry Apostolicall, Canonick, Imperiall Constitutions; and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Vniversities, Writers, Preachers. That popular Stage-playes (the very Pomps of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we believe the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage-players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-playes, are unlawfull, infamous, and misbeseeeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully

answered; and the unlawfulness of acting, of beholding Academicall Enterludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c., of which the Table will informe you." The mottoes on Prynne's title-page are as diffuse as the title itself, and the book extends to more than a thousand pages of small quarto. The book represented Puritan opinion upon such matters in its narrowest and most intemperate form. All who danced or looked on at dancing were said to assist at a lewd service of the devil. Whoever danced broke all the ten commandments; and so forth. As the Queen danced in court masques, Prynne was said to have insulted the Queen, and was subjected to a material persecution as intemperate as his own shower of mere words. The sentence of the Star Chamber on the 17th of February, 1634 (1633, old style), was "That Master Prynne should be committed to prison during life, pay a fine of 5,000 pounds to the King, be expelled Lincoln's Inn, disbarred, and disabled ever to exercise the profession of a barrister; degraded by the University of Oxford of his degree there taken; and that done, be set in the Pillory at Westminster, with a paper on his head declaring the nature of his offence, and have one of his ears there cut off, and at another time be set in the pillory in Cheapside, with a paper as aforesaid, and there have his other ear cut off; and that a fire shall be made before the said pillory, and the hangman being there ready for that purpose, shall publicly in disgraceful manner cast all the said books which could be produced into the fire to be

¹ For this cut and those figures from the antique which have been used to illustrate Massinger's "Roman Actor," I am indebted to the plates in Montfaucon's "Antiquité Expliquée."

burnt, as unfit to be seen by any hereafter." The government that sought thus passionately to repress opinion might well come to an evil end. Prynne lived to see what was for him a day of vengeance.

The best of the Puritans—John Milton—Puritan in the high spiritual sense, and no slave to the narrow prejudices of his time, knew the worth of the stage. At this time he was at Horton, where he wrote "L'Allegro." When the play was good, and the stage trod by actors able to interpret it, play-going was for him one of the social pleasures that produce a healthy cheerfulness:

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on;
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.

beth's Lord Keeper, who became Lord Ellesmere before his death in 1617. But his third wife held and retained during her second widowhood the higher title derived from her first husband, and was still the Dowager Countess of Derby, seventy-four years old, and within two or three years of her death, when "Arcades" was written for her. Her second husband's son by a former marriage, John Egerton, who was made Earl of Bridgewater after his father's death, married a daughter of hers by the Earl of Derby, and thus became both stepson and son-in-law. He had many children, and on some day of family interest, these children and other descendants joined in an act of loving homage to the old lady, who lived at Harefield, about ten miles from Milton's home at Horton. Perhaps they first took Henry Lawes, the music-master, into council. Milton's father



HAREFIELD PLACE. (From Nichols's "Progresses of Elizabeth.")

It is worth notice that Milton wrote his masque of "Comus" in the year after the appearance of Prynne's "Histrio-mastix." It was a stage performance that abounded in dancing, and might serve as an answer in kind to Prynne's intemperance of judgment.

In 1634 Milton, born on the 9th of December, 1608, was in his twenty-sixth year. He had already, we may suppose, pleased the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, by his little domestic masque of "Arcades," written for the Earl's stepmother and mother-in-law, the Countess of Derby. That old lady had been Alice, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorp, when, in her youth, the poet Spenser dedicated to her his "Tears of the Muses." It was her rare honour to have had one poem dedicated to her by Spenser in her youth, and another written for her by Milton in her age. When Spenser dedicated to her, in 1591, she was the wife of Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, who became fifth Earl of Derby in 1593, and died in 1594. His widow, as Dowager Countess of Derby, married six years afterwards Sir Thomas Egerton, Queen Eliza-

was a musician and friend of musicians, and it may have been Lawes who suggested asking young John Milton for the words that were to be said and sung. The Countess of Derby's seat at Harefield was in a richly-wooded district. An unobtrusive family offering of compliment in verse could not be more simply planned than Milton has planned this. The young members of the family put on the pastoral dress, so often in request, that it must have been as much part of the wardrobe of a person in society as the domino of later days. They then became Arcades, the Arcadians. The old lady sat in the garden, the grandchildren and other relatives formed procession at the house and marched towards her. As they turned the corner and came in sight they began to sing—

Look, nymphs and shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry?

During the song they advanced until they stood before her. Then one habited as the Genius of the Woods about Harefield stepped forward to pay

delicate homage to their mistress. Then the children kissed the grandmother's robe ("Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem"), and sang themselves into a dance before her, till a second song called them away. And that was all. The genius of the poet had assisted simply at a graceful utterance of family affection and homage of youth to age.

COMUS,

produced at Ludlow Castle on the 29th of September, 1634, was, as completely as any human work can be, the reverse of a pomp of the devil. In June, 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater became Lord President of the West, that is to say, of Wales and the four adjacent counties—Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, and Shropshire. The office was like that of the Lord Deputy—now called Lord Lieutenant—in Ireland, and the viceregal court was held at Ludlow Castle in Shropshire. The Earl of Bridgewater did not go into residence at Ludlow before October, 1633. In 1634 his whole family had joined him, and he resolved then to give a state entertainment, representing royal hospitality, that should include a masque. Henry Lawes, musician and music-master, was again called into council, and John Milton, then in his twenty-sixth year, was asked for the words. He chose to grace the festival—at a time when hard drinking had come into fashion—with a genial plea for temperance. Comus had come down from old Greek times as the personification of unmeasured mirth, of

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.

He is that in Milton's masque. It was a recommendation of the subject that there was ample range for the mask-maker, since he had to furnish heads for the rout of followers of Comus, who by intemperance degrade themselves to beasts, and in whom,

Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before.¹

¹ The songs of the time of Charles I. abounded with strains in which excess was treated as a higher comeliness. Thus John Cleveland sang—

"Come let us drink away the time,
When wine runs high wit's in the prime.
Wine makes the soul for action fit,
Who drinks most wine hath the most wit."

And Robert Heath—

"'Tis wine in love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine."

And Sir John Suckling—

"The Macedon youth
Left behind him this truth--
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunk and he fought,
Till he had what he sought:
The world was his own by good drinking."

Knowing that the chief actors in the masque at Ludlow were to be the three youngest children of the Lord President's family (a girl and two boys), Milton provided them with parts that in no way took them out of their own characters, unless it were by identifying them with absolute innocence and purity. In 1634, the Earl of Bridgewater's ten living children (five others had died) were eight daughters—Frances, Arabella, Elizabeth, Mary, Penelope, Catharine, Magdalen, Alice; after whom came the two boys, John and Thomas, John being the son and heir, with title of Lord Brackley. Alice, the youngest girl, about fifteen years old, was the Lady in Comus; and her two younger brothers, John and Thomas, played their own parts. The three children, in fact, represented in the masque none but themselves. They were supposed to cross the stage from back to front, to be introduced to their father and mother, who sat in the front row of the audience. The stage was made to represent a wood, the old type of our world; and in this world of ours in the days of Charles I., partly an actual corruption of manners, partly a combative desire in the King's friends to flout the Puritans and show that they were staunch, had caused many to vaunt drunkenness and sensual excess as virtues of good fellowship and hospitality. Such as these were the dazzling spells that Comus hurled into the spongy air "of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion." This false view of social enjoyment was the power of the charming-rod of Comus, that made evil appear good. Temptations such as these beset innocent youth, and of them Milton devised his allegory. Since God cares for His children, the scene opened with the descent of a guardian angel, or Attendant Spirit, who thus tells his mission for the help of such as

By due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

Within our sea-girt isle the Earl of Bridgewater comes to the west to rule the Welsh—or, in other words,

—all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
I was despatched for their defence and guard.
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circé's island fell—who knows not Circé,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup

Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
 This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
 With ivy-berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named.
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And, in thick shelter of black shades embowered,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art;
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drought of Phœbus; which as they taste—
 For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst—
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were.
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before;
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

The guardian angel comes therefore to aid the innocent, and puts off his sky robes to take the shape of

A swain

That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods.

While there is fitness in this association of the heavenly guide with harmony, this and another passage doubtless include an under-touch of compliment to Henry Lawes, who acted the part of the Attendant Spirit. Upon the voice that speaks of care in heaven follows the wild sound of careless riot upon earth. Comus enters with his crew of followers, "headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts." They express their character in Bacchanalian song and dance, and hide among the trees at the approach of some chaste footing, an innocent life that Comus waits to win into his company.

Now to my charms,

And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mother Circé. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares.

Comus steps aside when the Lady enters—the Lady

Alice Egerton, who represents no other than herself, except that by her purity of thought and word she becomes identified with the principle to which Comus is opposite. Her words express absolute purity, and faith of the pure soul in a protecting God. Parted from her brothers in the night, whose darkness brings no fear, she seeks to make her voice reach them in song. Milton here gives to the Lady Alice an echo song, and Henry Lawes would be content with such an opportunity of showing how his pupil had profited by good instruction. But the Lady's song typifies, as the after comment of Comus shows, the sacred harmony of a pure soul, best harmony of earth, to which Heaven seems to answer with "resounding grace." Comus, in comment, feels the difference between the voice of a pure innocence that aids with a real joy, and the beguiling strains of an impure pleasure that takes strength away.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of Silence, through the empty-vaulted night!
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down
 Of Darkness till it smiled. I have oft heard
 My mother Circé with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiads,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.

When Comus, disguised, tempts to what he calls his "low, but loyal cottage," the Lady who is trustful becomes ignorant of evil; her final trust is the secure one, and she follows with a prayer—

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportioned strength! Shepherd, lead on.

When the two boys, her brothers, enter next, searching in darkness for their sister, their thoughts are those of innocent minds strengthened by study. The elder, as more taught, strengthens the younger, who is more disposed to fear, and draws aid from Plato to faith in the strength of innocence.

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal. But when lust,

By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it loved,
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. B. How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

The divine philosophy that on the lips of the elder charmed the younger brother, was taken straight from a passage in Plato's "Phædo." To the boys thus communing together comes the guardian angel with his aid. He is habited like a shepherd. "Oh, Brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure." God's shepherd, and their Father's shepherd still. Association of the spirit with sweet music again admits an under-note of reference to Henry Lawes.

Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.

When the brothers are warned by him of their sister's danger, the younger asks—

Is this the confidence

You gave me, Brother?

Eld. B. Yes, and keep it still;
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,—
 Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
 Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed. If this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.

But the boys' readiness to seek out the magician sword in hand is met with warning of the mastery of Comus over mere brute strength.

He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

When Ulysses in the island of Circe—who stands for lusts of the flesh—went to rescue from the spells of the enchantress his friends, whom she had transformed into swine, he was met by Hermes, the god representing intellect, and warned that he could not

resist her power without a charm given by him, and that was the herb moly, with a black root and white flower, hard to be dug by men. By this Homer meant knowledge that comes of toil, and gives the spirit power to resist enticements of the flesh. Milton refers to this passage in the "Odyssey," when he makes his attendant spirit give to the brothers a like lesson, and raise the herb hæmony—name from a word meaning skilled by experience; the experience that study brings—above moly, as far as knowledge, quickened by Christ's teaching, is above the knowledge of the ancient world. The shepherd lad in the following passage is any poor wise man, who, though of small regard with men, may hold communion with the angels; and the "dull swain" is any man, poor or rich, by whom the wisdom bred of study is contemned.¹

¹ This is the passage in the tenth book of the "Odyssey" which Milton has here in mind, and on which also he bases the references to Circe. I quote through the beautiful translation of the "Odyssey" into Spenserian stanza, by Philip Stanhope Worsley.

Then in two bands I numbered all my train,
 Each with its chief. One to myself I took;
 One did to fair Eurylochus pertain.
 Then we the lots in steely helmet shook,
 And his leapt forth; nor he the work forsook,
 But passed with twain-and-twenty ranged around,
 Weeping; we after them yearned many a look
 Weeping. So in the woods the house they found
 Of Circe, stone well-hewn, and on conspicuous ground.

Wolves of the mountain all around the way,
 And lions, softened by the spells divine,
 As each her philters had partaken, lay.
 These cluster round the men's advancing line
 Fawning like dogs, who, when their lord doth dine,
 Wait till he issues from the banquet-hall,
 And for the choice gifts which his hands assign
 Fawn, for he ne'er forgets them—so these all
 Fawn on our friends, whom much the unwonted sights appal.

Soon at her vestibule they pause, and hear
 A voice of singing from a lovely place,
 Where Circe weaves her great web year by year,
 So shining, slender, and instinct with grace,
 As weave the daughters of immortal race.
 Then said Polites, nearest, first in worth
 Of all my friends: "Hark! through the echoing space
 Floats a sweet music charming air and earth!
 Call! for some goddess bright or woman gave it birth."

Thus spake he, and they lifted up their voice
 And called her. She the brilliant doors anon
 Unfolding bade them in her halls rejoice;
 Who entered in not knowing, save alone
 Eurylochus, misdoubting fraud. Full soon
 Benches and chairs in fair array she set,
 And mixing meal and honey, poured thereon
 Strong Pramnian wine, and with the food they ate
 Beat up her baleful drugs, to make them quite forget

Their country. They receiving drank, unwise.
 Forthwith she smote them with her wand divine,
 And drove them out, and shut them close in styes,
 Where they the head, voice, form, and hair of swine
 Took, but the heart stayed sane, as ere the wine
 Confused them; they thus to their lairs retreat;
 She food, whereon the brutish herd might dine,
 Furnished, mast, acorns, their familiar meat,
 Such as earth-grovvelling swine are ever wont to eat.

Then sought Eurylochus the swift black ship,
 The bitter fortune of his friends to tell;
 Nor, when he came there, could he stir a lip,
 Nor the thing show that in his soul did swell.

Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd-lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out.
The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil,
Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compelled.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you—
As I will give you when we go—you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandished blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
But seize his wand.

Tongueless he stood, heart-wounded, weak to quell
The agony within; a dark dumb rain
Of weeping ever from his eyelids fell;
Much did we wonder and enquire his pain,
Till words at last he found his anguish to make plain.

"Searching as thou, Odysseus, didst command,
We a fair palace in the woodland gain,
Where one that plied the distaff with her hand
Sang sweet—divine or mortal. Then my train
Called her, and she, the brilliant portals twain
Unfolding, bade them to her halls; but I,
Doubtful of guile, without the doors remain.
There all the rest are vanished utterly;
Sitting long time I watched; not one could I descry."

Forthwith my silver-hilted sword I take,
Arrows and bow, and bid him go before;
But he with both hands clasped my knees, and spake
Accents of wingéd words, bewailing sore:
"Force me not, hero, to that hated door!
Drag me not hence to perish! for I know
Thou and thy comrades will return no more.
Rather with these right quickly let us go,
And save our souls through fight, and shun the evil woe."

But I: "Eurylochus, abide thou here
Fast by the hollow ship, and drink and eat;
But I will hence. Necessity severe
Constrains me." Thus I passing turned my feet
On through the glens for the divine retreat
Of Circe; and a youth, in form and mould
Fair as when tender manhood seems most sweet,
Beautiful Hermes, with the wand of gold,
Met me alone and there my hand in his did fold.

The Brothers, like the Lady, proceed to the house of
Comus with a prayer for God's protection:

Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

In the next scene the Lady in the stately palace
of Comus, set amongst his revellers in the charmed
chair, from which she cannot rise, was in the position
of many an innocent youth in the days of
Charles the First and after them, bound by what
were regarded as the laws of hospitality to presence
at a drunken revel. The dialogue between Comus
and the Lady shows us the two principles represented
by them reasoning out in argument Milton's
plea for temperance. The brothers then rush in,
break the Enchanter's glass, but let Comus himself
escape. "Oh, ye mistook," the Spirit tells them,

Ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.

Without reversal of the charming-rod that cheats
the eye with false appearances—change of the social
opinion that establishes under fair name an evil
usage—Comus will still be master of his crew. But
as the Lady must be rescued from her thralldom,
the allegory is changed to a raising of the Spirit of
Temperance, typified by pure water drops that might
have been taken from any stream, but at Ludlow
were taken from the river of Shropshire by raising
the nymph of the Severn, who undoes the charm.

Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,

"Whither," he said, "wouldst thou thy steps incline,
Ah! hapless, all unweeting of thy way?
Thy friends lie huddling in their styes like swine;
And these wouldst thou deliver? I tell thee nay—
Except I help thee, thou with them shalt stay.
Come, take this talisman to Circe's hall,
For I will save thee from thine ills this day,
Nor leave like ruin on thy life to fall,
Since her pernicious wiles I now will tell thee all.

"Drink will she mix, and in thy food will charm
Drugs, but in vain, because I give thee now
This antidote beyond her power of harm.
When she shall smite thee with her wand, do thou
Draw thy sharp sword, and fierce design avow
To slay her. She will bid thee to her bed,
Fearing thy lifted arm and threatening brow.
Nor thou refuse, that so her heart be led
To loose thy luckless friends, and on thee kindness shed.

"But by the grand oath of immortals blest
First bind her, ere thou yield, that she no wrong
Scheme for thy ruin in her secret breast,
Lest, naked and unmanned, thou linger long
Pent in vile durance with her swinish throng."
Therewith the root he tore up from the ground,
Black, with a milk-white flower, in heavenly tongue
Called Moly, and its nature did expound—
Hard to be dug by men; in gods all power is found.

Then to the far Olympus Hermes went,
Sheer through the woodland isle; but I repaired
Onward to Circe's halls magnificent,
And with a heaving heart the danger dared.

Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble, venom'd seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost its hold.

Here follow rustic dances before a scene representing Ludlow town and castle, after which the Attendant Spirit brings the three children to the front and presents them to their father and mother :

Noble lord and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own.
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays,
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

Next follow allegorical dances by the chief characters of the masque, in which the children join, the dances figuring the lesson of the poem. All then closes with the Spirit's epilogue, which is summed up by opposing this thought to the faith of the wild revellers that virtue dwells with sour severity while the free life is theirs :

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphyry chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

There is a harmless touch of the bacchanalian view of free life in Thomas Randolph's "Aristippus," written in 1630, as a playful Cambridge interlude in honour of good sack and in contempt of beer. Randolph died, but twenty-seven years old, in 1634, the year of the production of "Comus." He had been educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree, was a good scholar and a good-wit, and wrote among his five dramatic pieces one called

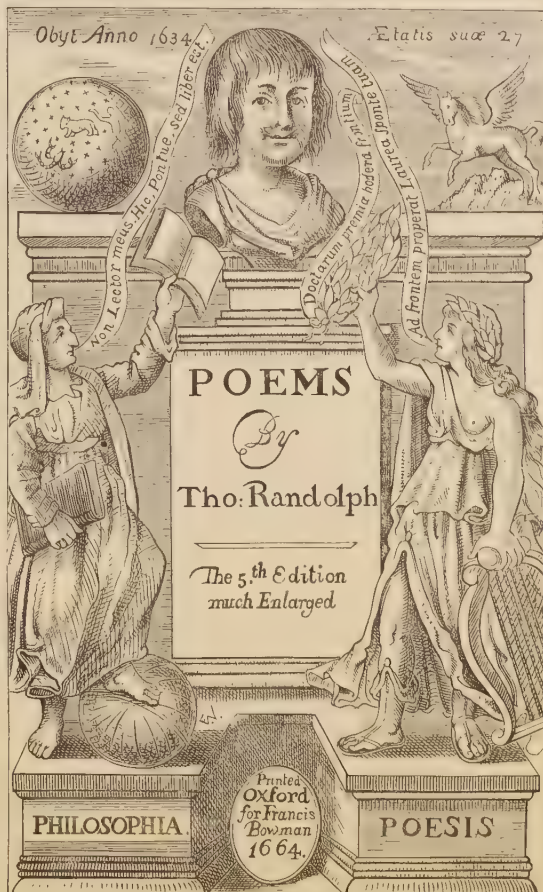
THE MUSES' LOOKING-GLASS,
in defence of plays. This is the opening :—

ACT I., SCENE I.

Enter BIRD, a Featherman, and Mistress FLOWERDEW, wife to a Haberdasher of small wares; the one having brought feathers to the playhouse, the other pins and looking-glasses —two of the sanctified fraternity of Black Friars.

Flow. See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! Not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuffed,
Stuffed, and stuffed full as a cushion
With the lewd reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before inns?
Yes, I will say inns, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns, enough to harbour such
As travelled to destruction the broad way;
But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.



FRONTISPIECE OF RANDOLPH'S POEMS WITH HIS PORTRAIT.
From the 1664 Edition of his Poems.

Flow. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a church,
A new-built church, erected north and south,
It had been something worth the wondering at.

Bird. Good works are done.

Flow. I say, no works are good,
Good works are merely popish, and apocryphal.

Bird. But the bad abound, surround, yea, and con-
found.

No marvel now if playhouses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.

Flow. Flat fornication!
I wonder anybody takes delight
To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay, and I have heard
That in a — tragedy I think they call it;
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.

Flow. Or you sell feathers, brother
But are they not hanged for it?

Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance medley; and their comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or anybody;
We cannot put our moneys to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.

Flow. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?

Bird. That's nothing, Mistress Flowerdew, they will
play

The knave, the fool, the devil, and all for money.

Flow. Impiety! Oh, that men endued with reason
Should have no more grace in them!

Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailors, and apparitors,
Beadles, and marshals' men, the needful instruments
Of the republic; but to make themselves
Such monsters? for they are monsters, they are monsters,
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deformed,
Pernicious monsters?

Flow. I have heard our vicar
Call playhouses the Colleges of Transgression,
Wherein the Seven Deadly Sins are studied.

Bird. Why, then, the city will in time be made
An University of Iniquity.
We dwell by Black Friars College, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
Oh, impudence!

Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make concerning playhouses.

Bird. For charity, what is it?

Flow. That the Globe,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consumed: the Phoenix burnt to ashes,
The Fortune whipped for a blind [trull]: Black Friars
He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing
I' th' time of Reformation. Lastly he wished
The Bull might cross the Thames to the bear-garden,
And there be soundly baited.

Bird. A good prayer.

Flow. Indeed it something pricks my conscience
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.

Bird. I have their custom, too, for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

SCENE 2.

Enter ROSCIUS, a Player.

Mr. Roscius, we have brought the things you spake.

Ros. Why, 'tis well.

Flow. Pray, sir, what serve they for?

Ros. We use them in our play.

Bird. Are you a player?

Ros. I am, sir, what of that?

Bird. And is it lawful?

Good sister, let's convert him. Will you use
So fond a calling?

Flow. And so impious?

Bird. So irreligious?

Flow. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Only to gain by vice?

Flow. To live by sin?

Ros. My spleen is up. And live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful trade of selling pins,
But to joint gewgaws, and to knit together
Gorgetts, strips, neckcloths, laces, ribbons, ruffs,
And many other such-like toys as these,
To make the baby bride a pretty puppet?
And you, sweet featherman, whose ware, though light,
O'erweighs your conscience. What serves your trade
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
To deck vainglory? spoiling the peacock's tail
To adorn an idiot's cockcomb: Oh, dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood, what we do mean
For good and honest; they abuse our scene,
And say we live by vice: indeed 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. They do live we see
Like cooks by pampering prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul: a prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His folly bears him. Boldly I dare say,
There has been more by us in some one play
Laughed into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
And foppish humours: hence the cause doth rise,—
Men are not won by the ears so well as eyes.
First see what we present.

Flow. The sight is able
To unsanctify our eyes, and make 'em carnal.

Ros. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird. No, sister, let us call up all our zeal,
And try the strength of this temptation:
Satan shall see we dare defy his engines.

Flow. I am content.

Ros. Then take your places here, I will come to you,
And moralise the plot.

Flow. That moralising
I do approve, it may be for instruction.

SCENE 3.

Enter a Deformed Fellow.

Def. Roscius, I hear you have a new play to-day.

Ros. We want not you to play Mephistopheles.

A pretty natural wizard!

Def. What have you there?

Ros. A looking-glass or two.

Def. What things are they?

Pray let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here?
I've seen a devil. Looking-glasses call you them?
There is no basilisk but a looking-glass.

Ros. 'Tis your own face you saw.

Def. My own? thou liest;
I'd not be such a monster for the world.

Ros. Look in it now with me, what see'st thou now?

Def. An angel and a devil.

Ros. Look on that

Thou call'st an angel, mark it well, and tell me
Is it not like my face?

Def. As 'twere the same.

Ros. Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,
'Tis not the glass, but thy deformity,
That makes this ugly shape; if they be fair
That view the glass, such the reflections are.
This serves the body; the soul sees her face
In comedy, and has no other glass.

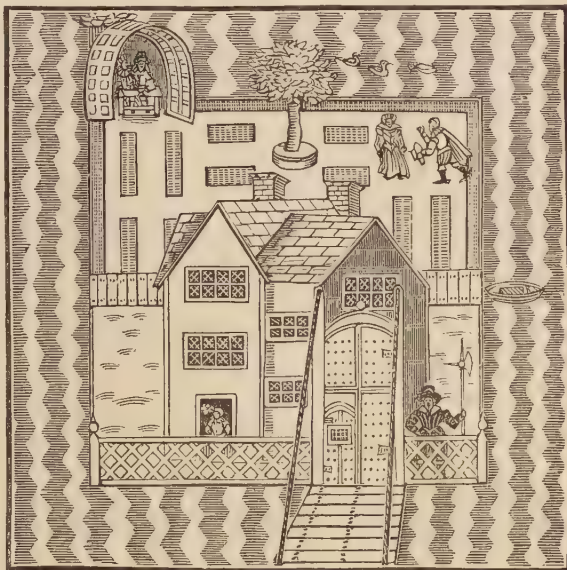
Def. Nay then, farewell, for I had rather see Hell than a looking-glass or comedy. [*Exit Def.*]

Ros. And yet methinks if't were not for this glass, Wherein the form of man beholds his grace, We could not find another way to see How near our shapes approach divinity. Ladies, let those who will your glass deride, And say it is an instrument of pride; I will commend you for it: there you see If you be fair how truly fair ye be; Where finding beauteous faces, I do know You'll have the greater care to keep them so. A heavenly vision in your beauty lies, Which nature hath denied to your own eyes; Were it not pity, you alone should be Debarred of that others are blessed to see; Then take your glasses, and yourselves enjoy The benefit of yourselves; it is no toy, Though ignorance at slight esteem hath set her, That will preserve us good, or make us better. A country slut (for such she was, though here I' th' city may be some, as well as there), Kept her hands clean (for those being always seen, Had told her else how sluttish she had been), But had her face as nasty as the stall Of a fishmonger, or an usurer's hall Daubed o'er with dirt: one might have dared to say She was a true piece of Prometheus clay, Not yet informed; and then her unkembed hair Dressed up with cobwebs, made her hag-like stare; One day within her pail (for country lasses, Fair ladies, have no other looking-glasses), She spied her ugliness, and fain she would Have blushed, if thorough so much dirt she could: Ashamed, within that water, that, I say, Which showed her filth, she washed her filth away. So comedies, as poets do intend them, Serve first to show our faults, and then to mend them. Upon our stage two glasses off there be, The comic mirror, and the tragedy: The comic glass is full of merry strife, The low reflection of a country life. Grave tragedy, void of such homely sports, Is the sad glass of cities and of courts.

The play afterwards following the doctrine of Aristotle, that Virtue is seated in the mean, and that each vice is either the too much or too little of a virtue, shows the Vices by characteristic dialogue between pairs of extremes. After which, Mediocrity, the Golden Mean, Mother of Virtue, introduces her daughter with a long speech, and Bird and Flowerdew are treated to a Masque of the Virtues.

But angry Puritans still warred against the stage, and as the civil troubles gathered strength the drama suffered more and more neglect. Young poets who would have written many plays had they been born in the preceding reign, wrote songs, and each a play or two. Shakerley Marmion published in 1632 a play called "Holland's Leaguer," and in 1633 his "Fine Companion." Holland's Leaguer was a place of garden entertainment within the moat that surrounded the old Manor House of Paris Garden. Sir John Suckling wrote "Aglaura," "Brennoralt," and "The Goblins" before his death in 1641. William

Habington produced "The Queen of Arragon" in 1640. William Cartwright, one of the most spiritual and accomplished of the young Oxford men of his



HOLLAND'S LEAGUER.

From the Title-page of a Pamphlet dated 1632.

day, a "seraphical preacher" as well as a lyric poet, dramatist, and a loyal friend to the king, died of camp-fever in 1643, when he was but thirty-two years old. One of his four plays was

THE ROYAL SLAVE,

first acted on the 30th of August, 1636, before the king and queen at Oxford, by students of Cartwright's own college, Christchurch, and first printed at Oxford in 1639. The habits Persian, the scene Sardis, its plot is founded on a notion "that 'tis the custom of the Persian kings, after a conquest, to take one of the captives and adorn him with all the robes of majesty, giving him all privileges for three full days, that he may do what he will, and then be certainly led to death." After a victory over the Ephesians, from among the enslaved prisoners from Ephesus, Cratander, who excels his fellows in nobility of character, is chosen and invested with this three days' royalty. Thus he becomes "the Royal Slave."

ACT I., SCENE 1.—Philotas, Stratocles, Leocrates, Archippus, Ephesian captives of a baser nature, drink and riot in their prison, and mock Molops their gaoler.

SCENE 2.—Arsamnes, King of Persia, accompanied by his four lords Praxaspes, Hydarnes, Masistes, and Orontes, with Priests, enter the prison to select the captive who is to be the chosen sacrifice to their god, and made royal for three days before his death. They scorn the prisoners they see, "their blood runs thick;" but the gaoler is sent for one whom he had set apart as, in his opinion, "wondrous heavy and bookish, and therefore unfit for any honour." Molops then brings Cratander, at whose approach Arsamnes says,—

See, there comes one
 Armed with a serious and majestic look
 As if he'd read philosophy to a king :
 We've conquered something now. What read'st thou
 there ?

Molops. I believe he's conning a hymn against the
 good time.

Cratander. 'Tis a discourse o' the Nature of the Soul,
 That shows the vicious, slaves ; but the well inclined,
 Free and their own, though conquered.

Cratander still speaks nobly, and is asked whether, if
 he had vows to pay, he would sacrifice the best or
 worst. He would give the best to the gods. Then
 answers Arsammes—

Bravely said.

But 'tis pity thou hast reasoned all this while
 Against thyself, for our Religion doth
 Require the immolation of one captive ;
 And thou hast proved that he is best bestowed
 Who best deserveth to be spared.

Cratander, having sworn by the sceptre to be
 faithful to the state, is robed by a priest who sings—

Come from the dungeon to the throne,
 To be a King and straight be none.
 Reign, then, awhile that thou mayst be
 Fitter to fall by Majesty.

Chorus. So beasts for sacrifice we feed ;
 First they are crowned, and then they bleed.

Priest. Wash with thy blood what wars have done
 Offensive to our God, the Sun :
 That as thou fallest we may see
 Him pleased, and set as red as thee.
 Enjoy the glories then of state
 Whiles pleasures ripen thee for fate.

Chorus. So beasts for sacrifice we feed ;
 First they are crowned, and then they bleed.

Arsammes. Now then, Cratander, I do here indulge
 thee

All the prerogatives of Majesty
 For three full days ; which being expired, that then
 Thou mayst fall honourably, I intend
 To strike the blow myself.

Cratander remains master of himself. His first
 order is for the release of his fellow-captives, and for
 reinforcement of battle to complete the victory over
 the Ephesians. The Persian lords obey unwillingly.

SCENES 3, 4.—Atossa, Queen of Persia, talks of
 the three days' king with the Persian lords and her
 ladies, Mandane and Ariene. His recognised nobility
 of thought and bearing causes the queen, when she
 hears of it, to say—

If he do well,
 And keep his virtues up until his fall,
 I'll pay a good wish to him as he's going,
 And a fair mention of him when he's gone.

SCENE 5.—Arsammes enters to the lords after
 Atossa and her ladies have departed.

Arsammes. How doth our new King bear his royalty ?
Prazaspes. If he go still on thus, his three days' folly
 Will fill your annals.

He draws the admiration of the noblest ; wins the
 compassion of Atossa. The promise of the three
 days' royalty must be faithfully kept, but the Royal
 Slave must be watched narrowly. Says Arsammes—

He must live
 And reign his time prescribed ; but he must not
 Perform the actions he intends. Let then
 All the delights and pleasures that a slave
 Admires in kings be offered. Though an hundred
 Still watchful eyes beset his head, yet there
 Is one way left ; music may subtly creep
 And rock his senses so that all may sleep.

ACT II., SCENES 1, 2, 3.—Cratander, in a stately
 palace, scorns the luxuries of meat and drink, and
 blandishments of music that appeal to sensual
 delight. To the lords who bring such music he
 says—

I did expect some solemn Hymn of the
 Great World's Beginning, or some brave captain's
 Deserving deeds extolled in lofty numbers.
 These softer subjects grate our ears. But what
 Are these, my lord ? the minstrels ?

All such temptations are in vain, and from a
 gallery above, Queen Atossa and her ladies have
 been witnesses of Cratander's worth.

SCENE 4.—The baser Ephesian captives enter in
 rich Persian habits, show their baser nature, and
 are carrying off Atossa's ladies, when

SCENE 5.—Cratander meets them, rescues the two
 ladies, and threatens the four slaves, his countrymen,
 with prison for their next offence. Left alone with
 his high thoughts, there falls before him a gold chain
 thrown by Atossa from above.

What ? More temptations yet ? Ha, whence ? from
 whom ?

The heavens I hope don't drop down follies too !
 No arm out of the clouds ? A chain ! Why this
 Is but an exprobaton of my late
 Distress'd fortune. 'Tis rich yet, and royal :
 It can't be th' wealth of any but the throne.
 Fall out what will, I'll wear it till I know
 From whence it came.

SCENE 6.—Hippias and Phocion, two disguised
 fellow-citizens from Ephesus, now find Cratander,
 and use all their eloquence to urge him through love
 of his native city, to use his three days' opportunity
 for its deliverance out of the hands of the Persians.
 But Cratander answers that he has sworn to the
 King of Persia

Faith to his sceptre and himself, and must
 Ask his leave ere I do betray his country.

He holds by truth against all pleas of patriotism,
 but his soul is shaken. "Be then," says one of the
 Ephesian emissaries—

Be then thy name
 Blasted to all posterity, and let
 Our wretched nephews when their souls shall labour
 Under the Persian yoke, curse thee, and say
 This slavery we owe unto Cratander.

Cratander. Pray, stay, I will go with you, and consider.
 How am I straitened! Life is short unto me:
 And th' good man's end ought still to be a business.
 We must die doing something, lest perhaps
 We lose our deaths: we must not yet do ill,
 That we misplace not action. If I strike
 On this hand, I'm a parricide; if on that,
 The same brand waits me too. How do? I tremble
 Like to the doubtful needle 'twixt two loadstones,
 At once inclining unto both, and neither.
 Here piety calls me; there my justice stops me.
 It is resolved. Faith shall consist with both,
 And agéd Fame after my death shall tell,
 Betwixt two sins Cratander did do well.

So ends the Second Act.

ACT III., SCENE 1.—The four meaner Ephesians are drinking with Molops, who says, "You Grecians, I think, have sponges in your maws; 'tis but setting your hands to your sides and squeezing yourselves, and presently you drink as much as before." They fall into unmeasured mirth, with bacchanalian singing.

Thus then we chase the night
 With these true floods of light,
 This Lesbian wine which, with its sparkling streams
 Darting diviner graces,
 Casts glories round our faces,
 And dulls the taper with majestic beams.

Chorus. Then laugh we, and quaff we, until our rich
 noses
 Grow red and contest with our chaplets of roses.

SCENE 2.—Cratander enters to them with a stern rebuke of drunkenness. When he has left them they rebel against him as insufferable.

SCENE 3.—The Persian lords Praxaspes and Masistes join the angry and drunken Ephesians, and tempt them to kill Cratander before his time. The dead ne'er go to sacrifice; Cratander's time of royalty must therefore be pieced out by one of the other captives—one of themselves will have a taste of royal pleasures. They drink as they plot assassination, and Cratander, who is watchful, overhears them.

SCENE 4 is between Cratander and Atossa. He will not return her chain, but finds in her favour a pure joy that wins from her an affection not less pure. "I can distinguish," he says—

betwixt love and love,
 'Tween flames and good intents, nay, between flames
 And flames themselves; the grosser now fly up
 And now fall down again, still coveting new
 Matter for food, consuming and consumed.
 But the pure clearer flames that shoot up always
 In one continued pyramid of lustre
 Know no commerce with earth, but unmixed still
 And still aspiring upwards—if that may
 Be called aspiring which is nature—have
 This property of immortality,

Still to suffice themselves, neither devouring
 Nor yet devoured: and such I knowledge yours,
 On which I look as on refined ideas
 That know no mixture or corruption,
 Being one eternal simpleness. That these
 Should from the circle of their chaster glories
 Dart out a beam on me, is far beyond
 All human merit, and I may conclude
 They've only their own nature for a cause,
 And that they're good, they are diffusive too.

Atossa. Your tongue hath spoke your thoughts so
 nobly that
 I bear a pity to your virtues, which
 Ere night shed poppy twice o'er th' wearied world
 Must only be in those two registers,
 Annals and Memory. Could you but contrive
 How you might live without an injury
 Unto religion, you should have this glory,
 To have a queen your instrument.

He asks her aid not in the saving of his own life, but in securing the well-being of both Greece and Persia. Praxaspes and Masistes will not allow Cratander to be trusted with an army, believing that he would use it to betray the kingdom to which he has sworn fidelity. But his intent is only to perfect the conquest of Arsamnes, and by so doing benefit his own country. The queen promises help, with the thought to herself as he leaves her, that—

In great designs
 Valour helps much, but virtuous love doth more.

SCENE 5.—Arsamnes enters to his queen, and protests against her gift of her chain—her favour—to a slave—

Atossa. Doth not the Sun, the Sun which yet you
 worship,
 Send beams to other than yourself? Yet those
 Which dwell on you lose neither light nor heat,
 Coming not thence less vigorous or less chaste?
 Would you seal up a fountain? or confine
 The air unto your walk? would you enjoin
 The flower to cast no smell but as you pass?
 Love is as free as fountain, air, or flower,
 For 't stands not in a point; 'tis large, and may
 Like streams give verdure to this plant, that tree,
 Nay, that whole field of flowers, and yet still run
 In a most faithful course towards the bosom
 Of the loved ocean.

Arsamnes reasons only to become more conscious of the simple purity of Atossa, transparent as her crystal, but more spotless, and recognises in her kindness to Cratander "not the offence, but charity of love."

ACT IV., SCENE 1.—Atossa tells Mandane, Ariene, and other ladies and "women of divers sorts" that the slaves mean, next night, to rise against their honour and their wealth.

To tell your husbands
 Were to procure a slaughter on both sides.
 If we avert the riot and become
 Our own defence, the honour, as the action,

Will be entirely ours: which may be done
 Only by flying to Arsamnes' Castle,
 A thing so easy, that 't will only be
 To take the air for fame; and when we do
 Return, our husbands shall strew praises in
 Our ways, which we will tread on and contemn.
Ommes. Let's fly, let's fly, let's fly.

And so it is resolved.

SCENE 2.—His countrymen, the Ephesians, Hip-
 pias and Phocion, still urge Cratander to save his
 own Ephesus by breaking trust with Persia. Cra-
 tander says—

Oh, Phocion!

Such men as you have made our Grecian faith
 Become a proverb t' express treachery.
 An oath's the same in Persia and in Greece,
 And binds alike in either.

Ephesus is oppressed and weak, her allies fall from
 her, she cannot regain a perfect liberty, but might
 yet live protected as a weakened friend under the
 Persian shelter; still keeping her laws and liberties.
 At that mark Cratander aims. "Go then," he says—

And deal discreetly with the army; tell them
 The tempest that is falling on their head,
 Unless the Persian shield them. When you have
 Persuaded them to this, conduct your forces
 Towards Arsamnes' Castle, where the Queen
 And ladies now expect me. But be sure
 You come not within sight of Sardis.

Phocion. Why?

Shall we not march beyond the frontiers then?

Cratander. By no means; for you'll cut off all retreat.
 Now, when you see the numerous Persians come,
 You may securely fly without the loss
 Of any. This will quell the future rising
 Of those whose forwardness is not content
 Either with the calm or tempest of affairs.
 We must comply with Fortune now we're conquered.
 Permit the rest unto the gods and me.

Having arranged so far, Cratander prepares to
 meet the foreknown attempt upon his life by his own
 countrymen.

SCENE 3.—"Leocrates and Archippus, after a while
 Philotas and Stratocles, all four disguised in beggars'
 habits, one having a leg, another an arm tied up:
 all some counterfeiting of such maunding people.
 Leocrates and Archippus peep out of the wood's side
 at several places." They wait for Cratander, who, as
 they have been told by Praxaspes, will pass that way.
 He is not expected for an hour, yet Stratocles thinks
 they have done ill to leave their weapons yonder.
 Leocrates says pish, they can fetch them as soon as
 they have agreed who is to kill Cratander. He shall
 do it whom the next passenger declares to be fittest
 to make a Persian priest.

SCENE 4.—Cratander comes upon them unex-
 pectedly. They surround him as feigned beggars, and
 ask which of the four is fittest to make a Persian
 priest. He has servants, he says, who can settle
 their doubts; calls his servants, orders the arrest of
 the four rascals, shows that he knows all their

plotting, and bids them be led through the city, with
 their assumed rags and sores and lamenesses, to
 Molops the gaoler.

SCENE 5.—Hydarnes, Orontes, Praxaspes, and
 Masistes are amazed to find that all the women are
 gone, and there is not a smooth face left at court.
 They have taken arms, it is found. But whither?
 A messenger arrives bidding them make haste with
 all their forces

To th' Queen and ladies in Arsamnes' Castle:
 They now are likely to be all surprised
 By the remainder of the Greeks.

Prax. Cratander,

That damnéd villain, hath enticed them thither
 Merely to entrap them. Let us to the King:
 We'll on, although against revolted slaves.
 We fought with men before, but now with vice:
 He calls for death that must be conquered twice.

ACT V., SCENE 1.—"Atossa, Mandane, Ariene,
 with divers other women in warlike habits, dis-
 covered on the castle walls, with Cratander fully
 seated in the midst." Cratander expresses gratitude
 to Atossa, who does so much that is heroic, of which
 the reward can only be to rank her in story with a
 slave.

Atossa. I do't not to the man, but to the virtue,
 The deed's reward enough unto itself.

Cratander. 'T would be a piece of exemplary in-
 gratitude

To bring you into any danger hence.
 You're safe as in your court. Your subjects shall not
 Run any doubtful hazard in the chance
 Of an uncertain battle; their first step
 Shall be victorious; and when your eloquence,
 Guarded with beauty, shall procure the freedom
 Of our enthralled City, the Ephesians
 Shall know a goddess greater than their own,
 And you depose our magnified Diana,
 Having shrines in every breast outshining hers.
 As for myself, I shall still live in those
 Good benefits my country shall receive.
 This day instating me in immortality,
 While raising thus our City by my fall,
 I shall go down a welcome shade, and dwell
 Among the ancient fathers of my country.

SCENE 2.—"To them below Arsamnes, Hydarnes,
 Orontes, Praxaspes, Masistes, and others in warlike
 habits." They naturally misunderstand the position
 of Cratander, when they observe—

how proudly he

Sits in the midst, hemmed in on every side
 With beauties.

They cannot shoot at him without endangering the
 women. The aggrieved Arsamnes calls to Atossa—

Credulous woman,

Descend, Arsamnes calls thee, if he be
 A name regarded when Cratander's by.

Atossa. Most virtuous sir, you may expect, perhaps,
 Atossa's breast grown strange and wrested from

Her wonted faith: but witness, O thou Sun,
Whom with a pious eye I now behold,
That I have neither tried to untie or loosen
That sacred knot; but what I've condescended
To aid thus far, is only a fair likeness
Of something that I love in you.

Arsamnes. If then

Your loyalty be still entire to me,
Shew it, and yield Cratander up to us.

Atossa. As his desires are honourable, so
Are our intents, with which these needs must stand
A resoluteness. It cannot be virtue
Unless't be constant too. Th' approach o' th' enemy
Forbids me to say more. On to your victory,
Your wonted art to conquer. They're the relics
Of a few scattered troops, the fragments of
The last meal that your swords made. On, and when
You have subdued them wholly, we will plant
Fresh bays unto your brows, and seal unto you
A peace as everlasting as our loves.

Soldiers within. Arm, arm, arm, arm!

Omnes. Methra and victory!

SCENE 5.—The King of Persia and his followers
go out to battle, and they return soon from an enemy
that fled at sight of them. Then Arsamnes tells the
women that their fears may sleep securely now—

Open the castle gates.

Atossa. But you must grant us some conditions first.

Arsamnes. Must we be artiled with by our women?
What is't, an't please the gods, that you require.

Atossa. Cratander's life.

Cratander. It is not in your power
To grant it, great Arsamnes. Your Queen speaks,
Out of a tender pity, to no purpose.

Atossa. Hear me, Arsamnes. Whom the raging sword
Hath spared, why should the peaceable destroy?
All hate's not ended in the field, I see;
There's something still more cruel after war.

Arsamnes. Alas, you know not what you ask. The
gods
Permit not that he live: he falls to them.

Cratander. You must not hear her, sir, against the
gods,

Who now expect their solemn feast and banquet.

Atossa. If they are gods, pity's a banquet to them.
Whene'er the innocent and virtuous
Doth escape death, then is their festival.
Nectar ne'er flows more largely than when blood's
Not spilt that should be saved. Do you think the smoke
Of human entrails is a steam that can
Delight the deities? Who e'er did burn
The building to the honour of the architect,
Or break the tablet in the painter's praise?
'Tis mercy is the sacrifice they like.

Cratander. Let not affection call a curse upon you
While you permit it to take place of your
Religion.

Arsamnes. See, he will not live, Atossa.
To do the unwilling man a courtesy
Is but a specious tyranny.

Atossa. Alas!

He would be near the gods, he would leave us.
You must not, shall not, kill him, my Arsamnes.

The other women plead, and still the royal slave

is firm. Men plead, Orontes and Hydarnes urge
their king, and then Arsamnes says:—

Cratander, live; we do command thee, live.

Cratander. Bear witness, O ye gods, that I do suffer
This as his servant, too. And ye, the souls
Of my deceased countrymen, who fell
In the last battle, if there yet be sense
In the forgetful urn, know that it was
No stratagem of mine to be detained
Thus long from your society.—Now to you,
Arsamnes: Good kings equal those in laws
Whom they have overcome in war; and to
The valiant that chief part of good to which
We are all born, sweet liberty, is pleasing
Even in the enemy. Your queen and others
Her ladies here, with the most beautiful
Part of your royal court are in my power,
But far be't from me to injure but the meanest.

Atossa presently tells Arsamnes that she has
bound herself by great and solemn vows to dwell
in the castle until Arsamnes

—grant that the Ephesians may

Still freely use their ancient customs, changing
Neither their rights nor laws, yet still reserving
This honest power unto your royal self
To command only what the free are wont
To undergo with gladness.

Arsamnes replies that it is a time of mercy, that
his queen has only called forth the favours that were
freely coming. Cratander has served his country,
and of the generosity of Arsamnes he says—

There I confess a conquest, where I find
He that subdued my body gains my mind.

SCENE 4.—In prison; Molops with his prisoners the
base Ephesians, still in their base disguises, prepare
for a grotesque dance before Arsamnes and Cra-
tander.

SCENE 5.—At court; they dance their dance, and
the ladies of the court, still in their warlike habit
and in solemn march, then proceed to a dance of
Amazons.

SCENE 6.—There enters to the festival at court a
priest, who says

The fire is fully kindled, and the people
All in their festival attire; there wants
Only the sacrifice and yourself to kill it.

Arsamnes. The voice of ravens in the dead of night
Conveys not harsher notes into mine ears.
I've pardoned him.

Priest. You cannot; unless you
Will be more impious in preserving him
Than you were valorous in conquering.

Arsamnes pleads with the priest in vain, finds
that the gods recall his courtesy, but promises Cra-
tander statues in his honour. Cratander meets his
fate like a philosopher.

To accuse

Or gods or men's the part of him that would
Live longer. If I look on the desires
Of some here, whosoever I shall fall
I shall be thought to have lived too little; if
On the actions I have done, I've lived enough;
If on the injuries of Fortune, too much;
If on mine honour and my fame, I shall
Live still: He gains by death that doth die praised.
Others have longer kept an empire, but
None better left it. To speak more were but
A sluggard's policy to defer his sufferings.
On to the altar.

With the warm friendship of Arsamnes, and of all about him, the royal slave goes to his death.

SCENE 7.—The temple; an altar, and one busy placing fire thereon. As the sacrificial procession enters, a priest sings,

Thou, O bright Sun, who seest all,
Look down upon our captive's fall!
Never was purer sacrifice:
'Tis not a man, but virtue dies.

Chorus. While thus we pay our thanks, propitious be;
And grant us either peace or victory.

The sacrificial knife is then solemnly presented to King Arsamnes. Cratander kneels as a ready victim at the altar, and another priest sings—

But thou, O Sun, mayst set, and then
In brightness rise next morn agen.
He, when he shall once leave this light,
Will make, and have, eternal night.

Chorus. Good deeds may pass for sacrifice; Oh, than,
Accept the virtues and give back the man.

Then the sun is eclipsed, and a shower of rain dashes out the fire. Arsamnes prepares to give the stroke, but is interrupted by the priest:

Hold, hold, Arsamnes.

Heaven is not pleaséd with your sacrifice.
The glorious Sun hath veiled his face in clouds,
Not willing to behold it, and the skies
Have shed such numerous tears, as have put out
The fire, though fully kindled.

Atossa. Thou hast now
The voice and visage of the gods, good priest;
The Heavens were never more serene. The gods
Have justified my case, Cratander.

The knot was worthy of the intervention of the gods. Cratander saved, gives half his remaining life to Ephesus, half to Arsamnes. Arsamnes says that Cratander, who has proved his royal nature as a slave, shall be really a king in Greece, and ends the play with the thought

Let others,

When they make war, have this ignoble end,
To gain them slaves; Arsamnes gains a friend.

An older man than the dramatists last illustrated, though he survived most of them, was James

Shirley, born under Elizabeth in 1594. He lived to be seventy-two, and died in the year of the Fire of London, 1666. He had been educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and went to St. John's College, Oxford, when Laud was President there. Laud objected to his taking orders because he had a mole on his left cheek. He then went to Catharine Hall at Cambridge, where he did take orders. Then he taught in the Grammar School at St. Albans, passed over to the Church of Rome, and was for the rest of his life dramatist or schoolmaster, but dramatist as long as he could live by the stage. He has left us more than thirty plays with much clever invention in them. Charles I. and his queen were good patrons to Shirley, and when a masque called the "Triumphs of Peace" was produced, in 1634, by the four Inns of Court in loyal defiance of Prynne and his "Histrio-mastix," the designer was James Shirley, and £20,000 were said to have been spent on its production. He held for a time a commission in the army. In 1637 he went to Ireland with Strafford. His play of "The Sisters" was one of the last produced—a piece called "The Irish Rebellion" was the last play licensed—before the closing of the theatres by Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, on the 2nd of September, 1642. The play which happened to be produced by Shirley immediately after Prynne's imprisonment was "The Bird in a Cage." Its title caused him to publish before it an ironical dedication to the prisoner. In the play, a certain banished Philenzo, who had loved Eugenia the daughter of the Duke of Mantua, returns in disguise as Rolliardo, a wild humourist, when the Duke is shutting his daughter up in a tower, guarded from approach of man, until he wed her to a husband of his own approving. Rolliardo talks his wildest to the Duke, who asks, "You have your senses?" "Five," he says, "the small birds dare not peep for 'em, I take it." There is nothing he cannot achieve—with money. The Duke takes him at his word, and will try through him the efficacy of his guard upon Eugenia. Rolliardo shall have money at will for a month, try only to come into the presence of the Duke's daughter, and die if he fails. He finds guards incorruptible, but by help of a mountebank makes his way into the tower disguised as a great bird in a cage of strange birds which the Duke is tempted to send for his daughter's entertainment.

Richard Brome, who had been a servant of Ben Jonson's, wrote his first play in 1632. Henry Glapthorne was a minor dramatist of the time of Charles I., among whose plays is one on Wallenstein, printed in 1639. It was in 1641 that Sir John Denham, born in 1615, produced his one play, "The Sophy," which caused Waller to say of him that he "broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it." The play opens in Persia when there is much dread of an impending battle with the Turks. Prince Mirza, son of Abbas the Persian king, is at the head of the army, and obtains a crowning victory. The king is of a jealous and suspicious temper, and is led by Haly, his favourite, to believe that his son hates him and desires his throne.

After a scene of such practising on the king's mind, Haly suggests that those who seek the favour of the coming sovereign are ready

To make

The father's life the price of the son's favour,
To walk upon the graves of our dead masters
To our own security.

[*King starts and scratches his head.*

Haly. [*Aside.*] This must take:—Does this plainness please you, sir?

We may be disposed also to start at the tragic stage direction. The noble Prince is imprisoned, and has his eyes burnt out, and afterwards is in passion on the point of killing his own daughter Fatyma, because his father loves her. He is turned from his purpose by her innocent talk, in a scene artificially natural. Then he is poisoned by Haly, who also deposes King Abbas. King Abbas dies tormented by remorse for his injustice to his son, but the Prince has left a young son, the Sofy, to be made king in his turn, and do justice on the villains of the play. His last words that close the piece are

Let's study for a punishment,

A feeling one,

And borrow from our sorrow so much time

T' invent a torment equal to their crime.

There was not much left of the spirit of Shakespeare on the English stage when the decree of the 2nd of September, 1642, closed the theatres until the Restoration. Sir William Davenant, who had written plays under Charles I., defied the ordinance of the Puritans under the Commonwealth by producing an entertainment in recitative and song, which he declared to be no play, but an opera. For such entertainment he opened Rutland House, Charterhouse Yard, on the 21st of May, 1656, and there he produced in operatic form, the first part of "The Siege of Rhodes," transformed into a play, with the addition of a second part, after the Restoration.



THEATRE CHECKS OF DRURY LANE AND THE DUKE'S THEATRE (1671).

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER CHARLES II. AND JAMES II.—A.D. 1660 TO A.D. 1689.

THEATRES were reopened at the Restoration, but the Puritans avoided them. Patronage of a dissolute but witty king and his court reduced the standard of the drama to the royal level. Earnest men who were no Puritans felt the degradation of the stage, and Samuel Johnson, in his Prologue written for the reopening of Drury Lane by Garrick in 1747, has hardly overstated it.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame,
Themselves they studied; as they felt they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
And virtue called oblivion to her aid.

Wit of the sensualist gives only an artificial polish to such pictures of low life in high places as we get from comedy after the Restoration. Apart from the influence of the king's character, there was, directly and through France, a growing influence of the Spanish theatre on English comedy. In Spain, comedy was formed almost exclusively upon plots of animal love and intrigue. In England, such plots now became general. Comedy left the fellowship of all the Muses, to become the comrade of a satyr dressed in a court suit. The grand sincerity that had marked Tragedy when at her wildest in the old poetic days, gave way to conventional artifice and empty mouthings, to which the poet's soul had little to contribute, and in which his ingenuity was often much astray. French influence was established, and the best writers of tragedy looked rather to Corneille—and to Corneille in his second and worse manner—than to Shakespeare. When, after a time, more substance came into our comedies, that was due not to a deeper insight into life, but to the influence of the great genius of Molière. French criticism—much amiss and holding itself faultless—introduced shallow conceit into the judgments of the English courtier who aspired to the fashionable title of a man of sense, or wit, or parts. It was creditable to have such aspiration, to affect the virtue of a care for letters, and make it a fashion to encourage wit. Unhappily there was a low conception of the spirit of good literature, and the formalist was critic of its form. Every fop thought he could mend Shakespeare. Good poets, bad poets, and men who were no poets at all, dressed Shakespeare's plays afresh to make them what the shallow poetasters of their own age—the French-classical Midases and clever rakes—considered to be passable. These men had no power over the real strength of the English people, which was as marked in the time of Charles II. as

in years before. They could not stop John Milton from writing "Paradise Lost," or John Bunyan from writing the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but they did succeed in putting down the English drama. Sir William Davenant thought that Shakespeare's "Tempest" would be much improved if there were added to its character of a woman who had never seen a man, another character of a man who had never seen a woman. He suggested this fine notion to Dryden, then a younger man, who actually worked it out, and found it necessary to include another woman who had never seen a man, to be paired at the end of the play with the man who had never seen a woman, because among Shakespeare's characters there was nobody who would serve as a wife for him. Otway laid his hands upon Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," and gave it the "classical" turn then in fashion, by transforming it into "The History and Fall of Caius Marius," where Romeo was transformed into a Marius Junior, and Juliet into a Lavinia. Shadwell recast "Timon of Athens," which he said "has the inimitable hand of Shakespeare in it, which never made more masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a play!" Nahum Tate altered "King Lear" and "Coriolanus." "Macbeth" was furnished by Sir William Davenant with new songs, Locke's music, and a liberal display of ballet dancers; and Dryden, who altered "Troilus and Cressida" and "The Tempest," spent some of his best work on a new version of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," which he understood so little—reading it according to the sensual fashion of his day—that he called it "All for Love, or the World Well Lost," when Shakespeare meant the direct opposite to that—"All for Lust, or the World Ill Lost."

Sir William Davenant was Charles II.'s first poet laureate. He was born in 1605, the son of an Oxford innkeeper, who sent him to Lincoln College. He became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and was for a time in the household of a thoughtful poet—Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. After Lord Brooke's murder in 1628, Davenant turned to the stage, became popular at the court of Charles I. for his masques and plays, and was made governor of the king's and queen's company acting at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane. In the civil war, he was knighted for service at the siege of Gloucester. Then he was an exile in Paris, and in 1651 published his fragment of an heroic poem—"Gondibert,"—in which he laid down absolutist principles, and showed a leaning to philosophical thought, which had won him the friendship of Thomas Hobbes. Davenant was capable of more than he achieved. The better mind was dulled by a libertine life, and repressed by the low taste (affecting to be finely critical) that he was bound to satisfy, as Charles II.'s poet laureate and the leading dramatist in the first days after the Restoration. He became manager of the Duke's Theatre, established first in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he was the first to introduce on the stage costly decorations of scenery. Another change made after the Restoration was the full introduction of women as actresses of female parts. The custom had been to train boys for such parts, though the custom had sometimes

been broken. In "The Court Beggar," played in 1632, a Lady Strangelove says, "The boy's a pretty actor, and his mother can play her part. The women now are in great request." Of such actresses in Charles I.'s time, Thomas Brand, a Puritan, wrote, "Glad am I to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage." After the Restoration, Thomas Killigrew was appointed manager of the King's Theatre, which was the Cockpit in Drury Lane until the new theatre in Drury Lane was opened in April, 1663. It was he who, in 1661, began the regular use of professional actresses, and they were now so popular that in Killigrew's own play of "The Parson's Wedding"—which turned the Plague to comic account—Pepys was told that all the parts, male and female, were taken by women. Sir William Davenant, however, lost no time in following Killigrew's example, in the second part of his "Siege of Rhodes." Though living an ill life, to which part of his nose fell a sacrifice, the touch of deeper thought is often traceable in Davenant's writing.



SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. (From the Portrait by John Greenhill, engraved for the Folio Edition of Davenant's Works.)

THE SIEGE OF RHODES,

produced under the Commonwealth as an opera, with various scenery, was recast after the Restoration, and enlarged by the addition of a second part in 1661. Davenant adopted the rhymed couplets of French tragedy—thence called "heroic," though in earlier and better days Chaucer had established them as a good gossiping measure, and they were known after him as "riding rhyme." Davenant also kept some of the music, and an incidental show of singing and dancing, which from his example became thenceforth a regular feature in the "heroic play" of Charles II.'s time. Dryden followed Davenant as chief author of those heroic plays of which the "Siege of Rhodes" is the first pattern. Davenant attached to his play a political lesson, on the evil of disunion, and the advantage of a form of civil government like that which

Hobbes argued for in his "Leviathan," with a single absolute head, and of a single church intolerant of sectaries. In the dedication to the Earl of Clarendon, he wrote before his first printed edition of the play, in 1663, "In this poem I have revived the remembrance of that fatal desolation which was permitted by Christian Princes when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of Religions (begot by the factions of Learning) in Germany: whilst those who would never admit Learning into their Empire (lest it should meddle with Religion and intangle it with Controversy) did make Rhodes defenceless; which was the only fortify'd Academy in Christendome where Divinity and Arms were equally profess'd."

In a Preface to the Reader dated August, 1656, Sir William Davenant refers to his desire for a larger theatre. The first part of the "Siege of Rhodes" was acted within narrow bounds, all the dialogue being written for singing in recitative, to remove the piece outside the forbidden ground of a stage play; and he says, "it has been often wisht that our scenes (we having oblig'd ourselves to the variety of five changes, according to the Ancient Drammatick distinctions made for time) had not been confined to eleven foot in height and about fifteen in depth, including the places of passage reserv'd for the Musick. This is so narrow an allowance for the Fleet of Solyman the Magnificent, his army, the Island of Rhodes, and the varieties attending the Siege of the City, that I fear you will think we invite you to such a contracted trifle as that of the Cæsars carv'd upon a Nut." This was the decoration of the Proscenium in aid of the first attempt made at scenic effect upon an English Stage:—

The Ornament which encompass'd the scene, consisted of several Columns of gross Rustic work; which bore up a large Freese. In the middle of the Freese was a Compartment, wherein was written RHODES. The Compartment was supported by divers Habiliments of War; intermix'd with the Military Ensignes of those several Nations who were famous for defence of that Island; which were the *French, Germans, and Spaniards*, the *Italians, Avernois, and English*: The Renown of the English valour made the Grand Master *Villerius* to select their Station to be most frequently commanded by himself. The principal enrichment of the Freese was a Crimson Drapery, whereon several Trophies of Arms were fixt. Those on the Right hand, representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the Western Nations; together with the proper cognisance of the Order of the *Rhodian Knights*; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the Eastern Countries; and on an Antique Shield the Crescent of the *Ottomans*.

THE SCENE BEFORE THE FIRST ENTRY.

The Curtain being drawn up, a lightsome Sky appear'd, discovering a Maritime Coast, full of craggy Rocks, and high Cliffs, with several Verdures naturally growing upon such situations; and afar off, the true Prospect of the City RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate: with so much view of the Gardens and Hills about it, as the narrowness of the Room could allow the Scene. In that part of the Horizon, terminated by the Sea, was represented the Turkish Fleet making towards a Promontory, some few miles distant from the town.

The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Musick.

THE FIRST ENTRY.

Enter ADMIRAL.

Admir. Arm, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm!

Thou hast no leisure to grow old;
Those now must feel thy courage warm,
Who think thy blood is cold.

Enter VILLERIUS.

Viller. Our Admiral from sea?

What storm transporteth thee?
Or bring'st thou storms that can do more
Than drive an Admiral on shore?

The Turkish fleet is on its way to Rhodes from Chios. Tumult of warlike preparation. Enters Alphonso, a Sicilian Duke, to ask what the noise is about, and is told that these bright Crescents

are yet but the fore running Van
Of the prodigious Gross of Solyman.

Enters the High Marshall of Rhodes, who joins in complaint that the Western Nations fight together and leave Rhodes to its fate. Alphonso wedded to Ianthe but a month ago, is only a guest in Rhodes; he is bidden to return to Sicily. "We love to lodge, not to entomb a guest." But the brave youth will stay to share the danger—

My sword against proud Solyman I draw,
His curséd Prophet and his sensual Law.

All depart from the stage, Chorus resounding those last words

Our swords against proud Solyman we draw,
His curséd Prophet and his sensual Law.

Enter Ianthe, with Melosile and Madina, her two women, bearing two open caskets with jewels. Ianthe is in Sicily, but will fly to her imperilled love in Rhodes, and turn her jewels into arms and gunpowder. But her maids lament the sacrifice of jewellery. A soldier's chorus then ends the first entry, after which "The scene is chang'd, and the city, Rhodes, appears beleaguér'd at sea and land. The Entry is again prepar'd by instrumental musick."

Dialogue between Villerius and the Admiral shows that the defence of Rhodes has lasted for three months. Duke Alphonso has by the fire of his valour warmed the people's blood, but the nations of Europe, torn by their own discords and mean ambitions, leave at Rhodes the Crescent to drive away the Cross. Duke Alphonso, then entering, sings the brave deeds of the men who at Rhodes represented different nations of Europe, but adds

If Death be rest, here let us die,
Where weariness is all
We daily get by Victory,
Who must by Famine fall,
Great Solyman is landed now;
All Fate he seems to be;

And brings those Tempests in his brow
Which he deserved at sea.

The defenders of Rhodes, resolving to do worthily, quit the stage ; then enter Solyman the Magnificent, and Pirrhuss, his Vizier Bassa. Solyman rebukes his Bassa for having been delayed so long before a single town. "Away!" says Solyman,

Away! range all the Camp for an Assault!
Tell them, they tread in graves who make a halt.

"*Exit Pirrhuss*, bowing," and Solyman sings that the Christians, though dissolute in love and wine, excel in war. Then Mustapha, one of his Bassas, brings to him Ianthe veiled.

Solyman. What is it thou wouldst show, and yet dost shroud?

Mustapha. I bring the Morning pictured in a Cloud.

The two galleys with which Ianthe was coming to Rhodes had been taken by a Turkish squadron, though Ianthe, veiled also when on board, had urged her men to fight.

Mustapha. This is Ianthe, the Sicilian flower,
Sweeter than buds unfolded in a shower,
Bride to Alphonso, who in Rhodes so long
The theme has been of each heroic song;
And she for his relief those galleys fraught;
Both stowed with what her dower and jewels bought.

She will not unveil for Solyman because Mustapha had sworn by the Prophet that he would convey her veiled to her husband at Rhodes, and that only her husband should remove the veil. But for that promise she would not have lived. Solyman praises the generous virtue of his Bassa, orders that the lady and her galleys freighted with food for the famine stricken be both sent with honour into Rhodes, the Turks lowering flags and firing salutes ; and that she and her Alphonso have safe passage back to Sicily. The second entry then ends with a Chorus of women who are at work with spades on the defences of Rhodes.

Then "the further part of the scene is open'd, and a Royal Pavilion appears display'd ; representing *Solimans* Imperial throne ; and about it are discern'd the Quarters of his *Bassas* and inferior Officers. The entry is again prepared by instrumental music. The Third Entry, Enter *Soliman, Pirrhuss, Mustapha*." The utmost power of the East is to be ranged, with the dawn, against doomed Rhodes.

Pirrhuss. When to all Rhodes our army does appear,
Shall we then make a sudden halt,
And give a general assault?

Solyman. Pirrhuss, not yet, Ianthe being there:
Let them our valour by our mercy prize.
The respite of this day
To virtuous love shall pay
A debt long due for all my victories.

Mustapha. If virtuous beauty can attain such grace
Whilst she a captive was, and hid,

What wisdom can his love forbid
When Virtue's free and Beauty shows her face?
Solyman. Dispatch a trumpet to the town;
Summon Ianthe to be gone
Safe with her lord. When both are free
And on their course to Sicily,
Then Rhodes shall for that valour mourn
Which stops the haste of our return.

A host of masons have arrived from Greece. They shall within a month build a palace for Solyman, on Mount Philermus, within sight of the Rhodians, where, he says, "if my anger cannot them subdue, my patience shall outwait them."

"The scene is chang'd to that of the town besieged. Enter *Villerius, Admiral, Alphonso, Ianthe*." Ianthe is praised for her love, by which one woman has done more for Rhodes than all the kings of Europe. Says the Admiral to her,

Though Rhodes no pleasure can allow,
I dare secure the safety of it now;
All will so labour to save you
As that will save the city too.

Left alone with Alphonso he fears that her presence will make him for her sake a coward ; but she shows spirit, tells how Solyman had sent her to him, given her galleys back to her.

Alphonso. O wondrous enemy!

Ianthe. These are the smallest gifts his bounty knew.

Alphonso. What could he give you more?

Ianthe. He gave me you.

And you may homeward now securely go
Through all his fleet.

Alphonso. But honour says not so.

Ianthe. If that forbid it, you shall never see

That I and that will disagree;

Honour will speak the same to me.

Alphonso. This Christian Turk amazes me, my dear.

Ianthe presently departs, and Alphonso warbles over his perplexity.

Then enters suddenly Solyman's wife, Roxolana, with Pirrhuss and another Bassa, Rustan. Solyman's wife has heard of Ianthe, had a twinge of jealousy, and set off straight for Rhodes. And, she says,—

And, as a present, I
Bring vainly ere I die

That heart to him which he has now forsaken.

The entry then ends with a chorus of men and women, who sing their opinion that all husbands and wives should try to be Alphonso and Ianthes.

For the fourth entry, which is again prepared by instrumental music, "The scene is varied to the prospect of Mount *Philermus*: Artificers appearing at work about that castle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by Solyman. His great army discovered in the plain below, drawn up in *Battalia*; as if it were prepared for a general assault."

Solyman enters with Pirrhuss and Mustapha, wondering that Alphonso and Ianthe have refused

his passport and resolve to die. He is determined to save them in spite of themselves.

Go, Mustapha, and strictest orders give,
Through all the camp, that in assault they spare,
And in the sack of this presumptuous town,
The lives of these two strangers with a care
Above the preservation of their own.
Alphonso has so oft his courage shown,
That he to all but cowards must be known.
Ianthé is so fair, that none can be
Mistaken, among thousands, which is she.

"The scene returns to that of the town besieged.
Enter *Alphonso, Ianthe*." Ianthe reasons that—

We were too proud no use to make
Of Solyman's obliging proffer;
For why should honour scorn to take
What honour's self does to it offer.

Alphonso. To be o'ercome by his victorious sword
Will comfort to our fall afford:
Our strength may yield to his; but 'tis not fit
Our virtue should to his submit;
In that, Ianthe, I must be
Advanced, and greater far than he.

Ianthe. He is a foe to Rhodes and not to you.

Alphonso. In Rhodes besieged we must be Rhodians too.

Ianthe. 'Twas fortune that engaged you in this war.

Alphonso. 'Twas Providence. Heaven's prisoners here
we are.

Ianthe. That Providence our freedom does restore;
The hand that shut now opens us the door.

Alphonso. Had Heaven that passport for our freedom
sent,

It would have chosen some better instrument
Than faithless Solyman.

Ianthe. O say not so!

To strike and wound the virtue of your foe
Is cruelty which war does not allow:
Sure he has better words deserved from you.

Alphonso. From me, Ianthe, no;

What he deserves from you, you best must know.

So Alphonso proceeds to be jealous. Ianthe is distressed thereby, and resolves to seek her death in the assault to-morrow. Then enter Villierius and the Admiral, who let us know that the enemy has mined, the Rhodians have countermined, and Duke Alphonso has his courage and his reason overthrown by jealousy. Everybody knows it. Says the Admiral—

Already they perceive Alphonso wild,
And the beloved Ianthe grieved.

Villierius. Let us no more by honour be beguiled;
This town can never be relieved;
Alphonso and Ianthe being lost,
Rhodes, thou dost cherish life with too much cost.

Chorus proposes then a sally from the forts.

Drive back the Crescent and advance the Cross
Or sink all human empires in our loss!

Then enters Roxolana, jealous, with Pirrhus, Rustan, and two of her women. Solyman will not see

her before the impending assault has been delivered. His mind, she knows, is on Ianthe. Haly enters to announce the sally of the Rhodians.

Our foes appear! the assault will straight begin.
They sally out where we must enter in.

Roxolana laments for Solyman, and a chorus of wives closes the fourth entry by singing about jealousy. Then the scene is changed into a representation of a general assault given to the town; the greatest fury of the army being discerned at the English station.

The fifth entry, again prepared by instrumental music, begins with Pirrhus busy. "Traverse the cannon! Mount the batteries higher!" and so forth. Then Mustapha—

More ladders and reliefs to scale!
The fire-crooks are too short! Help, help to hale!

and so forth. Solyman enters with like martial ardour. The Turks give way. The Rhodians give way.

Mustapha. Those desperate English ne'er will fly!
Their firmness still doth hinder others' flight,
As if their mistresses were by
To see and praise them while they fight.

Solyman. That flame of valour in Alphonso's eyes
Outshines the light of all my victories.

Mustapha saw a vision of a fighting woman in the English station, "fairer than woman, and than man more fierce."

It had a dress much like the imag'rie
For heroes drawn, and may Ianthe be.

The English seem to retire. Solyman advances, seeking to conquer two whom he by force would save. Then enters Alphonso with his sword drawn, worried by Solyman's edict that forbids attack upon himself or Ianthe. The Admiral enters to call him to aid; tells that Ianthe disguised lies wounded in the English bulwark. Rhodes calls him to the rescue of his great master. Honour pulls that way. Pity calls him to the side of his suspected wife. Pity pulls strongest, and says Alphonso—

Hence, Admiral, and to my master hie!
I will as swiftly to my mistress fly.

Then they go out several ways.

Pirrhus enters repulsed. Seven crescents are lost. He pours out military orders. Mustapha comes in and pours out some more. Solyman comes in and abuses his people, who

prevail
But so as shoals of herrings choke a whale.
This dragon Duke so nimbly fought to day,
As if he wings had got to stoop at prey.
Ianthé is triumphant, but not gone;
And sees Rhodes still beleaguered but not won.
Audacious town! thou keep'st thy station still;
And so my castle tarries on that hill,
Where I will dwell till famine enter thee,
And prove more fatal than my sword could be.

Nor shall Ianthe from my favour run,
But stay to meet and praise what she did shun.

The scene is chang'd to that of the town besieg'd.

Enter VILLERIUS, ADMIRAL, IANTHE.

She in a night-gown; and a chair is brought in.

Ianthe is told in song that she is not seriously wounded, and that the Ottoman attack has been repelled, chiefly by help of Alphonso's valour; but Alphonso too is slightly wounded. Presently Alphonso also enters wounded, led in by two mutes. He is sorry he was jealous; she is sorry that she did resent his jealousy.

Alphonso. Accursed crime! O let it have no name
Till I recover blood to show my shame.

Ianthe. Why stay we at such distance when we treat?
As monarchs' children making love
By proxy to each other move,
And by advice of tedious councils meet.

Alphonso. Keep back, Ianthe, for my strength does fail
When on thy cheek I see thy roses pale.
Draw all the curtains, and then lead her in:
Let me in darkness mourn away my sin.

So Ianthe is carried out in a sedan chair, and Alphonso is led away by the two mutes. Then enter Solyman and Roxolana with her women attendants. Solyman tells his wife that her women have fed her jealousy. The women say that reports justified them, and Solyman thus ends the dialogue of the play:—

My war with Rhodes will never have success
Till I at home, Roxana, make my peace.
I will be kind, if you'll grow wise;
Go chide your whisperers and your spies.
Be satisfied with liberty to think;
And when you should not see me, learn to wink.

Then all ends with a triumphant chorus of soldiers of Rhodes. The last stanza thereof, on which the curtain falls, will be eight lines more than enough of it.

You began the assault
With a very long halt;
And as halting ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our Alphonso to scoff ye.
To himself as a dainty
He keeps his Ianthe,
Whilst we drink good wine, and you drink but coffee.

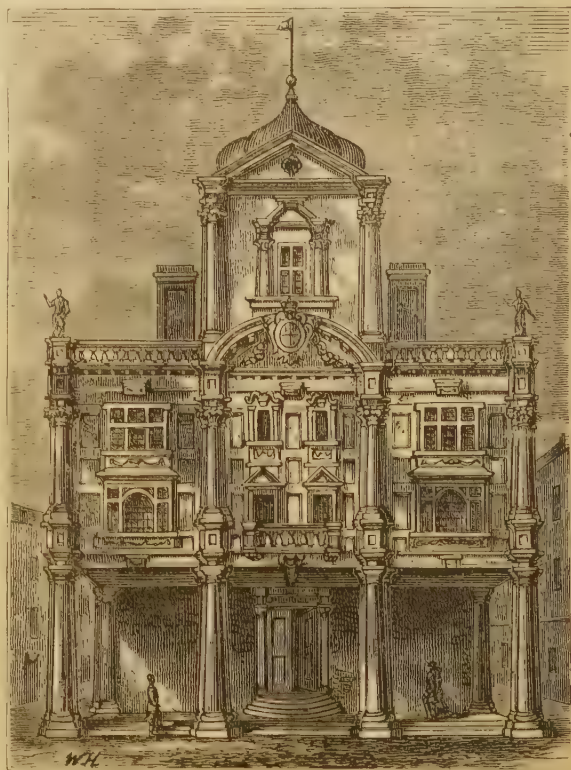
THE END OF THE FIFTH ENTRY.

The Curtain is let fall.

In Sir William Davenant's company in April, 1662, Mistress Davenport played Roxalana, and Mistress Saunderson played Ianthe in the "Siege of Rhodes." Among the boys who were still used to play women's parts, the most popular was Edward Kynaston, who grew to be a stately actor, and died a rich man in 1712. Charles Hart, son of a player who was the eldest son of Shakespeare's sister, was after 1663 the best actor in the King's company of players, under Thomas Killigrew. Hart withdrew

from the stage in 1679, and died soon afterwards. In the Duke of York's company, under Sir William Davenant, the chief actor was Thomas Betterton, who achieved in the "Siege of Rhodes" a great success, and then played "Hamlet" under instruction from Sir William Davenant, who had seen how the part was acted when it might be supposed that Shakespeare's own instructions to the player added charm to the performance. Betterton did not rant, and in later years he won the applause of Richard Steele when acting "Hamlet" at the age of seventy-four. In 1663, Betterton married Mistress Saunderson, the actress of Ianthe in the "Siege of Rhodes." In respectable families, only the little girls were then called "Miss," and no actress was so styled before the year 1702. Betterton died in 1710. Colley Cibber said of him, "How Shakespeare wrote, all men who have a taste for nature may read and know; but with what higher rapture would he still be read, could they perceive how Betterton played him." He is said to have felt his part so keenly, that on the appearance of the ghost in the third act of "Hamlet," Betterton's naturally ruddy face would turn perfectly white with emotion. His wife's Lady Macbeth was not less famous.

The new theatre designed by Sir Christopher Wren for Sir William Davenant soon after the Restoration



FRONT OF THE THEATRE IN DORSET GARDENS. (From Settle's "Empress of Morocco.")

was one of several buildings on the site of Dorset House, or Sackville House, formerly Salisbury Court, a mansion of the Bishops of Salisbury, west of Whitefriars. It had passed from the Bishops to

the Sackvilles, was the house in which Thomas Sackville wrote "*Ferrex and Porrex*," our first tragedy, and after it had been pulled down, Davenant's new theatre was among the houses built on its site. In the first printed copy (1673) of Elkanah Settle's tragedy, the "*Empress of Morocco*," there is a frontispiece, showing the outside of the new Dorset Gardens Theatre, in which the play was acted.

The same copy of Settle's play, being the first play-book "adorned with sculptures," shows the

cember, 1663, Dryden married Sir Robert Howard's sister Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and in the following month, January, 1664,

THE INDIAN QUEEN

was produced at the King's Theatre with rich scenery and decoration.

In the First Act, the Inca of Peru, victorious over the Mexicans by aid of the valour of the young stranger, Montezuma, offers Montezuma all rewards,



PROSCENIUM OF THE DORSET GARDENS THEATRE.

character of Sir William Davenant's scenery and grouping, by giving a picture of the chief stage scene in each of the five acts, with the proscenium of the theatre in each case for a setting. The first scene—a dungeon—is given here, with the proscenium, to show part of the interior decorations of the Dorset Gardens Theatre. The other scenes will be given presently, with a very short sketch of the play they illustrated.

In February, 1663, John Dryden, then in his thirty-second year, produced at the King's Theatre his first play, a comedy called "*The Wild Gallant*." It was a failure, but he was then working with a friend four or five years older than himself, Sir Robert Howard, youngest son of the Earl of Berkshire, at a play called "*The Indian Queen*." In De-

cember, 1663, Dryden married Sir Robert Howard's sister Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and in the following month, January, 1664, was produced at the King's Theatre with rich scenery and decoration. In the First Act, the Inca of Peru, victorious over the Mexicans by aid of the valour of the young stranger, Montezuma, offers Montezuma all rewards,

protect the Inca and his daughter against the wrath of Montezuma. The next scene shows the mother of Acasis, Zempoalla, the usurping Indian Queen, with her general, Traxalla, who has crowned her by slaying her brother, and is encouraged in aspiration to her love. Shouts of the Mexicans and tidings that Montezuma, that mighty man by whom they have been thrice overcome, now brings his fate and valour to their aid close the first act, with Zempoalla's vow to sacrifice a prince to the gods if they give victory.

In the Second Act, the Inca and his daughter Orazia first appear pursued in battle. Montezuma dismisses the soldiers, who were about to seize them, and has pangs of conscience in their presence. He will turn back the tide of ruin. Traxalla, brought in by the Mexican soldiers to the prey snatched from them, claims the Inca and Orazia as his prisoners. Montezuma holds by his own claim. Acasis enters. He has often in that day's battle saved the lives of the Inca and his daughter. Traxalla and the Mexicans welcome their prince. He is made by them umpire of the rival claims to the prisoners, and adjudges the Inca and Orazia to Montezuma. The next scene shows Zempoalla frowning on her throne because the victorious Mexicans exalt a stranger's name above that of their prince. When told by Traxalla that her son Acasis has given the Inca and his daughter to Montezuma, she requires them to be forced away, their lives are due to the gods in payment of her vow. Traxalla gladly departs to do her bidding. The scene changes to a dialogue of friendship between Montezuma and Acasis, who tells his grief in his mother's usurpation of the throne after the murder of his uncle by Traxalla. His uncle was a gentle ruler, who left his queen, Amexia, about to be a mother. Amexia had fled, "only with true Garrucca for her aid," and had been vainly searched for. While the friends speak, a messenger tells that Orazia and the Inca have been forced from Montezuma's tent by Traxalla.

Mont. Orazia forc'd away! what tempests roll
About my thoughts, and toss my troubled soul?
Can there be gods to see, and suffer this?
Or does mankind make his own fate or bliss,
While every good and bad happens by chance,
Not from their orders, but their ignorance?
But I will pull a ruin on them all,
And turn their triumph to a funeral.

Aca. Be temperate, friend.

Mont. You may as well advise
That I should have less love, as grow more wise.

Aca. Yet stay—I did not think to have revealed
A secret which my heart has still concealed;
But in this cause since I must share with you,
'Tis fit you know—I love Orazia too:
Delay not then, nor waste the time in words,
Orazia's cause calls only for our swords.

Mont. That ties my hand, and turns from thee that rage
Another way, thy blood should else assuage:
The storm on our proud foes shall higher rise,
And changing, gather blackness as it flies:
So when winds turn, the wandering waves obey,
And all the tempest rolls another way.

Aca. Draw then a rival's sword, as I draw mine,
And like friends suddenly to part, let's join

In this one act, to seek one destiny:
Rivals with honour may together die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

ZEMPOALLA appears seated upon her Slaves in triumph, and the Indians as to celebrate the Victory, advance in a warlike Dance; in the midst of which triumph, ACASIS and MONTEZUMA fall in upon them.

ZEMPOALLA descends from her triumphant Throne, and ACASIS and MONTEZUMA are brought in before her.

Zemp. Shame of my blood, and traitor to thy own,
Born to dishonour, not command, a throne;
Hast thou with envious eyes my triumph seen?
Or couldst not see thy mother in the Queen?
Couldst thou a stranger above me prefer?

Aca. It was my honour made my duty err;
I could not see his prisoners, forc'd away
To whom I ow'd my life, and you the day.

Zemp. Is that young man the warrior so renown'd?

Mont. Yes, he that made thy men thrice quit their ground.
Do, smile at Montezuma's chains; but know,
His valour gave thee power to use him so.

Trax. Grant that it did, what can his merits be,
That sought his vengeance, not our victory?
What has thy brutish fury gain'd us more,
Than only heal'd the wounds it gave before?
Die then, for whilst thou liv'st wars cannot cease;
Thou may'st bring victory, but never peace.
Like a black storm thou roll'st about us all,
E'en to thyself unquiet till thy fall. [*Draws to kill him.*]

Aca. Unthankful villain, hold.

Trax. You must not give
Him succour, sir.

Aca. Why then I must not live.
Posterity shall ne'er report they had
Such thankless fathers, or a prince so bad.

Zemp. You're both too bold to will or to deny,
On me alone depends his destiny.
Tell me, audacious stranger, whence could rise
The confidence of this rash enterprise?

Mont. First tell me how you dar'd to force from me
The fairest spoils of my own victory?

Zemp. Kill him—hold, must he die?—why let him die;
Whence should proceed this strange diversity
In my resolves?

Does he command in chains? what would he do,
Proud slave, if he were free, and I were so?
But is he bound, ye gods, or am I free?

'Tis love, 'tis love, that thus disorders me:
How pride and love tear my divided soul!
For each too narrow, yet both claim it whole:
Love as the younger must be forced away;
Hence with the captives (General) and convey
To several prisons that—young man, and this—
Peruvian woman—

Trax. How concern'd she is!
I must know more.

Mont. Fair princess, why should I
Involve that sweetness in my destiny?
I could out-brave my death, were I alone
To suffer, but my fate must pull yours on.
My breast is armed against all sense of fear,
But where your image lies, 'tis tender there.

Inca. Forbear thy saucy love, she cannot be
So low, but still she is too high for thee.

Zemp. Begone, and do as I command, away.

Mont. I ne'er was truly wretched 'till this day.

Orazia. Think half your sorrows on Orazia fall,
And be not so unkind to suffer all :
Patience in cowards is tame hopeless fear,
But in brave minds a scorn of what they bear.
[*Exit INCA, MONTEZUMA, ORAZIA, TRAXALLA.*

Mother and son remain together. Acasis pleads for honour. Zempoalla loves her son, but is also suddenly in love with Montezuma, and her jealousy dooms Orazia to die with her father. Acasis departs with a vow that he will not survive Orazia. Traxalla, suddenly in love with Orazia, enters, and finds in the next dialogue confirmation of his fear that a sudden love of Zempoalla for Montezuma stands between him and the throne. He also pleads in vain for Orazia. Then follows the musical scene which, with or without ballet, was usually introduced into the "heroic plays" of the Restoration. Ismeron, a conjuror, is asleep; Zempoalla comes to him for the interpretation of a dream. He raises by musical incantation the God of Dreams, who answers mystically. Zempoalla "sits down sad," and then a—

SONG is suppos'd sung by Aerial Spirits.

Poor mortals that are clogged with earth below
Sink under Love and Care,
While we that dwell in air
Such heavy passions never know.
Why then should mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From blood, that sullen cloud,
Which shining souls does shroud ?
Then they'll show bright,
And like us light,
When leaving Bodies with their care
They slide to us and Air.

In the Fourth Act the scene opens and discovers Montezuma sleeping in prison.

Enter TRAXALLA leading in ORAZIA.

Trax. Now take your choice, and bid him live or die ;
To both show pity or show cruelty :
'Tis you that must condemn, I'll only act ;
Your sentence is more cruel than my fact.

Oraz. You are most cruel to disturb a mind
Which to approaching fate was so resign'd.

Trax. Reward my passions, and you'll quickly prove
There's none dare sacrifice what I dare love.
Next to thee, stranger :—Wake, and now resign
The bold pretences of thy love to mine,
Or in this fatal minute thou shalt find—

Mont. Death, fool ; in that thou mayst be just and kind :
'Twas I that lov'd Orazia, yet did raise
The storm in which she sinks : why dost thou gaze,
Or stay thy hand from giving that just stroke,
Which rather than prevent, I would provoke ?
When I am dead Orazia may forgive :
She never must, if I dare wish to live.

Oraz. Hold, hold—O Montezuma, can you be
So careless of yourself, but more of me ?
Though you have brought me to this misery,
I blush to say I cannot see you die.

Mont. Can my approaching fate such pity move ?
The gods and you at once forgive and love.

Trax. Fond fool, thus to misspend that little breath
I lent thee to prevent, not hasten death ;
Let her thank you she was unfortunate,
And you thank her for pulling on your fate ;
Prove to each other your own destinies.

[*Draws.*

Enter ZEMPOALLA hastily, and sets a dagger to ORAZIA'S breast.

Zemp. Hold, hold, Traxalla, or Orazia dies.
O, is't Orazia's name that makes you stay ?
'Tis her great power, not mine, that you obey.
Inhumane wretch, dar'st thou the murderer be
Of him that is not yet condemn'd by me ?

Trax. The wretch that gave you all the pow'r you have,
May venture sure to execute a slave ;
And quench a flame your fondness would have burn,
Which may this city into ashes turn.
The nation in your guilty passion lost,
To me ungrateful, to your country most :
But this shall be their offering, I their priest.

Zemp. The wounds thou giv'st I'll copy on her breast.
Strike, and I'll open here a spring of blood,
Shall add new rivers to the crimson flood.
How his pale looks are fix'd on her !—'tis so.
Oh, does amazement on your spirit grow ?
What, is your public love Orazia's grown ?
Couldst thou see mine, and yet not hide thy own ?
Suppose I should strike first, would it not breed
Grief in your public heart to see her bleed ?
Trax. She mocks my passions, in her sparkling eyes
Death and a close dissembled fury lies :
I dare not trust her thus.—If she must die,
The way to her lov'd life through mine shall lie.

[*He puts her by and steps before ORAZIA, and she runs before MONTEZUMA.*

Under this new combination Orazia and Montezuma show more clearly their love for one another. They shall die. Zempoalla, in a passion of thwarted feeling, sends Montezuma to a darker dungeon, and says—

Come, my Traxalla, let us both forgive
And in these wretches' fates begin to live.
The altars shall be crown'd with funeral boughs,
Peace offerings paid,—but with unquiet vows.

Orazia being left also with her conflicts of feeling, sees the generous Acasis pass with the gaoler to release Montezuma and restore to him his sword. But one of the Indians says, "This shall to the Empress," and "*Exit Indian.*" Then Orazia is at his bidding taken from the prison and set free, Acasis saying of himself and Montezuma—

Permit we two a little while remain
Behind, while you go softly o'er the plain.

Orazia being gone, Acasis says that he has obeyed honour in freeing her, and now he must obey love, and fight for her. Montezuma, unwilling to fight with his friend, says—

Let fair Orazia then the sentence give,
Else he may die whom she desires to live.

But Acasis replies—

Your greater merits bribe her to your side;
My weaker title must by arms be tried.

And so they fight, and while they fight, Orazia,
who hears the clash of swords, returns. She finds
Acasis wounded and at the mercy of Montezuma,
both ardently her lovers; then says—

Whoever falls, 'tis my protector still,
And then the crime's as great to die as kill.
Acasis, do not hopeless love pursue,
But live, and this soft malady subdue.

Aca. You bid me live, and yet command me die.
I am not worth your care; fly, madam, fly,
While I fall here unpitied, o'er this plain
Free from pursuit, the faithless mountains gain;
And these I charge as they would have me think their
friendship true,

Leave me alone to serve and follow you:
Make haste, fair princess, to avoid that fate
Which does for your unhappy father wait.

Oraz. Is he then left to die, and shall he see
Himself forsaken, ere his death, by me?

Mont. What would you do—

Oraz. To prison I'll return,
And there in fetters with my father mourn.

Mont. That saves not his, but throws your life away.

Oraz. Duty shall give what nature once must pay.

Aca. Life is the gift which Heaven and parents give,
And duty best preserves it, if you live.

Oraz. I should but further from my fountain fly,
And like an unfed stream run on and die:
Urge me no more, and do not grieve to see
Your honour rival'd by my piety.

[*Exit. She goes softly off, and often looks back.*]

Mont. If honour would not, shame would lead the way.
I'll back with her.

Aca. Stay, Montezuma, stay—
Thy rival cannot let thee go alone,
My love will bear me, though my blood is gone.

[*As they are going off,*

*Enter ZEMPOALLA, TRAXALLA, the Indian that went to tell
her, and the rest, and seizes them.*

Zemp. Seize them—

Aca. Oh, Montezuma, thou art lost.

Mont. No more, proud heart, thy useless courage boast.
Courage, thou curse of the unfortunate,
That canst encounter, not resist, ill fate.

Zemp. Acasis bleeds,—

What barbarous hand has wounded thus my son?

Mont. 'Twas I, by my unhappy sword 'twas done.
Thou bleed'st, poor prince, and I am left to grieve
My rival's fall.

Trax. He bleeds, but yet may live.

Aca. Friendship and love my failing strength renew,
I dare not die when I should live for you;
My death were now my crime, as it would be
My guilt to live when I have set you free:
Thus I must still remain unfortunate,
Your life and death are equally my fate.

ORAZIA comes back.

Orazia. A noise again—alas, what do I see!
Love, thou didst once give place to piety:
Now, piety, let love triumph a while;
Here, bind my hands: come, Montezuma, smile

At fortune, since thou sufferest for my sake,
Orazia will her captives' chains partake.

Mont. Now, Fate, thy worst.

Zemp. Lead to the temple straight,
A priest and altar for these lovers wait:
They shall be join'd, they shall.

Trax. And I will prove
Those joys in vengeance, which I want in love.

Aca. I'll quench your thirst with blood, and will destroy
Myself, and with myself, your cruel joy.
Now, Montezuma, since Orazia dies,
I'll fall before thee, the first sacrifice;
My title in her death shall exceed thine,
As much as in her life, thy hopes did mine:
And when with our mixt blood the altar's dy'd,
Then our new title let the gods decide. [Exeunt.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

*The scene opens, and discovers the Temple of the Sun, all of Gold,
and four Priests in habits of white and red Feathers, attend-
ing by a bloody Altar, as ready for sacrifice.*

*Then enter the Guards, and ZEMPOALLA, and TRAXALLA; INCA,
ORAZIA, and MONTEZUMA bound; as soon as they are placed
the Priest sings.*

SONG.

You to whom victory we owe,
Whose glories rise
By sacrifice,
And from our fates below;
Never did yet your altars shine
Feasted with blood so near divine;
Princes to whom we bow,
As they to you,
These you can ravish from a throne,
And by their loss of power declare your own.

Then is shown the mixture of feelings among the
victims; also in Zempoalla, who would kill Orazia
and save Montezuma; in Traxalla, who would kill
Montezuma and save Orazia; in Acasis, who "enters
weakly," and tormented with vain love for Orazia,
stabs himself, and dies calling on Orazia with love,
on his rival with friendship. He says, at last, as
Orazia weeps over him—

—Kind death,

To end with pleasure all my miseries,
Shuts up your image in my closing eyes. [Dies.

Then enter in hurried succession three messengers
calling to arms. The banished Queen is in the streets
with old Garrucca, and declares that the heroic
stranger, Montezuma, is her son. The people call
him King. The city rings with his name, and all
are running to his rescue. Zempoalla rises.

I give the end of the play, retaining all peculiarities
of the old spelling and printing.

Zemp. Can this be true? O Love! O Fate! have I
Thus doated on my mortal enemy.

Trax. To my new Prince I thus my homage pay:
Your Reign is short young King.

Zemp. *Traxalla stay—*
'Tis to my hand that he must owe his fate,
I will revenge at once my love and hate.

[*She sets a Dagger to MONTEZUMA'S breast.*]

Trax. Strike, strike, the conquering enemy is near,
My guards are press'd while you detain me here.

Zemp. Dye then ungrateful, dye; *Amexia's* Son
Shall never triumph on *Acacis* Throne:
Thy death must my unhappy flames remove;
Now where is thy defence—against my love?

[*She cuts the Cords, and gives him the Dagger.*

Trax. Am I betrayed?

[*He draws and thrusts at MONTEZUMA, he puts it
by and kills him.*

Mont. So may all Rebels dye:

This end has Treason joyn'd with Cruelty.

Zemp. Live thou whom I must love, and yet must hate;
She gave thee Life, who knows it brings her fate.

Mont. Life is a trifle which I wou'd not take,
But for *Orazias* and her Fathers sake:

Now *Inca* hate me, if thou canst; for he

Whom thou hast scorn'd will dye or rescue thee.

[*As he goes to attack the Guards with TRAXALLA's sword,*

*Enter AMEXIA, GARRUCCA, Indians, driving some of the other
Party before them.*

Gar. He lives, ye Gods, he lives great Queen, see here
Your coming joys, and your departing fear.

Amex. Wonder and joy so fast together flow,
Their haste to pass has made their passage slow;
Like struggling waters in a Vessel pent,
Whose crowding drops choak up the narrow Vent.

My Son.— [*She embraces him.*

Mont. I am amaz'd, it cannot be
That fate has such a joy in store for me.

Amex. Can I not gain belief, that this is true?

Mont. It is my fortune I suspect, not you.

Gar. First ask him if he old *Garrucca* know.

Mont. My honoured Father, let me fall thus low.

Gar. Forbear great Prince, 'tis I must pay to you
That adoration, as my Sovereign's due:

For from my humble Race you did not spring,

You are the Issue of our Murdered King,

Sent by that Traytor to his blest abode,

Whom to be made a King, he made a God:

The story is too full of fate to tell,

Or what strange fortune our lost Queen befel.

Amex. That sad relation longer time will crave;

I liv'd obscure, he bred you in a Cave,

But kept the mighty secret from your Ear,

Lest heat of blood to some strange course shou'd steer
Your youth—

Mont. I owe him all that now I am,

He taught me first the noble thirst of fame,

Shewed me the baseness of unmanly fear,

Till th' unlick'd Whelp I pluck'd from the rough Bear,

And made the Ounce and Tyger give me way,

While from their hungry Jaws I snatch'd the Prey:

'Twas he that charg'd my young arms first with toils,

And drest me glorious in my Salvage spoils.—

Gar. You spent in shady Forest all the day,

And joy'd returning to shew me the Prey.

To tell the story, to describe the place,

With all the pleasures of the boasted chase;

Till fit for arms, I reav'd you from your sport,

To train your Youth in the *Peruvian* Court:

I left you there, and ever since have been,

The sad attendant of my exil'd Queen.

Zemp. My fatal Dream comes to my memory;

That Lion whom I held in bonds was he,

Amexia was the Dove that broke his chains;
What now but *Zempoalla's* death remains?

Mont. Pardon, fair Princess, if I must delay
My love a while, my gratitude to pay.

Live *Zempoalla*—free from dangers live,

For present merits I past crimes forgive:

Oh might she hope *Orazia's* Pardon too.—

Orazia. I wou'd have none condemn'd for loving you;

In me her merit much her fault o'er powers,

She sought my Life, but she preserv'd me yours.

Amex. Taught by my own I pity her estate,

And wish her penitence, but not her fate.

Inca. I wou'd not be the last to bid her live;

Kings best revenge their wrongs when they forgive.

Zemp. I cannot yet forget what I have been,

Wou'd you give life to her that was a Queen:

Must you then give, and must I take; there's yet

One way, that's by refusing to be great:

You bid me live—bid me be wretched too,

Think, think, what Pride unthron'd must undergo:

Look on this youth *Amexia*, look, and then

Suppose him yours, and bid me live again;

A greater sweetness on these lips there grows,

Then breath shut out from a new folded Rose:

What lovely charms on these cold Cheeks appear,

Could any one hate death and see it here?

But thou art gone—

Mont. O that you wou'd believe

Acacis lives in me, and cease to grieve.

Zemp. Yes, I will cease to grieve, and cease to be,

His soul stays watching in his wound for me;

All that cou'd render Life desir'd is gone,

Orazia has my Love, and you my Throne:

And Death *Acacis*—yet I need not dye,

You leave me Mistriss of my destiny;

In spite of Dreams how am I pleas'd to see,

Heavens truth or falsehood shou'd depend on me;

But I will help the Gods;

The greatest proof of Courage we can give,

Is then to dye when we have power to live. [*Kills her self.*

Mont. How fatally that instrument of death
Was hid—

Amex. She has expir'd her latest breath.

Mont. But there lies one to whom all griefs is due.

Orazia. None e'er was so unhappy and so true.

Mont. Your Pardon, Royal Sir.

Inca. You have my Love. [*Gives him ORAZ.*

Amex. The Gods, my Son, your happy choice approve.

Mont. Come my *Orazia* then, and pay with me,

[*Leads her to ACACIS.*

Some tears to poor *Acacis* memory;

So strange a fate for Men the Gods ordain

Our clearest Sun shine shou'd be mixt with rain;

How equally our joys and sorrows move!

Death's fatal triumphs join'd with those of Love.

Love Crowns the dead, and death Crowns him that lives,

Each gains the Conquest which the other gives.

[*Ereunt omnes.*

Another writer of these rhymed heroic plays was Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, who may rank, indeed, with Sir William Davenant as one of the introducers of them in the first days of the Restoration. Dryden flattered the Earl of Orrery by describing his verse as "all majesty and ease." His best play was "Mustapha," published with three more, "Henry V.," the "Black Prince," and "Tryphon," in 1669. Roger

Boyle's rhyming is anything but majestic in modern ears.

THE TRAGEDY OF MUSTAPHA, THE SON OF
SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT,

founded upon a novel by Georges de Scuderi, begins by showing how the mighty Solyman—whose part was acted by Thomas Betterton—pauses when Buda is about to fall, because the ruin of Hungary is no more worthy of his sword, the war seeming too low a thing

Against a mourning queen and infant king.

He will advance to Rome. His Bassas say that this is well, but war is part of their religion, and he must not leave an enemy behind. He assents, saying—

Bear then my standard before Buda's walls,
I should not stop my ears when glory calls;
Since there the foe all his reserves does make,
In taking Buda, I the kingdom take.

We then see Isabella, Queen of Hungary, in mourning, with her maid Cleora, two Hungarian Lords, and attendants. The Hungarian Council, struck with fear, proposes to surrender, and deliver up to Solyman the infant king. The Cardinal of Veradium persuades Isabella to "turn what they make necessity to trust."

Send the crown jewels and the infant king
To Roxolana as an offering;
Subdue that beauty which the victor sways,
With what the great are soonest conquered, praise:
Extol her virtue, and her mercy move
By all the charms of pity and of love;
In gaining her, you make the Sultan sure,
A desperate ill can have no common cure.
Whilst with applause high minds you higher raise,
You make them virtuous to make good your praise.

The infant king is sent secretly through the guards to Roxolana, with Cleora for nurse, the mother parting from her child with a second kiss:

Let me but seal't again ere it does go:
Two seals th' importance of despatches show.

Then we are shown Mustapha and Zanger, the two sons of Solyman, vowing eternal friendship to each other. Mustapha declares that Zanger shall not die when he becomes sovereign; he will break the custom of destroying younger brothers. They are told that Solyman has remitted to the judgment of the Divan a summons to the assault of Buda if the infant king and the crown of Hungary be not surrendered.

The scene then changes to Roxolana—whose part was acted by Mrs. Betterton—to whom Cleora has come with the young king and a casket of jewels. Roxolana is offended by the bribe of jewels. Thuricus, the Hungarian Lord who has come with Cleora, excuses his mistress.

She makes for her offence no ill amends
When she dares trust that virtue she offends.

Roxalana keeps the child and returns the jewels. The Hungarian departs, and one of Roxolana's ladies carries away the infant. Then comes the Vizier Bassa Rustan, of whom Roxolana says—

He's now the Sultan's, but I raised him first,
And poisoned him with power to make him burst.

The Divan, says Rustan, has decreed the death of the infant. It is known to have been sent to the Queen's tent for protection. Mutes wait without for its execution. When the Vizier Rustan argues, against the Queen's protection of the child, that it is a gain to innocence to die, she bids the Mutes be called to strangle the Vizier—"Dispatch! he's such a saint as needs not pray"—but gives him life at the intercession of the eunuch Bassas Achmet and Haly, who fly at the entrance of Solyman, to whom the Vizier has complained. Roxolana faces all terrors that Solyman wears to try her constancy, holds by the infant, and by tears conquers the conqueror. The act ends with the infant king of Hungary become the common care of Solyman and Roxolana.

In the Second Act the fair Queen of Hungary comes with two of her ladies to Roxolana, full of gratitude for the protection of her infant, that causes her to make present also to Roxolana of the besieged town of Buda. Roxolana, treating her generously as a guest, commits her to the care of her son Zanger, who falls in love with the Christian. Meanwhile Rustan is plotting against Roxolana through Mustapha, Solyman's eldest son by another wife.

I must engage her by some bold design,
In which her int'rest with great crimes may join:
The great can never love, because too high
For that which love allows, equality;
But they to those they fear will favour show,
And they fear those who their great mischiefs know.
Knowing her guilt, I may her favour find:
Guilt, next to love, above all ties does bind:
Her heightened mind and nature much disdain
That Mustapha should over Zanger reign;
I can assault her only on that side,
Making her virtue vassal to her pride.

Rustan poisons the mind of Solyman by praise of his son and successor, Mustapha, and draws Roxolana to his net. After Solyman has left she says—

Rox. Rustan, you must by fresh intelligence
Charge Mustapha, and with some new offence.

Rust. Madam, I am engaged past all retreat.

Rox. Go, and attend me when the watch is set.

[*Exeunt RUSTAN, PYRRHUS.*]

These little arts great Nature will forgive:
Die Mustapha, else Zanger cannot live!
Pardon, O Solyman, thy troubled wife
Who must her duty lose to save a life;
A husband venture to preserve a son,
Oh! that's the fatal rock that I would shun:
For Solyman must Mustapha deprive
Of that loved life by which himself does live:
And Mustapha to his untimely grave
Must hasten that his death may Zanger save.

Oh cruel Empire! that does thus ordain
Of royal race the youngest to be slain;
That so the eldest may securely reign;
Making th' imperial mother ever mourn
For all her infants in succession born:
Excuse, O Nature, what by me is done,
If it be cruel to preserve a son.

Zanger then tells in confidence of friendship to his half-brother Mustapha his love for the Christian Queen of Hungary:

When she her royal infant did embrace
Her eyes such floods of tears showered on her face,
That then, oh Mustapha, I did admire
How so much water sprang from so much fire:
And to increase the miracle I found
At the same time my heart both burned and drowned.

Mustapha counsels his brother, and will see the Queen of Hungary in hope to do something in his concern; that is, to save him from misfortune by dissuading her from him. The Cardinal and the Hungarians plot for profit to Hungary from Zanger's love to their Queen. But when Mustapha visits the Queen of Hungary he ends the second act by also falling in love with her, while the Queen herself is moved towards him, and exclaims—

Oh Heaven! in what wild ocean am I lost?
The tempest rises and I see no coast.

At the beginning of the Third Act, Mustapha is told by Rustan and Pyrrhus that his father orders his immediate departure to a command in Syria. He knows that he is banished because praise of his deeds and talk of his popularity have made Solymán jealous, and he says—

Fortune did never in one day design
For any heart four torments great as mine:
I to my friend and brother rival am;
She who did kindle would put out my flame;
I from my father's anger must remove;
And that does banish me from her I love.
If, of these four, the least a burthen be,
Oh, how shall I support the other three?

Zanger enters, and the friends and brothers learn that they are rivals. You, says the younger brother to Mustapha—

You as the eldest may the sceptre bear,
You first the world did see, I first saw her.

But they are rivals in generosity, and Zanger will intercede with his mother to get leave for Mustapha to stay. Then Solymán has had jealous distrust of Mustapha whetted by the reports of Rustan and Pyrrhus. Roxolana, with seeming love for Mustapha, plays into their hands, and they at last advise that Mustapha be suffered to remain, in order that if he be plotting his plots may be discovered. If guilty he should die. His exile is too little or too much. Zanger declares his love to the Queen of Hungary. Mustapha finds him doing so, and there is a scene of

generous distress among the three. The Queen makes a handsome offer and proceeds to act upon it.

This which you beauty call so much offends
When it does rivals make of two such friends,
That I by drowning it will give relief
To your unequalled friendship and my grief. [*She weeps.*]

When left alone, Zanger learns from a eunuch Bassa that the Empress has prevailed, and Mustapha shall stay. He repeats his former vow of friendship:

Since I have this procured, you may allow
Yourself to think that I will keep my vow.
I have in friendship vowed not to survive
The fatal day on which you cease to live.
And 'tis a work more difficult and high
To help a rival than it is to die.

Must. I know you'll keep your vow; and I some sign
Have given that I shall faithful prove to mine.
I vowed, if by succession I should gain
Th' imperial sceptre, you should with me reign.
And since in love's nice interest I comply
(Whose empire is secured by jealousy,
And where each lover strives to rule alone),
I can admit a rival in my throne.

We learn next from Cleora and Hungarian Lords that their Queen had again offered to Roxolana the keys of Buda, which she refused to take until she could return for it a greater present. The Queen of Hungary had resolved upon sudden return, but we see her next with the Cardinal, who ends the Third Act by leaving her perplexed, after much reasoning that she should not let faithfulness to the dead prevent her from serving her throne and country by alliance with one of the conqueror's sons. As to the difference of religion, says the Cardinal, "By trusting Mustapha you'll teach him faith." The Queen's thoughts are in a labyrinth without a clue, "and where even hope is of her eyes bereft."

Zeal against policy maintains debate;
Heaven gets the better now, and now the state.
The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,
Yet all depart unaltered by dispute.
The priestly office cannot be denied;
It wears Heaven's livery, and is made our guide.
But why should we be punished if we stray,
When all our guides dispute which is the way?

The Fourth Act opens with the Queen of Hungary and Cleora preparing for sudden flight; but Roxolana enters with the words, "You were my guest, but are my prisoner now," bids her dismiss Cleora, recalls all kindness shown to her, and then taxes her with the ruin of Zanger.

A son who never yet my will controll'd,
Till he your fatal beauty did behold:
But now, with that enchanted, is no more
By his own reason ruled nor by my power.
What my designs have built, you have o'erthrown:
And I in Zanger's ruin feel my own.

The Queen of Hungary can clear herself by telling

how she was about to fly from Zanger's love, to hide herself in a cloister, and by producing a letter asking Roxolana's pardon, which she had meant to leave behind. Then Roxolana kisses her, and trusts her with her greatest secret. To save her son Zanger, who must, by custom of the country, die when Mustapha succeeds Solymán, she must destroy Mustapha. Zanger's love for him stands in her way. If the Queen of Hungary will feign to encourage Mustapha's love towards her, it may turn Zanger's friendship for his brother into hate.

If that which I request may not be done,
You ruin me, and Zanger, and your son.
But ere I go, assure me of your stay.

Queen. In this, because I can, I will obey. [*Exit Rox.*
No Fortune aims at more than she can do;
She takes my crown that tempts my virtue too.
I am for Mustapha's true love in debt,
Which I will never pay with counterfeit.

The Cardinal, who had desired the Queen of Hungary's stay with the son of Solymán, now urges her flight. Sounds of mutiny indicate danger in staying, but she holds by her promise to Roxolana. Zarma, one of Roxolana's women, has undertaken to send the Queen's child into Buda. The Cardinal advises against its removal. Shouts of the soldiers are explained to Solymán by Rustan and Pyrrhus as signs of delight at Mustapha's remaining, and the father's mistrust of the son is fed. Zanger and Mustapha, next in discourse, are still friends, though Mustapha tells Zanger the cause of a secret grief:

Your mother with the Vizier is agreed:
And she hath secretly my death decreed.

Mustapha knows all from one to whom Roxolana's woman, Zarma, betrays secrets through love. Of the practising against him on his father, he says—

These false suggestions I might soon remove
Were I admitted to implore his love;
But, oh, that rigid form which us bereaves
Of all approach without our fathers' leaves!

Zanger will tell his mother of the mutual vow that joins to the death of Mustapha his own. After a friendly scene, "Exeunt embracing."

Rustan and Pyrrhus next appear, perplexed by mutiny of the European and Asian horse, who refuse their orders, and say that they conspired to banish Mustapha. Haly and Achmet, the eunuch Bassas, show contempt of the Vizier in distress; but Zarma enters, whispers to Rustan, and brings him with Pyrrhus to the presence of Roxolana. Rustan has sought a government in Egypt, Pyrrhus one in Babylon, that they may be out of danger. Roxolana requires that they stay to confront their danger from the fury of the soldiers, which in a day they can turn to the death of Mustapha and the making of her son Zanger the empire's heir. That done, she will care for their preferments. Zarma then enters to say that Zanger seeks admission to his mother, and the Fourth Act ends with Roxolana's refusal to admit him.

In the beginning of the Fifth Act, Roxolana, feigning unwillingness, assists at the resolve of Solymán to kill his son. Achmet is sent to invite Mustapha with kind words to his father's tent, that he may be taken without chance of a rescue. Mustapha has sought to see his father, and is told:

The mighty Sultan yields to your request;
Believes your love is in your message sent,
He trusts that love, and thinks you innocent.

Zanger mistrusts, and warns his brother. Mustapha, before going to Solymán, seeks to release Zanger from the rigour of his vow not to survive him. The Queen of Hungary is told by Zarma that Solymán smiles upon his son. The Cardinal mistrusts, and urges the return of the Queen with her infant to Buda, which is now assaulted also from the west by King Ferdinand. She declares herself tied by her promise, but commands the Cardinal to leave her and defend the town. Mustapha then enters his father's tent. "The guards and others, passing by him, shake their heads with sorrowful looks." He sees his danger before it appears in the form of "six Mutes, one of whom advances before the rest and kneels down, delivers Mustapha a black box with a parchment, the Sultan's great seal hanging at it in a black ribband." The Mute holds up a bowstring, and makes signs that Mustapha should kneel, and submit to the Sultan's sentence. Mustapha says his last words, and kills two of the Mutes who, by shaking their heads, deny that he shall speak to his father before execution. Solymán enters, refuses to hear his son, and sends him within for execution. Then Haly describes to Roxolana the heroic manner of Mustapha's death. Zanger enters to Solymán—Zanger, who is now heir to the throne. The truth becomes known; Zanger kills himself beside the dead body of Mustapha. Roxolana finds that her plots end in misery. The Queen of Hungary goes with her son to Buda, where she will remain for the rest of her days in a cloister. The Viziers confess under torture, before they are slain, and accuse Roxolana. She confesses, and at the close of the play is divorced and banished, Solymán saying to her—

Farewell for ever, and to Love farewell!
I'll lock my bosom up where Love did dwell;
I will to Beauty ever shut my eyes
And be no more a captive by surprise:
But, oh, how little I esteem a throne
When Love, the ornament of power, is gone!

The change from blank verse to rhymed couplets in our English "heroic" plays was begun by Davenant and Roger Boyle, and derived chiefly from Pierre Corneille, who, having begun with comedies, turned to tragedy, with his "Medea," in 1635. It was followed by the "Cid," in 1636, of which the subject was suggested by study of Spanish; Lope de Vega (b. 1562–d. 1635) and Calderon (1601–1687) having great influence on the formation of French drama. "Horace" was produced in 1639, and a few months later "Cinna;" then "Polyeucte." Corneille aimed at producing impressions of the heroic, and in

his later pieces he sought more intricacy of plot. His plays became less simple in form, more declamatory and inflated. He turned from the theatre in 1653 (said that his poetry was decaying with his teeth), and between that date and 1659 wrote his three essays on Dramatic Poetry, including one on the Three Unities. He then returned to the stage with "Edipe," and wrote seven or eight other weak plays between 1660 and 1675. In 1667, the year of the publication of "Paradise Lost," he had lately produced "Agésilas," and then added "Attila," of which Boileau wrote:—

J'ai vu l'Agésilas.

Hélas!

Mais après l'Attila.

Hola!

The year of Corneille's "Attila" was that of Racine's "Andromaque." Thirty-three years younger than Pierre Corneille, Jean Racine was born in 1639, the year of the production of Corneille's "Horace." His career as a poet only began in 1660, at the date of the Restoration. Racine, in disgust at the low taste of the public, ceased to write plays in 1677, at the age of thirty-eight. Corneille died in 1684, Racine in 1699. Molière, born in 1622, sixteen years younger than Pierre Corneille, and seventeen years older than Racine, produced his first comedy at Paris in 1658. His career, therefore, may almost be said to have begun, like Racine's, at the time of the Restoration, and it ended in 1673, when he died a few hours after acting in his own play of "Le Malade Imaginaire." The French drama having reached its point of greatest strength at a time when many things contributed to extend and strengthen the French influence on English Literature, our plays by friends of the king who had been to Paris followed the French fashion, and perhaps were not benefited by the playgoing taste of a day when even in Paris the "Phèdre" of Pradon was far more in request than the "Phèdre" of Racine.

In 1664 Dryden produced his second piece, the "Rival Ladies," in blank verse with some passages of heroic couplet, and in the dedication to Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, discussed his reason for having done so. It was not, he said, a new way, so much as an old way new revived, "for many years before Shakespeare's plays was the tragedy of Queen Gorduc in English verse" (Gorduc was a king, not a queen, and the verse was *not* rhyme, but no matter). But supposing it new, "shall we oppose ourselves to the most polished and civilised nations of Europe?" All the Spanish and Italian tragedies he had seen were in rhyme; for the French, he would not name them, because we admitted little from them but "the basest of their men, the extravagance of their fashions, and the frippery of their merchandise." Dryden appears to have known as little of Italian and Spanish tragedies as of Elizabethan literature. Shakespeare, he says, in this dedication, "to shun the pains of continual rhyming, invented that kind of writing which we call blank verse, but the French more properly *Prose mesurée*, into which the English tongue so naturally glides, that in writing blank verse 'tis

hardly to be avoided." Rhyme, he said, leads to inversions, but not in a skilful writer; and if they be avoided, it has all the advantages of prose besides its own. "But the excellence and dignity of it were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it" (O souls of Chaucer and of Spenser!). "He first made writing easily an Art: first shew'd us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs, which in the verse of those before him runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." (Waller, then living, aged fifty-nine, died in 1687, aged eighty-two, much flattered by the ingenious in the days of Charles the Second). "The sweetness of Mr. Waller's Lyric Poesie was afterwards followed in the Epic by Sir John Denham in his "Cooper's Hill" ("Cooper's Hill," an Epic! Sir John Denham, also then living, died in 1668); "a poem which your lordship knows for the majesty of the style is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing. But if we owe the invention of it to Mr. Waller, we are acknowledging for the noblest use of it to Sir William Davenant, who at once brought it upon the stage, and made it perfect in the 'Siege of Rhodes.'" Dryden then specified three advantages of rhyme over blank verse:—1. It aids memory; 2. Sweetness of rhyme adds grace to the smartness of a repartee; 3. It bounds and circumscribes the fancy, which, without it, tends to outrun judgment. Instead, therefore, of being, as some say, an embroidery of sense to make ordinary thought look excellent, it is likely to bring forth the richest and clearest thoughts, as giving the judgment its busiest employment. But argument and characters must be alike great and noble.

In 1666 Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law, in his Preface to "Four New Plays," vindicated the English manner of writing and dramatic genius, but objected to our mixture of the sad and mirthful in one plot. "Another way," he said, "of the ancients, which the French follow and our stage has lately practis'd, is to write in rhyme; and this is the dispute betwixt many ingenious persons, whether verse in rhyme or verse without the sound, which may be called Blank Verse (though a hard expression) is to be preferred?" He held both to be proper; one for a play, the other for a poem or copy of verses; "a Blank Verse being as much too low for one, as Rhyme is unnatural for the other. A poem being a premeditated form of thought upon designed occasions, ought not to be unfurnished of any harmony in words or sound: the other is presented as the present effect of accidents not thought of." Then, again, the rhyme in a repartee, which should have its charm in sudden thought, makes it look "rather like a design of two than the answer of one." It may be said that rhyme checks a luxuriant fancy, but that is no argument to the question, "for the dispute is not which way a man may write best in, but which is most proper for the subject he writes upon;" and again, "he that wants judgment in the liberty of his fancy may as well show the defect of it in its confinement." If it be said, one cannot write blank verse now like Beaumont and Fletcher's, that is true; true, also, that we cannot speak as good verses in rhyme as the best poets have writ; and therefore that

which seems nearest to what it intends is ever to be preferred. Nor are great thoughts more adorned by verse than verse unbeautified by mean ones; so that verse seems not only unfit in the best use of it, but much more in the worse; as when a servant is called, or a door bid to be shut, in rhyme. It is true Lord Orrery's plays are all majesty and ease, meeting every conceivable objection—"this does not convince my reason, but employ my wonder."

In 1667 appeared Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," a dialogue between Eugenius (Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset), Lisideius (Sir Charles Sedley), Crites (Sir Robert Howard), and Neander (Dryden himself). These friends, it is said in the opening, went down the river towards Greenwich to hear the noise of cannon in the sea-fight with the Dutch, June, 1666. As the sound seemed to recede, conversation turned on the plague of bad verse that would follow victory, in celebration of it, and so passed into an argument upon ancient and modern poets, soon limited to Dramatic Poesie. It dealt with the subject of a play, "the famous rules which the French call 'Des Trois Unitez'"—action, plot, &c. Lisideius spoke of the beauty of French rhyme, and of the just reason he had to prefer that way of writing in tragedies before ours in blank verse. He said he doubted not the adoption of it would exceedingly beautify our plays, and saw only one reason why it should not generally obtain—that is, because our poets write so ill in it. Neander (Dryden) having replied on other points, Crites (Sir Robert Howard) opposed rhyme. The dramatists before Shakespeare may have known no better. Shakespeare did not wholly forsake rhyme. Fletcher and Ben Jonson used it in pastorals and some other plays; but rhyme is unnatural, or not the effect of sudden thought. Aristotle said it is best to write tragedy in that form of verse which is the least such, or which is nearest to prose; and this among the ancients was iambic, with us it is blank verse. These numbers are fittest for a play; the others for a paper of verses or a poem, blank verse being as much below them as rhyme is improper for the drama. Crites repeated also the argument against calling a servant in rhyme to shut the door. As for confinement, Ben Jonson is all judgment in blank verse; Corneille rambles in rhyme. Neander (Dryden) replies, confessing shortcomings in his own plays, and "with all imaginable respect and deference both to that person (Sir R. Howard) from whom you have borrowed your strongest arguments, and to whose judgment, when I have said all, I finally submit." He excludes comedy, and confines his argument to plays where the subject and characters are great, and the plot unmingled with mirth. In these, he says, rhyme is as natural as blank verse, and more effectual. (1) The objection of Crites to bad rhyme is as good against bad blank verse. (2) A skilful writer with variety of cadence, and placing his words naturally, produces what is not less proper than blank verse to the poetical expression of thought. If none speak in rhyme, so also none speak in blank verse. The only difference between the two, well used, is that one has a sweetness which the other wants. (3) Aristotle's saying is no argu-

ment in the case, because blank verse is properly but measured prose. The ancients had quantity; when that was lost, the sweetness of rhyme and observation of accent supplied its place. Quantity abandoned, blank verse is, at most, poetic prose, and rhymed lines with the sense run into another line may be so natural as to become the form of poetry nearest to prose, or "we may use the benefit of the Pindaric way practis'd in 'The Siege of Rhodes,' where the numbers vary, and the rhyme is disposed carelessly and far from often chiming." We may follow the ancients in changing kind of verse with kind of scene. (4) If it be said that we with our rhymes cannot equal the blank verse of Jonson and Fletcher: were they to rise again, they could not equal themselves. They have run through their estate; exhausted treatment of all humours of men. "This way of writing in verse they have only left free to us; our age is arrived to a perfection in it which they never knew, and which (if we may guess by what of theirs we have seen in verse, in 'The Faithful Shepherdess and Sad Shepherd') 'tis probable they never could have reached. For the genius of every age is different, and although ours excel in this" [which assuredly it did not], "I deny not but that to imitate Nature to that perfection which they did in prose is a greater commendation than to write in verse exactly." (5) As for the popular taste, the people are ignorant, their judgment a mere lottery; it is hard for them to break an old habit; but the mixed audience of the populace and the noblesse are already favourable to verse. Since the King's return, no plays have been better received by them than the "Siege of Rhodes," the "Mustapha," "The Indian Queen," and "Indian Emperor" (this was a sequel by Dryden to "The Indian Queen"). (6) You say that rhyme is proper for epic poesie. A serious play represents nature, but nature wrought up to a high pitch. For this heroic rhyme is nearest nature, as being the noblest modern kind of verse. (7) Blank verse is acknowledged too low for a poem—nay, more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for a tragedy! (8) The argument is almost as strong against the use of rhyme in poems as in plays, for the epic way is interlaced with dialogue. (9) "Verse, 'tis true, is not the effect of sudden thought, but this hinders not that sudden thought may be represented in the verse. A play to be like nature is set above it, as statues which are placed on high are made greater than life, that they may descend to the sight in their just proportions." (10) As to the confederacy of two and the answer of one, is it not so in blank verse? Was it not so in the Greek tragedians and in Seneca, when the reply was made exactly to fill up the trimeter? So now; rhyme being to us in lieu of quantity to them. But grant your objection. Why is such confederacy more displeasing than in a dance where all is well contrived? When a poet has found the repartee, the last perfection he can add to it is to put it into verse. (11) As to the "shut the door" argument. It is a good observation, but no argument. It proves only that such thoughts should be waived, as often as may be, by the address of the poet. When necessary, there is no need to put

them into rhyme. They can be placed at the beginning of a verse, or, if they want more than a line to themselves, they can be put in the least vulgar words. Our language is noble, and enables us to clothe ordinary things as decently as in the Latin. One would think "Unlock the door" was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; and yet Seneca could make it sound high and lofty in his Latin:—

"Reserate clusos Regii postes Laris."¹

(12) That the argument is not how a man may write best, but what style is fittest. That judgment may be used in blank verse, and be absent in rhyme. "This argument, as you have taken it from a most acute person, so I confess it carries much weight in it. Judgment is indeed the master workman in a play, but he requires many subordinate heads, many tools to his assistance. And verse I affirm to be one of these; 'tis a rule and line by which he keeps his building compact and even, which otherwise lawless imagination would raise either irregularly or loosely." As for Ben Jonson, rhyme only aids thus a luxuriant fancy, which his was not; "As he did not want imagination, so none ever said he had much to spare."

In 1688 Sir Robert Howard finished the argument; in the Preface to his play, then published, of "The Duke of Lerma," he said that the author of the "Essay of Dramatic Poesie" had taken much pains to prove "rhyme as natural in a serious play and more effectual than blank verse," but pursues that which he calls natural in a wrong application. The question, he said, is, "What is nearest the nature of that which it presents?" "Now after all the endeavours of that ingenious person, a play will still be supposed to be a composition of several persons speaking extempore; and 'tis certain that good verses are the hardest things that can be imagined to be so spoken." (2) As to Seneca's opening a door, how would that be put in our noble, full, and significant English? It is only "an attempt to prove that nothing may seem something by the help of a verse; which I easily grant to be the ill fortune of it." Sir Robert Howard argued that the question was mistaken, and that there were equally gross errors in the general rules laid down for plays. This argued, a very slight loss of temper was recovered, and the rest of the Preface was very polite.

While this sort of trifling appeared wise in the eyes of critics trained in the French school, and Sir Robert Howard's defence of blank verse as measure for our dramatists showed as dense an ignorance of its true character as Dryden's arguing upon the other side, the place of blank verse in our literature was settled for ever by the genius of John Milton. "Paradise Lost" appeared in the same year as Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," 1667. Until that year the only long poem in blank verse in our language had been published in 1590 as "The Tale of Two Swans, wherein is comprehended the original and encrease of the River Lea, commonly called Ware River, together with the Antiquities of sundrie places and towns

seated upon the same. By W. Vallens." In 1667, while Dryden and his brother-in-law were bandying small criticism, the greatest epic poem in all literature appeared in English blank verse. Some critics asked of the publisher reasons for this bold innovation. The publisher asked the poet, and Milton then gave him three sentences to print before his poem for the reassurance of the critics. They are these:

"THE VERSE.

"The measure is English Heroic Verse, without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies; as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triviale and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing."

This ended the controversy. The manifest difference between blank verse as Shakespeare and Milton wrote it, and the spoilt prose cut into length which had of late years been written as blank verse, and about which alone Dryden and Sir Robert Howard had been arguing, could not pass unobserved by a true poet like Dryden. In the Prefaces and Dedications to his plays he showed himself the manliest and soundest critic of his day, through all the hindrances that came of his dependence upon fashion, in a time of small critical vanities with a very low standard of taste among those who prided themselves on superior discernment. In 1668 Sir William Davenant died. In 1670 Dryden succeeded him as poet laureate. In 1675 he produced "Aurenge-Zebe; or, the Great Mogul," his last play in rhyme (except the opera of "Albion and Albanus"), and said in the Prologue that he condemned his own work in it:

Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another taste of wit,
And to confess a truth (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like enchanted ground.
What verse can do he has performed in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his,
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name.

¹ The line is spoken by Theseus at the close of the first scene of the third act of Seneca's "Hippolytus," immediately before the meeting with Phædra.

The weak extravagance of the "heroic" plays of the year next following the Restoration was cleverly

ridiculed by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in his burlesque called

THE REHEARSAL,

which was produced in 1671, but begun some years before. At first, the hero chiefly in mind was Sir Robert Howard, and he was called Bilboa; then Davenant, and as he was laureate, Bilboa became Bayes. Davenant was partly transformed to Dryden when Dryden succeeded to the bays. Mr. Bayes is, therefore, Dryden chiefly, but the play rehearsed, of which it is a part of the joke that characters come and go without opening or developing any distinct plot, is largely made up of whimsical parodies of passages in plays of Sir Robert Howard, Davenant, Dryden, and others, as Sir William Killigrew, Sir William Barclay, Sir Robert Stapleton, and Colonel Henry Howard. "The Rehearsal" was a plea for good sense. Boileau's pleas for good sense against the tasteless extravagance of French writers had been appearing in his "Satires," and "L'Art Poétique," his summary of his doctrine, was written about this time, and first published in 1673, with a collected edition of his works. "The Rehearsal," in its own way of caricature, was an English argument in the same direction.

In the opening, Johnson of the town meets Smith from the country, and they talk presently of plays.

Smith. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new plays; and our country wits commend 'em.

John. Ay, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

John. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith. Elevate and surprise! prithee make me understand the meaning of that.

John. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying; and every thing, but thinking and sense.

MR. BAYES passes over the stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, sir.

John. God-so, this is an author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, prithee let him alone.

John. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is: I have caught him: pray, sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, sir, upon this—sweet sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble servant, sir.

John. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. Ay, sir: what is't?

John. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, sir, the meaning? do you mean the plot?

John. Ay, ay; anything.

Bayes. Faith, sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you

one thing; 't is all new wit; and though I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. "In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and show, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I' gad, with any play in Europe." This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend, will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. I think it is in this pocket.

[*Puts his hand in his pocket.*]

John. Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common-places*; the mother of many other plays.

John. *Drama Common-places*! pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, sir, some certain helps, that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, sir, helps for wit?

Bayes. Ay, sir, that's my position. And I do here aver, that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules!—

John. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or Regula Duplex; changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternativè* as you please.

Smith. Well; but how is this done by a rule, sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood: I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some; I transverse it; that is, if it be prose put it into verse (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse, put it into prose.

John. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called transposing.

Bayes. By my troth, sir, 't is a very good notion; and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'T is so changed that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

John. We hear you, sir; go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; do you mark? but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that too my own.

John. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

¹ He who writ this, not without pain and thought,
From French and English theatres has brought
The exactest rules, by which a play is wrought.
The unity of action, place, and time;
The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime,
Of Johnson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

(Prologue to the "Maiden Queen.")

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

John. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruples of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three Players on the stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in; whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on 't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sense, tires them before the end of the first act: now here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And then, for scenes, clothes, and dances, we put quite down all that ever went before us; and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but so it gets us money, 't is no great matter.

Then, after some preparatory talk with the players, and wit in suggestion that Amaryllis, who wears armour that becomes her, is to be called in the play *Armourillis*, Mr. Bayes begins to explain his plot.

Bayes. Look you, sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that makes up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place; as, for example,¹ at *Brentford*, for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make myself well understood.)

John. I did not observe you, sir; pray say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, sir (nay, I beseech you be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing); the people being embarrass'd by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people, make a certain kind of a—you understand me—upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[*Exit to call the Players.*]

Smith. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either; that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue² (do you mark?); nay, they may both serve too, I' gad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith. Very well; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue? for, you must know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues: the one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to—a—in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors; the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, I' gad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furred cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, that if out of good nature they will not like my play, I' gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping—a—

Smith. Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose! sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, sir; I' gad, not one jot, sir. Suppose quoth a!—ha, ha, ha!

[*Walks away.*]

After dialogue that satirises the devices for obtaining applause from an audience, we come back to the prologue or epilogue.

Bayes. But pray, sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smith. By my troth, sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. By how do you like it, sir (for I see you can judge)? would you have it for a prologue, or the epilogue?

John. Faith, sir, 't is so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

John. What other, sir?

Bayes. Why, sir, my other is Thunder and Lightning.

John. That's greater; I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; though there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareille*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue; and as in my first, you see, I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, in *terrorem*, I choose for the persons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

John. Phoo! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hanged before they'll dare affront an author that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty similes in the whole world, I' gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'T is an allusion to love.

So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;
Boar beckons sow to trot in chestnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinished loves:

¹ Two Kings of Brentford, supposed to be the two brothers, the king and the duke. [Notes are from the "Key" published in 1710.]

² See the two Prologues to the "Maiden Queen."

Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and grundle to each other's moan.¹

How do you like it now, ha?

John. Faith, 't is extraordinary fine; and very applicable to Thunder and Lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I' gad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. Johnson, I thank you; and I'll put it in *profecto*. Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Bayes. Mr. Cartwright, prithee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold Thunder: pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.²

Light. The brisk Lightning, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble. The brisk Lightning, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest Hector of the sky.

Light. And I fair Helen, that made Hector die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let critics take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces.
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their petre to soot.

Thun. Let the critics look to 't.

Light. Let the ladies look to 't.

Thun. For Thunder will do 't.

Light. For Lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.
Gallants, I'll singe your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to 't, look to 't; we'll do 't, we'll do 't:

Look to 't, we'll do 't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*]

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Bayes. There's no more. 'T is but a flash of a prologue: a droll.

Smith. Yes, 't is short indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the simile's in, it will do to a miracle, I' gad. Come, come, begin the play.

Enter first Player.

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet; but he'll be here presently; he's but two doors off.³

Bayes. Come then, gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of tobacco. [*Exeunt.*]

So ends the First Act; and thus begins the Second—

¹ In ridicule of this—

So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gathering in the sky;
Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving, in murmurs, their unfinish'd loves:
Perched on some dropping branch, they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's moan.

(*"Conquest of Granada,"* Part ii., p. 48.)

² I am the evening dark as night.

(*"Slighted Maid,"* p. 49.)

³ Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable actor of women's parts; but afterwards stupefied himself so far, with drinking strong waters, that, before the first acting of this farce, he was fit for nothing but to go of errands; for which, and mere charity, the company allowed him a weekly salary.

Bayes. Now, sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper.⁴

Smith. Umph! very new indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phy. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of physician.

Phy. You hit my function right.

Ush. And you mine.

Phy. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phy. Come.

John. Pray, sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, sir, the Gentleman-Usher and Physician of the two Kings of Brentford.

John. But, pray, then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

John. Very well.

Phy. Sir, to conclude.

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where? in the tiring-room?

Bayes. Why, ay, sir. He's so dull! come, speak again.

Phy. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all these threat'ning storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasped but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray mark that allegory. Is not that good?

John. Yes; that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phy. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false (which none but the great gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phy. No; attended with the noble—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Again.

Ush. Who, he in grey?

Phy. Yes; and at the head of—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, sir, most certain 't will in time appear, These are the reasons that have mov'd him to 't;

First he—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. At it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they—— [*Whispers.*]

[*Exeunt whispering.*]

Bayes. Now they both whisper. Now, gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

John. In troth, I think it is, sir. But why two kings of the same place?

⁴ *Drake Sen.* Draw up our men;

And in low whispers give our orders out.

(*"Play-house to be Let,"* p. 100.)

See the *"Amorous Prince,"* pp. 20, 22, 39, 69, where you will find all the chief commands and directions are given in whispers.

Bayes. Why, because it's new, and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smith. Well, sir, but pray why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, sir (besides that it is new, as I told you before), because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulged.

Smith. But then, sir, why—

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed. [Goes to the door.]

With omission of the amusing dialogue that intervenes between Bayes, Smith, and Johnson, here is the next scene.

SCENE II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. Oh, these are now the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their style, 't was never yet upon the stage: but if you like it, I could make a shift perhaps to show you a whole play, writ all just so.

1 *King.* Did you observe their whispers, brother king?

2 *King.* I did, and heard, besides, a grave bird sing, That they intend, sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar, because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smith. S'death, this would make a man spew.

1 *King.* If that design appears,
I'll lug them by the ears,
Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King.* And so will I, i' fack.

1 *King.* You must begin, *ma foy.*

2 *King.* Sweet sir, *pardonnez moy.*

Bayes. Mark that; I make 'em both speak French, to show their breeding.

John. O, 't is extraordinary fine!

2 *King.* Then spite of fate, we'll thus combinèd stand,
And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*]

John. This is a majestic scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-critics, I' gad; I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I' gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you.

And again omitting some intervening dialogue, here are the next scenes—

SCENE III.

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN.

Pret. How strange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
My love I cannot; that is too divine:
And against fate what mortal dares repine?¹

Enter CHLORIS.

But here she comes.

Sure 't is some blazing comet! is it not? [*Lies down.*]

Bayes. Blazing comet! mark that, I' gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am so surprised with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*Sleeps.*]

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep in the nick? his spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swoop he falls asleep, as you see. Now here she must make a simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Because she's surprised. That's a general rule; you must ever make a simile when you are surprised; 't is the new way of writing.

Chloris. As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
Feeling without that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his woosted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.² [*Exit.*]

John. Mr. Bayes, methinks this simile wants a little application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this scene has made you sad; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smith. No, truly, sir, my spirits are almost exhaled too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince PRETTYMAN starts up, and says—

Pret. It is resolved. [*Exit.*]

Bayes. That's all.

Smith. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you one question now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O lord, sir, you may ask me anything, what you please; I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour; you do not know me if you say that, sir.

Smith. Then pray, sir, what is it that this prince here has resolved in his sleep?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough asked, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, sir, that to outdo all my fellow-writers, whereas they keep their *intrigo* secret, till the very last scene before the dance, I now, sir (do you mark me?)—a—

Smith. Begin the play, and end it, without ever opening the plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain truth on't; ha, ha, ha! I do, I' gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a scene of business: pray observe it; for I daresay you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argued. 'To tell you true, 'tis a discourse I overheard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. Come, sir; let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phy. Right; lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i' faith.

² In imitation of this passage—

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head:
So shrouded up your beauty disappears;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears:
The storm that caused your fright is past and gone.

(*"Conquest of Granada," Part I., p. 55.*)

¹ Compare this with Prince Leonidas in *"Marriage à-la-Mode."*

Bayes. I do just so, I' gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus.

Phy. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smith. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another man's opinion before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here but well-bred persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divide the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

John. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the when; you say, just now: so that is answered. Then, as for what: why, that answers itself; for what could they hear but what we talked of? so that naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *videlicet*, whether they heard or no.

Smith. This is a very wise scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Ush. Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phy. No, you'll answer better; pray let me ask it you.

Ush. Your will must be a law.

Phy. Come then, what is't I must ask?

Smith. This politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know that t' other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ush. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phy. Well, I do so.

Ush. Say it then.

Smith. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

John. This is mighty methodical.

Bayes. Ay, sir; that's the way; 't is the way of art; there is no other way, I' gad, in business.

Phy. Did they hear us whisper?

Ush. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word whisper: to whisper in Latin is *fufurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper; but then comes in the *quomodo*, the *how*; how did they hear us whisper? why, as to that, there are two ways: the one by chance or accident, the other on purpose; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phy. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give them physic more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this, for a great deal depends upon it towards the latter end of the play.

Smith. I suppose that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Partly it was, sir; but I confess I was not unwilling, besides, to show the world a pattern here how men should talk of business.

John. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phy. Well, if they heard us whisper, they will turn us out, and nobody else will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phy. Let's then no more ourselves in vain bemoan: We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ush. 'T is right:

And, since occasion now seems debonair,

I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

[*They draw their swords, and sit in the two great chairs upon the stage.*]

Bayes. There's now an odd surprise; the whole state's

turned quite topsy-turvy, without any pother or stir in the whole world, I' gad.¹

John. A very silent change of government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Usurpers march out, flourishing their swords.*]

Enter SHIRLY.

Shir. Hey ho! hey ho! what a change is here? hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say.² [*Exit.*]

John. Mr. Bayes, in my opinion now, that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part on purpose to set off the rest.

John. Cry you mercy, sir.

Smith. But pray, sir, how came they to depose the kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smith. O very well, now I'm fully satisfied.

Bayes. And then to show you, sir, it was not done so very easily neither, in the next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smith. Oh, oh! so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done!

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. O I conceive you: that, I swear, is very natural.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter four Men at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 *Sold.* Stand. Who goes there?

2 *Sold.* A friend.

1 *Sold.* What friend?

2 *Sold.* A friend to the house.

1 *Sold.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Music strikes.*]

Bayes. Hold, hold.—[*To the music. It ceases.*—] Now here's an odd surprise: all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made, in *effant flat*,

¹ Such easy turns of state are frequent, says the "Key;" where we see princes dethroned, and governments changed, by very feeble means, and on slight occasions: particularly in "Marriage à-la-Mode," a play writ since the first publication of this farce. Where (to pass by the dullness of the state-part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance Leonidas bears to our Prince Prettyman, being sometimes a king's son, sometimes a shepherd's; and not to question how Amalthea comes to be a princess, her brother, the king's great favourite, being but a lord) it is worth our while to observe how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is deposed, and the right heir placed on the throne; and it is thus related by the said imaginary princess:—

Amalthea. Oh, gentlemen! if you have loyalty
Or courage, show it now. Leonidas,
Broke on a sudden from his guards, and snatching
A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,
Bravely defends himself, and owns aloud
He is our long lost king, found for this moment;
But, if your valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his guards, moved by the sense of virtue,
Are turned for him, and there they stand at bay,
Against a host of foes. ("Marriage a-la-Mode," p. 61.)

This shows Mr. Bayes to be a man of constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laughed out of his own method; agreeable to what he says in the next act—"As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say?"

² I know not what to say, or what to think!

I know not when I sleep, or when I wake!

("Love and Friendship," p. 46.)

My doubts and fears my reason to dismay:

I know not what to do, or what to say. ("Pandora," p. 46.)

and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your note in *effaut flat*. Play on. [*To the music.*]—Now, now, now!—[*The music plays his note, and the dead men rise; but cannot get in order.*]—O lord! O lord! Out, out, out! did ever men spoil a good thing so! no figure, no ear, no time, nothing? udzookers, you dance worse than the angels in “Harry the Eighth,” or the fat spirits in the “Tempest,” I’ gad.

1 *Sold.* Why, sir, ’tis impossible to do anything in time, to this tune.

Bayes. O lord! O lord! impossible! why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that’s a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and adapting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do it. Look you now: here I am dead.—[*Lies down flat on his face.*]—Now mark my note *effaut flat*. Strike up, music. Now!—[*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*]—Ah, gadzookers! I have broke my nose.

John. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in *effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this stage, with your nails and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can’t come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smith. No, indeed, sir, I don’t usually carry any about me.

2 *Sold.* Sir, I’ll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the dance, and I’ll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like horsemen. [*Exit BAYES.*]

Smith. Like horsemen! What a plague can that be?

[*They dance the dance, but can make nothing of it.*]

1 *Sold.* A devil! let’s try this no longer: play my dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with so. [*Dance, and Exeunt.*]

Smith. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

John. Prithce let’s go see. [*Exeunt.*]

Mr. Bayes reappears at the beginning of the Third Act with a paper on his nose, this accident being designed as a suggestion of the damaged nose of Davenant. The first scene of the act is a caricature of Dryden’s comic writing in the “Wild Gallant.”

SCENE II.

Enter the two Usurpers,¹ hand in hand.

Ush. But what’s become of Volscius the great?

His presence has not graced our court of late.

Phy. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that illustrious hero wrung.

Bayes. Is not that majestical?

Smith. Yes, but who a devil is that Volscius?

Bayes. Why, that’s a prince I make in love with Parthenope.

Smith. I thank you, sir.

Enter CORDELIO.

Cor. My lieges, news from Volscius the prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe’er it be.²

Smith. How, sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, sir, have a little patience: gadzookers,

you’ll spoil all my play. Why, sir, ’t is impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smith. Cry you mercy, sir.

Cor. His highness, sirs, commanded me to tell you, That the fair person whom you both do know, Despairing of forgiveness for her fault, In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt Upon her precious life; but, by the care Of standers by, prevented was.

Smith. S’heart, what stuff’s here?

Cor. At last,

Volscius the great this dire resolve embraced:
His servants he into the country sent,
And he himself to Piccadilly went;
Where he’s informed by letters that she’s dead.

Ush. Dead! is that possible? dead!

Phy. O ye gods! [*Exeunt.*]

Bayes. There’s a smart expression of a passion: O ye gods! that’s one of my bold strokes, I’ gad.

Smith. Yes; but who’s the fair person that’s dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, sir.

Smith. Nay, if we know at all, ’tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she’s not dead neither.

Smith. Marry, that’s good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here’s the man brought in that is supposed to have killed her. [*A great shout within.*]

SCENE III.

Enter AMARILLIS, with a book in her hand, and attendants.

Ama. What shout triumphant’s that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Shy maid, upon the river brink, near Twickenham town, the false assassinate is ta’en.

Ama. Thanks to the powers above for this deliverance. I hope,

Its slow beginning will portend

A forward *Exit* to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all future end! no, no; to all future END; you must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the conceit.

Smith. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. Ay, sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter Soldiers, dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind
T’ attack the noblest soul of human kind?

Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. What! did Prince Prettyman hire you to kill Prince Prettyman?

Fish. No, Prince Volscius.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Volscius.

Ama. What! did Prince Volscius hire you to kill Prince Volscius?

Fish. No, Prince Prettyman.

Ama. So drag him hence,

Till torture of the rack produce his sense. [*Exeunt.*]

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for he’s out at one and t’ other; and that’s the design of this scene.

¹ See the two kings in the “Conquest of Granada.”

² Albert. Curtius, I’ve something to deliver to your ear.

Cur. Anything from Alberto is welcome.

(“Amorous Prince,” p. 39.)

Smith. I see, sir, you have a several design for every scene.

Bayes. Ay, that's my way of writing; and so, sir, I can dispatch you a whole play before another man, I' gad, can make an end of his plot.

Prince Prettyman finds he is a fisherman's son. But he is told by Thimble—

Thim. Brave Prettyman, it is at length revealed,
That he is not thy sire who thee concealed.

Bayes. Lo' you now; there he's off again.

John. Admirably done, i' faith!

Bayes. Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What oracle this darkness can evince!

Sometimes a fisher's son, sometimes a prince.

It is a secret great as is the world;

In which I, like the soul, am tossed and hurled.

The blackest ink of fate sure was my lot,

And when she writ my name she made a blot. [Exit.]

Bayes. There's a blustering verse for you now.

Smith. Yes, sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a fisherman's son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his son, but for fear he should be thought to be nobody's son at all.

Smith. Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see.

SCENE V.

Enter Prince VOLSCIUS, going out of town.

Smith. I thought he had been gone to Piccadilly.

Bayes. Yes, he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his design.

John. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the army that lies concealed for him at Knightsbridge.

John. I see here's a great deal of plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break, but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince VOLSCIUS, CLORIS, AMARILLIS, and HARRY, with a Riding-cloak and Boots.

Ama. Sir, you are cruel thus to leave the town,
And to retire to country solitude.

Clo. We hoped this summer that we should at least
Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your company; prettily expressed: held the honour of your company! gadzookers, these fellows will never take notice of anything.

John. I assure you, sir, I admire it extremely; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 't is no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain!
That you will here, with poor us, still remain!
Before your horses come, pronounce our fate,
For then, alas! I fear 't will be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Vol. Harry, my boots; for I'll go range among
My blades encamped, and quit this urban throng.¹

¹ Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll go out of town this evening.

Into the country I'll with speed,
With hounds and hawks my fancy feed.

* * * * *
Now I'll away, a country life
Shall be my mistress, and my wife.

(Both from the "English Monsieur," pp. 36, 38, 39.)

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus concealed in Knightsbridge?

Bayes. In Knightsbridge? Stay.

John. No, not if the innkeepers be his friends.

Bayes. His friends! ay, sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else indeed I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes, faith, so it might be very easy.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easy, I' gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's going out of town; but you shall see how prettily I have contrived to stop him presently.

Smith. By my troth, sir, you have so amazed me, that I know not what to think.

Enter PARTHENOPE.

Vols. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose changed!

Too soon I thought myself secure from love.

Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name,²

Who does so gently rob me of my fame:

For I should meet the army out of town,

And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, sir, sells ale by the town-walls;
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the Parthenope I told you of.

John. Ay, ay, I' gad, you are very right.

Vols. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?
Thou bring'st the morning pictured in a cloud.³

Bayes. The morning pictured in a cloud! ah, gadzookers, what a conceit is there!

Par. Give you good even, sir. [Exit.]

Vols. O inauspicious stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. } How! Prince Volscius in love? ha, ha, ha!⁴

Clo. } [Exeunt laughing.]

Smith. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? he first resolves to go out of town, and then as he's pulling on his boots; falls in love with her; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. Well, and where lies the jest of that?

Bayes. Ha? [Turns to JOHNSON.]

John. Why, in the boots: where should the jest lie?
Bayes. I' gad, you are in the right: it does lie in the boots.—[Turns to SMITH.]—Your friend and I know where a good jest lies, though you don't, sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, sir!

Bayes. Here now, Mr. Johnson, you shall see a combat betwixt love and honour. An ancient author has made a whole play on 't;⁵ but I have dispatched it all in this scene.

VOLSCIUS sits down to pull on his boots: BAYES stands by and over-acts the part as he speaks it.

Vols. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff!
This hasty boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies, with amorous design,
To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine.

Smith. Prithee mark what pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

John. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

² And what's this maid's name? ("English Monsieur," p. 40.)

³ I bring the morning pictured in a cloud.

("Siege of Rhodes," Part i., p. 10.)

⁴ Mr. Comely in love! ("English Monsieur," p. 49.)

⁵ Sir William Davenant's play of "Love and Honour."

Vols. My legs the emblem of my various thought
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
Sometimes with stubborn honour, like this boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolved to do 't:
Sometimes again, that very mind, by love
Disarm'd, like this other leg does prove.
Shall I to honour or to love give way?
Go on, cries honour; ¹ tender love says, Nay;
Honour aloud commands, Pluck both boots on;
But softer love does whisper, Put on none.
What shall I do! what conduct shall I find,
To lead me through this twilight of my mind?
For as bright day, with black approach of night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my honour and my love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping, with one boot on and t' other off.*]

John. By my troth, sir, this is as difficult a combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 't is determined on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is 't not now, I' gad, ha? for to go off hip-hop, hip-hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I' gad.

John. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip-hop, in this place, as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. Oh, all in all, sir! they are these little things that mar or set you off a play.

The Fourth Act, after due critical introduction by Mr. Bayes for the benefit of Smith and Johnson, begins with a funeral.

Enter a funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.

Bayes. Lay it down there; no, no, here, sir. So now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the funeral pile, and let our grief Receive from its embraces some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?
The world discovers now its emptiness,
And by her loss demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good language now? is not that elevate?
'T is my *non ultra*, I' gad; you must know they were both in love with her.

Smith. With her! with whom?

Bayes. Why this is Lardella's funeral.

Smith. Lardella! ay, who is she?

Bayes. Why, sir, the sister of Drawcansir: a lady that was drowned at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.²

K. Ush. Lardella, O Lardella, from above

Behold the tragic issues of our love:

Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,

For thy being cast away upon the main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smith. Ay, sir, and I thank you for it very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I' gad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr.—a—you will not have patience.

John. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

Bayes. Why, sir, a fierce hero, that frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good manners, or justice.³

John. A very pretty character!

¹ But honour says not so. ("Siege of Rhodes," Part i., p. 19.)

² On seas I bore thee, on seas I died,
I died: and for a winding-sheet, a wave
I had; and all the ocean for my grave.
("Conquest of Granada," Part ii., p. 113.)

³ Almanzor in Dryden's "Conquest of Granada."

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your heroes had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole armies, above all your moral virtues put together, I' gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper?

[*To the Players.*]

K. Phys. Oh, cry you mercy.

[*Goes to take the paper.*]

Bayes. Pish! nay you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it myself.—[*Takes a paper from off the coffin.*—]Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my spectacles. This now is a copy of verses, which I make Lardella compose just as she is dying, with design to have it pinned upon her coffin, and so read by one of the usurpers, who is her cousin.

Smith. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think now, I fancy her to make love like, here, in this paper?

Smith. Like a woman: what should she make love like?

Bayes. O' my word you are out, though, sir; I' gad you are.

Smith. What then, like a man?

Bayes. No, sir; like a humble-bee.

Smith. I confess, that I should not have fancied.

Bayes. It may be so, sir; but it is, though, in order to the opinion of some of your ancient philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

Smith. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the title. To my dear couz, King Phys.

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a king, though, sir by your favour, for a humble-bee.

Bayes. Mr. Smith, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but as for poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, sir.

Smith. Your servant, sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

[*Reads.*]

Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a humble-bee to your chaste love:
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear couz;
Or else, before you, in the sun-beams, buz.
And when to melancholy groves you come,
An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum;
For sound, being air, a ghost does well become.⁴

Smith. (*After a pause.*) Admirable!

Bayes. At night, into your bosom I will creep,
And buz but softly if you chance to sleep:
Yet in your dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your eye.

John. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

Smith. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

⁴ In ridicule of a droning way of reading that Dryden had, and this—

My earthly part,
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove;
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
Or else before you in the sun-beams play.
I'll lead you hence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves:
At night, I will within your curtains peep,
With empty arms embrace you, while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye.
All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future love.
And when at last in pity you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality:
Then, turtle like, I'll to my mate repair,
And teach you your first flight in open air.

(Dryden's "Tyrannic Love," p. 25.)

Bayes. Your bed of love from dangers I will free ;

But most from love of any future bee.

And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,

With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smith. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I' gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha ? is it not *tuant* ? here's the end.—

Then at your birth of immortality,

Like any winged archer hence I'll fly,

And teach you your first fluttering in the sky.

John. Oh rare ! this is the most natural, refined fancy that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good way enough of making love : for being divested of her terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheath thyself within this breast,

Which only in Lardella's tomb can rest.

K. Ush. Come, dagger, come and penetrate this heart, Which cannot from Lardella's love depart.

Enter PALLAS.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands

At Pallas's commands ;

For the supposéd dead, O kings,

Forbear to act such deadly things.

Lardella lives ; I did but try

If princes for their loves could die.

Such celestial constancy

Shall, by the gods, rewarded be :

And from these funeral obsequies,

A nuptial banquet shall arise.

[*The coffin opens, and a banquet is discovered.*]

Bayes. So, take away the coffin. Now 't is out.

This is the very funeral of the fair person which Volscius sent word was dead ; and Pallas, you see, has turned it into a banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this banquet ?

Bayes. Nay, look you, sir, we must first have a dance, for joy that Lardella is not dead. Pray, sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smith. That, indeed, I had forgot ; I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, sir ? I am glad you will confess yourself once in an error, Mr. Smith.

DANCE.

K. Ush. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find

The fiercest beauty, and a fiercer mind :

And since to thee Lardella's life we owe,

We'll supple statues in thy temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,

Let in full bowls her health go round.

[*The two Usurpers take each of them a bowl in their hands.*]

K. Ush. But where's the wine ?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering lance

[*Fills the bowls out of her lance.*]

Does flow the purest wine of France :

And to appease your hunger, I

Have in my helmet brought a pie :

Lastly, to bear a part with these,

Behold a buckler made of cheese.¹

[*Tanish PALLAS.*]

¹ See the scene in the "Villain," p. 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53. Where the host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his clothes ; a capon from his helmet, a tansey out of the lining of his cap, cream out of his scabbard, &c.

Bayes. That's the banquet. Are you satisfied now, sir ?

John. By my troth now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you : for the chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

Enter DRAWCANSIR.

K. Phys. What man is this that dares disturb our feast ?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die : And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.²

John. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right ; that's the conceit on 't.

John. 'T is a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. Now, there are some critics that have advised me to put out the second dare, and print must in the place on 't ;³ but, I' gad, I think 't is better thus a great deal.

John. Whoo ! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on, then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know, How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go ?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred person, I' gad ? so modest, so gent !

Smith. Oh very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay ; But you shall know I'll take your bowls away.⁴

[*Snatches the bowls out of the Kings' hands, and drinks them off.*]

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, is that, too, modest and gent ?

Bayes. No, I' gad, sir, but 't is great.

K. Ush. Though, brother, this grum stranger be a clown, He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think, I'll stare away his very power to drink.⁵

[*The two Kings sneak off the stage with their Attendants* I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare ; And all this I can do, because I dare.⁶ [Exit.

Smith. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the fierce hero you spoke of ?

Bayes. Yes ; but this is nothing : you shall see him in the last act win above a dozen battles, one after another, I' gad, as fast as they can possibly come upon the stage.

John. That will be a fight worth the seeing, indeed.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make the kings let him use them so scurvily ?

Bayes. Phoo ! that's to raise the character of Drawcansir.

John. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, sirs, I'll show you a scene indeed ; or rather indeed the scene of scenes. 'T is an heroic scene.

Smith. And pray, what's your design in this scene ?

² In ridicule of this—

Almah. Who dares to interrupt my private walk ?

Alman. He who dares love, and for that love must die ;

And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

(*"Granada," Part ii., p. 114, 115.*)

³ It was at first, dares die. (*Ibid.*)

⁴ *Alman.* I would not now, if thou wouldst beg me, stay ;

But I will take my *Almahide* away.

(*"Conquest of Granada," p. 32.*)

⁵ In ridicule of this—

Alman. Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in sight ;

With a bent brow, thy priest, and thee I'll fright :

And, in that scene, which all thy hopes and wishes should content, The thoughts of me shall make thee impotent. (*Ibid.*, p. 5.)

⁶ Spite of myself, I'll stay, fight, love, despair ;

And all this I can do, because I dare.

(*"Tyrannic Love," Part ii., p. 89.*)

Bayes. Why, sir, my design is gilded truncheons, forced conceit, smooth verse and a rant; in fine, if this scene don't take, I'gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—— a——nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smith. Why fill the stage?

Bayes. Oh, sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well, but when the stage is full.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN and Prince VOLSCIUS.

Nay, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more than ordinary; for I make 'em both fall out, because they are not in love with the same woman.

Smith. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, sir; I say *not* in love; there's a new conceit for you. Now speak.

Pret. Since Fate, prince Volscius, now has found the way For our so longed-for meeting here this day, Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Vols. I gladly would that story from thee learn; But thou to love dost, Prettyman, incline; Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

Bayes. Antithesis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be Differing in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! I'gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Vols. Love takes, chameleon like, a various dye From every plant on which itself does lie.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright: Nature does most in harmony delight.

Vols. How weak a deity would nature prove, Contending with the pow'rful god of love!

Bayes. There's a great verse!

Vols. If incense thou wilt offer at the shrine Of mighty love, burn it to none but mine. Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale; And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

Bayes. I'gad that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice; But mine must be adored with sacrifice.

All hearts turn ashes, which her eyes control: The body they consume, as well as soul.

Vols. My love has yet a power more divine; Victims her altars burn not, but refine; Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the ghost, But, with her looks, revive still as they roast. In spite of pain and death, they're kept alive; Her fiery eyes make 'em in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, I'gad, as I can do.

Vols. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I'gad.

Pret. I'll sooner hope a passion for a whale; In whose vast bulk, tho' store of oil doth lie, We find more shape, more beauty in a fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, I'gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far-fetched a fancy, though, I'gad, as e'er you saw.

Vols. Soft, Prettyman, let not thy vain pretence Of perfect love defame love's excellence:

Parthenope is, sure, as far above

All other loves, as above all is love.

Bayes. Ah! I'gad, that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my Cloris, gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Vols. Were all gods joined, they could not hope to mend My better choice: for fair Parthenope

Gods would themselves un-god themselves to see.¹

Bayes. Now the rant's a coming.

Pret. Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,

I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.²

Bayes. Ay, gadzookers, that's well writ!

[*Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.*]

Vols. Couldst thou that god from heaven to earth translate,

He could not fear to want a heav'nly state; Parthenope, on earth, can heav'n create.

Pret. Cloris does heav'n itself so far excel, She can transcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'sdeath, I have lost my peruke. Well, gentlemen, this is what I never yet saw any one could write, but myself. Here's true spirit and flame all through, I'gad. So, so, pray clear the stage.

[*He puts 'em off the stage.*]

John. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of writing smooth verse thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of brain for this: 'tis but scanning the labours on the finger; but where's the sense of it?

John. O! for that he desires to be excused: he is too proud a man, to creep servilely after sense, I assure you.³ But pray, Mr. Bayes, why is this scene all in verse?

Bayes. Oh, sir, the subject is too great for prose.

Smith. Well said, i' faith; I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil;

That single line, I'gad, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ.

Let down the curtain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Thus the Fifth Act begins, with a caricature of the interpolated singing and dancing in heroic plays.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll show you the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I don't value; but for state, show, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I'gad, as that great scene in Harry the Eighth, and grander too, I'gad; for instead of two bishops, I bring in here four cardinals.

[*The curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in state, with the four Cardinals, Prince PRETTYMAN, Prince VOLSCIUS, AMARYLLIS, CLORIS, PARTHENOPE, &c., before them, Herald and Sergeants at arms, with maces.*]

¹ In ridicule of this—

Max. Thou liest. There's not a god inhabits there, But, for this Christian, would all heaven forswear: Even Jove would try new shapes her love to win, And in new birds, and unknown beasts would sin; At least, if Jove could love like Maximin.

(“*Tyrannic Love*,” p. 17.)

² Some god now, if he dare relate what passed; Say, but he's dead, that god shall mortal be.

(*Ibid.*, p. 7.)

Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be Revenged once upon the gods, and thee. [p. 8.]

What had the gods to do with me, or mine. [p. 57.]

³ Poets, like lovers, should be bold, and dare;

They spoil their business with an over-care:

And he who servilely creeps after sense,

Is safe; but ne'er can reach to excellence.

(Dryden's Prologue to “*Tyrannic Love*.”)

Smith. Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason two of the cardinals are in hats, and the other in caps?

Bayes. Why, sir, because—By gad, I won't tell you.—Your country friend, sir, grows so troublesome—

K. Ush. Now, sir, to the business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak, Volscius.

Vols. Dread sovereign lords, my zeal to you must not invade my duty to your son; let me intreat that great prince Prettyman first to speak; whose high pre-eminence in all things that do bear the name of good, my justly claim that privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive, now, that he is his son.

John. Yes, sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Pret. Royal father, upon my knees I beg, That the illustrious Volscius first be heard.

Vols. That preference is only due to Amaryllis, sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns. [Soft music.]

K. Ush. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?¹

K. Phys. Sure 't is the music of the moving spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far A god-like cloud, and a triumphant car; In which our two right kings sit one by one, With virgins' vests, and laurel garlands on.

K. Ush. Then, brother Phys, 't is time we should be gone.

[The two Usurpers steal out of the throne, and go away.]

Bayes. Look you, now, did not I tell you that this would be as easy a change as the other?

Smith. Yes, faith, you did so; though I confess I could not believe you: but you have brought it about, I see.

[The two right Kings of BRENTFORD descend in the clouds, singing, in white garments; and three Fiddlers sitting before them, in green.]

Bayes. Now, because the two right kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the tune and style of our modern spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, brother king, we are sent from above.

2 *King.* Let us move, let us move;

Move to remove the fate

Of Brentford's long united state.²

¹ What various notes do my ears invade;
And have a concert of confusion made?

("Siege of Rhodes," p. 4.)

² In ridicule of this—

Naker. Hark, my Damilcar, we are called below.

Dam. Let us go, let us go:

Go to relieve the care,

Of longing lovers in despair.

Naker. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
Half tipped at a rainbow feast.

Dam. In the bright moonshine, while winds whistle loud,

Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,

All racking along in a downy white cloud;

And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,

We slide on the back of a new-falling star.

Naker. And drop from above,

In a jelly of love.

Dam. But now the sun's down, and the element's red,
The spirits of fire against us make head.

Naker. They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air;

Alas! I must leave thee, my fair;

And to my light-horsemen repair.

Dam. O stay! for you need not to fear 'em to-night;

The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight:

And o'er the wide ocean we fight.

Like leaves in the autumn, our foes will fall down,

And hiss in the water.

Both. And hiss in the water, and drown.

1 *King.* Tarra, ran, tarra, full east and by south.

2 *King.* We sail with thunder in our mouth,

In scorching noonday, whilst the traveller stays;

Busy, busy, busy, busy, we bustle along,

Mounted upon warm Phoebus's rays,

Through the heavenly throng,

Hasting to those

Who will feast us at night with a pig's petty toes.

1 *King.* And we'll fall with our plate

In an ollio of hate.

2 *King.* But now supper's done, the servitors try,

Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pie.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot custards in spoons:

But, alas! I must leave these half-moons,

And repair to my trusty dragoons.

2 *King.* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;

The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,

And on their high ropes we will play

Like maggots in filbirds we'll snug in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell,

And farewell.

1 *King.* But the ladies have all inclination to dance,

And the green frogs croak out a coranto of France.

Bayes. Is not that pretty now? the fiddlers are all in green.

Smith. Ay, but they play no coranto.

John. No, but they play a tune that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No coranto, quoth-a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 *King.* Now mortals that hear

How we tilt and career,

With wonder will fear

The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly resolved is a true Brentford king,

To save the distressed and help to 'em to bring,

That ere a full-pot of good ale you can swallow,

He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[BAYES fillops his finger, and sings after 'em.]

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

This, sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a conjurer.³

John. Ay, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smith. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the throne, sir, what thing would you have?

Smith. Well; but methinks the sense of this song is not very plain!

Bayes. Plain! why, did you ever hear any people in clouds speak plain? they must be all for flight of fancy at its full range, without the least check or control upon it. When

Naker. But their men lie securely intrenched in a cloud,
And a trumpeter-hornet to battle sounds loud.

Dam. Now mortals that spy

How we tilt in the sky,

With wonder will gaze;

And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.

Naker. Stay you to perform what the man will have done.

Dam. Then call me again when the battle is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a spirit of air,

To pity the lover, and succour the fair,

That silent and swift, that little soft god,

Is here with a wish and is gone with a nod.

("Tyrannic Love," p. 24, 25.)

³ See "Tyrannic Love," act iv. scene 1.

once you tie up spirits and people in clouds, to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smith. Bless me, what a monster's this!

[*The two Kings light out of the clouds, and step into the throne.*]

1 *King.* Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but first, let's have a dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. Cartwright. But first, let's have a dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought and premeditation. But first, let's have a dance: pray remember that.

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue, there's no enduring of him.

John. No, prithee make use of thy patience a little longer, let's see the end of him now. [*Dance a grand dance.*]

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; but since derived, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What saucy groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The army's at the door, and in disguise, Desires a word with both your majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from Knightsbridge hither marched by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend awhile, and drink our health.

Smith. How, Mr. Bayes, the army in disguise!

Bayes. Ay, sir, for fear the usurpers might discover them, that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discovered them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1 *King.* Hero, take five guineas for those warlike men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much, the Lord knows when.

[*Exeunt Heralds.*]

1 *King.* Speak on, brave Amaryllis.

Ana. Invincible sovereigns, blame not my modesty, if at this grand conjuncture— [*Drum beats behind the stage.*]

1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great sirs, your royal persons save, For the event of war no mortal knows:¹

The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,

First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.

[*Exit.*]

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza, and a handsome come-off?

2 *King.* O dangerous estate of sovereign power! Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King.* Let us for shelter in our cabinet stay; Perhaps these threatening storms may pass away.

[*Exeunt.*]

John. But, Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us just now, to make Amaryllis speak very well?

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hindered her.

Smith. How, sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, sir; the plot lay so, that I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

¹ In ridicule of this—

What new misfortunes do these cries presage?

1 *Mess.* Haste all you can, their fury to assuage: You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

2 *Mess.* This minute, if you grant not their desire, They'll seize your person, and your palace fire.

("Granada," Part II., p. 71.)

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

John. But pray, who hindered her?

Bayes. Why, the battle, sir, that's just coming in at the door.

The play rehearsed ends not only with battle, but with an eclipse. Here is the eclipse—

Bayes. Ay, sir: but how would you fancy now to represent an eclipse?

Smith. Why, that's to be supposed.

Bayes. Supposed! ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha! why, you may as well suppose the whole play. No, it must come in upon the stage, that's certain: but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am sure is new, and I believe to the purpose.

John. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a dialogue between Phoebus and Aurora, in the "Slighted Maid;" which, by my troth, was very pretty; but I think you'd confess this is a little better.

John. No doubt on't Mr. Bayes—a great deal better.

[*BAYES hugs JOHNSON, then turns to SMITH.*]

Bayes. Ah, dear rogue! but—a—sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing else but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; as likewise your eclipse of the sun is caused by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and the sun.

Smith. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, sir, then what do I, but make the earth, sun, and moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the hoy. Hum! and of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon, and the moon between the earth and sun: and there you have both eclipses by demonstration.

John. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes; it has fancy in't. And then, sir, that there may be something in't too of a joke, I bring 'em in all singing; and make the moon sell the earth a bargain. Come, come out, eclipse, to the tune of Tom Tyler.

Enter LUNA.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis!

Come to me, thou little rogue, Orbis.

Enter the EARTH

Orb. Who calls *terra-firma*, pray?²

Luna. Luna, that no'er shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to show her tail.

Bayes. There's the bargain.

Enter SOL, to the tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. Fie, sister, fie; thou makest me muse,

Derry down, derry down,

To see thee Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 't will not move, Since I showed it out of love,

Hey down, derry down.

² In ridicule of this—

Phob. Who calls the world's great light?

Aur. Aurora, that abhors the night.

Phob. Why does Aurora, from her cloud, To drowse Phoebus cry so loud?

("Slighted Maid," p. 8.)

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty moon?

Luna. To-morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On Mount Vesuvio.¹

Sol. Then I will shine. [*To the tune of Trenchmore, Bis.*

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippara wine.²

Omnes. And we, &c.

[*As they dance the hey, BAYES speaks.*

Bayes. Now the earth's before the moon; now the moon's
before the sun: there's the eclipse again.

Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

John. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he choose!

Bayes. So, now, vanish eclipse, and enter t' other battle,
and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see
fighting enough.

[*A battle is fought between foot and great hobby-horses. At last
DRAWCANSIR comes in and kills them all on both sides. All
the while the battle is fighting, BAYES is telling them when
to shout, and shouts with 'em.*

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.

Let petty kings the names of parties know:

Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.

The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controls,
And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.

If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,

I would pursue and beat 'em through the sky;

And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see

This single arm more dreadful is, than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, sirs. You may
talk of your Hectors, and Achilleses, and I know not who;
but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to show
me one such conqueror as this Drawcansir.

Smith and Johnson have had enough. They steal
away while Bayes goes out to speak to Mr. Ivory.
Bayes finding them gone departs in search of them.
When he is gone, the players find a bit of paper, and
one of them reads from it—

The argument of the fifth act.

3 *Play.* "Cloris at length, being sensible of prince Pretty-
man's passion, consents to marry him; but just as they are
going to church, prince Prettyman meeting, by chance, with
old Joan the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she
that first brought him acquainted with Cloris; out of a high
point of honour, breaks off his match with Cloris, and marries
old Joan. Upon which, Cloris, in despair, drowns herself;
and prince Prettyman, discontentedly, walks by the river-
side."—This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come,
let's be gone.

When Bayes comes back from his search for Smith
and Johnson, and is told that the players have gone
to dinner, he departs in a huff, and carries his play
with him.

In the year of the production of "The Rehearsal,"
1671, Milton published "Samson Agonistes," apply-
ing in the grand form of Greek tragedy the story of
Samson as a parable, from which those might take
heart who saw the degradation of the time, remem-

bered what their hope had been, and were half-tempted
to despair. The questioning he meant to answer is
expressed dramatically in the chorus of the captive
Israelites.

God of our fathers, what is man!

That thou toward him with hand so various—

Or might I say contrarious—

I'empereest thy providence through his short course;

Not evenly, as thou rulest

The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,

Irrational and brute.

Nor do I name of men the common rout,

That, wandering loose about,

Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,

Heads without name, no more remembered;

But such as thou has solemnly elected,

With gifts and graces eminently adorned,

To some great work, thy glory,

And people's safety, which in part they effect.

Yet toward these thus dignified thou oft,

Amidst their height of noon,

Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no regard

Of highest favours past

From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit

To life obscured, which were a fair dismission;

But throwest them lower than thou didst exalt them high,

Unseemly falls in human eye,

Too grievous for the trespass or omission;

Oft leavest them to the hostile sword

Of heathen and profane, their carcasses

To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,

Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,

And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.

If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty

With sickness and disease thou bowest them down,

Painful diseases and deformed,

In crude old age;

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering

The punishment of dissolute days. In fine

Just or unjust alike seem miserable,

For oft alike both come to evil end.

And the story of the play leads to this answer to
all doubting, with which Milton closed both "Samson
Agonistes" and his own life as a poet.

All is best, though we oft doubt,

What the unsearchable dispose

Of Highest Wisdom brings about,

And ever best found in the close.

Oft He seems to hide His face,

But unexpectedly returns;

And to His faithful champion hath in place

Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,

And all that band them to resist

His uncontrollable intent.

His servants He, with new acquist

Of true experience from this great event,

With peace and consolation hath dismissed,

And calm of mind, all passion spent.

Let us now illustrate stage decoration of the Res-
toration time by the sculptures which adorned the
edition published in 1673 of Elkanah Settle's

¹ The burning Mount Vesuvio. (*Ibid.*, p. 81.)

² Drink, drink wine, Lippara wine. (*"Ibid."*, p. 81.)

EMPRESS OF MOROCCO.

Act I., Scene 1 is a prison, already represented on page 327. Muly Labas, son to the Emperor of Morocco, appears bound in chains, "condemned to fetters and to sceptres born." His father has imprisoned him. There enters to him, bound, Morena, with whom he had run away from Taffaletta's court, to be pursued by the arms of her father Taffaletta, and imprisoned by his father in Morocco. They are to die when angry Taffaletta has "his standard fixt before Morocco's walls." They are to die together within three days, a fact of which Morena has been taking a heroic view, when Laula, Empress of Morocco, the Queen-Mother—whose part was played by Mrs. Betterton—enters weeping. His father, she tells her son,

Is dead just as he sat

Pronouncing yours and your Morena's fate.

Dying, he bequeathed his throne to the condemned son, and peaceable possession of Morena. Presently enter Crimalhaz a courtier, and Hametahaz his confidant and creature, who hail Muly Labas as Emperor "advancing from a prison to a throne." But when the lovers have departed from their prison, we hear from the Queen-Mother that she had poisoned her husband, and would have kept her son in prison to give herself and the throne to Crimalhaz, if it had not been necessary to undermine Muly Hamet, a Prince of the Blood Royal and brave general of the Empire, before venturing to put her son out of the way, and raise her creature, Crimalhaz, to royalty. Arrangements are made at the close of the First Act for poisoning the mind of the new sovereign against his general, Muly Hamet.

For the Second Act, "The scene opened is represented the prospect of a large river, with a glorious fleet of ships, supposed to be the navy of Muly Hamet." This was the scene :



A FLEET OF SHIPS. (From Settle's "Empress of Morocco.")

Muly Hamet's fleet is sailing homeward. The general enters to the young king and queen with his friend Abdelcador, amidst much flourishing of

trumpets. He has been victorious on sea and land. The young queen tells him that he has now to be employed in a more cruel victory ; he must meet the invasion by her father, "and spare his blood for his Morena's sake." Mariamne, sister to the new sovereign, daughter to the wicked Empress, and beloved of Muly Hamet, enters next to grace the general's victory, and her imperial brother bids her love him. Next comes Crimalhaz to invite the new king to the celebration of his coronation. All proceed to it, Crimalhaz waiting for some private expression of his villainous designs. Then is

"THE SCENE OPENED.

A State is presented, the King, Queen, and Mariamne seated, Muly Hamet, Abdelcador, and Attendants. A Moorish dance is presented by Moors in several habits, who bring in an artificial palm-tree, about which they dance to several antick instruments of musick ; in the intervals of the dance [a song of loyal homage] is sung by a Moorish priest and two Moorish women; the chorus of it being performed by all the Moors."

This was the picture that reproduced the scene :



A MOORISH DANCE. (From Settle's "Empress of Morocco.")

That the victorious general may receive also the congratulations of the Queen-Mother, who is withdrawn as mourner for her late husband, the young king gives him a ring which will obtain for him access to her apartments.

At the opening of the Third Act, Muly Hamet entering the Queen-Mother's apartments in the palace, finds her asleep with Crimalhaz, whose plume of feathers and drawn sword are on a table. He will conceal the queen's shame, and punish Crimalhaz when he is awake and can defend himself. Meanwhile, as token of his knowledge, he takes away the sword of Crimalhaz, and is met by the young king while doing so. That he should be bringing the sword of Crimalhaz from the Empress's chamber implies only one fact that cannot be concealed. It becomes known to the young king. The Queen-Mother and Crimalhaz find the sword gone and learn that Muly Hamet

has entered by virtue of the royal signet. The Empress kills the eunuch who admitted him. Then the confederates plot again. Crimalhaz stabs himself in the hand, and when the king and Muly Hamet enter, the brave general is accused of killing the eunuch in an attempt upon the Empress, which Crimalhaz, led by chance into the neighbourhood, arrived in time to frustrate. Hamet is sent to prison, whispering to the defiant Empress that a hell awaits such treasons as hers. Mariamne enters to him in the prison, thinking him guilty, but soon knows him to be true. She would set him free; but the young king and queen, the Queen-Mother, Crimalhaz, and others, come upon them suddenly. Mariamne holds boldly to her love. Muly Hamet is banished. The Empress plans an ambuscade that he may be murdered as he leaves the town. When the general has been disposed of, Crimalhaz shall boldly lead away the army to Mount Atlas. The Empress will send the young king in pursuit, so that he may be taken and killed, but when, she says to Crimalhaz—

But when your throne I on his grave have built,
Remember love was author of my guilt.

At the beginning of the Fourth Act, Crimalhaz has taken the army to the mountains. The young king suspects treachery, his mother beguiles him, and he will boldly go with her, that, if there be treason, which is doubtful, his "awful sight may check an ungrown crime." The next scene shows a "prospect of a clouded sky with a rainbow. After a shower of hail, enter from within the scene, Muly Hamet and Abdelcador," who find the hail portentous. They are joined by Mariamne with a small attendance. They are met next by the villain's villain, Hametalhaz, disguised as a priest. They are fired at by "a company of villains in ambush." The feigned priest draws a sword from under his habit. There is "a very fierce fight." Muly Hamet is conqueror, but Mariamne is forced back to Morocco "in her own chariot."

The Queen-Mother is next seen with the young queen in a tent, persuading her to act in a mask planned by Crimalhaz, whom the Emperor has found kind and just. She consents. The young king then learns from Hamet that Crimalhaz helped at the poisoning of his father, and means to kill the young king himself that night in his bed. Now the Empress-Mother becomes more desperately wicked. She accuses Crimalhaz to the young king in one way, to the young queen in another way, and beguiles them both into acting in a mask of Hell. The young queen is warned that, at one part of the mask, as Eurydice she is to be carried off by Crimalhaz with evil intent, and must then stab him. But the mask she is designed to stab, and does stab and kill, is her own husband, the king. The Queen-Mother accuses the young queen of the murder of her husband, and declares her to be out of her wits. Here is the sculpture of the mask, upon which "The scene opened and presented a hell, in which Pluto Proserpine and other women spirits appear seated, attended by furies;" the stage being filled on each side with Crimalhaz, Hamet, Queen-Mother, and all the Court in masquerade :



A MASK OF HELL. (From Settle's "Empress of Morocco.")

Morena runs mad, and Crimalhaz makes love to her. In the Fifth Act Crimalhaz is king, and Taffaletta storms the city. There remain only Muly Hamet and Mariamne of the Imperial race. Mariamne is in prison, and Crimalhaz asks her head from the hand of Hametalhaz. But her eyes have made Hametalhaz dare to be good. The young queen is to be condemned for murder. The Queen-Mother is impatient for quick sentence. Crimalhaz greatly astonishes his confederate by sending *her* to execution. She struggles, and then feigns to kneel submissive to Morena, with repentant sighs, and suddenly stabs her to the heart. She then runs to stab Crimalhaz, but being stopped by the guards, stabs herself. Now Taffaletta, with the help of Muly Hamet, takes the town, and gives Muly the crown. Muly is joined to Mariamne, and as for the wicked Crimalhaz, "here the scene opens and Crimalhaz



THE REWARD OF TREASON. (From Settle's "Empress of Morocco.")

appears cast down on the gaunches, being hung on a wall set with spikes of iron."

Elkanah Settle, born at Dunstable in 1648, had studied for a time at Oxford without taking a degree, and was twenty-five years old when he produced "The Empress of Morocco." He brought on himself sharp criticism from John Crowne and others for that piece, and he did not sustain his success. John Crowne, son of an Independent minister in Nova Scotia, was also then at the outset of his career as dramatist, having begun in 1671 with the tragedy of "Juliana." In 1674, when Milton died, Dryden was forty-three years old, and active as a dramatist. He showed his genuine respect for Milton's genius by an odd way of bringing it into fashionable notice; for he turned in that year "Paradise Lost" into an opera—"The State of Innocence and Fall of Man." It was not acted, but was written with an eye to spectacle. Eve's innocence, in Dryden's rhyme, is of the obtrusive kind that might have its point of view in the life of Charles II.'s court. In the same year, 1674, Sir Robert Howard had ceased to write plays, Sir William Davenant and Sir John Denham had been six years dead, and Thomas Killigrew had yet ten years to live. Besides Settle and Crowne, the new dramatists were Thomas Shadwell, then thirty-four years old, who had begun his career as dramatist five years before with the tragedy of the "Royal Shepherdess," and had produced in 1671 an English version of Molière's "L'Avare," and William Wycherley, a dramatist of higher mark, who profited more than Shadwell by an admiration of the genius of Molière. Wycherley was of the same age as Shadwell; both were born in 1640. Wycherley's first play, "Love in a Wood," said to have been written at the age of nineteen, was first produced when he was thirty-two years old, in 1672, two years before the death of Milton. Aphra Behn, who was two years younger than Wycherley and Shadwell, produced her first play in the year before Wycherley's "Love in a Wood." In 1674, when Milton died, Thomas d'Urfey, Lee, Otway, and Southerne had not yet appeared as dramatists. D'Urfey may be named and dismissed; he was a wit of about Killigrew's level of genius, and of about Dryden's age. He did not begin to write till he was forty-six, two years after the death of Milton. Nathaniel Lee and Thomas Otway, nearly of the same age—one born in 1650, the other in 1651—were about twenty years younger than Dryden and ten years younger than Wycherley and Shadwell. Both began writing plays in the same year, 1675, the year after the death of Milton. Nahum Tate, who wrote plays of no great mark, was nearly of the same age as Lee and Otway—he was born in 1652. About ten years younger than Lee and Otway, born in 1660, was Thomas Southerne, whose first tragedy, "The Loyal Brother," was acted in 1682. Sir Charles Sedley, the Lysideus of Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," had represented court wit on the stage by a tragedy on "Antony and Cleopatra," just written when Dryden produced that essay, though not printed until 1677; by his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden" in 1668; and by his best comedy, "Bellamira, or the Mistress," in 1687. He lived to be an old man, and died about 1728. But perhaps the best reflection of the low wit and bad manners

of the court of Charles II. is in the three comedies of Sir George Etherege, "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub," published in 1664; "She Would if She Could" in 1668; and "Sir Fopling Flutter, or the Man of Mode," in 1676. It is hardly worth while to add that John Lacy, a Yorkshireman, who began life as a dancing-master, then wore uniform as a soldier, then went upon the stage, was a handsome man, reputed a good comic actor, and wrote four comedies. The first, "The Dumb Lady," published in 1672, was a spoiling of two comedies by Molière; the last, "Sawney the Scot," defiled Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." His other two plays, "The Old Troop, or Monsieur Raggou" (a sketch of camp life during the Civil Wars), and "Sir Hercules Buffoon, or the Poetical Squire," are, so to speak, original.

When the wit in fashion bound itself to sensuality the soul of poetry went out of English comedy, and even in tragedy mock passion replaced the fire of the old plays which, in their utmost irregularity, had glowed with a real emotion, and thrown light on the diviner life of man. I shall not dwell long upon records of the degradation of the English stage. Divorced from poetry the drama ceases to belong to literature. The completeness of the divorce may be indicated by a description of the last play of Sir George Etherege—

THE MAN OF MODE; OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

The Man of Mode is Dorimant, type of the fascinating man of parts and fashion at the court of Charles II. Sir Fopling Flutter is the fool to him—an aper of fashions, who brings second-hand airs and graces out of France. Dorimant is a selfish scoundrel and Sir Fopling is a fool. But the dramatists of the Restoration painted Dorimants as honoured leaders of society—found something distinguished in their baseness; and though they did not pronounce evil to be good, accepted it as their good most unblushingly. The court was the chief patron of the stage, and sins under royal patronage must be set forth as gentlemanly at the very least. Dorimant quotes lines of plays to show his education, walks and bows gracefully, has irresistible ways; he is first in reputation as a lady-killer, and is jealous of any stain upon that; he leads the fashion and is a brute, coarsely abusive to his inferiors, meanly treacherous to his friends, an unmanly mocker of his victims: yet he is hero of the piece, and at its close triumphant master of the situation, marrying a fortune and still keeping at his call the women whom he has insulted. It may be said that such comedies as this did hold the mirror up to life, and might therefore have meant to make its baseness felt. But the breath of poetry had not given to their mirror its magic power. Playgoers saw and liked on the stage what they were used to see and like in the world, to whose pattern they were anxious to conform themselves. How intensely unpoetical these plays were is amusingly suggested by the printing of the dialogue of Etherege's plays as if they were written in verse. A cutting into lengths of its unmitigated prose will no more make verse of

its language than any human reasoning upon its substance can turn one of its thoughts to poetry. Thus it begins—

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Scene, a Dressing Room, a Table covered with a Toilet, Cloaths laid ready.

Enter DORIMANT in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in his Hand made up, repeating Verses.

Dor. Now for some Ages had the Pride of Spain,
Made the Sun shine on half the World in vain.

[Then looking on the Note.

For Mrs. LOVEIT.

What a dull insipid thing is a Billet-doux written in cold Blood, after the Heat of the Business is over? It is a Tax upon good Nature which I have here been labouring To pay, and have done it, but with as much Regret, As ever Fanatic paid the Royal Aid, or Church Duties; 'Twill have the same Fate, I know, that all my Notes to her I have had of late, 'twill not be thought kind enough. Faith, Women are i' the right when they jealously examine our Letters, for in them we always first discover our Decay Of Passion.

Then he calls his man Handy, coarsely abuses his servants, admits an immoral orange-woman, who tells him of a handsome gentlewoman lately come to town with her mother, and they in their ignorance have taken lodgings at the orange-woman's house. They are recognised by his friend Medley, who enters, embracing him as "Dorimant, my life, my joy, my darling sin." They must be Lady Woodvil, who is greatly afraid of the wickedness of London, and especially of Dorimant, and her daughter Harriet, who is wild and beautiful and vastly rich. Lady Woodvil has come out of Hampshire to marry Harriet to young Bellair. But young Bellair, who enters after a coarse dialogue between Dorimant and his shoemaker, has planted his love elsewhere, and means marriage with Emilia, who is under his Aunt Townley's care. He is asked by Medley how he will answer his visit to his honourable mistress, because

'Tis not her interest you
Should keep Company with Men of Sense, who will be
Talking Reason.

Medley uses his "reason" against marriage, and when Bellair is called away for a few minutes, this bit of dialogue indicates the way in which comedy of the Restoration usually took for granted the severance of "wit," or "sense," or "parts"—words often in use—from morality—

Med. A very pretty Fellow this.

Dor. He's Handsom, well Bred, and by much the most
Tolerable of all the young Men that do not abound in
Wit.

Med. Ever well Dress'd, always Complaisant, and
Seldom Impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate,
I see.

Dor. It is our mutual Interest to be so; it makes the
Women think better of his Understanding, and judge
More favourably of my Reputation; it makes him pass

Upon some for a man of very good Sense, and I upon
Others for a very civil person.

Young Bellair's Emilia is a discreet maid with the best reputation in town. Dorimant has found her unassailable, but hopes to attack her with success when she is married. For he believes "nothing can corrupt her but a husband." The dialogue of this act shows further that Sir Fopling has come to town; that Dorimant is pledged to a lady whom he has met masked at the play (Belinda, bosom friend of his mistress, Mrs. Loveit), to win her on condition that he will prove his love to her by insulting Mrs. Loveit in her presence. For that reason he had written the *billet-doux*, to excuse himself for two days' absence on the plea of business, and say that he is coming to her in the afternoon. Before his coming, Belinda is to raise Mrs. Loveit's jealousy against Dorimant, that her anger may be an excuse for his insults, and he will then profess also to be jealous of her attention to Sir Fopling Flutter, whom he knows she hates. The act ends, as it began, with the Man of Mode's coarse bullying of his servants.

In the Second Act it appears that old Bellair, who has come to marry his son to Harriet Woodvil, has taken lodgings in the same house with Emilia, whom his son designs to marry; and is himself falling in love with her. Old Bellair is Lady Townley's brother, and Lady Townley aids Emilia's designs. Old Bellair is five-and-fifty, mixes "a-dod" with all his dialogue, uses a few countrified expressions, and flirts with Emilia by calling her a rogue and affectionately traducing her, a-dod. Medley calls on Lady Townley and Emilia. They delight themselves with scandal. Belinda calls on her dear friend Mrs. Loveit, and works her up to a rage of jealousy against Dorimant before Dorimant enters, and, according to compact, wins Belinda by being insolent in her presence to Mrs. Loveit.

The Third Act opens at Lady Woodvil's lodgings with Harriet, and Busy, her woman. Harriet shakes her curls out of order, and scorns to be as precise as ugly Lady Dapper. She has come to London to see London, only for that reason affecting willingness to be brought to town and married to young Bellair. She has seen Mr. Dorimant, and has been charmed by him. When young Bellair enters, they agree not to marry each other, but for the present to deceive their parents. Then there is a fashionable crush at Lady Townley's in which Sir Fopling Flutter airs himself, and has his follies played upon by Dorimant and Medley for the entertainment of the company. Then there is the Mall, with all the company abroad, where Dorimant falls "in love" with Harriet, and has set Sir Fopling upon Mrs. Loveit, in order that she may insult him because Dorimant stands by, but Mrs. Loveit, meaning to give Dorimant a twinge of jealousy, to his chagrin, encourages the fop. They adjourn to a dance at Lady Townley's. Lady Woodvil and Harriet are to be there; and as Lady Woodvil has heard of Dorimant, and is in great dread of his company, he is invited to meet her in the character of a Mr. Courtage, known as an admirer of quality, "who flatters the very meat at honourable tables,

and never offers love to a woman below a lady grandmother." "This," says Dorimant, "is Harriet's contrivance—wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful, and young—come along, Medley." But before another sun sets Dorimant must have his revenge for Mrs. Loveit's slight of him.

The Fourth Act opens with the fiddler playing a country dance at Lady Townley's. Old Bellair dances up to Emilia, and Dorimant, as Mr. Courtage, fascinates Lady Woodvil. Sir Fopling coming by, and hearing fiddles, enters with masquers. It is daylight when they part. Old Bellair gets wine to finish the night, and Dorimant has slipped away to keep his appointment with Belinda, who had promised to come to his lodgings at five in the morning. The scene changes to the lodgings as Belinda is leaving, Dorimant promising to forsake Mrs. Loveit. Sir Fopling and other revellers come upon them suddenly. Belinda hurriedly escapes by a back-stair into a sedan-chair, and, omitting to give directions, is set down in the Mall near Mrs. Loveit's door, Dorimant's chairmen having been accustomed to that route. Belinda is seen by her friend's maid, and obliged to profess she has come to pay a call. She invents a lie; says she was out so early because cousins from Wales pressed her to go with them to buy flowers and fruit early at Covent Garden. She had instructed the chairmen to say that they took her up in the Strand, near Covent Garden.

In the Fifth Act Mrs. Loveit's suspicions are set at rest by this tale of her friend's, when Dorimant is announced; Belinda becomes agitated, and withdraws into another room. He has come to win back his power over Mrs. Loveit, that she may make public amends for the slight in the Mall by taking the next opportunity of insulting Sir Fopling before his friends. Belinda comes out upon them, with reproaches that Mrs. Loveit faintly understands. The scene changes to Lady Townley's house, where Mr. Smirk, a domestic chaplain, with Lady Townley's connivance, has privately married young Bellair to Emilia, and is shut up in a cupboard when old Bellair and others enter. Old Bellair has the writings ready for his own marriage to Emilia, Dorimant has offered to bend himself to marriage with Harriet. As he had explained to young Bellair, who had told him he would be obliged to marry Harriet, "I may fall into the snare too, But

The wise will find a difference in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.

When Mr. Smirk, the chaplain, is taken out of the cupboard to marry old Bellair to Emilia, he reports that he has married the lady once already that morning. The father is laughed at; the young couple are pardoned. Dorimant is to marry an estate, and will prove his sincerity by even going down to Hampshire to pay court to it, while he contrives at the same time by a lie or two to keep both Belinda and Mrs. Loveit at his call. Dryden's Epilogue to the play dwells entirely on Sir Fopling as a picture of the shallow airs and graces of fools of the day. There is nothing in the tone or structure of the play,

and not a word in the Epilogue, to fix a deeper condemnation upon Dorimant. Dorimant and Sir Fopling might be taken, by any court scoundrel like Dorimant who might be present at the play, for the dramatist's companion pictures of the true and the false leaders of polite society. The author of this play was knighted, to enable him to marry a rich elderly widow; and he lost his life in 1688 by tumbling down-stairs when he was drunk.

The sort of life painted by Etherege reappears in the comedies of Thomas Shadwell, who wrote seventeen plays before his death in 1692, when he was fifty-two years old. But Shadwell, coarse and abusive as a Whig partisan, hasty and slipshod as a writer, was really the ablest man to be found on the Whig side, when, after the Revolution, Dryden refused to take the oaths, and a new poet laureate had to be chosen. Without first-rate powers, he had some fertility of invention as a dramatist, and sense enough to take Ben Jonson for his master. He tried to paint humours of life in Ben Jonson's way; but Ben Jonson was a poet—a great poet, with the poet's loftiness of aim, and Shadwell was no poet at all. He painted, like Etherege, the body of life, with conventional opinion of his day to stand for its spiritual truths. For like reason I leave Mrs. Aphra Behn unrepresented.

With all the faults in his work separable or inseparable from writing for the stage as it then was, the chief poet after Milton's death was the chief dramatist. Dryden's plays were as much above the work of his contemporary dramatists as they were below the work of many of his predecessors. In two plays—"The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved"—he was approached in power and excelled in genuineness of feeling by Thomas Otway. In two plays he was fellow-writer with Nathaniel Lee—"Edipus," in 1679, and "The Duke of Guise," in 1683. From 1684 to 1688 Lee was a madman in Bedlam. After he came out he wrote two more plays before his death at the age of forty. The deep feeling of Otway and his touches of tenderness are not in Lee; but Lee had instincts of a poet, and excelled in a sonorous tragic style that helped the transition from the heroic play of the type ridiculed in "The Rehearsal" to the variety of the same thing burlesqued by Henry Carey in "Chrononhotonthologos," and by Henry Fielding in "Tom Thumb." Here, for example, from Lee's play of "Lucius Junius Brutus," is a bit of dialogue between father and son, Lucius Junius Brutus and Titus—

Brut. Titus, as I remember,
You told me you were married.

Tit. My lord, I did.

Brut. To Teraminta, Tarquin's natural daughter.

Tit. Most true, my lord, to that poor virtuous maid,
Your Titus, sir, your most unhappy son,
Is joined for ever.

Brut. No, Titus, not for ever;
Not but I know the virgin's beautiful,

For I did oft converse her when I seemed
 Not to converse at all. Yet more, my son,
 I think her chastely good, most sweetly framed,
 Without the smallest tincture of her father :
 Yet, Titus—Ha ! what, man ? What, all in tears !
 Art thou so soft that only saying Yet
 Has dashed thee thus ? Nay, then I'll plunge thee down,
 Down to the bottom of this foolish stream
 Whose brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my son,
 If thou art mine, thou art not Teraminta's ;
 Or if thou art, I swear thou must not be—
 Thou shalt not be hereafter.

Tit. O the Gods !

Forgive me, blood and duty, all respects
 Due to a Father's name—not Teraminta's !

Brut. No, by the Gods I swear, not Teraminta's !
 No, Titus, by th' eternal Fates that hang
 I hope auspicious o'er the head of Rome,
 I'll grapple with thee on this spot of earth
 About this theme till one of us fall dead ;
 I'll struggle with thee for this point of honour,
 And tug with Teraminta for thy heart,
 As I have done for Rome.

And in like strain a considerable amount of
 tugging follows.

Lee's play of

THE RIVAL QUEENS; OR, ALEXANDER THE GREAT

was produced in 1677, and remained popular for many years. It is the piece with which his fame is most associated, and yields, from the notion of a tug, one of the familiar quotations current in English speech, with a little modification of its words into "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." Lee wrote "when Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war." The Rival Queens are Statira, daughter of Darius, married to Alexander, and Roxana, daughter of Chortanus. Passion storms through every act. The scene is at Babylon, and the First Act opens with Hephestion, Alexander's friend, and Lysimachus his kinsman, separated by Clytus as they are fighting for Parisatis, sister to Statira. Alexander has given her to Hephestion ; she prefers Lysimachus. Alexander is coming to peaceful triumph in Babylon, but the old soldier Clytus, Alexander's sturdy friend, who saved his life at the Granicus, would not have the young men forget themselves for a woman, as Alexander has forgotten himself for two women.

Two wives he takes, two rival queens disturb
 The court ; and while each hand does Beauty hold,
 Where is there room for Glory ?

Hephest. In his heart.

Clytus. Well said.

You are his favourite, and I had forgot
 Who I was talking to.

Sysigambis, mother of Statira and Parisatis, is appealed to by the young lovers, but the question between them is left for Alexander to decide. Then the conspirators against the life of Alexander have possession of the scene. Cassander, son of Antipater, heads the conspiracy. Thunder is in the air and

portents are abroad. Thessalus the Median, and Philip, brother to Cassander, bring letters from Antipater rebuking the slowness of Cassander.

Let him not live a day—He dies to-night ;
 And thus my father but forestals my purpose :
 Why am I slow then ? If I rode on thunder,
 I must a moment have to fall from heaven,
 Ere I could blast the growth of this Colossus.

Polyperchon, commander of the Phalanx, joins the conspirators. They dwell upon Alexander's cruelty, and tyranny, and pride, in moments of passion. As Cassander begins to disclose his plot, the ghost of Philip, shaking a truncheon at them, walks over the stage. Recovered from the shock caused by the prodigy, they return to the business.

Cass. As I was saying, this *Roxana*, whom,
 To aggravate my hate to him, I love,
 Meeting him as he came triumphant from
 The *Indies*, kept him revelling at *Susa* ;
 But as I found, a deep Repentance since
 Turns his Affections to the Queen *Statira*,
 To whom he swore (before he could espouse her)
 That he would never bed *Roxana* more.

Pol. How did the *Persian* Queen receive the News
 Of his Revolt ?

Thess. With Grief incredible !
 Great *Sysigambis* wept, but the young Queen
 Fell dead among her Maids ;
 Nor could their Care
 With richest Cordials, for an Hour or more,
 Recover Life.

Cass. Knowing how much she lov'd,
 I hop'd to turn her all into *Medea* ;
 For when the first Gust of her Grief was past,
 I enter'd, and with Breath prepar'd did blow
 The dying Sparks into a towering Flame,
 Describing the new Love he bears *Roxana*,
 Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line
 Of dead *Darius* in her Cause might rise.
 Is any Panther's, Lioness's Rage
 So furious, any Torrent's falls so swift
 As a wrong'd Woman's Hate ? Thus far it helps
 To give him Troubles ; which perhaps may end him,
 And set the Court in universal Uproar.

The conspirators depart as they see Sysigambis entering with both her daughters, and Statira in desperate rage crying out,

Give me a Knife, a Draught of Poison, Flames ;
 Swell Heart, break, break thou stubborn thing ;

and she ends the Act by vowing solemnly that she will shut herself up for ever from Alexander and the world within the Bowers of Semiramis.

The Second Act opens with "Noise of Trumpets sounding far off. The Scene draws, and discovers a Battle of Crows or Ravens in the Air ; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and fight ; the Eagle drops down with all the rest of the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Soldiers walk off, shaking their heads. The Conspirators come forward." They tell of more portents and of the ghosts abroad. They rejoice at

the suffering in store for Alexander, plagued between Roxana's rage and Statira's vowed divorce. When Alexander enters, Aristander, a soothsayer, seeks to warn him, and all pay him on their knees divine honour, except Clytus. He greets his friends. Again portents are reported. Lysimachus pleads for Parisatis, given by Alexander to Hephestion, incurs the king's anger by his urgency, but is pardoned at the intercession of old Clytus. Then Alexander is told by the queen-mother and Parisatis of Statira's vow. Lysimachus thinks that like suffering may raise a fellow feeling, and again fiercely urging his suit for Parisatis, is sent off to be eaten by a lion :

Perdiccas, give this Lion to a Lion;
Nor speak for him, fly, stop his mouth, away.

Alexander closes the act in a fit of love sickness.

The Third Act opens upon Lysimachus being led to the lion, and taking his leave of Parisatis, with a bold hope yet :

Live, Princess, live, howe'er the King disdain me,
Perhaps, unarmed and fighting for your sake,
I may perform what shall amaze the World,
And force him yet to give you to my arms.

Then enters Roxana, with Cassander and Polperchon, who are working her into a rage of jealousy—

Rox. Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust; avaunt:
Madness but meanly represents my Toil.
Roxana and Statira, they are Names
That must for ever jar: eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation
Tear my swoll'n Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest.

My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd,
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions like the Winds,
Rise up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars.
What saving Hand, or what almighty Arm
Can raise me sinking?

Cass. Let your own Arm save you,
'Tis in your Power, your Beauty is almighty:
Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em.
Wake then bright Planet that should rule the World,
Wake, like the Moon, from your too long Eclipse,
And we with all the Instruments of War,
Trumpets and Drums, will help your glorious Labour.

Pol. Put us to act, and with a Violence
That fits the Spirit of a most wrong'd Woman:
Let not Medea's dreadful Vengeance stand
A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be original.

Cass. Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely
bold,

Till you have form'd a Face of so much Horror,
That gaping Furies may run frighted back;
That Envy may devour herself for Madness,
And sad Medusa's Head be turn'd to Stone.

Rox. Yes, we will have Revenge, my Instruments;
For there is nothing you have said of me,

But comes far short, wanting of what I am.

When in my Nonage I at Zogdia liv'd,
Amongst my she Companions I wou'd reign;
Drew 'em from Idleness, and little Arts
Of coining Looks, and laying Snares for Lovers,
Broke all their Glasses, and their Tires tore,
Taught 'em, like Amazons, to ride and chase
Wild Beasts in Desarts, and to master Men.

Cass. Her Looks, her Words, her every Motion fires
me.

Rox. But when I heard of Alexander's Conquest;
How with a handful he had Millions slain,
Spoil'd all the East, their Queens his Captives made,
Yet with what Chastity, and godlike Temper
He saw their Beauties, and with Pity bow'd;
Methought I hung upon my Father's Lips,
And wish'd him tell the wondrous Tale again:
Left all my Sports, the Woman now return'd,
And Sighs uncall'd wou'd from my Bosom fly;
And all the Night, as my Adraste told me,
In slumbers groan'd and murmur'd Alexander.

Cass. Curse on the Name, but I will soon remove
That bar of my Ambition and my Love.

Rox. At last to Zogdia this Triumpher came,
And cover'd o'er with Laurels forc'd our City:
At Night I by my Father's Order stood,
With fifty Virgins waiting at a Banquet.
But Oh how glad was I to hear his Court,
To feel the Pressure of his glowing Hand,
And taste the dear, the false protesting Lips!

Cass. Wormwood and Hemlock henceforth grow
about 'em.

When Roxana has been further raised to anger, Statira enters with her mother. She is on her way to her vowed seclusion in the Bower of Semiramis, and now the Rival Queens are face to face. Roxana first pities Statira and admires her fortitude, then triumphs over her, then stirs the spirit of the gentler queen to dare her to duel for the empire over Alexander :

I'll see the King in spite of all I swore,
Tho' curst, that thou may'st never see him more.

The King entering with Perdiccas, Sysigambis, and others, humbles himself in pleading to Statira. Statira shows her power, causes her rival to be openly set aside, and when Alexander thinks she is returning to him, offers only a last kiss before she proceeds to the fulfilment of her vow. But this so nearly kills Alexander, that Statira's love prevails, and she returns to him with all former affection. Wherefore all shall revel out the day.

Act the Fourth shows Clytus resolved to go to the revel in his Macedonian habit, refusing the Persian robes, loving the king, determined not to flatter him, and a little afraid of the plainness there may be in his speech when the wine works. Then Parisatis pleads to Alexander for Lysimachus, and at a word from Statira the swift order is sent to save him from the lion. Happy Statira will withdraw to the Bower of Semiramis, adorn it as a chamber of love, and there await her lord. As Alexander is leaving, Roxana meets him with passionate words, and is slighted. In her wrath she is again practised

upon by Cassander. The last slight has swelled her soul beyond all bounds. "Oh," she cries,

Oh that it had a Space might answer to
Its infinite Desire, where I might stand
And hurl the Spheres about like sportive Balls.

She cannot be tempted to aid in the death of Alexander, she meets with immeasurable scorn Cassander's offer of a shelter in his love. But she is tempted easily to hasten to the Bower of Semiramis to stab her rival before Alexander comes to her:

Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes'* charge.

Rox. *Eumenes* dies, and all that are about her,
Nor shall I need your Aid, you'll love again;
I'll head the Slaves my self, with this drawn Dagger,
To carry Death that's worthy of a Queen.
A common fate ne'er rushes from my Hand,
'Tis more than Life to die by my Command:
And when she sees
That to my Arm her Ruin she must owe,
Her thankful Head will straight be bended low,
Her Heart shall leap half-way to meet the Blow.

[*Exit ROXANA.*]

Then the conspirators arrange their plan. Philip holds the king's cup at the banquet. He shall drop into it a poison that begins to work five hours after it is taken, and then causes death, with extreme torture—

O we shall have him tear

(Ere yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The World to Atoms; for it scatters Pains
All Sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Ev'n with Extremity of Frost it burns;
Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
Which runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Pol. By *Pluto's* self, the Work is wondrous brave.

Indeed it is, for it allows Nathaniel Lee a fine range of rhetorical agonies. The killing of Clytus at the feast, and a description of Lysimachus's fight with the lion are thrown in to heap the scale, and the five hours' interval before the working of the poison allows Alexander his full run of agonies over the murder of Statira, before the pain in his bowels causes him to "tear the world to atoms," and so end the piece. "Paradise Lost" had been ten years published, and Lee makes Cassander, content with his scheme, say in seven lines what Milton had made another conspirator say in one,—“Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven”:

Now by the Project lab'ring in my Brain,
'Tis nobler far to be a King in Hell,
To head infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
To let 'em loose for Earth, to call 'em in,
And take account of what dark Deeds are done,
Than be a Subject-God in Heav'n unblest,
And without Mischief have eternal rest.

The scene draws, and shows Alexander at the feast with all his commanders about him. Lysi-

machus is brought in bloody. The king's order for his deliverance had been too late, but Clytus describes how the young hero, unarmed, except a pair of gauntlets on his hands, had slain the lion. The king embraces him. The feast goes on. The poison is quietly given. The wine works. Clytus angers Alexander by refusing to flatter, and, in his cups, tells dangerous truths. It is here that the much-quoted line occurs:

Heph. I think the Sun himself ne'er saw a Chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As *Alexander*; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conqu'ring Arms, the famous *Troy*.

Lys. Such was not *Cyrus*.

Alex. O you flatter me.

Cly. They do indeed, and yet ye love 'em for it,
But hate old *Clytus* for his hardy Virtue.
Come, shall I speak a Man more brave than you,
A better General, and more expert Soldier?

Alex. I should be glad to learn; instruct me, Sir.

Cly. Your Father *Philip*—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The stoutest at the Table would ha' trembled:
Nay, frown not, Sir; you cannot look me dead.
When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War,
The labour'd Battel sweat, and Conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a Truth more noble
Than e'er your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you?
Philip fought Men, but *Alexander* Women.

Then follows Alexander's killing of Clytus in a storm of wrath; then his storm of repentance; upon which bursts, at the close of the Act, a cry "To arms," with news of Roxana's attack on the guards at the Bower of Semiramis, and Statira's peril. Alexander leaps up to lead the rescue, and the act ends with another often quoted line—

'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory shews the way.

The Fifth Act begins with a song of the ghosts of Darius, her father, and her mother Sysigambis, who hold ominous daggers over Statira while she is sleeping in the Bower of Semiramis. Statira, when awake, passes out of her dream to happy expectation of Alexander. Then enters "Roxana with Slaves and a Dagger." There is another dialogue between the Rival Queens, closed by the announcement of slaves that the king, with all his captains and his guards, is forcing his way in. Then Roxana stabs her rival twice, and Alexander comes only to find her dying. With him are Cassander and Polyperchon. Statira before dying takes her share in a love parting, and asks Alexander to spare Roxana's life. "'Twas love of you that caused her give me death." Roxana then pleads passionately for Alexander's love, first humbly, and then, as she is quitting him in wrath, with these tall words to give her a sonorous exit:

If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,
Send Heaven the swiftest ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead;

Kill the Triumpher and avenge my wrong,
In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young ;
Bolted with Thunder let him rush along,
And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes:
Nay, after Death
Pursue his spotted Ghost, and shoot him as he flies.

[Exit.



THE RIVAL QUEENS.

(From a Frontispiece in Lee's "Dramatick Works" (1734.)

The last pangs of Alexander are at hand, but first Perdicas comes to say that great Sysigambis is dead, and in dying gave the Princess to Lysimachus ; that also Hephestion

Having drank too largely
At your last Feast, is of a Surfeit dead.

Alexander orders Hephestion's doctor to be crucified immediately. It remains now only for the poison to work and for the hero to die raving.

Lee's "Rival Queens" and the last of William Wycherley's four comedies—"The Plain Dealer"—were produced in the same year—1677. Wycherley, the son of a gentleman of Shropshire, was born in 1640, at Clive near Shrewsbury, and sent, when a boy of fifteen, to France. He there became a Roman Catholic, entered French society, and knew

the Duc de Montausier, said to be the original of Molière's "Misanthrope," which was again the original of Wycherley's "Plain Dealer." Wycherley came to England again at the Restoration, aged twenty, and brought with him his first play, "Love in a Wood," then just written. He was for a short time at Oxford, was re-converted to Protestantism, wrote his second play, "The Gentleman Dancing-Master," entered himself at the Middle Temple, and used what knowledge he got of law in his "Plain Dealer," written at the age of twenty-five. At thirty-two, in 1672, his last play—"The Country Wife"—was written, and his first—"Love in a Wood"—produced upon the stage. Then followed the acting of the other three—"The Gentleman Dancing Master" in 1673, "The Country Wife" in 1675, and "The Plain Dealer" in 1677. He was then only midway in life, but he wrote no more plays, although he lived to the year 1715, and as an old man who had been a wit in Charles II.'s days, was one of young Pope's friends under Queen Anne.



WILLIAM WYCHERLEY. (From the Portrait by Sir Peter Lely.)

THE PLAIN DEALER,

suggested by "The Misanthrope" of Molière, has for its hero Captain Manly, described in the list of characters as "of an honest, surly, nice Humour, supposed first, in the Time of the Dutch War, to have procured the Command of a Ship, out of Honour, not Interest; and choosing a Sea-life only to avoid the World." There is a glance at the name of this character in Dryden's recognition of "the satire, wit, and strength of Manly Wycherley." Manly is a roughly outspoken, fighting sea captain, who scorns "knaves of business" and "the spaniels of the world;" he believes only in one woman, Olivia, his mistress, and in one man, Vernish, his bosom friend, who both prove to be utterly base. When he last went to sea he had left half his fortune with Olivia, and taken the other half, five or six thousand pounds, with him, intending to settle somewhere in the Indies, and leave his lieutenant,

Freeman, "a well-educated gentleman of a broken fortune, but a complier with the age," to bring the ship back. Olivia had won him by affecting to share his misanthropy, and was to follow him out to the Indies, where they would live with a wide sea between them and the corruptions of society. But on his way out, Manly had been attacked by the Dutch, had fought desperately, and sunk his ship, with all his money in it, rather than suffer it to be taken. He had then been rowed to land in the old leaky long-boat, and when one of the sailors who had helped to save him welcomed him ashore, he boxed his ears and called him fawning water-dog. The play opens with Manly, attended by two sailors, in London lodgings again, impatiently getting rid of a smooth Lord Plausible, bidding his sailors hold his doors against all comers, and impatient of their friendly jests. He upholds his humour for plain dealing with his lieutenant, Freeman, who is ready to serve him, and he is impatient of professions of affection from a young volunteer who had made part of his crew, and had shown cowardice in the fight, the volunteer being a young lady. She is Fidelia Grey, an only child, whose father had left her two thousand a year, and who for love of Captain Manly has gone to sea with him as a boy, and still follows him about as a young man devoted to his service. He was too much enamoured of worthless Olivia to have eyes for her as Fidelia Grey, so she had chosen that way of being near him, and awaits the time when his eyes may be opened to Olivia's character, and she may show her truer love by faithful service. Mr. Novel, "a pert railing coxcomb, and an admirer of novelties," and Major Oldfox, "an old impertinent Fop, given to scribbling," the sailors do succeed in keeping outside Manly's door; but they cannot keep out Mrs. Blackacre, "a petulant, litigious Widow, always in law, and Mother to Squire Jerry." Squire Jerry was the first of a race of Tonies that multiplied in English comedy, Congreve's Ben Legend, Steele's Humphry Gubbin, and Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin being the most famous of the later members of the family. Widow Blackacre and her son Jerry, "a true raw Squire, under age and his mother's government, bred to the law," are original additions to the play that enrich it greatly. They are skilfully joined to the story, although Wycherley's ingenuity stopped short of making them contribute to the development of its plot, so that there does arise a technical objection that the best scenes of the play are those which lie entirely outside the main action. The objection is, however, only technical; for in comedy of the Restoration the line of the main action is usually of such sort that it is a comfort to the modern reader to escape from it. Widow Blackacre, the daughter of a great attorney, is made part of the story by being called a kinswoman of Olivia's. Lieutenant Freeman describes her as "that litigious she-pettifogger, who is at law and difference with all the world; but," he says, "I wish I could make her agree with me in the church. They say she has fifteen hundred pounds a year jointure, and the care of her son, that is, the destruction of his estate." "Her lawyers, attorneys, and solicitors," says Manly, "have fifteen hundred pounds a year, whilst she is

contented to be poor, to make other people so." This is the manner of her first appearance on the scene.

Enter Widow BLACKACRE with a mantle, and a green bag, and several papers in the other hand: JERRY BLACKACRE, in a gown, laden with green bags, following her.

Wid. I never had so much to do with a judge's doorkeeper, as with yours; but—

Man. But the incomparable Olivia, how does she since I went?

Wid. Since you went, my suit—

Man. Olivia, I say, is she well?

Wid. My suit, if you had not returned—

Man. Damn your suit! how does your cousin Olivia?

Wid. My suit, I say, had been quite lost; but now—

Man. But now, where is Olivia? in town? for—

Wid. For to-morrow we are to have a hearing.

Man. Would you would let me have a hearing to-day!

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no judge, and you talk of nothing but suits; but, pray tell me, when did you see Olivia?

Wid. I am no visitor, but a woman of business; or if I ever visit, 'tis only the Chancery-lane ladies, ladies towards the law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing flirts, who cannot read law-French, though a gallant writ it. But, as I was telling you, my suit—

Man. Damn these impertinent vexatious people of business, of all sexes! they are still troubling the world with the tedious recitals of their lawsuits: and one can no more stop their mouths than a wit's when he talks of himself, or an intelligencer's when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a [plague] of all vexatious, impertinent lovers! they are still perplexing the world with the tedious narrations of their love-suits, and discourses of their mistresses! You are as troublesome to a poor widow of business, as a young coxcomby rhyming lover.

Man. And thou art as troublesome to me, as a rook to a losing gamester, or a young putter of cases to his mistress or sempstress, who has love in her head for another.

Wid. Nay, since you talk of putting of cases, and will not hear me speak, hear our Jerry a little; let him put our case to you, for the trial's to-morrow: and since you are my chief witness, I would have your memory refreshed and your judgment informed, that you may not give your evidence improperly.—Speak out, child.

Jer. Yes, forsooth. Hem! hem! John-a-Stiles—

Man. You may talk, young lawyer, but I shall no more mind you, than a hungry judge does a cause after the clock has struck one.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peevish too.

Wid. No matter. Jerry, go on.—Do you observe it then, sir; for I think I have seen you in a gown once. Lord, I could hear our Jerry put cases all day long.—Mark him, sir.

Jer. John-a-Stiles—no—there are first, Fitz, Pere, and Ayle,—no, no, Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre; John-a-Stiles disseises Ayle; Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dies; then the Ayle—no, the Fitz—

Wid. No, the Pere, sirrah.

Jer. Oh, the Pere! ay, the Pere, sir, and the Fitz—no, the Ayle,—no, the Pere and the Fitz, sir, and—

Man. Damn Pere, Mere, and Fitz, sir!

Wid. No, you are out, child.—Hear me, captain, then. There are Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre; and, being so seised, John-a-Stiles disseises the Ayle, Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dies; and then the Pere re-enters, the Pere, sirrah, the Pere—[to JERRY] and the Fitz enters upon the Pere, and the Ayle brings his writ

of disseisin in the post; and the Pere brings his writ of disseisin in the Pere, and——

Man. Canst thou hear this stuff, Freeman? I could as soon suffer a whole noise of flatterers at a great man's levee in a morning; but thou hast servile complacency enough to listen to a quibbling statesman in disgrace, nay, and be beforehand with him, in laughing at his dull no-jest; but I——

[*Offering to go out.*]

Wid. Nay, sir, hold! Where's the subpoena, Jerry? I must serve you, sir. You are required by this, to give your testimony——

Man. I'll be forsworn to be revenged on thee.

[*Exit, throwing away the subpoena.*]

Wid. Get you gone, for a lawless companion!—Come, Jerry, I had almost forgot, we were to meet at the master's at three: let us mind our business still, child.

The First Act was in Manly's Lodging, the Second Act is in Olivia's, and is a very clever but very unpleasant picture of fashionable frivolity, insincerity, and corruption. Olivia, with her maid Lettice in attendance, begins by affecting to her cousin Eliza hatred of the world, and aversion for all its ways.

Eliza. But is it possible the world, which has such variety of charms for other women, can have none for you? Let's see—first, what d'ye think of dressing and fine clothes?

Oliv. Dressing! Fy, fy, 'tis my aversion.—[*To LETTICE.*] But come hither, you dowdy; methinks you might have opened this toure better; O hideous! I cannot suffer it! D'ye see how 't sits?

Eliza. Well enough, cousin, if dressing be your aversion.

Oliv. 'Tis so: and for variety of rich clothes, they are more my aversion.

Let. Ay, 'tis because your ladyship wears 'em too long; for indeed a gown, like a gallant, grows one's aversion by having too much of it.

Oliv. Insatiable creature! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three days, cousin, and within this month have made some six more.

Eliza. Then your aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

Oliv. Alas! 'tis for my woman only I wear 'em, cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliza. But what d'ye think of visits—balls?

Oliv. O, I detest 'em!

Eliza. Of plays?

Oliv. I abominate 'em; filthy, obscene, hideous things.

Eliza. What say you to masquerading in the winter, and Hyde-park in the summer?

Oliv. Insipid pleasures I taste not.

Eliza. Nay, if you are for more solid pleasures, what think you of a rich young husband?

Oliv. O horrid! marriage! what a pleasure you have found out! I nauseate it of all things.

Let. But what does your ladyship think then of a liberal handsome young lover?

Oliv. A handsome young fellow, you impudent! begone out of my sight. Name a handsome young fellow to me! foh, a hideous handsome young fellow I abominate! [*Spits.*]

Eliza. Indeed! But let's see—will nothing please you? what d'ye think of the court?

Oliv. How, the court! the court, cousin! my aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions!

Eliza. How, the court! where——

Oliv. Where sincerity is a quality as much out of fashion and as unprosperous as bashfulness: I could not laugh at a

quibble, though it were a fat privy-counsellor's; nor praise a lord's ill verses, though I were myself the subject; nor an old lady's young looks, though I were her woman; nor sit to a vain young smile-maker, though he flattered me. In short, I could not glout upon a man when he comes into a room, and laugh at him when he goes out: I cannot rail at the absent to flatter the standers-by; I——

Eliza. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more malice, but the fashion; and the absent think they are no more the worse for being railed at, than the present think they're the better for being flattered. And for the court——

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the court; for you'll make me rail at it like a trusting citizen's widow.

Eliza. Or like a Holborn lady, who could not get in to the last ball, or was out of countenance in the drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there. For none rail at the court but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there; and I shall suspect you were laughed at when you were last there, or would be a maid of honour.

Oliv. I a maid of honour! To be a maid of honour, were yet of all things my aversion.

Eliza. In what sense am I to understand you? But in fine, by the word aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew woman yet used it who did not. Come, our tongues belie our hearts more than our pocket-glasses do our faces. But methinks we ought to leave off dissembling, since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise observers understand us now-a-days, as they do dreams, almanacs, and Dutch gazettes, by the contrary: and a man no more believes a woman, when she says she has an aversion for him, than when she says she'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy! hideous! Peace, cousin, or your discourse will be my aversion: and you may believe me.

Eliza. Yes; for if anything be a woman's aversion, 'tis plain dealing from another woman: and perhaps that's your quarrel to the world; for that will talk, as your woman says.

Oliv. Talk? not of me sure; for what men do I converse with? what visits do I admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the gentleman to wait upon you, madam.

Oliv. On me! you little unthinking fop; d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, madam, 'tis the gentleman that comes every day to you, who——

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little animal, and get you gone.—[*Exit Boy.*] This country boy, cousin, takes my dancing-master, tailor, or the spruce milliners for visitors.

Let. No, madam; 'tis Mr. Novel, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his voice too, madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you baffle-headed stupid creature you: you would make my cousin believe I receive visits. But if it be Mr.—what did you call him?

Let. Mr. Novel, madam; he that——

Oliv. Hold your peace; I'll hear no more of him. But if it be your Mr.—(I cannot think of his name again) I suppose he has followed my cousin hither.

Eliza. No, cousin, I will not rob you of the honour of the visit: 'tis to you, cousin; for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my honour, cousin, besides, han't I told you, that visits, and the business of visits, flattery and detraction, are my aversion? D'ye think then I would admit such a coxcomb as he is? who rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; rather than not flatter, will flatter the poets of the age, whom none will flatter; who affects novelty as much as

the fashion, and is as fantastical as changeable, and as well known as the fashion; who likes nothing but what is new, nay, would choose to have his friend or his title a new one. In fine, he is my aversion.

Eliza. I find you do know him, cousin; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliza. Well; but since he is such a coxcomb, for heaven's sake, let him not come up. Tell him, Mrs. Lettice, your lady is not within.

Oliv. No, Lettice, tell him my cousin is here, and that he may come up. For notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his conversation; and though I would use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you in my own lodging: since he has followed you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliza. Very fine! pray let him go to the devil, I say, for me: I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. Lettice.

Oliv. Upon my word, she shan't: I must disobey your commands, to comply with your desires. Call him up, Lettice.

Eliza. Nay, I'll swear she shall not stir on that errand.

[Holds LETTICE.

Oliv. Well then, I'll call him myself for you, since you will have it so.—[Calls out at the door.] Mr. Novel, sir, sir!

Enter NOVEL.

Nov. Madam, I beg your pardon; perhaps you were busy: I did not think you had company with you.

Eliza. Yet he comes to me, cousin! [Aside to OLIVIA.

Oliv. Chairs there. [They sit.

Nov. Well; but, madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From some melancholy place, I warrant, sir, since they have lost your good company.

Eliza. So!

Nov. From a place where they have treated me at dinner with so much civility and kindness, a plague on them! that I could hardly get away to you, dear madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new and obliging, sir!

Eliza. You hate flattery, cousin! [Apart to OLIVIA.

Nov. Nay, faith, madam, d'ye think my way new? Then you are obliging, madam. I must confess, I hate imitation, to do anything like other people. All that know me do me the honour to say, I am an original, faith. But, as I was saying, madam, I have been treated to-day with all the ceremony and kindness imaginable at my lady Autumn's. But, the nauseous old woman at the upper end of her table—

Oliv. Revives the old Grecian custom, of serving in a death's head with their banquets.

Nov. Ha! ha! fine, just, i' faith, nay, and new. 'Tis like eating with the ghost in the *Libertine*: she would frighten a man from her dinner with her hollow invitation, and spoil one's stomach—

Oliv. To meat or women. I detest her hollow cherry cheeks: she looks like an old coach new painted; affecting an unseemly smugness, whilst she is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliza. You hate detraction, I see, cousin. [Apart to OLIVIA.

Nov. But the silly old fury, whilst she affects to look like a woman of this age, talks—

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old courtier who has outlived his office.

Nov. Yes, madam; but pray let me give you her character. She never counts her age by the years, but—

Oliv. By the masques she has lived to see.

Nov. Nay then, madam, I see you think a little harmless railing too great a pleasure for any but yourself; and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you would hear me, madam.

Oliv. Most patiently; speak, sir.

Nov. Then, we had her daughter—

Oliv. Ay, her daughter; the very disgrace to good clothes, which she always wears but to heighten her deformity, not mend it: for she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, madam? and can you spare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, sir.

Nov. Then, she is like—

Oliv. She is, you'd say, like a city bride; the greater fortune, but not the greater beauty, for her dress.

Nov. Well; yet have you done, madam? Then she—

Oliv. Then she bestows as unfortunately on her face all the graces in fashion, as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip. But as the fool is never more provoking than when he aims at wit, the ill-favoured of our sex are never more nauseous than when they would be beauties, adding to their natural deformity the artificial ugliness of affectation.

Eliza. So, cousin, I find one may have a collection of all one's acquaintance's pictures as well at your house as at Mr. Lely's. Only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like; here much uglier, and like: and you are the first of the profession of picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do nobody wrong, cousin.

Eliza. No, you hate flattery and detraction.

Oliv. But, Mr. Novel, who had you besides at dinner?

Lord Plausible joins Mr. Novel at Olivia's lodging. Manly, Freeman, and Fidelia enter behind; and Manly hears himself ridiculed by the one woman in whom he had believed, and in whose hands he has placed all the fortune that remains to him. He makes his presence known, and is scoffed by her openly in presence of her "spaniels of the world." But meanwhile she looks with an eye of favour on the girl in male dress, Fidelia, and tells Manly, "If you should ever have anything to say to me hereafter, let that young gentleman there be your messenger." When Manly and Fidelia have departed, "Enter Widow Blackacre, led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green bags." The invalid major pays obsequious suit to the widow, and Freeman, who has remained, attacks her boldly, hoping to carry her by storm; but the widow's heart is with the papers in her green bag, and she first gives a piece of her mind to Major Oldfox in rejecting him, with terms of contempt that delight Freeman, until she turns upon him and gives him as roundly her opinion of his character also.

The Third Act is in Westminster Hall, whither Manly, still accompanied by Freeman and the two sailors, has been brought by force of Widow Blackacre's subpoena. Traders expose their wares in the Hall, lawyers are moving to and fro between the courts, and the world is alive there in various forms. When Freeman has left Manly, and is looking among the lawyers for the widow, Fidelia joins him, and is required to aid him in a plot against Olivia, or never see him again. She is to pay suit for Olivia's favour as the lad who had caught her fancy, and what conquest

she makes Manly is to use by a trick. He will thus get satisfaction and revenge. The rest of the Act shows in Manly's case, under various forms, a world quick at profession, but quicker in avoidance of all service that involves the least self-sacrifice; and follows the underplot of Freeman's attack on the Widow Blackacre's money, which he is to get by forcing her to marry him. His way is to inspire Jerry with the spirit of rebellion, give him money, that he spends in Westminster Hall on toys, take possession of the widow's bag of papers left in faithless Jerry's charge, and cause Jerry to nominate himself, Lieutenant Freeman, as his guardian.

The Fourth Act has its scene partly in Manly's lodging, partly in Olivia's. Fidelia tells Manly that Olivia had called him ten thousand ruffians, brutes, sea-monsters, and even surly coward, and had urged an assignation on herself, the supposed youth, an assignation in the dark to hide the young man's blushes. Manly requires Fidelia to keep it, and will also be there unseen. "I'll go with you," he says, "and act love while you shall talk it only." Major Oldfox enters with Widow Blackacre, while the room is empty, and tries to read to her some of the fruits of his leisure, the overflowings of his fancy and pen. Freeman brings Jerry Blackacre, whom he has spirited to revolt, and wonderfully arrayed in an old gaudy suit with red military breeches. The widow, finding that Jerry has made Freeman his guardian, and that Freeman holds her papers, endeavours to carry the estate on to her next son, Bob, by declaring that Jerry was not born in wedlock. In Olivia's lodging Lord Plausible and Novel meet to discover that Olivia has written, with only change of names, identical letters to them both, flattering each of them and abusing the other. Vernish, the false friend who has defrauded Manly and married the false mistress Olivia, returns to find his room dark, and Olivia mistaking him for another. She recovers herself by a falsehood, and sends him out immediately to take Manly's cabinet of jewels from the goldsmith with whom they were lodged in Olivia's name, in order to secure the plunder. Then Manly enters with Fidelia, carries out his plan of revenge, and leaves; but before Fidelia has left, Vernish returns, has his wrath, at finding a man in his wife's rooms, changed to another passion upon discovering the man to be a woman. Disturbed by the arrival of an alderman with money, he thrusts Fidelia into a side room and locks the door.

In the Fifth Act Olivia, believing her infamy to have been discovered by her husband, has fled from him and taken refuge in Eliza's lodging. When Vernish, her husband, comes with friendly face and tells her that he has found the man in her rooms to be a woman, she supposes him to have been tricked, and assumes airs of injured innocence. Then the scene changes to "The Cock" in Bow Street, where Manly is with Fidelia in a private dining-room, and requires that another assignation be made for that evening by deputy, at which he intends to bring upon her public shame. Vernish, whom he still believes to be a true friend, and whom he does not know as Olivia's husband (though Olivia had told him, in casting him off, that she was married secretly to some one whose

name she still reserved), Vernish now comes to play upon Manly, and, while obliged to keep his own counsel, hears of the shame his wife has brought him to. We may take all the rest for granted. Everybody in the play is base. Widow Blackacre comes to "The Cock" with two knights of the post to forge more signatures, and her bag of papers is found to include many forgeries. Lieutenant Freeman, as guardian to Jerry, turns these forgeries to his private advantage, arrests the Widow, and lets her off upon consideration of the payment of his debts and four hundred a year out of her estate. The profligacy of Olivia does not excuse Manly's low revenge upon a woman he had loved. Fidelia's participation in it stains her, though she wins by it her place as Manly's wife. Vernish is, of course, utterly base; and Lord Plausible, Novel, and Major Oldfox make a background of fashionable folly to a picture of fashionable vice. There is vigorous wit in Wycherley, and satire upon folly. But the corruption of what called itself polite society is not shown from a point of view outside itself. The low animal stir of the court of the Restoration has nowhere its true nature shown, even by a chance flash of light out of the higher life of man.

John Dryden produced, on the 17th of November, 1681, his famous satire "Absalom and Achitophel." In December, after Shaftesbury's escape from the king's stroke at his life, there was a second edition with some added lines. In March, 1682, Dryden published his satire of "The Medal," upon the medal struck to commemorate Shaftesbury's escape; and in October, 1682, he punished Shadwell for a gross personal attack upon his character, with the masterly satire called "MacFlecknoe." Dryden contributed two hundred lines to Nahum Tate's second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," published in November, 1682; and in that month appeared also his poem, suggested by the religious controversy of the day, "Religio Laici." It was just before this period of greatest intellectual energy that Dryden produced—in the spring or summer of 1681—

THE SPANISH FRIAR, OR THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY,

a play in which a comic underplot is associated with a "heroic" story. Sir Walter Scott has echoed Dr. Johnson's praise of the skill with which the two plots of this play are interwoven, and it is usually reckoned among Dryden's best. But although Dryden has kept Aristotle in mind, and taxed his ingenuity to bring each of his two plots to a revolution caused by a discovery, and one to a double discovery, he has not even attempted to make one plot necessary to the other. The Spanish friar who gives to the play its title is no more concerned with its main action than the Widow Blackacre is concerned with the main action of "The Plain Dealer." He is richly painted—in fact, Dryden's masterpiece in comedy—but he and all the incidents with which he is concerned might be left out of the play without causing the slightest loss to its main story. Points of contact are cleverly

found for him, as they are found for the Widow Blackacre, but that is all. The want of unity is well disguised; but the two plots are certainly not interwoven.

The scene of the play is in Saragossa, where Sancho, the old and amiable King of Arragon, has been confined in a dungeon and his children have been murdered by the father of the heroine of the play, Leonora. Leonora is now Queen; her father on his death-bed had bidden her marry young Bertran, son of one who had helped to make him great. The Moor Abdalla had suit also for Leonora, and is now outside Saragossa bringing fierce war against Bertran, whom he has three times beaten in the field. The play opens with a dialogue between two noble Spaniards, Alphonso and Pedro, through whom this is told, and it is added that the hope of the soldiers is in young Torrismond, supposed to be the son of Raymond, Alphonso's brother. While Bertran talks largely within Saragossa to the sound of drums and cries to arms, news comes that Torrismond is in hot battle with the Moors. The Queen passes to the Cathedral to invoke saints, and presently Alphonso's son Lorenzo enters from the battle with news of a crowning victory.

Alphonso. Thou reviv'st me.

Pedro. By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Procession was made for it; and yet it will go hard but the Priests will make a Miracle on't.

Lorenzo. Yes, Faith; we came like bold intruding Guests; And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome: Their Scouts we kill'd; then found their Body sleeping: And as they lay confus'd, we stumbl'd o'er 'em; And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or Leggs; Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light They make but bungling work.

Bertran. I'll to the Queen,
And bear the News.

Pedro. That's young *Lorenzo's* duty.

Bertran. I'll spare his trouble.—

This *Torrismond* begins to grow too fast;
He must be mine, or ruin'd.

[*Aside.*

Lorenzo. *Pedro*, a word:—[*Whisper.*] [*Exit BERTRAN.*

Alphonso. How swift he shot away! I find it stung him,
In spite of his dissembling.

[*To Lorenzo.*] How many of the enemy are slain?

Lorenzo. Troth, sir, we were in haste; and cou'd not stay
To score the men we kill'd: But there they lie.

Lorenzo, home from war, is in search of women. Hence the underplot. Elvira, the young wife of a jealous old banker, Gomez, puts herself in his way. He is attracted by her, and makes use of her confessor, Father Dominic, in getting access to her. Father Dominic is the Spanish Friar. He is fat, greedy, venal, capable of all ill, even lightly suggesting murder; and with a cloak of hypocrisy, and the power of the Church at his back, winning trust and authority in the families he is quite ready to corrupt and betray. The incidents of the intrigue are various and full of humour, but they show only the complicity of a corrupt friar in an animal intrigue that is in good time brought to an end by the discovery that Elvira is Lorenzo's sister, who had been married

from the nunnery to which she had been sent as a young girl. This discovery is unexpected, but entirely beside the main action of the play, and therefore unimportant. The two secrets, of which the successive disclosures, and the revolutions caused by them, give the play its second title of "The Double Discovery," belong to the main action, but here the chief secret might, perhaps, have been more strictly kept. Torrismond dares to love the Queen. He comes into conflict with Bertran her designated husband, and is summoned to her presence for affronting him within the precincts of the court.

The Scene draws; and shews the QUEEN sitting in state, BERTRAN standing next her: then TERESA, &c.

She rises and comes to the front.

Qu. Leonora. [*To Bert.*] I blame not you, my Lord, my Father's Will,

Your own Deserts, and all my People's Voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of Sovereign Pow'r.
But I wou'd learn the cause, why *Torrismond*,
Within my Palace Walls, within my hearing,
Almost within my sight, affronts a Prince
Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay,
And looks as he were Lord of Humane kind.

Enter TORRISMOND, ALPHONSO, PEDRO. TORRISMOND bows low: then looks earnestly on the QUEEN, and keeps at distance.

Teresa. Madam, the General.

Qu. Let me view him well.

My Father sent him early to the Frontiers;
I have not often seen him; if I did,
He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.
But where's the fierceness, the disdainful Pride;
The haughty Port, the fiery Arrogance?
By all these Marks, this is not sure the Man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult,
Whose fierce Demeanour, and whose Insolence
The Patience of a God cou'd not support.

Qu. Name his Offence, my Lord, and he shall have
Immediate Punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, shou'd I speak it,
That my Presumption then wou'd equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, *Torrismond*,
By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. [*Kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a Crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
Or if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he, who thus commanded dares to speak,
Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silence.
But you adjured me, Madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none; for I am all Despair:
Friends I have none; for Friendship follows Favour.
Desert I've none; for what I did, was Duty:
O that it were! that it were Duty all!

Qu. Why do you pause? proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Death below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall—so I;—
But whither am I going? if to Death,

He looks so lovely sweet in Beauties Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart.—I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.

Whips, Darkness, Dungeons, for this Insolence.—

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.—

Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torrismond*, withdraw:
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.

For you, My Lord,—

The priest to-morrow was to join our hands;

I'll try if I can live a Day without you.

So, both of you depart; and live in Peace.

Alphonso. Who knows which way she points!

Doubling and turning like a hunted Hare.

Find out the Meaning of her Mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a Woman's! backward and forward,
The whole Sex in every word. . . .

[*Exeunt all but the QUEEN and TERESA.*]

Qu. Haste, my *Teresa*, haste; and call him back.

Tere. Whom, Madam?

Qu. Him.

Tere. Prince *Bertran*?

Qu. *Torrismond*.

There is no other he.

So *Torrismond* is raised to Hope in the Second Act. In the Third Act, *Bertran* shows to the Queen his jealousy, and she speaks to him rashly, but alters her tone thus:—

Qu. *Bertran*, stay,

[*Aside.*] This may produce some dismal Consequence
To him whom dearer than my Life, I love.

[*To him.*] Have I not manag'd my Contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert. Then was it but a trial?

Methinks I start as from some dreadful Dream;
And often ask myself if yet I wake.

[*Aside.*] This turn's too quick to be without Design:
I'll sound the bottom of 't 'ere I believe.

Qu. I find your Love; and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears sollicit my weak Breast;
I fear my People's Faith:
That hot-mouth'd Beast that bears against the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful Kings;
But harder by Usurpers:
Judge then, my Lord, with all these Cares oppress'd,
If I can think of Love.

Bert. Believe me, Madam,
These Jealousies, how ever large they spread,
Have but one Root, the old, imprison'd King;
Whose Lenity first pleas'd the gaping Crowd:
But when long tried, and found supinely good,
Like *Æsop's* Logg, they leapt upon his Back:
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em strongly and he spurr'd them hard;
And, but he durst not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This Anvil of Affronts, but sent him hence,
To hold a peaceful Branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
Echoes the Sound, and Jars within my Soul;
There lies my Grief.

Bert. So long as there's a Head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
Lop that but off; and then—

Qu. My Vertue shrinks from such an horrid Act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a Vertue out of season.

Mercy is good; a very good dull Vertue;
But Kings mistake its timing; and are mild,
When manly Courage bids 'em be severe!
Better be cruel once, than anxious ever:
Remove this threaten'g danger from your Crown;
And then securely take the Man you love.

Qu. [*Walking aside.*] Ha! let me think of that: the Man
I love?

'Tis true, this Murther is the only means
That can secure my throne to *Torrismond*.
Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the Object of the People's Hate.

Bert. [*Aside.*] The more she thinks 'twill work the stronger
in her.

Qu. [*Aside.*] How eloquent is Mischief to persuade!

Few are so wicked as to take delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
If then I break divine and humane Laws,
No Bribe but Love cou'd gain so bad a Cause.

Bert. You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you, think what you do,
You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torrismond*,
Whom she has thrice in private seen this Day:
Then I am fairly caught in my own snare.

I'll think again.—Madam, it shall be done;

And mine be all the blame. [Exit *BERT*.]

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
The Priesthood grosly cheat us with Free-will:
Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Causes they proceed:
Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Meer senseless Engines that are mov'd by Fate;
Like Ships on stormy Seas without a Guide,
Tost by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.

Enter *TORRISMOND*.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
Into your presence, Madam? If I am—

Qu. No more; lest I should chide you for your stay:
Where have you been? and, How cou'd you suppose
That I could live these two long Hours without you?

Tor. O, words to charm an Angel from his orb!
Welcome, as kindly showers to long parch'd Earth!
But I have been in such a dismal place
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers:
Bound in with Darkness, over-spread with Damps:
Where I have seen (if I cou'd say, I saw)
The good old King, majestic in his Bonds,
And 'midst his Grievs most venerably Great:
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours, he lay stretch'd along
Upon the unwholesome Earth; his Eyes fix'd upward:
And ever and anon a silent Tear
Stole down, and trick'd¹ from his hoary Beard.

¹ *Trick'd*. In quotations from "The Spanish Friar" I reproduce all peculiarities of spelling, punctuation, &c. This word "trick'd" is a good example of the absolutely unintelligent manner in which the letter *s* is continually, and even to this day, replaced by an apostrophe in printing verse which scans perfectly when the word so mangled is spoken in the usual way.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy sad Discourse, and, for my sake,
Cast off these fearful melancholy Thoughts.

Tor. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
As early Blossoms are with Eastern blasts :
He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my neck ;
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close :
So, leaning Check to Check, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Qu. Forbear : you know not how you wound my Soul.

Tor. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too ?
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous Secret to disclose :
He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me Son ;
He prais'd my Courage, pray'd for my Success :
He was so true a Father of his Country,
To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes,
Because they were his Subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I ?

Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my Earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your Queen ?

Tor. You are so beautiful,
So wondrous fair, you justify Rebellion :
As if that faultless Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The King must die, he must, my *Torrismond* ;
Though Pity softly plead within my Soul.
Yet he must die, that I may make you Great,
And give a Crown in dowry with my Love.

Tor. Perish that Crown—on any Head but yours ;—
O recollect your Thoughts !
Shake not his Hourglass, when his hasty Sand
Is ebbing to the last :

A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter Storm.

Qu. Let me but do this one Injustice here :
His Doom is past ; and, for your sake, he dies.

Tor. Wou'd you, for me, have done so ill an Act,
And will not do a good one ?
Now, by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O spare this Great, this Good, this Aged King ;
And spare your Soul the Crime.

Qu. The Crime's not mine ;
'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by *Bertran*,
Fed with false hopes to gain my Crown and Me :
I, to inance his Ruin, gave no leave ;
But barely bad him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the Crime ;
Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day ;
How will you tremble there to stand expos'd,
And foremost in the rank of guilty Ghosts
That must be doomed for Murder ; think on Murder :
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes ;
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me ;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought ;
Sure there is none but fears a future state :
And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts belie their boasting Tongues.

Enter TERESA.

Send speedily to *Bertran* ; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther pleasure.

Tere. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'Tis performed. [*Exit.*]

Tor. Ten thousand Plagues consume him, Furies drag him,
Fiends tear him ; Blasted be the Arm that strook,
The Tongue that order'd ;—Only She be spar'd
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the sacred Lives of Kings ?
Why slept the Lightning and the Thunderbolts,
Or bent their idle rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here ?

Qu. Sleep that Thought too,
'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall :
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Tor. O, never, never, shall it be forgotten ;
High Heaven will not forget it, after Ages
Shall with a fearful Curse remember ours ;
And Blood shall never leave the Nation more !

Qu. His Body shall be Royally interr'd,
And the last Funeral Poms adorn his Hearse ;
I will myself (as I have cause too just)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obsequies :
And Yearly fix on the revolving Day
The solemn marks of Mourning, to atone
And expiate my Offences.

Tor. Nothing can,
But bloody Vengeance on that Traitor's Head,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys :
Love calls, my *Torrismond* ; though Hate has rag'd
And rul'd the Day, yet Love will rule the Night.
The spiteful Stars have shed their Venom down,
And now the peaceful Planets take their turn.
This Deed of *Bertran's* has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me just occasion to reface him.
What hinders now but that the holy Priest
In secret join our mutual Vows ? and then
This Night, this happy Night, is yours and mine.

Tor. Be still my Sorrows ; and be loud my Joys.
Fly to the utmost Circles of the Sea,
Thou furious Tempest that has toss'd my Mind,
And leave no Thought, but *Leonora*, there.—
What's this I feel a-boding in my Soul ?
As if this Day were fatal ; be it so ;
Fate shall have but the Leavings of my Love :
My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great ;
The Lion, though he see the Toils are set,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, scours away,
Hunts in the face of Danger all the Day ;
At Night, with sullen pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey. }

The hero having made his simile, this triplet
closes the Third Act, and we are now ready for the
double discovery. The first discovery is the matter
of the Fourth Act, when *Raymond*, the supposed
father of *Torrismond*, arrives at *Saragossa* to find
the murder of *King Sancho* common talk. Says the
Queen to *Bertran*,

Bury'd in private, and so suddenly !
It crosses my design, which was t' allow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of Mourning.

Bert. It was not safe :
Objects of pity, when the Cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd :
Had *Cesar's* Body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gained his Cause.

Raymond sees with satisfaction the repudiation of

Bertran by the usurping Queen, and urges his seizure.

Yet one way

There is to ruin *Bertran*.

Qu. O, there's none;
Except an Host from Heaven can make such haste
To save my Crown as he will do to seize it:
You saw he came surrounded with his Friends,
And knew besides our Army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Raym. Yet you may give Commission
To some Bold Man, whose Loyalty you trust,
And let him raise the Train-bands of the City.

Qu. Gross-feeders, Lion-walkers, Lamb-like fighters.

Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What pushing force they have; some popular Chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries Halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
And *One and All* 's the Word; true Cocks of th' game,
That never ask for what, or whom, they fight;
But turn 'em out, and show 'em but a Foe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cause of Quarrel.

Qu. There may be danger in that boist'rous Rout:
Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But some new Blast of Wind may turn those Flames
Against my Palace Walls?

Raym. But still their Chief
Must be some one whose Loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than you,
Whose interests, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the Rabble,
He shall appear to head 'em.

Raym. [*Aside to Alphonso and Pedro.*] First seize *Bertran*,
And then insinuate to them that I bring
Their lawful Prince to place upon the Throne.

Alph. Our lawful Prince.

Raym. Fear not, I can produce him.

The lawful Prince is, of course, *Torrismond*. When
Raymond finds Queen *Leonora*'s love for *Torrismond*,
who has been brought up as his son, he seeks first to
stir in *Torrismond* a zeal against usurpation; but
Torrismond holds by the Queen. He then tells him
that

there yet survives the lawful Heir
Of *Sancho*'s Blood, whom when I shall produce,
I rest assured to see you pale with Fear
And Trembling at his Name.

Tor. He must be more than Man who makes me tremble:
I dare him to the Field with all the odds
Of Justice on his side, against my Tyrant;
Produce your lawful Prince, and you shall see
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet sign'd,
And given me by the King when time shou'd serve
To be perus'd by you.

Torrismond reads.

I the King.

My youngest and alone surviving Son
Reported dead to 'scape rebellious rage
Till happier Times shall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters or revenge my Fate
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrismond——

If I am he, that Son, that *Torrismond*,
The world contains not so forlorn a wretch!

Raymond urges upon him his duty to see his
Father's death revenged.

Tor. Why, 'tis the only bus'ness of my Life;
My Order's issued to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s Death's resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's; O she's the chief Offender!
Shall Justice turn her Edge within your Hand?
No, if she 'scape, you are yourself the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.

Tor. Cruel Fates:

To what have you reserved me!

Raym. Why that Sigh?

Tor. Since you must know, but break, O break my Heart,
Before I tell my Fatal Story out,
Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's Ruin,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!

Upon the tragic distress of this revolution in the
story, caused by the first discovery, the Fourth Act
closes.

The Fifth Act begins by developing the distress.
Torrismond has withdrawn himself from the endear-
ments of the wife he had so lately married. The
sudden unexplained change throws her into deep
distress. A passionate scene between them ends with
his giving her the paper that reveals the secret of his
birth.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
All clust'ring in a heap like swarming Hives,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design

To punish *Bertran* and revenge the King,
'Twas ordered so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd my Lord.
'Tis time they block the Castle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, Fire it,
Pull out th' usurping Queen.

Torrismond defends the Palace against his foster-
father, *Raymond*, against his friends and the people,
with *Lorenzo* whom he persuades to fight on his side
—though on the other side there is *Lorenzo*'s father.
Says Torrismond,

By Heaven I'll face

This Tempest, and deserve the Name of King.
O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven so match'd before!
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'st on me;
Then all the blest will beg that thou may'st live,
And even my Father's Ghost his Death forgive.

Torrismond, *Lorenzo*, and their followers make
prisoners of *Raymond*, *Alphonso*, and *Pedro*, but
after all there remains the difficulty that it is to be
got rid of by the revolution following the second part
of the Double Discovery. *Says Torrismond,*

O Leonora! what can love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmost;
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at last that Tyrant Justice! Oh——

Full dramatic use is made of this complication; even the inexorable Raymond being moved to tears by the wrench it causes. But the expert spectator or reader of the play is less interested, because, at least from the time when it appeared that Sancho's body was not forthcoming, probably earlier, he has been taking for granted the other part of the Discovery, though Dryden evidently meant it to remain a secret to the close. This is the close:

Enter TORRISMOND, LEONORA, BERTRAN, RAYMOND, TERESA, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general Joy.
Some Angel with a golden trumpet sound,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing Skies
From Pole to Pole resound, King *Sancho* lives.
O Bertran, O! no more my Foe, but Brother:
One act like this blots out a thousand Crimes.

Bert. Bad Men, when 'tis their Interest, may do good:
I must confess, I counsel'd *Sancho's* Murd'r;
And urg'd the Queen by specious Arguments:
But still suspecting that her Love was chang'd,
I spread abroad the Rumour of his Death,
To sound the very Soul of her Designs;
Th' Event, you know was answering to my Fears:
She threw the *Odium* of the Fact on me,
And publicly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to save the Innocent.

Bert. I plead no merit, but a bare Forgiveness.

Tor. Not only that, but Favour: *Sancho's* Life,
Whether by Vertue or Design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.

Qu. My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire,
But *Sancho's* leave to authorize our Marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So merciful a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive,
But let the bold Conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]

Thomas Otway, son of a rector of Woolbeding, near Midhurst, in Sussex, was born in 1651. After education at Winchester School and Christ Church, Oxford, he left the University without a degree, failed as an actor, got a commission as cornet of horse in levies for Flanders, came back and began his career as a dramatist with "*Alcibiades*" in 1675. He transformed "*Romeo and Juliet*," according to the bad taste of the day, into a play called "*Caius Marius*," that he might put Marius and Sylla for Montague and Capulet, and array Romeo in a toga as Marius Junior. He formed a play "*Titus and Berenice*" from Racine's *Bérénice*, and adapted from Molière *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. Upon two clever books by a contemporary French writer, the Abbé de St. Réal, Otway based two of his plays, one "*Don Carlos*" in 1675 from a book published by St. Réal

in 1672; the other "*Venice Preserved*," founded upon a book published by St. Réal in 1674. "*Venice Preserved*" in 1682 had been preceded by "*The Orphan*" in 1680, and these are the two best of Otway's plays. In April, 1685, Otway died in extreme poverty, neglected by the king to whom he had been loyal in his verse, though in his "*Orphan*" he had expressed indirectly bitter consciousness of the corruption of the time.



THOMAS OTWAY. (From the Portrait engraved for the Edition of his Works published in 1812).

"*The Orphan*" and "*Venice Preserved*" are two of the very best plays of their time. They are admirably constructed, and the incidents are so honestly felt, that we escape in them from the conventional passion and emotion of what in their day was called heroic drama. If Dryden had clearly realised to himself the character of Queen Leonora in his "*Spanish Friar*," had felt his subject deeply enough to know what sort of love there could be in a woman who had been keeping old King Sancho in a dungeon, and was prompt to suggest his murder when it seemed to smooth the way to gratification of her "tender" passion towards Torrismund, he would scarcely have written the play as we have it. His mind was far more in the art he exercised than in the matter it was shaping with a master's ingenuity. But in "*The Orphan*" and "*Venice Preserved*" Otway felt what he wrote, and expressed the grace and tenderness of his own nature. "*The Orphan*" was the first tragedy of mark in which the dignity of royal birth was dispensed with, as a means of giving elevation to the subject; and sometimes, by right of it, Otway has been called founder of the domestic drama. Its story has a defect of the time, that the love of the two brothers, by which Monimia is plunged into uttermost distress, is mainly animal. But, only the more for that, the sorrows of Monimia are deep and real, and Otway wins real sympathy for innocence and beauty in distress.

VENICE PRESERVED

owes much of its charm to the same generosity and gentleness of feeling, and as the hero and heroine have been for three years husband and wife when the play opens, their love has a breadth and depth not usually to be found in the dramatic passions of the reign of Charles II.

The husband is Jaffeir, a Venetian gentleman of broken fortune; the wife is Belvidera, daughter to Priuli, a Venetian Senator. The marriage has been frowned upon by Belvidera's father, and when the play opens, Jaffeir, become bankrupt, in vain seeks assistance from Priuli.

Enter PRIULI and JAFFEIR.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more; be gone and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me; by my suffering but you shall!

My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me: patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak

In right, though proud oppression will not hear me!

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father!
Wronged you?

Pri. Yes! wronged me; in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you have done me wrong.
You may remember, (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness:) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courtied, and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend,
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me.
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom:
Oh, Belvidera!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct, no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantin you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by a duke,
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize:
I brought her, gave her your despairing arms:
Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,

Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her
At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false like mine;
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous: still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress, and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain:
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries: whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by heaven.
Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell
From my sad heart, when she forgot her duty,
The fountain of my life was not so precious:
But she is gone, and if I am a man
I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she too with thee;
For, living here, you're but my curst remembrances
I once was happy.

Jaff. You use me thus because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera: you perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me!
Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety;
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder!

Pri. You dare not do 't, —

Jaff. Indeed, my lord, I dare not,
My heart that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice;
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded;
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I loved her for herself,
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli —

Pri. No more!

Jaff. Yes! all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning;
Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossoms scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.

Pri. Home and be humble, study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly,
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;

Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve—
Home, home, I say.

[Exit.]

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to mine eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors
Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring;
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
Oh, Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

When Jaffair is in this mood of despair there comes upon him his friend Pierre, who has deep discontent against society. Pierre is angered by the yielding of his mistress, the Greek courtesan Aquilina, to the suit of a rich and foolish senator, Antonio; and he is one of a number of rash discontented men who have become tools in the hands of Bedamar, the Spanish Ambassador. They are deep in a conspiracy for killing the senators, burning Venice, and placing themselves at the head of a reconstituted city that will rise out of its ashes. Pierre, who has seen Jaffair's goods seized, describes to him the ruin of his home, and the distress of Belvidera.

Pier. I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying:
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had signed it,
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale:
There was another making villanous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments,
Rich hangings, intermixed and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaff. Now thank Heaven—

Pier. Thank Heaven! for what?

Jaff. That I'm not worth a ducat.

Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Venice,
Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are false;
Where there's no trust, no truth; where innocence
Stoops under vile oppression; and vice lords it;
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doomed to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers
That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em;
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she leaned,
Kindly looked up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they caught the sorrows that fell from her;
E'en the lewd rabble that were gathered round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
Governed their roaring throats, and grumbled pity:
I could have hugged the greasy rogues: they pleased me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story, from my soul,
Since now I know the worst that can befall me:

Ah, Pierre! I have a heart, that could have borne
The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me:
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own myself a coward: bear my weakness,
If throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows!

Pier. Burn!

First burn, and level Venice to thy ruin.
What, starve like beggars' brats in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
Thou, or thy cause shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee;
Command my heart: thou'rt every way its master.

Jaff. No, there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

Pier. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run mad;
Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow.
Revenge! the attribute of gods; they stamp it
With their great image on our natures. Die!
Consider well the cause that calls upon thee:
And if thou'rt base enough, die then: remember
Thy Belvidera suffers: Belvidera!
Die—damn first—what, be decently interred
In a churchyard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit slain fools, the common dung o' th' soil!

Jaff. Oh!

Pier. Well said, out with 't, swear a little—

Jaff. Swear! by sea and air! by earth, by heaven, and
hell,

I will revenge my Belvidera's tears!
Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator!

Pier. A dog!

Jaff. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my heart.

No more: where shall we meet at night?

Wrought upon thus, and by pictures of the
wretchedness of Venice and the indolent injustice of
the senators, Jaffair is drawn by his friend Pierre to
the point of joining the conspiracy; and the First Act
ends with a scene between Jaffair and Belvidera,
showing her firm in love to him through all his
distresses.

Belv. Oh, I will love thee, even in madness love thee.
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head;
And as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the morning.

Jaff. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made
her!

Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world,
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, th' obsequious billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you:

I, in my private bark, already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant driven on unknown land,
That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that,
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store;
Resolved to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Second Act opens between Pierre and Aquilina, with his strong jealousy of the Senator Antonio, whom she detests, although she likes his money. The conspirators will meet at night in Aquilina's house. Then Jaffeir is met by Pierre on the Rialto, helped with a purse from his friend, and fully drawn into the plot.

Pier. Nay, it's a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffeir, For it is founded on the noblest basis,
Our liberties, our natural inheritance;
There's no religion, no hypocrisy in't;
We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray for't:
Openly act a deed the world shall gaze
With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaff. For liberty!

Pier. For liberty, my friend!
Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
And thy sequestered fortunes healed again.
I shall be freed from those opprobrious wrongs
That press me now, and bend my spirit downward.
All Venice free, and every growing merit
Succeed to its just right: fools shall be pulled
From Wisdom's seat; those baleful unclean birds,
Those lazy owls, who (perched near Fortune's top)
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledged virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do?

Pier. Can'st thou not kill a senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
For herding with that nest of fools and knaves.
By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had, and the brave story warms me.

Pier. Swear then!

Jaff. I do, by all those glittering stars
And yon great ruling planet of the night!
By all good powers above, and ill below!
By love and friendship, dearer than my life!
No power or death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart.
A council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire's hatching: there I'll lead thee!
But be a man, for thou'rt to mix with men
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when it's wildest—

Jaff. I give thee thanks

For this kind warning: yes, I'll be a man,
And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest my fears
Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
Out of my breast, and show it for a coward's.
Come, let's be gone, for from this hour I chase
All little thoughts, all tender human follies
Out of my bosom: vengeance shall have room:
Revenge!

Pier. And liberty!

Jaff. Revenge! revenge!

[*Exeunt.*]

The scene then changes to the meeting of the conspirators in Aquilina's house. Bedamar, the Spanish Ambassador, is there to prompt. There is Renault, an old Frenchman with a leading voice, with Eliot, an Englishman, and many Italians. The hour of revenge, long delayed, is at hand.

Bed. Now if any

Amongst us that owns this glorious cause,
Have friends or interest he'd wish to save,
Let it be told; the general doom is sealed;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

Pier. I must confess, you there have touched my weakness
I have a friend; hear it, such a friend!

My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you.
He knows the very business of this hour;
But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it:
We've chang'd a vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betrayed?

Pier. No—I've dealt nobly with you;
I've brought my all into the public stock;
I'd but one friend, and him I'll share amongst you?
Receive and cherish him: or if, when seen
And searched, you find him worthless; as my tongue
Has lodged this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears I wear a dagger here,
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.
Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast of.

Enter JAFFEIR with a Dagger.

Bed. His presence bears the show of manly virtue!

Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncalled,
I dare approach this place of fatal councils;
But I'm amongst you, and, by Heaven, it glads me,
To see so many virtues thus united,
To restore justice and dethrone oppression.
Command this sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this breast; but if you think it worthy
To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the cursed assembled Senate;
It shrinks not, though I meet a father there.
Would you behold this city flaming? here's
A hand shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To th' Arsenal, and set its gates on fire.

Ren. You talk this well, sir.

Jaff. Nay—by Heaven I'll do this.

Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces,
You fear me a villain; and indeed it's odd
To hear a stranger talk thus at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated;
But I come ripe with wrongs, as you with councils;
I hate this senate, am a foe to Venice:
A friend to none, but men resolv'd like me,
To push on mischief. Oh, did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

Bed. Pierre! I must embrace him,
My heart beats to this man as if it knew him.

Ren. I never loved these huggers.

Jaff. Still I see
The cause delights me not. Your friends survey me
As I were dangerous—but I come armed
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give
A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay for.
My Belvidera! ho! my Belvidera!

Bed. What wonder 's next?

Jaff. Let me intreat you,

As I have henceforth hopes to call ye friends,
That all but the ambassador, and this
Grave guide of counsels, with my friend that owns me,
Withdraw a while, to spare a woman's blushes.

[*Exeunt all but BED., REN., JAFF., PIER.*]

Bed. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us?

Jaff. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. Who,

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful hour?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love:
Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou?

The Second Act then closes with a scene in which Jaffair commits Belvidera to the care of Renault, and a dagger with her as a pledge of his fidelity.

The Third Act opens with a scene between Aquilina and the very foolish Senator Antonio, who visits her. Then Belvidera enters in distress, because Renault had proved false guardian, and sought her with evil desire. Jaffair meets her in her sorrow; the scene of distress between them leads to her desire to know his secret.

Belv. Why was I last night delivered to a villain?

Jaff. Hah, a villain!

Belv. Yes! to a villain! why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches,
That look as hell had drawn 'em into league?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger,
Was I delivered with such dreadful ceremonies?
"To you, sirs, and to your honour I bequeath her,
And with her this: whene'er I prove unworthy,
You know the rest, then strike it to her heart?"
Oh, why 's that *rest* concealed from me? must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust?
For such I know I am; that 's all my value!
But by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of these slaves;
Straight to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaff. Is this the Roman virtue! this the blood
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter!
Would she have e'er betray'd her Brutus?

Belv. No,

For Brutus trusted her: wert thou so kind,
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?

Jaff. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me as I am woman,
But as a bone, thy wife, thy friend; who long
Has had admission to thy heart, and there
Studied the virtues of thy gallant nature;
Thy constancy, thy courage, and thy truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learned 'em,
And bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of fates for thee; and with thee share 'em.

Jaff. Oh, you divinest powers! look down and hear
My prayers! instruct me to reward this virtue!
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further,
Think I've a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk'st of
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
Then if thou should'st betray me!

Belv. Shall I swear?

Jaff. No, do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender nature with so rude a bond:
But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, look this within thy breast;
I've bound myself by all the strictest sacraments
Divine and human——

Belv. Speak!

Jaff. To kill thy father——

Belv. My father!

Jaff. Nay the throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera: he amongst us
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damned. How rich and beauteous will the face
Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood;
I, and the glorious partners of my fortune
Shouting, and striding o'er the prostrate dead,
Still to new waste; whilst thou far off in safety
Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring;
And when night comes, with praise and love receive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought,
For if thou dost——

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me.

Do, strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! though his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing;
Driven me to basest wants; can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butchered in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroyed?
And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?
Nay, be a traitor too, and sell thy country?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hired slaves, bravoës, and common stabbers,
Nose-slitters, alley-lurking villains, join
With such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I've engaged
With men of souls fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them,
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashions.

Belv. What's he, to whose curst hands last night thou
gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story
Would rouse thy lion-heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaffair's resolve is shaken by what he hears. He cannot be away from Belvidera, will return to her at midnight. When Belvidera has left him, Jaffair is met by his friend Pierre, to whom he tells what he has heard of Renault. Pierre shares his anger. Renault next enters, and in a short dialogue with him Jaffair points darkly to the cause of his passion. The other conspirators follow close upon those who had first arrived, quarrel is checked, and the whole cruelty of the plot is then revealed in the arrangements made for the sack and burning of Venice before morning. Jaffair, shocked by all that he hears, and not the less because he hears these details from the lips of Renault, leaves the room hurriedly to keep his promise to Belvidera. When he is gone, Renault accuses him of treason; his life is in uttermost danger, and he is saved by the brave devotion of his friend Pierre, who has absolute faith in him.

So ends the Third Act. The Fourth opens with Jaffier, under the spell of his love for Belvidera, yielding himself to her influence, by which Venice is Preserved. The nature of Jaffier, weakly yielding to the influence of passion, had enabled his friend to draw him into the plot; but there is new cause of passion in Renault's insult to Belvidera, and the whole power of her love over him is used by his wife for the saving of her father and her country. Jaffier's mind is shaken by conflicting emotions, but he yields to Belvidera.

Jaff. By all Heaven's powers, prophetic truth dwells in thee, For every word thou speak'st strikes through my heart Like a new light, and shows it how 't has wandered. Just what th' hast made me, take me, Belvidera, And lead me to the place where I'm to say This bitter lesson; where I must betray My truth, my virtue, constancy and friends:— Must I betray my friend! ah, take me quickly, Secure me well before that thought's renewed; If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Belv. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvidera?

Jaff. No; thou art my soul itself, wealth, friendship, honour;

All present joys, and earnest of all future, Are summed in thee: methinks when in thy arms Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours. Why was such happiness not given me pure? Why dashed with cruel wrongs, and bitter warnings? Come, lead me forward now like a tame lamb To sacrifice. Thus in his fatal garlands Decked fine, and pleased, the wanton skips and plays, Trots by th' enticing flattering priestess' side, And much transported with its little pride, Forgets his dear companions of the plain; 'Till by her bound he's on the altar lain; Yet, then too, hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain.

Enter Officer and six Guards.

Offi. Stand, who goes there?

Belv. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, Belvidera! hide me from my friends. By Heaven, I'd rather see the face of hell, Than meet the man I love.

Offi. But what friends are you?

Belv. Friends to the Senate and the state of Venice.

Offi. My orders are to seize on all I find At this late hour, and bring 'em to the Council, Who now are sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obeyed.

Hold, brutes, stand off, none of your paws upon me. Now the lot's cast, and, Fate, do what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt guarded.*]

SCENE II.

The Senate House. Where appear sitting, the Duke of Venice, PRIULI, ANTONIO, and eight other Senators.

Duke. Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice, Speak, why are we assembled here this night? What have you to inform us of, concerns The state of Venice' honour, or its safety?

Pri. Could words express the story I've to tell you, Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears That fall from my old eye; but there is cause

We all should weep, tear off these purple robes, And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven. Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come Ere Venice be no more.

All Sen. How!

Pri. Nay, we stand

Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.

Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy, To massacre us all, our wives and children, Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples

To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fixed;

The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment, And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands

I had this warning: but if we are men

Let's not be tamely butchered, but do something

That may inform the world in after-ages,

Our virtue was not ruined, though we were. [*A noise without.*]

Room, room, make room for some prisoners——

Sen. Let's raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Pri. Speak, there, what disturbance?

Offi. Two prisoners have the guard seized in the streets, Who say, they come to inform this reverend Senate About the present danger.

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.

All. Give 'em entrance.—Well, who are you?

Jaff. A villain.

Ant. Short and pithy,

The man speaks well.

Jaff. Would every man that hears me

Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. 'Tis rumoured, that a plot has been contrived Against this state; that you have a share in't too.

If you are a villain, to redeem your honour,

Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

Jaff. Think not that I to save my life come hither;

I know its value better; but in pity

To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms

Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,

The sworn, and covenanted foe of Venice.

But use me as my dealings may deserve;

And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The slave capitulates,

Give him the tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not do,

Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch

To hear a story which you dread the truth of.

Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.

Cowards are scared with threatenings: boys are whipt

Into confessions: but a steady mind

Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.

Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing

Again, by Heaven, I'll shut these lips for ever;

Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,

Shall force a groan away—that you may guess at.

Ant. A bloody-minded fellow I'll warrant;

A damned bloody-minded fellow.

Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaff. For myself full pardon.

Besides the lives of two and twenty friends, [*Delivers a list.*]

Whose names are here enrolled: nay, let their crimes

Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths

And sacred promise of this reverend Council,

That in a full assembly of the Senate

The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All. We'll swear.

Duke. Propose the oath.

Jaff. By all the hopes

Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear.

All. We all swear.

Jaff. To grant me what I've asked,
Ye swear.

All. We swear.

Jaff. And as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blest,
Or curst for ever!

All. Else be curst for ever!

Jaff. Then here's the list, and with 't the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers another paper.*]
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.

Upon Jaffier's information the conspirators are
arrested. They disdain pardon, and ask for death.
The Council breaks up, leaving Jaffier free, and the
rest waiting for judgment. Then Jaffier seeks to
justify himself to his friend Pierre, but is struck aside
and scorned as traitor, villain, coward.

Pier. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false——

Jaff. No, 'tis to me that's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and truth so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from thy state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee;
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I received in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths; and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen;
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.

Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live, then.

Pier. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.

Jaff. Oh, Pierre!

Pier. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pier. Leave me—nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from
me;

And curses great as is thy falsehood catch thee. [*Exit.*]

Jaff. Amen.

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here's the portion he has left me. [*Holds the dagger up.*]
This dagger, well remembered, with this dagger
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance;
Parted with this and Belvidera together.
Have a care, memory, drive that thought no farther;
No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
Tresure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet, they start not from each other.

So; now for thinking: a blow, called traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward, fough!
Oh, for a long sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busy devil——

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. Whither shall I fly?

Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!
Nor daring now to look to that dear face
Which used to smile even on my faults, but down
Bending these miserable eyes on earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

Jaff. Mercy! kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted;
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that strength th' have left,
Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have injured.
Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawled on earth: now if thou'st virtue, help me,
Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion;
By Heaven, I'm tottering to the very brink
Of peace; and thou art all the hold I've left.

Belv. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty;
I know th' hast cause to mourn, to mourn, my Jaffier,
With endless cries and never-ceasing wailing.
Thou'st lost——

Jaff. Oh I've lost what can't be counted:
My friend too, Belvidera; that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoiced in,
Has used me like a slave; shamefully used me;
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What shall I do? Resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and memory how I've wronged him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought on 't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.

Belv. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh, he has used me!—yet, by Heaven, I bear it;
He has used me, Belvidera—but first swear
That when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me utterly,
Though vilest blots and stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction;—
Not scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.

Belv. Have I then e'er been false, that now I'm doubted?
Speak, what's the cause I'm grown into distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complaining?

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my failings, for they're many.
Oh, my dear angel! in that friend I've lost
All my soul's peace; for every thought of him
Strikes my sense hard, and deadens it in my brains;
Would'st thou believe it?—

Belv. Speak.

Jaff. Before we parted,
Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,
With eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,
Humbling myself almost beneath my nature;
As at his feet I kneeled, and sued for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness

In which we've lived so many years together,
With a reproachful hand he dashed a blow :
He struck me, Belvidera; by Heaven, he struck me,
Buffeted, called me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? am I a villain? tell me :
Th' art the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation! coward!

Belv. Oh, forgive him, Jaffair.

And if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow?

Jaff. Hah!

Belv. To-morrow,

When thou shalt see him stretched in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death ;
His bleeding bowels and his broken limbs
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain ;
What will thy heart do then? Oh sure 'twill stream
Like my eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadful story?

Death, and to-morrow? broken limbs and bowels?
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain?
By all my fears I shall start out to madness
With barely guessing, if the truth 's hid longer.

Belv. The faithless senators, 'tis they've decreed it :

They say, according to our friend's request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage :
Declare their promised mercy all as forfeited :
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession ;
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.

Jaff. Death! doomed to die! Condemned unheard! un-
pleaded!

Belv. Nuty, cruellest racks and torments are preparing,
To force confessions from their dying pangs.

Oh, do not look so terribly upon me ;
How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!

What means my love?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee leave me—strong tempta-
tions

Wake in my heart.

Belv. For what?

Jaff. No more, but leave me.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh! by Heaven, I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer,
Near these curst hands : are they not cold upon thee?

[*Pulls the dagger out of his bosom, and puts it back again.*]

Belv. No : everlasting comfort 's in thy arms.

To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows decked with leaves of roses.

Jaff. Alas! thou think'st not of the thorns 'tis filled with :
Fly, ere they gall thee : there 's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap, and sting thee to thy heart :

Art thou not terrified?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Belv. Hah!

Jaff. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mis-
chief?

Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late, thou should'st have fled
When thy guilt first had cause ; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears
Already : see, they've fixed him on the wheel,
And now they tear him—Murder! perjured Senate!
Murder—Oh!—hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this ;
Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love.

How her eyes speak! oh, thou bewitching creature!

[*Fumbling for his dagger.*]

Madness can't hurt thee : come, thou little trembler,
Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe ;
'Tis thy own citadel—hah—yet stand off,
Heaven must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy ;
I'll wink, and then 'tis done—

Belv. What means the lord

Of me, my life and love? what 's in thy bosom,
Thou graspest at so? nay, why am I thus treated?

[*Draws the dagger, offers to stab her.*]

What wilt thou do? Ah, do not kill me, Jaffair :
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That used to clasp thee when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurged soul :
And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

Jaff. No, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee as in trust,
To be thy portion, if I e'er proved false.
On such condition was my truth believed :
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[*Offers to stab her again.*]

Belv. Oh, mercy!

[*Kneeling.*]

Jaff. Nay, no struggling.

Belv. Now then, kill me,

[*Leaps upon his neck; and kisses him.*]

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a coward ; witness, Heaven,
Witness it, earth, and every being, witness ;
'Tis but one blow! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

[*He throws away the dagger and embraces her.*]

The seal of providence is sure upon thee ;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders :
Oh, thou wert either born to save or damn me!
By all the power that 's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love that still waits on thee ;
Fly to thy cruel father ; save my friend,
Or all our future quiet 's lost for ever :
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees ;
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,
Crush him in th' arms, torture him with thy softness.
Nor, 'till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast conquered me.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Fifth Act opens with Belvidera pleading to
her father, the Senator Priuli, who is softened by
tender recollections of her mother and the sight of
her distress.

Pri. How my soul's caught!

Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me

By the dear ashes of my tender mother.

She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared her.

Pri. By Heaven, my aching heart forebodes much mischief.
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.

Belv. No, I'm contented.

Pri. Speak.

Belv. No matter.

Pri. Tell me.

By yon blessed heaven, my heart runs o'er with fondness.

Belv. Oh!

Pri. Utter't.

Belv. Oh, my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera.

Pri. Kill thee!

Belv. Yes, kill me. When he passed his faith
And covenant against your State and Senate;
He gave me up as hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger, and a dire commission,
Whene'er he failed, to plunge it through this bosom.
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T' attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevailed, and blessed me with success;
He came, confessed, betrayed his dearest friends,
For promised mercy. Now they're doomed to suffer.
Galled with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows t' appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood th' atonement.

Pri. Heavens!

Belv. Think you saw what passed at our last parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you saw his one hand
Fixed on my throat, whilst the extended other
Grasped a keen, threatening dagger; oh! 'twas thus
We last embraced; when trembling with revenge,
He dragged me to the ground, and at my bosom
Presented horrid death; cried out, my friends,
Where are my friends? swore, wept, raged, threatened,
loved;

For yet he loved, and that dear love preserved me
To this last trial of a father's pity.

I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That dear hand should do th' unfriendly office.
If I was ever then your carè, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, save the promised lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.

Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Belv. Will you not, my father?

Weep not, but answer me.

Pri. By Heaven, I will.

Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.
Can'st thou forgive me all my follies past,
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Peace to thy heart. Farewell.

Belv. Go, and remember

'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for.

[*Exeunt.*]

The next scene shows the passion of Aquilina, who threatens the life of the old Senator Antonio, if he do not swear to save her lover Pierre. Death with torture is prepared for Pierre and the conspirators whom Jaffair had delivered up. The senators break promise, and Jaffair will not survive his friend. There is a last parting from Belvidera.

Jaff. Nay, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy;
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Belv. I will, when I've done weeping.—

Jaff. Fie, no more on't—

How long is't since that miserable day

We wedded first?

Belv. Oh! h—h!

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.

Belv. Heaven knows, I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
These streams will follow——

Jaff. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Belv. But was't a miserable day?

Jaff. A curst one.

Belv. I thought it otherwise; and you've oft sworn
In the transporting hours of warmest love,
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn you blessed it.

Jaff. 'Twas a rash oath.

Belv. Then why am I not curst too?

Jaff. No, Belvidera, by th' eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.

Belv. Still so kind!

Still then do you love me?

Jaff. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to creation,
Than I do now towards thee; man ne'er was blessed,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.

Belv. Then sure you will not curse me.

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee.

'Tis now, I think, three years we've lived together.

Belv. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
'Till reverend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace 'till an eternal morning.

Jaff. When will that be?

[*Sighing.*]

Belv. I hope long ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fears) used thee with tender'st love?
Did e'er my soul rise up in wrath against thee?
Did I e'er frown when Belvidera smiled,
Or, by the least unfriendly word, betray
Abating passion? have I ever wronged thee?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes e'er wandered
To any other woman?

Belv. Never, never—

I were the worst of false ones, should I accuse thee.
I own I've been too happy, blessed above
My sex's charter.

Jaff. Did I not say I came to bless thee?

Belv. Yes.

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven;
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand; let peace,
Honour, and safety always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty, let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue
To bear the loss of one that too much loved,
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Belv. How, parting, parting?

Jaff. Yes, for ever parting;
I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose, to leave thee.
We part this hour for ever.

Belv. Oh, call back

Your cruel blessing; stay with me and curse me!

Jaff. No, 'tis resolved.

Belv. Then hear me too, just Heaven:
Pour down your curses on this wretched head
With never-ceasing vengeance; let despair,
Danger, or infamy, nay all surround me;
Starve me with wantings; let my eyes ne'er see
A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace;
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrors,
Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury
To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him. If I must!—I will not.
Oh turn and love me.

Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never.

Belv. By all the tender days we've lived together,
By all our charming nights, and joys that crowned 'em,
Pity my sad condition; speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh, h—h!

Belv. By these arms that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss, and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes——

Jaff. Murder! un-hold me:

By the immortal destiny that doomed me [*Draws his dagger.*]
To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer;
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall——

Belv. Hold, sir, be patient.

Jaff. Hark, the dismal bell [*Passing-bell tolls.*]
Tolls out for death! I must attend its call too;
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre expects me;
He sent a message to require I'd see him
Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell for ever.

Belv. Leave thy dagger with me.

Bequeath me something——Not one kiss at parting?
Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break?

[*Going out, looks back at her.*]

Jaff. Yet stay.

We have a child, as yet a tender infant,
Be a kind mother to him when I am gone,
Breed him in virtue and the paths of honour,
But let him never know his father's story;
I charge thee guard him from the wrongs my fate
May do his future fortune, or his name.

Now——nearer yet—— [*Approaching each other.*]

Oh that my arms were riveted
Thus round thee ever! but my friends! my oath!
This, and no more. [*Kisses her.*]

Belv. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you've ta'en such care of.
I'll give't him truly.

Jaff. So, now farewell.

Belv. For ever?

Jaff. Heaven knows, for ever. All good angels guard thee.

[*Exit.*]

Belv. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment.
Curst be my days, and doubly curst my nights,
Which I must now mourn out in widow'd tears;
Blasted be every herb, and fruit, and tree;
Curst be the rain that falls upon the earth,
And may the general curse reach man and beast!
Oh give me daggers, fire or water!
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown: the waves
Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
'Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
Oh there's all quiet, here all rage and fury:
The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain:
I long for thick substantial sleep: hell! hell!
Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am!——

Enter PRIULI and Servants.

Who's there?

[*They seize her.*]

Pri. Run, seize, and bring her safely home,
Guard her as you would life: alas, poor creature!

Belv. What! to my husband? then conduct me quickly:
Are all things ready? shall we die most gloriously?
Say not a word of this to my old father:
Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers,
Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene opening, discovers a Scaffold and a wheel prepared for the
Executing of PIERRE; then enter Officers, PIERRE and
Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great rabble.*

Offi. Room, room there—stand all by, make room for
the prisoner.

Pier. My friend not come yet?

Fath. Why are you so obstinate?

Pier. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch
Can't die in peace,

But you, like ravens, will be croaking round him?

Fath. Yet Heaven——

Pier. I tell thee, Heaven and I are friends:
I ne'er broke peace with't yet by cruel murders,
Rapine or perjury, or vile deceiving:
But lived in moral justice towards all men;
Nor am a foe to the most strong believers,
Howe'er my own short-sighted faith confine me.

Fath. But an all-seeing Judge——

Pier. You say my conscience
Must be my accuser: I have searched that conscience,
And find no records there of crimes that scare me.

Fath. 'Tis strange you should want Faith.

Pier. You want to lead

My reason blindfold, like a hampered lion,
Checked of its nobler vigour; then when baited
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And show strange tricks, which you call signs of Faith.
So silly souls are gulled, and you get money.
Away, no more: captain, I'd have hereafter
This fellow write no lies of my conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter JAFFEIR.

Jaff. Hold: eyes be dry;
Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous sight, and humble me to take
The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
Betrayed by my vile falsehood to his ruin.
Oh, Pierre!

Pier. Yet nearer.

Jaff. Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee:
How shall I look up to thy injured face,
That always used to smile with friendship on me?
It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
And stripes are fitter for me, than embraces.

Pier. Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone my fame.
I can't forget to love thee: prythee Jaffeir,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
I am now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.

Jaff. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'er
Suffered the shameful fate thou'rt going to taste of.
Why was I sent for to be used thus kindly?
Call, call me villain, as I am; describe

The foul complexion of my hateful deeds;
Lead me to th' rack, and stretch me in thy stead,
I've crimes enough to give it its full load,
And do it credit: thou wilt but spoil the use on 't,
And honest men hereafter bear its figure
About 'em as a charm from treacherous friendship.

Offi. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead!

Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffair; they've all died like men too,
Worthy their character.

Jaff. And what must I do?

Pier. Oh, Jaffair!

Jaff. Speak aloud thy burthened soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortured friend.

Pier. Friend! could'st thou yet be a friend, a generous
friend,

I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heaven knows I want a friend.

Jaff. And I a kind one,

That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,
Or think when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.

Pier. No: live, I charge thee, Jaffair.

Jaff. Yes, I will live.

But it shall be to see thy fall revenged
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou?

Jaff. I will, by Heaven.

Pier. Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh—yet—shall I trust thee?

Jaff. No, I've been false already.

Pier. Dost thou love me?

Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings.

Pier. Curse on this weakness. [He weeps.

Jaff. Tears! amazement! tears!

I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy bosom
That must have vent: though I am a villain, tell me.

Pier. See 'st thou that engine? [Pointing to the wheel.

Jaff. Why?

Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour,
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crowned with conquest,
Be exposed a common carcass on a wheel?

Jaff. Hah!

Pier. Speak! is't fitting?

Jaff. Fitting?

Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour;
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crowned with conquest,
Be exposed a common carcass on a wheel?

Jaff. Hah!

Pier. Speak! is't fitting?

Jaff. Fitting?

Pier. Yes, is't fitting?

Jaff. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Offi. The day grows late, sir.

Pier. I'll make haste!—Oh Jaffair!

Though thou'st betrayed me, do me some way justice.

Jaff. No more of that: thy wishes shall be satisfied;
I have a wife, and she shall bleed; my child too
Yield up his little throat, and all

T' appease thee—— [Going away, PIERRE holds him.

Pier. No—this—no more! [He whispers JAFFAIR.

Jaff. Hah! is't then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do 't.

Pier. Remember.

Offi. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.

[He and JAFFAIR ascend the scaffold.

Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour,
Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.

Come! [Takes off his gown, Executioner prepares to bind him.

Fath. Son!

Pier. Hence, tempter!

Offi. Stand off, priest.

Pier. I thank you, sir.

You'll think on 't.

[To JAFFAIR.

Jaff. 'Twon't grow stale before to-morrow.

Pier. Now, Jaffair! now I am going. Now;—

[Executioners having bound him.

Jaff. Have at thee,
Thou honest heart! Then—here—

[Stabs him.

And this is well too.

[Then stabs himself.

Fath. Damnable deed!

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

This was done nobly—we have deceived the Senate.

Baff. Bravely.

Pier. Ha, ha, ha!—oh, oh!—

[Dies.

Jaff. Now, ye curs'd rulers,
Thus of the blood y've shed I make libation,
And sprinkle 't mingling: may it rest upon you,
And all your race! Be henceforth peace a stranger
Within your walls; let plagues and famine waste
Your generation!—Oh, poor Belvidera!

Sir, I have a wife, bear this in safety to her.

A token, that with my dying breath I blessed her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.

I am sick—I am quiet—

[JAFFEIR dies.

Offi. Bear this news to the Senate,
And guard their bodies till there's farther order:

Heaven grant I die so well—— [Scene shuts upon them.

Soft music. Enter BELVIDERA distracted, led by two of her
Women, PRIULI and Servants.

Pri. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heaven!

Belv. Come, come, come, come, come, nay come to bed,
Prythee my love. The winds; hark how they whistle?
And the rain beats: oh, how the weather shrinks me!
You are angry now, who cares? pish, no indeed.
Choose then, I say you shall not go, you shall not.
Whip your ill-nature; get you gone then; oh!

[JAFFEIR'S ghost rises.

Are you returned? See, father, here he's come again.

Am I to blame to love him? oh thou dear one. [Ghost sinks.

Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?

Jaffair, where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere.

Stand off I say: what, gone? remember 't tyrant!

I may revenge myself for this trick one day.

I'll do 't—I'll do 't. Renault's a nasty fellow;

Hang him, hang him, hang him!

Enter Officer and others.

Pri. News, what news?

[Officer whispers PRIULI.

Offi. Most sad, sir.

Jaffair, upon the scaffold, to prevent

A shameful death, stabbed Pierre, and next, himself;

Both fell together.

Pri. Daughter.

Belv. Ha, look there!

[The ghosts of JAFFEIR and PIERRE rise together both bloody.

My husband bloody, and his friend too! murder!
Who has done this? speak to me, thou sad vision;

[*Ghosts sink.*]

On these poor trembling knees I beg it: vanish'd—
Here they went down; oh! I'll dig, dig the den up.
You shan't delude me thus. Ho, Jaffier, Jaffier.
Peep up and give me but a look. I have him!
I've got him, father: oh! how I'll smuggle him!
My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom!

Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell— [She dies.

Maid. She's dead,
Breathless and dead.

Pri. Then guard me from the sight on't:
Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning;
Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun
May never enter: hang it round with black;
Set up one taper that may last a day,
As long as I've to live: and there all leave me:
Sparing no tears when you this tale relate,
But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate. [Curtain falls.

Our last illustration of the Later Stuart Drama shall be a comedy written by John Crowne in accordance with a suggestion of Charles the Second. John Crowne, was who the son of an independent minister in Nova Scotia, began his career as dramatist in London in 1671, with the tragi-comedy of "Juliana," and closed it with the tragedy of "Caligula," in 1698, having produced eighteen plays. His comedy of "City Politics," printed in 1675, attacked the Whigs, and made him enemies. When he sought of the king some office that would ensure him maintenance without constant exertion as a dramatist, the king promised to help him when he had written one play more, as a farewell to the stage. It was to be a comedy, and written, by his Majesty's command, on the plot of a Spanish play by Moreto, *No Puede Ser* (It Cannot Be), founded on the *Mayor Imposible* of Lope de Vega. An English play had already been formed on the same theme, called "Tarugo's Wiles," which had failed; but Crowne took pains to satisfy the king with wit that would ensure his worldly comfort for the future, and his twelfth play, the comedy "Sir Courtly Nice," was the result. But the king had an apoplectic stroke on the last day of its rehearsal, and died three days afterwards, on the 6th of February, 1685. The play, therefore, was produced at the beginning of the reign of James the Second

SIR COURTLY NICE, OR IT CANNOT BE,

takes its second title straight from Moreto. What cannot be is the shutting up of a woman from a suitor whom she favours and who is determined to have access to her. Lord Belguard is resolved to keep all men away from his sister Leonora, except Sir Courtly Nice, whom he intends that she shall marry. He sets as guards over her, an aunt aged fifty, and Hothead and Testimony, one "a choleric Zealot against Fanatics," the other "a canting hypocritical Fanatic," who, being fierce opponents, cannot unite to deceive him, and will serve, he believes, as checks on each other in the watching of the lady. Leonora has for

ally a damsel, Violante, whom her brother, Lord Belguard, desires to marry and who is ready, for her own sake as well as her friend's, to confound his plans for the safe custody of women; because, she says, "whilst he has this disease upon him so mortal to liberty, I dare venture on him no more than if he had the plague, or any other distemper dangerous to life. For what is life without liberty? To be his wife is worse than to be a ghost, for that walks and enjoys a little chat sometimes, but I must be laid by a conjuror called a husband for my whole life." Leonora can have liberty only on terms.

Violante. What terms?

Leonora. Marriage with such a coxcomb, you know him—Sir Courtly Nice.

Vio. A tempting man, he has a vast estate.

Leo. But incumbered.

Vio. With what?

Leo. A fop. 'Tis mortgaged to a thousand expensive follies. If it were not, I would not drink water for the sake of a fine bowl chained to the well.

Leonora loves a youth with a fair and free estate, Mr. Farewel, but he is forbidden. There has been family feud since the Conquest between her family and that of the Farewels. Because she showed none of the proper bitterness, Leonora's father had left her fortune tied by condition of her brother's assent to her marriage. The First Act, after opening the story in dialogue between Violante and Leonora, shows next the two guardians Hothead and Testimony, one a fanatical Church and State man, the other a fanatical Puritan, in feud together. Hothead, who is my lord's cousin, is offended at the bringing of Testimony into the household. Another part of Lord Belguard's method is to allow no handsome servants in the house. "I believe," says Leonora to her friend when the two fanatics have left her for a time, "I believe they are now all together in the pantry, and my aunt among 'em, distributing their breakfasts—the monsters will be worth seeing—open the door."

"The scene is drawn, and a company of crooked, withered, ill-looking fellows are at breakfast, and Aunt with them." The humours of Aunt are then set forth before Lord Belguard enters, and closes the Act in dialogue with his sister and Violante, wherein he maintains his doctrine that "woman like china should be kept with care."

The Second Act opens in Violante's lodging, with encouragement to Farewel to be bold, and with his declaration that Leonora's brother could not keep him out, "though guards were set on guards, till their confounded coxcombs reached the skies," for he has leagued with a witch; "at least a young fellow that has more tricks than a witch." This is Crack, once a poor student of Oxford, but expelled for his wild ways, though no offence could ever be fixed upon him. He enters presently; and comes ready to put out his wits on hire.

Farewel. Mr. Crack, your servant.

Crack. Your servant, sir, your humble servant, madam.

Violante. Your servant, sir; I am told you have been an Oxford scholar.

Crack. A scholar, madam? A scholar's egg—emptied by old suck-eggs of all that nature gave me, and crumbled full of essences, hypostases, and other stuff o' their baking.

For what he has undertaken he answers shortly, "I'll do't. The lady's yours. Give me some money." Next it is agreed between Violante and Farewel that Mr. Surly shall be played off against Sir Courtly Nice. "Fire and water are not so contrary. Sir Courtly is so civil a creature, and so respectful to everything belonging to a gentleman, he stands bare to his own periwig. Surly uncovers to nothing but his own nightcap, nor to that if he be drunk, for he sleeps in his hat. Sir Courtly is so gentle a creature, he writes a challenge in the style of a *billet doux*. Surly talks to his mistress as he would to a Hector that wins his money. Sir Courtly is so pleased with his own person, his daily contemplation, nay, his salvation is a looking-glass, for there he finds eternal happiness. Surly's heaven, at least his priest, is his claret glass, for to that he confesses all his sins, and from it receives absolution and comfort. But his damnation is his looking-glass, for there he finds an eternal fire in his nose." Surly, after his own fashion, pays suit to Violante, often visits her, and can be turned by her to aid in breaking the match desired by Lord Belguard between his sister and Sir Courtly. Surly enters and shows his peculiar humour. Then Violante tells him that Lord Belguard's low opinions of love and women have caused her to be angry that she ever had a good thought of him.

Surly. Good.

Violante. I look upon his address to me as an affront, and will avenge it.

Surly. Better and better.

Vio. And you shall do it.

Surly. Best of all.

Vio. Do not you know Sir Courtly Nice?

Surly. That you should join knowledge with such a fop! 'Tis a question to be put to a boy. I may know philosophy; but to ask a man if he knows a hornbook—for such a thing is this fop—gilded on the outside, on the inside the criss-cross-row, and always hanging at the girdle of a girl.

Vio. You have described him right. This fop has my Lord Belguard enticed to accept his sister with no fortune but her birth and beauty. Now, if you'll break the match, you'll be to me the most amiable creature in the world.

The next scene is in Lord Belguard's house, and opens with hot controversy between the two fanatics; the ground of dispute being whether a tailor who is at the street door shall be allowed to enter, the substance of the dispute being abuse of each other. Aunt is brought in by the sound of strife, and claims the supreme right of deciding that the tailor be admitted. The tailor is Crack, who professes to have been sent to the aunt by her own tailor, Mr. Stitch.

Aunt. How chance he came not himself?

Crack. He's sick, madam.

Aunt. And can you work well, for we are very hard to please. There's scarcely a tailor in town can make me endure to see myself.

Leonora (aside). The fault lies in—fifty—fifty—

Crack. Indeed, madam, I must needs say my countrymen are not the best tailors in the world. Heaven makes the women angels, and tailors make 'em hedgehogs; 'tis a sad sight to see 'em. Now, I'll make an angel of a crooked pin.

Aunt. Ay! where did you learn your skill?

Crack. In France, madam.

Testimony. In France? Then, friend, I believe you are a Papist.

Hothead. Sirrah, I believe you are a Presbyterian.

Test. Friend, if you be a Papist, I'll ha' you before a justice.

Hothead. Sirrah, if you be a Presbyterian, I'll kick you down stairs.

Test. What are you, friend?

Hothead. Ay! what are you, sirrah?

Crack. What am I? why I'm a tailor. I think the men are mad.

Testimony and Hothead are got rid of, the Aunt's eyes are fixed upon stuffs brought for her inspection, and to Leonora Mr. Farewel's picture is presented. Before there has been time to give a letter also, Lord Belguard enters, but Crack is too clever for him, though he watches suspiciously, and the letter is delivered without his knowledge, under his own eyes.

The Third Act opens in Covent Garden Square—the characters of the play all living in Covent Garden—with Farewel made happy by Crack's report of his case, and the appearance of Surly, drunk, who knocks at the door of Sir Courtly Nice. "Is Nice within?" he asks. "Nice, Sir?" "Ay, Nice, Sir; is not your master's name Nice?" "'Tis Sir Courtly Nice." "Well, Sir, if I have a mind to clip his name, 'tis not treason, is it, sirrah?" "I believe not, Sir." "Then get you in, and tell your master I'd speak with him." We are next shown Sir Courtly at his toilet, bowing out with compliments musicians who have bored him, and asking that they will do him the favour to accept of a small collation, "because," as he explains to his wondering servant, "don't you know what belongs to a gentleman? Complaisance is the very thing of a Gentleman; the thing that shows a Gentleman. Wherever I go, all the world cries, 'That's a Gentleman, my life on't, a Gentleman!'" and when y've said a Gentleman, you have said all." "Is there nothing else, sir, that belongs to a Gentleman?" the servant asks. "Yes, *bonne mine*, fine hands, a mouth well furnished—" "With fine language?" "Fine teeth, you sot. Fine language belongs to pedants and poor fellows that live by their wits. Men of Quality are above wit. 'Tis true, for our diversion sometimes we write, but we ne'er regard wit. I write, but I never writ any wit." "How then, sir?" "I write like a Gentleman, soft and easy." Presently Surly enters with drunken familiarity, after walking for a quarter of an hour in Sir Courtly's rooms and fouling them all with his dirty shoes. He embraces Sir Courtly, belching as he does so; asks where they shall dine. "Really, sir," Sir Courtly answers, "I don't know. I can't put my head into one o' your beastly eating houses, nor swallow the filthy meat you eat there, if you'd give me a hundred pound." "Filthy meat!" cries Surly;

"Sir, I eat as good meat as you do." "Oh, dear Mr. Surly, no doubt the meat in its own nature may be very innocent; but when once it has committed familiarity with the beastly fists of cooks and butchers, 'tis to me an unpardonable sinner. My butcher cuts up all his meat with a fork." "Does he cut up an ox with a fork?" "Ay, and he cuts up an ox as neatly as a lady does a partridge." "Well, then, I'll accept o' thy dinner." Sir Courtly makes polite excuse that he fears all things are not ready. His salt certainly was forgotten, and the butler has ridden post forty miles to Sir Courtly's country house to fetch it, because the salt in London has been all touched by the unclean hands of butlers and waiters. When a glass of wine is suggested, says Sir Courtly Nice, "Oh, dear, Mr. Surly, if you name wine, you make me throw up my soul. I have abhorred wine ever since I was in France, and saw what barbarous education they gave that generous creature. Deuce take me, sir, if the clowns don't press all the grapes with their filthy naked feet. Oh, beastly, nasty dogs! no wonder we are poisoned with their wine." "Prithee, what of that? The wine purges before it comes over." "Oh, Lord, Mr. Surly, what a phrase is there? You'll pardon my freedom, sir." Ale is sent for. Surly then worries Sir Courtly by professing to be in love with Leonora, and when the ale comes he throws away one of the glasses, professing that friends share the same glass. "What misery is this beast imposing on me?" says poor Sir Courtly to himself. "He coughs in the glass, too." A horrible kiss is the climax of Sir Courtly's misery before Surly departs with a "Well, honest Nice, farewell to thee," and the gentleman whose complaisance has suffered so extreme a trial is left crying, "Who's there? I'm sick to death—to death—lead me in—get my bed ready—and a bath—and some perfumes—I'm sick to death—I'm dead." The scene then changes to Lord Belguard's house, where the watchful brother is in fury because he has found Farewel's picture in his sister's room. Leonora is supported by her maid in assertion that it was picked up by the maid in Westminster Abbey. Aunt, Hothead, and Testimony are all in commotion again. Then comes a man to the door who says he is from the East Indies, and brings a letter from Lord Belguard's uncle Rich. "He comes in a storm," says Belguard; he will find worse weather here than any he met at sea. But I'll endeavour to compose myself. Admit him."

There enters a man dressed like a merchant, professing to be Mr. Waytevell, an old retainer of his lordship's father, who had been sent some years ago to the East Indies in the service of his lordship's noble uncle, Mr. Rich. He has returned with a small competency of his own, and says also—

I have brought your lordship some letters from your noble uncle, and a small present of some threescore thousand pounds.

Bel. How?

Man. Only the trouble of it, my lord. Your uncle contracted in the Indies an intimate friendship with Sir Nicholas Calico, President for the East India Company. Sir Nicholas died, and left most part of his estate (which was

near a hundred thousand pound), to his only son, Sir Thomas. But poor Sir Thomas happened in his father's lifetime to fall into a distemper, which gave him a scurvy flaw in his brain, that Sir Nicholas left him and all his estate to your uncle's guardianship. Now your noble uncle, perceiving that his affairs are like to detain him many years in th' Indies, and fearing, if he should die, poor Sir Thomas might be cheated of all; he has, like a worthy and honest gentleman, sent Sir Thomas and all his estate to your lordship's care, as these letters will testify. I suppose your lordship is well acquainted with your uncle's hand and seal?

By forged letters and such a story, Crack is introduced into the house as a lunatic Sir Thomas from India, who has the oddest phrases and ways with him, and "will needs be attended like a great Indian Mandarin or Lord. And has brought with him several Siamites and Bantammers, that serve him as slaves, in the ridiculous dresses and modes of their own country." Crack, also in ridiculous dress, talks extravagantly, professes that he has been bewitched, so that he abhors women and falls into agonies when he sees women. Leonora peeps, and knows Crack in his disguise. A hint of the state of affairs in the household is enough for him. He soon convinces Belguard that his sister's story was true, and gets her out of difficulty by supporting one lie with another.

Crack. I've in the Indies a delicate piece of my father's rib,

I beg your lordship to advise me in the disposal.

Bel. Oh, dispose it how you please, sir.

Crack. 'Tis a sister I mean.

Bel. Oh, that's something.

Crack. She's sweet and slender as a dove, and is worth two millions o' coxcombs. Three hundred of 'em comes to three farthings; 'tis a Chinese money. This money makes her much sought in marriage. The great Hobbommocoes o' the Indies come galloping upon elephants, camels, rhinoceroses, and oxen to see her. Now, my father was under the circumstances of great obligation to a gentleman in England; and out o' gratitude to him, ordered me on his deathbed to bestow my sister on his son and heir, if his actions have any sort o' smile in 'em to his incompatible father, which is the query. Pray resolve it.

Bel. First let me know the gentleman.

Crack. You shall. I'll give you a map of his face, or picture contained in my pocket—ha!—I ha' lost it,—I ha' lost it.

Bel. Tell me his name, sir.

Crack. I ha' dropt it out o' my pocket.

Bel. Ay, but his name!

Crack. I ha' dropt it out o' my pocket.

Bel. Ha' you dropt his name out o' your pocket? His name, sir!

Crack. Oh, his name! I'll tell you both his name and cognome. His name is Andrew, his cognome, Farewel.

Bel. Farewel? What comes into my head? Sir, can you guess where you might lose this picture?

Crack. A guess may be obtained—by the prayer of mariners.

Bel. No other way? Those I seldom hear of.

Crack. I was drawn down—stay, let me see—remembrance begins to be idle—has London no place in the west?

Bel. Ay, no doubt.

Crack. Ay, but something very west? Something called West?

Bel. Yes; there's West Smithfield.

Crack. That's not th' appellative. Is there no monster in the west, called West Monster?

Bel. Westminster, I believe you mean.

Crack. You've nicked it. To Westminster I rode, to behold the glorious circumstances of the dead; and diving into my pocket, to present the representer with a gratification, I am fully confirmed I then lost it; for my eyes and the picture had never rencounter since.

Thus the Third Act ends with the brother deduced, and the Fourth opens with Leonora and Violante laughing together, and presently worrying Lord Belguard, who still sticks to his principle: "No wife or sister of mine shall dabble in conversation with any man." Lord Belguard apologises to Hothead and Testimony for having accused them of carelessness, and the humours of Aunt and the two fanatics precede the arrival of another man at the house-door. This time it is Sir Courtly in his bravest attire, who comes a-courting, and has been kept waiting at the door while Hothead and Testimony quarrelled with each other over the announcement of him, and were too busy in attack upon each other to say what they came to say. Sir Courtly enters, bowing to the page who introduces him. Aunt is profuse in politeness to him, can hardly leave him, but when he is left at last with Leonora, playfully resolved to plague him for his plaguing of her, the courtship begins. "Now, madam, is the glorious opportunity come, which my soul has long wished, to express how much I admire, adore——" "Oh, Sir Courtly!" "Extravagantly adore——" "Oh, Sir Courtly, I cannot receive all this——" "Oh! madam, is there anything on the earth so charming? I never saw anything so fine as your ladyship since I was born." "Fie, Sir Courtly." "Never since I was born." "You'll kill me with blushing." "I speak my soul! Heavens! what divine teeth there are!" "Fie, fie! I shall never open my mouth more." "Then you'll undo all the world. Oh! there's nothing so charming as admirable teeth. If a lady fastens upon my heart it must be with her teeth." Presently Leonora plays upon Sir Courtly by affecting to be as fastidiously nice as he. Sir Courtly allows no hands but those of his own gentleman to make his bed. "He has a delicate hand at making a bed; he was my page, I bred him up to it." "To making beds?" "Ay, madam, and I believe he'll make a bed with any gentleman in England." "And my woman," says Leonora, "has a great talent——" "Is it possible? Ladies commonly employ ordinary chambermaids, with filthy aprons on, made by sluttish women that spit as they—spin—foh!" Leonora echoes "Foh!" Sir Courtly goes on, "Your ladyship will pardon me, my linen is all made in Holland, by neat women that dip their fingers in rosewater at my charge." "Delicate." "And all washed there." "And so is mine; at Haarlem." "At Haarlem? I hold a constant correspondence with all the eminent washers there." "That's delicate, and agrees wonderfully with my humour." "Oh! happy!" cries Sir Courtly, "we shall be fond to an infinite degree." Then, to the great horror of

the complaisant gentleman, there enters Mr. Surly, this time in bad humour, professing himself Sir Courtly's rival in suit for the hand of Leonora.

Surly. Sure, madam, a woman o' your sense will not choose him before me. He has more land; not more improved land. His acres run up to one great weed—I mean himself; and there it blossoms in periwigs and ribbons. Oh, but he has a finer person. That's a cheat; a false creed imposed on you by a general council of tailors, milliners, and seamstresses. Let my hat expound his face, and you'll see what a piece o' simple stuff it is.

Sir C. N. Horrid! He has put his beastly hat upon my head! Pray, sir (*to a servant*), do me the favour to remove it, or I shall grow very sick—

Surly's insults, met with extreme politeness, at last force Sir Courtly to challenge him, and the challenge is delivered in these terms: "Mr. Surly, I have received some favours from you, sir, and I desire the honour of your company, sir, to-morrow morning, at Barn Elms, sir. Please to name your weapon, sir." "A squirt." "A squirt!" "Ay, for that will go to thy heart, I'm sure." The Act ends in the garden of Lord Belguard's house with another of Crack's devices. There is a noise outside of four men setting upon one. Crack, as the lunatic Sir Thomas, blows tantivy on a horn, opens the garden door for a rescue, and while Lord Belguard and the rest rush out, lets Farewel in.

The Fifth Act opens with Farewel and Leonora happy, so far, in the success of Mr. Crack's devices, but Lord Belguard coming suddenly upon them, Farewel is hidden in another room, and Crack rolls on the floor as the bewitched Sir Thomas Calico, in agonies because the curiosity of Leonora has caused a woman to look in upon him. But the Aunt knows more, Crack has to account for Farewel's presence in the house, and again succeeds in making Lord Belguard think himself in the wrong and make apologies to Leonora. He begs her pardon, will at once begone upon her business, to fetch Sir Courtly Nice. "Your servant, sister."

Leo. Oh, your servant, sir—ha! ha!—he runs—I may chance, sir, to run as nimbly from you, if Crack's wit do not fail him—here he comes. [*Enter CRACK.*] Thou admirable fellow, what hast thou done with Mr. Farewel?

Crack. He's in the street, staying for you.

Leo. Staying for me? and canst thou convey me to him?

Crack. D'y'e question it? Put on a vizard and something over your clothes.

Leo. Sweet rogue!

Crack. Nay, nay, be gone.

Leo. Delicate rogue!

Crack. Nay, nay, he stays for you.

Leo. Incomparable rogue!

Crack. Pshaw! Put on your vizard.

Leo. Most excellent rogue!

Crack. Oones! Put on your vizard.

Leo. I will, I will—ha! ha! Toll-loll-deroll—

CRACK goes out; and as LEONORA is going out, singing and dancing, she is met by BELGUARD and SIR COURTLY.

Bel. Oh! Sister, your tune's altered.

Sir Co. Oh! madam! I'm happy to find your ladyship in so gay a humour.

Leo. (aside) You will not find it so—

Bel. Sir Courtly, I'll betray her to you. I left her in tears upon an unhappy occasion, and at parting told her I would bring you. Now you are come, I find her in joy. Nothing else could cause the change.

Then follows another scene of Sir Courtly's courtship, during which he becomes absorbed in the contemplation of himself in the glass. This gives Leonora her opportunity of slipping away, and before Sir Courtly has finished his studies in the mirror, Aunt has entered, and the neat, pretty things he says are received by her as intended for herself. When he turns round and sees who is in the room, he resolves to improve the opportunity. The Aunt governs the niece. Her consent to his suit for Leonora will be of considerable value. She may help to make him happy. "Well, madam," he asks, "shall I have your consent to my happiness, my glory?" "Oh, dear, sir! is it possible to answer you so soon?" "So soon, madam, you know my passion has been long." The dialogue is ambiguous enough to end in the belief of Sir Courtly that Aunt is going to put Leonora masked in a coach to be married to him at the nearest church, and in the Aunt's belief that it is she who is to be, in such wise, immediately married. Then Crack contrives that Leonora, in her vizard, shall be hustled out of the house-door by Hothead and Testimony as a strange woman, who had slipped in for an evil purpose. Once out of the house, Farewel is married to Leonora, and Sir Courtly finds that Aunt has become Lady Courtly Nice. Belguard is laughed at by Violante, and yields up his faith in the art of conserving women. Violante requires that he shall consent to see her kissed by Mr. Surly, in witness to his abandonment of all false jealousy. But when Surly is about to take the kiss, his ears are boxed and Lord Belguard is made as happy as his sister. But Sir Courtly's complaisance has found a limit. He will not take his old woman home.



THEATRE CHECKS OF THE BEGINNING OF THE REIGN OF JAMES II.
(1684, OLD STYLE.)

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION TO THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.—A.D. 1689 to A.D. 1789.

THE comedies of William Wycherley were all produced in the reign of Charles II.; those of William Congreve in the reign of William III., Congreve being thirty-two years younger than Wycherley. He was the second son of a Staffordshire gentleman, Richard Congreve, of Congreve and Stretton; was educated at Kilkenny and at Trinity College, Dublin, having at each place among his companions Jonathan Swift, who was about two years his senior. From Dublin Congreve came to London, entered himself of the Middle Temple, went into society, and published when twenty-one a novel written at the age of seventeen. At the same age of twenty-one, in 1693, Congreve saw his first play acted at Drury Lane. It was "The Old Bachelor," which he said he had written "several years before to amuse himself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness." Dryden said he had never seen such a first play. Betterton and four chief actresses of the day appeared in it. Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, rewarded the young wit with the office of a commissioner for licensing hackney-coaches. Some twenty years later he obtained also a place in the Pipe Office, and then another place, which was in the Customs and worth six hundred a year. Congreve lived on his private means and the income derived from such patronage, with addition for some years from the theatre, although he professed to write plays only for his amusement. "The Double Dealer" was produced in 1694, with less success than "The Old Bachelor." In 1695 Betterton and other good actors seceded from Drury Lane, and opened a new theatre within a tennis-court in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They made their start with a new comedy by Congreve, "Love for Love," which had a brilliant success. The actors of the new company gave Congreve a share in the profits of the house, besides his author's profits, on condition of his writing for them only, and furnishing a play a year if his health was good enough. His next play was a tragedy, "The Mourning Bride," produced in 1697—which opens with the often quoted line, "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast"—and this was even more successful than the comedy. His last comedy was "The Way of the World," in 1700, a comedy excellent of its kind, that fell short of the usual success. A short masque of "The Judgment of Paris," and an opera, "Semele," were written a few years later. He died in January, 1729, aged fifty-seven, and although he published nothing during the last eighteen years of his life, partly, perhaps, because the act of writing was made difficult to him by great weakness of sight, he maintained the foremost reputation among wits and critics. He was kindly. Gay speaks of him as "friendly Congreve, unreproachful man;" and if fashionable life of the day had been a little wiser than it was, there might have been some gentler feeling joined to the hard, worldly wit of comedy from the man who, in writing a paper for Steele's "Tatler" on the

character of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, said that "to love her is a liberal education." The sort of love from which men should be saved by a liberal education, had so completely become the material of comedy, that many women of true refinement who had intellectual pleasure in the drama, felt themselves shut out of the theatre when comedies were acted, and went to the tragedies, which at least sought to represent the nobler side of life. There is a clear indication of this when, in Crowne's comedy, Sir Courtly Nice talks of his play-going. Comedies, he says to Leonora, are "always crammed with our odious sex—that have not always the most inviting smell—Madam, you'll pardon me. Now at tragedies the house is all lined with beauty, and then a gentleman may endure it."

THE MOURNING BRIDE,

in Congreve's tragedy, is the Princess Almeria, daughter of Manuel, King of Granada. The first scene opens the story fully, and explains the title of the play.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

The curtain rising slowly to soft music, discovers ALMERIA in mourning, LEONORA waiting in mourning. After the music, ALMERIA rises from her chair and comes forward.

Alm. Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb received the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodged
Within its cold but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your griefs; there is no cause—

Alm. No cause! peace, peace; there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune;
Have often wept to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft at night when all have been retired,
Have stolen from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his jailor slept, I through the grate
Have softly whispered, and inquired his health;
Sent in my sighs and prayers for his deliverance;
For sighs and prayers were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
That thou couldst melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his sufferings!
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause,
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard that when the chance of war
Had blessed Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success; that then, in spite of hate,

Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent;
Proposing by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valentia prince, and you,
To end the long dissension, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm. Alphonso! O Alphonso!
Thou too art quiet—long hast been at peace—
Both, both—father and son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus?—Is it of force?
Is there necessity I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of heaven
That I should be afflicted thus?—If not,
Why is it thus contrived? Why are things laid
By some unseen hand so, as of sure consequence,
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair!

Leon. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply!

Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I used so tenderly?
Why not ill-treated like an enemy?
For so my father would have used his child.
O Alphonso! Alphonso!

Devouring seas have washed thee from my sight,
No time shall raise thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument;
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
But in my heart thou art interred; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fixed;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost.

Leon. Husband! O heavens!

Alm. Alas! what have I said?
My grief has hurried me beyond all thought:
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.
But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And, glutton-like, alone devour.

Leon. Indeed
I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my sorrows.—If thou didst—
If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me?
Tell me; I know thou wouldst, thou art compassionate.

Leon. Witness these tears!

Alm. I thank thee, Leonora,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress;
For 'tis, alas! the poor prerogative
Of greatness, to be wretched and unpitied.
But I did promise I would tell thee—what?
My miseries? thou dost already know 'em;
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know Alphonso:
For to have known my loss, thou must have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.

Leon. The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report—
And I have heard imperfectly his loss!
But fearful to renew my troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story,

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valencia,
Even on the day when Manuel my father
Led on his conquering troops, high as the gates
Of king Anselmo's palace: which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fired.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge.—Would that I had fallen
Amid those flames!—but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail; and when this news was brought,
We put to sea; but being betrayed by some
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursued,
And almost taken; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that followed, on the coast
Of Afric; there our vessel struck the shore,
And bulging 'gainst a rock was dashed in pieces!
But Heaven spared me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who followed us to shun
The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

Leon. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were joined.
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begged me by my love,
I would consent the priest should make us one;
That whether death or victory ensued,
I might be his beyond the power of fate:
The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;
And in one day, was wedded and a widow.

Leon. Indeed, 'twas mournful.

Alm. 'Twas as I have told thee;
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn:
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swollen and watery eyes;
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life, and thought of my Alphonso.

Leon. Look down, good Heaven, with pity on her sorrows,
And grant that time may bring her some relief.

Alm. Oh, no, time gives increase to my afflictions.
The circling hours, that gather all the woes
Which are diffused through the revolving year,
Come, heavy-laden with the oppressing weight,
To me; with me, successively, they leave
The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight;
They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head;
Then fly with joy and swiftness from me.

Leon. Hark!
The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.

[*Shouts at a distance.*]

Oh, cease, for Heaven's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief; for much I fear
'Twill urge his wrath to see you drowned in tears
When joy appears in every other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to every other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine;
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths!—Look down, look down,

[*Kneels.*]

Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make;
One moment cease to gaze on perfect bliss,
And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me;
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arrived,
Through all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heaven where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord, may then just Heaven shower down
Unheard-of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heaven's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endured.—And now
My heart has some relief; having so well
Discharged this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
Are wrapped and busied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No: on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence. I feel myself more light,
And more at large, since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought,
Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, and ALONZO.

Alon. The lord Gonzalez comes to tell your highness
The king is just arrived.

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit ALONZO.*]
That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds,
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am armed with ice around my heart,
Not to be warmed with words, or idle eloquence.

Gonzalez describes the coming pomp of Manuel's
return in triumph, and adds a word on his own son
Garcia's courage in the war. Then enters Manuel
after a symphony of martial music, with guards, and
files of prisoners in chains. Among those who attend
on him is Garcia. Manuel, when his daughter kneels
to him, condemns her mourning on his day of joy.
It is, she says, still part of

The year which I have vowed to pay to Heaven
In mourning and strict life for my deliverance
From wreck and death.

Manuel is angry, accuses her of mourning for the
hated Anselmo and the cursed Alphonso.

My daughter should have revelled at his death,
She should have made these palace-walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What! to mourn and weep;
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! By Heaven,
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smiled that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony!

Gon. What she has done was in excess of goodness;
Betrayed by too much piety to seem
As if she had offended.—Sure, no more.

Man. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wo' not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire, divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow: for you,
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

Man. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, sir?

Man. Draw near, and give your hand; and, Garcia,
yours:

Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—oh, not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress!

Gon. Oh, let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks——

Man. No more; my promise long since passed, thy
services,

And Garcia's well-tried valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials.

Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

Gon. She recovers.

Man. A fit of bridal fear; how is 't, Almeria?

Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.

Your leave, sir, to retire.

Man. Garcia, conduct her.

[*GARCIA leads ALMERIA to the door and returns.*
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin not to renounce that vow
Which I'd have broken.—Now, what would Alonzo?

Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arrived,
And with a train as if she still were wife
To Abucacim, and the Moor had conquered.

Man. It is our will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

[*Prisoners led off.*

Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

Man. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness,
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers: if he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not command.

Man. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

Man. That, joined with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watched; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Zara and Osmyn enter bound, with a train that pays
homage to Zara. Manuel himself removes her
bonds, saying,

Thus I release you;
And by releasing you, enslave myself.

She returns proud thanks. When Osmyn also is

unbound he looks downward gloomily, and Manuel
asks—

Man. Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?

Osm. Because captivity
Has robbed me of a dear and just revenge.

Man. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he loved; and the regret
Of not revenging on his foes that loss
Has caused this melancholy and despair.

Man. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.

[*To GONSALEZ.*

Gon. That friend may be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: she looks concern'd.

Man. I'll have inquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?

Zara. Heli.

Man. Garcia, that search shall be your care:

It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise Love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more:
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
For, lingering there, in long suspense she stands,
Shifting the prize in unresolving hands:
Unused to wait, I broke through her delay,
Fixed her by force, and snatched the doubtful day.
Now late I find that war is but her sport;
In love the goddess keeps her awful court:
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.

[*Exeunt.*

The scene of the Second Act is the aisle of a
temple. Heli is brought by Garcia and Perez to
find there Osmyn, who is said there to be mourning
his friend's supposed death. They leave him in the
temple, and await another opportunity of watching
Osmyn, that the king's jealousy of Zara may be con-
firmed and cleared. Almeria has come with Leonora
to the temple to repeat her vows at the tomb of
Alphonso. Sound as of a distant voice has startled
her.

No, all is hushed, and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend in the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

But Almeria holds by her purpose, and requires
Leonora to leave her when she has led her to
Anselmo's tomb. The scene opening, then discovers
a place of tombs, with one monument, fronting the
view, greater than the rest. Heli seeking Osmyn
enters, and, at sound of a distant voice of complaint,

follows it. Almeria is brought to the great tomb by Leonora.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest;
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms!
What do I see? O Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed: the iron gates that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide-stretched upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed where I alone
Shall rest; shows me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast; my father then
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs and milky ways
Of that refulgent world where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!
O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
Help me, Alphonso: take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso:
O Alphonso!

ALMERIA, LEONORA. OSMYN ascending from the tomb.

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the
grave,

And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! oh, speak!
Speak it quickly, quickly! speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes!

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers,

[*Coming forward.*]

That motionless I may be still deceived.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
Nor dead nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, and HELI.

Leon. Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes!
He too is fainting.—Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with Almeria!
O miracle of happiness! O joy

Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; show me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine.—'Tis she, I'm not deceived;

I taste her breath, I warmed her and am warmed.

Look up, Almeria, bless me with thine eyes;

Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia; why d'y'e force me?
Is this a father?

Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.

Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:

Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.

Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?

Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso?

Am I so altered, or art thou so changed,

That seeing my disguise thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,
His voice! I know him now, I know him all.

Oh, take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,

Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,

To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.

Oh, how hast thou returned? how hast thou charmed

The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?

That thus relenting, they have given thee back

To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Osm. Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why

We both have backward trod the paths of fate,

To meet again in life; to know I have thee,

Is knowing more than any circumstance

Or means by which I have thee.

To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,

And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,

I have not leisure to reflect, or know,

Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while—

Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Osm. What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Osm. And why? what dost thou mean? why dost thou
gaze so?

Alm. I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think—

It is too much! too much to bear and live!

To see him thus again is such profusion

Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must

Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heaven of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

How is all this? All-powerful Heaven, what are we!

Oh, my strained heart!—let me again behold thee,

For I weep to see thee.—Art thou not paler?

Much, much; how thou art changed!

Osm. Not in my love.

Alm. No, no; thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.

Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and I fear,

Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.

No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;

Affliction is no more, now thou art found.

Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms;

My arms which ache to fold thee fast, and grow

To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart.

Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.

They would have married me; but I had sworn

To Heaven and thee, and sooner would have died.

Osm. Perfection of all faithfulness and love!

Alm. Indeed I would.—Nay, I would tell thee all,

If I could speak; how I have mourned and prayed;

For I have prayed to thee as to a saint:

And thou hast heard my prayer, for thou art come

To my distress, to my despair, which Heaven

Could only by restoring thee have cured.

Osm. Grant me but life, good Heaven, but length of days,

To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engaged to this all-excellence :
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarned ;
Then, then 'twill be enough !—I shall be old,
I shall have lived beyond all eras then
Of yet unmeasured time ; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompense of love and matchless truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than recompense to see thy face ;
If heaven is greater joy, it is no happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne.—What shall I say ?
I have a thousand things to know, and ask,
And speak.—That thou art here, beyond all hope,
All thought ; that all at once thou art before me,
And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,
In such surprise, such mystery, such ecstasy ;
It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise.

Osm. I did ; and thou, my love, didst call me ; thou.

Alm. True ; but how camest thou there ? Wert thou alone ?

Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturbed the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listened,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso ;
I thought I saw thee too ; but oh, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee !

Alm. But still, how camest thou hither ? how thus ?

—Ha !

What's he, who like thyself is started here
Ere seen ?

Osm. Where ? ha ! what do I see ? Antonio ?
I'm fortunate indeed !—my friend too, safe !

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.

Alm. More miracles ! Antonio too escaped !

Osm. And twice escaped, both from the rage of seas
And war : for in the fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as yourself,
And as yourself made free ; hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you, to lament Anselmo.

Osm. There are no wonders, or else all is wonder.

Heli. I saw you on the ground, and raised you up ;
When with astonishment I saw Almeria.

Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alm. Nor I ; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.

Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heaven,
That persevering still with open hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy !
Where will this end ? but Heaven is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceived, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits cross the aisle ;
Who by their pointing seem to mark this place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osm. I wish, at least, our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with Selim, sir ; I saw and know 'em ;
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.

Alm. What love ? who is she ? why are you alarm'd ?

Osm. She's the reverse of thee ; she's my unhappiness.

Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace ;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more. My friend will tell thee all ;
How I escaped, how I am here, and thus ;
How I'm not called Alphonso now, but Osmyn ;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet.

Alm. Sure, we shall meet again——

Osm. We shall : we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.

Then upon Osmyn's happiness comes Zara, with
the eunuch Selim ; Zara, who had saved him when
he was cast dying on her shore. The reproaches of
her love are at first unheard, because his mind is
still upon Almeria.

Zara. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one ;
Give it me as it is ; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endured ;
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drenched in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee ;
Compassion ! scarce will't own that name, so soon,
So quickly was it love ; for thou wert godlike
Even then. Kneeling on earth, I loosed my hair,
And with it dried thy watery checks ; then chafed
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And like the morn vermilioned o'er thy face.
O Heaven ! how did my heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips !

Osm. Oh, call not to my mind what you have done ;
It sets a debt of that account before me,
Which shows me poor, and bankrupt even in hopes.

Zara. The faithful Selim and my women know
The dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abused the credulous king,
What arts I used to make you pass on him,
When he received you as the Prince of Fez ;
And as my kinsman, honoured and advanced you.
Oh, why do I relate what I have done ?
What did I not ? Was't not for you this war
Commenced ? not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urged my husband
To this invasion ; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
Look on me now, from empire fallen to slavery ;
Think on my sufferings first, then look on me ;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself :
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fallen, the lost, and now the captive Zara,
And now abandoned—say, what then is Osmyn ?

Zara still offers love :

We may be free ; the conqueror is mine ;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Her offer is in vain. Her passion becomes anger.
In the moment of her anger the king enters, and she

seeks revenge and accuses Osmyn of daring to be rival to the king. Thus she commits him to a prison and departs with Manuel.

The scene of the Third Act is the prison in which Osmyn lies.

Osmyn. But now, and I was closed within the tomb
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was prisoner, I am too imprisoned.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heaven that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will show.

If my Alphonso—ha!—

[*Reading.*

*If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heaven;
Give me more weight, crush my declining years
With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want;
But bless my son, visit not him for me.*

It is his hand; this was his prayer—yet more:

*Let every hair, which sorrow by the roots
Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
Be doubled in thy mercies to my son:
Not for myself, but him, hear me, all gracious—*

[*Reading.*

'Tis wanting what should follow—Heaven should follow,
But 'tis torn off—Why should that word alone
Be torn from his petition?

Osmyn is visited by Heli, for whom, through Almeria's influence, admission has been obtained. He tells that Almeria herself will visit him at midnight; that Manuel's troops are in mutiny because the king's avarice defrauds them of their share of plunder; and that the news of this has caused Alphonso's subjects in Valentia to rise against the tyrant for recovery of liberty. Osmyn's (Alphonso's) spirit rises:—

What not Almeria could

Revive, or raise, my people's voice has wakened.
O my Antonio, I am all on fire,
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe, with conquering troops.

But how shall he free himself from his bonds, and lead his people on to liberty? Heli advises him that Zara, the cause of his restraint, may be the means of freedom. When she comes, let him abate of his aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would show thee, friend, but that the sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.
Within I found it, by my father's hand
'Twas writ; a prayer for me, wherein appears
Paternal love prevailing o'er his sorrows;
Such sanctity, such tenderness so mixed
With grief as would draw tears from inhumanity.

Heli. The care of Providence sure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
Was never heard in vain: Heaven has in store
For you those blessings it withheld from him.
In that assurance live; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting will confirm.

Osm. Farewell,
My friend; the good thou dost deserve attend thee.

Presently Zara comes, veiled, to the prison, and for a moment is mistaken for Almeria. The generosity within her passionate nature, and a perception that Osmyn's imprisonment withholds him from some work that he aspires to do, make her resolve to free him. She returns after a time with the king's signet, which she will use as warrant for setting Osmyn free; but comes, when Almeria is with him. Then her anger rises to its highest; she warns the guards that the public safety requires his strictest imprisonment; that none, no, not the princess, shall be suffered to see or speak with him; and leaves him at the close of the Act with the warning that

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

The scene of the Fourth Act is a room of state in the palace. This is the first dialogue:—

ZARA and SELIM.

Zara. Thou hast already racked me with thy stay,
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice;
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incensed
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn; but to that, fresh news
Is since arrived of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king, in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is signed,
And order given for public execution.

Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly! prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown to impart ere Osmyn die.

Sel. 't needs not, for the king will straight be here,
And as to your revenge, not his own interest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise,
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a woman, and a lover still.
Oh, 'tis more grief but to suppose his death
Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.

From my despair my anger had its source;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.
For ever! that's despair—it was distrust
Before; distrust will ever be in love,
And anger in distrust, both short-lived pains.
But in despair, and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
O torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be borne.—Devise the means to shun it,
Quick, or by Heaven this dagger drinks thy blood!

Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent, or stop the approaching danger?

Sel. You must still seem more resolute and fixed
On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy

Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own request's enough.

However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape.
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes, and get an order
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

Manuel hears from Gonzalez that papers have been found leading to the belief that Alphonso is alive and arming in Valentia. He adds rumour of his having been saved upon the coast of Africa. Zara, hearing this, at once suspects that Osmyn is Alphonso.

O Heaven! a thousand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known!—if not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now
To yield him up.—No, I will still conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

Zara then acts upon Selim's counsel, adding that one who called himself Alphonso was cast on her coast, but had secretly departed to Spain, and that Heli and Osmyn were in league with him. Therefore Osmyn must die; but certain guards have conspired to rescue him. Let him be given up to her, to be strangled by her mutes. Order is given that none have admittance to the prison except Zara's mutes, or such as bring her warrant.

Zara. They and no other, not the princess' self.

Perez. Your majesty shall be obeyed.

Man. Retire.

Gon. [*Aside.*] That interdiction so particular,
Pronounced with vehemence against the princess,
Should have more meaning than appears barefaced:
The king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not.—[*To ZARA.*] Your majesty sure might have spared
That last restraint; you hardly can suspect
The princess is confederate with the Moor.

Zara. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.

Gon. Ha!

Man. How? she visit Osmyn! What, my daughter?

Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruined all.

[*Aside to ZARA.*]

Zara. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf.

Man. Never. You have been misinformed.

Zara. Indeed? Then 'twas a whisper spread by some,
Who wished it so; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instructions for my ministers of death.

Gonzalez suggests to King Manuel doubts arising from the fitful actions of Zara, and the king has

conjured up a doubt of his own, that if Almeria visited Osmyn in his prison she must be in the plot against him. Almeria is seen coming, and Gonzalez suggests—

If what I fear be true, she'll be concerned
For Osmyn's death, as she's Alphonso's friend.
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

In the next scene the distress of Almeria, and the misapprehending of her father's words—

I'm not to learn that cursed Alphonso lives;
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is,

cause her to become herself unconsciously the betrayer of her husband's secret. The king believes her to be raving; but after he has left her, the truth is in other words more clearly repeated by her, and becomes known to Gonzalez, who for his son's sake, that Garcia may yet wed Almeria, resolves not to tell the king.

If I should tell the king—

Things come to this extremity: his daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past,
And urged by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And though I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race; yet if—that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assured, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; oh, well
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king
If I delay.—'Twill do—or better so.—
One to my wish.—Alonzo, thou art welcome.

GONSALEZ and ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.

Gon. 'Tis no matter.

I'm not i' the way at present, good Alonzo.

Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.

Gon. Do, my best Alonzo.

Yet stay, I would—but go; anon will serve—

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wouldst not stop to do me service.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gon. Say thou art my friend.

I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can, your lordship shall command.

Gon. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word; thou'st seen
Among the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs?

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gon. Couldst thou procure with speed

And privacy, the wearing garb of one

Of those, though purchased by his death, I'd give

Thee such reward as should exceed thy wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your lordship?

Gon. At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;
And say I've not been seen—haste, good Alonzo.

[*Exit ALONZO.*]

So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then removed.

Almeria widowed, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [Exit.]

The scene of the Fifth Act is at first still in the palace. Thus it opens:—

MANUEL, PEREZ, and ALONZO.

Man. Not to be found? in an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you, none? what, not the favourite eunuch?
Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet required admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

Man. Is Osmyn so disposed as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length,
He lies supine on earth; with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

Man. 'Tis well.

[A Mute appears, and seeing the King retires.]

Ha! stop, and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow him.

Entering he met my eyes, and started back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal the importance of his errand.

[ALONZO follows him, and returns with a paper.]

Alon. Oh, bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

Man. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seized the man,
He snatched from out his bosom this, and strove,
With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrenched his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew his poniard from his side,
And on the instant plunged it in his breast.

Man. Remove the body thence ere Zara see it.

Alon. [Aside.] I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me of my promise to Gonzalez.

MANUEL and PEREZ.

Per. Whate'er it is, the king's complexion turns.

[Aside.]

Man. How's this? my mortal foe beneath my roof?

[Having read the letter.]

O give me patience, all ye powers! no, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury.—Ha! who's there?

Per. My lord!

Man. Hence, slave! how darest thou 'bide, to watch and
pry

Into how poor a thing a king descends,
How like thyself, when passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy life! for thou wert fixed
And planted here to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook.—By Heaven, you're all
Rank traitors! thou art with the rest combined:
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso, knew'st
My daughter privately with him conferred;
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amazed—

Man. Thou liest!
Thou art accomplice too with Zara: here
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free—*

[Reading.]

That somewhere is repeated—I have power
O'er them that are thy guards.—Mark that, thou traitor!

Per. It was your majesty's command, I should
Obey her order —

Man. [Reading.] *And still will I set
Thee free, Alphonso.*—Hell! cursed, cursed Alphonso!
False and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
Away, begone, thou feeble boy, fond love!
All nature, softness, pity and compassion!
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breast, revenge and gall.
By Heaven, I'll meet and counterwork this treachery!
Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave!

Per. My service has not merited those titles.

Man. Darest thou reply? take that—thy service? thine?

[Strikes him.]

What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head.

Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart:

Why dost thou start? Resolve, or—

Per. Sir, I will.

Man. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin and mock at her remorse.

[PEREZ going.]

Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darkened so as to amuse the sight.
I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—
There with his turban and his robe arrayed,
And laid along as he now lies supine,
I shall convict her to her face of falsehood.
When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand,
And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his,
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see she comes; I'll shun the encounter; thou,
Follow me, and give heed to my direction.

Zara then sees the king pass her with averted eye.
The mute is not returned. She fears that Selim's
plotting is seen through.

O fate of fools! officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame and lost.

Selim pledges his life for his fidelity. She resolves
then for herself, and says to Selim—

Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm resolved.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mixed, as will with speed
Benumb the living faculties and give
Most easy and inevitable death.
Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou darest be free:
Such liberty as I embrace myself
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford,
I can but die with thee to keep my word.

The scene then changes to the prison; and this is
the close of the play:—

GONSALEZ alone, disguised like a Mute, with a dagger.

Nor sentinel, nor guard! the doors unbarred!
And all as still as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.

There lies my way, that door too is unlocked. [*Looks in.*
 Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
 A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
 By fits reveals.—His face seems turned, to favour
 The attempt. I'll steal, and do it unperceived.
 What noise! Somebody coming? 'st Alonzo?
 Nobody? Sure he'll wait without—I would
 'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart:
 Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[*Goes in.*]

GARCIA and ALONZO.

Gar. Where? where, Alonzo? where's my father?
 where
 The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!
 All's lost, all ruin'd by surprise and treachery.
 Where, where is he? why dost thou thus mislead me?
Alon. My lord, he entered but a moment since,
 And could not pass me unperceived—What, ho!
 My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord Gonzalez!

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ bloody.

Gon. Perdition choke your clamours!—whence this
 rudeness?

Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, slavery and death,
 Are entering now our doors. Where is the king?
 What means this blood? and why this face of horror?

Gon. No matter—give me first to know the cause
 Of those your rash and ill-timed exclamations.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betrayed,
 Who, but for heaps of slain that choke the passage,
 Had entered long ere now, and borne down all
 Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless
 The king in person animate our men,
 Granada's lost: and to confirm this fear,
 The traitor Perez and the captive Moor
 Are through a postern fled, and join the foe.

Gon. Would all were false as that; for whom you call
 The Moor, is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
 In whose heart's blood this poniard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible, for Osmyn was, while flying,
 Pronounced aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

Gon. Enter that chamber and convince your eyes
 How much report has wronged your easy fate.

[*GARCIA goes in.*]

Alon. My lord, for certain truth, Perez is fled;
 And has declared the cause of his revolt
 Was to revenge a blow the king had given him.

Re-enter GARCIA.

Gar. Ruin and horror! O heart-wounding sight!

Gon. What says my son? what ruin? ha, what horror?

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue!

Rather than or to see or to relate

This deed.—O dire mistake! O fatal blow!

The king——

Gon. Alon. The king!

Gar. Dead, weltering, drowned in blood.
 See, see, attired like Osmyn, where he lies! [*They look in.*
 Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
 But what imports the manner, or the cause?
 Nothing remains to do, or to require,
 But that we all should turn our swords against
 Ourselves, and expiate with our own his blood.

Gon. O wretch! O cursed, and rash, deluded fool!
 On me, on me, turn your avenging sword!
 I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,

Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
 And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater?
 The horror of that thought has damped my rage.
 The earth already groans to bear this deed;
 Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
 With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!
 Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
 And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable
 Self-murder.

Gon. Oh, my son; from the blind dotage
 Of a father's fondness these ills arose:
 For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
 For thee I've plunged into this sea of sin;
 Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
 While t'other bore the crown (to wreath thy brow),
 Whose weight has sunk me ere I reached the shore.

Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe has entered.

[*Shout.*]

The shrillness of that shout speaks 'em at hand.
 We have no time to search into the cause
 Of this surprising and most fatal error.
 What's to be done? the king's death known, will strike
 The few remaining soldiers with despair,
 And make 'em yield to mercy of the conqueror.

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body:
 Require me not to tell the means till done,
 Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

[*Goes in. Shout*]

Gon. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
 'Twere fit the soldiers were amused with hopes;
 And in the meantime fed with expectation
 To see the king in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late;
 But I'll omit no care, nor haste, to try
 Or to repel their force or bravely die.

GONSALEZ and ALONZO.

Gon. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed

As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
 Though for the crown of universal empire.
 But what are kings, reduced to common clay?
 Or who can wound the dead? I've from the body
 Severed the head, and in an obscure corner
 Disposed it, muffled in the mute's attire,
 Leaving to view of them that enter next,
 Alone the undistinguished trunk
 Which may be still mistaken by the guards
 For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king
 They chance to find it.

Gon. 'Twas an act of horror;
 And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
 But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
 Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,
 To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
 Reserve to re-enforce his arms: at least,
 I shall make good, and shelter his retreat.

ZARA, followed by SELIM, and two Mutes bearing the bowls.

Zara. Silence and solitude are everywhere!
 Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
 That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
 Is seen or heard. A dreadful din was wont
 To grate the sense, when entered here; from groans
 And howls of slaves condemned, from clink of chains,
 And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges:

And ever and anon the sight was dashed
 With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
 Of grim and ghastly executioners.
 Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,
 Than did that scene of complicated horrors.
 It may be that the cause of this my errand
 And purpose, being changed from life to death,
 Has also wrought this chilling change of temper.
 Or does my heart bode more? what can it more
 Than death?
 Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
 That I am here—so. You return and find

[*Mutes go in.*]

The king; tell him, what he required I've done,
 And wait his coming to approve the deed.

ZARA and Mutes.

Zara. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you
 thus [The Mutes return and look affrighted.
 With haggard eyes? why are your arms a-cross?
 Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
 Why is't, you more than speak in these sad signs?
 Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[*They go to the scene, which opening, she perceives the body.*]

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! Oh—I'm lost!
 O Osmyn! O Alphonso! Cruel fate!
 Cruel, cruel, oh, more than killing object!
 I came prepared to die, and see thee die—
 Nay, came prepared myself to give thee death—
 But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—
 Oh, this accursed, this base, this treacherous king!

ZARA, SELIM, and Mutes.

Sel. I've sought in vain, but nowhere can the king
 Be found.

Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there!

[*Stabs him.*]

His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
 But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded:
 The mute you sent by some mischance was seen,
 And forced to yield your letter with his life:
 I found the dead and bloody body stripped—
 My tongue falters, and my voice fails—I sink—
 Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is—

[*Dies.*]

Zara. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.
 'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
 We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
 I have a certain remedy for that.
 But oh, he died unknowing in my heart!
 He knew I loved, but knew not to what height:
 Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
 A martyr and a victim to my vows:
 Insensible of this last proof, he's gone.
 Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
 Of sense; his soul still sees, and knows each purpose,
 And fixed event of my persisting faith.
 Then, wherefore do I pause? give me the bowl.

[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the bowls.*]

Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,
 Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight!
 This to our mutual bliss when joined above.
 Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart!
 Cold, cold! my veins are icicles and frost.
 I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there:

[*Drinks.*]

Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,
 And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides
 Still further from me! look, he hides his face!
 I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach—
 Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark—

[*Dies.*]

[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*]

ALMERIA, LEONORA, and Mutes.

Alm. Oh, let me seek him in this horrid cell;
 For in the tomb, or prison, I alone
 Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heavens! what dismal scene
 Of death is this? The eunuch Selim slain!

Alm. Show me, for I am come in search of death;
 But want a guide; for tears have dimmed my sight.

Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
 Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
 Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by,
 Feeling remorse too late for what they've done.
 But oh, forbear—lift up your eyes no more;
 But haste away, fly from this fatal place
 Where miseries are multiplied; return,
 Return! and look not on: for there's a dagger
 Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
 Rain blood—

Alm. Oh, I foreknow, foresee that object.
 Is it at last then so? is he then dead?
 What, dead at last! quite, quite, for ever dead!
 There, there I see him! there he lies, the blood
 Yet bubbling from his wounds—Oh, more than savage!
 Had they or hearts or eyes, that did this deed?
 Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?
 Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
 That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?
 I do not weep! The springs of tears are dried
 And of a sudden I am calm, as if
 All things were well: and yet my husband's murdered!
 Yes, yes, I know to mourn; I'll sluice this heart,
 The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
 Those men have left to weep: they look on me!
 I hope they murder all on whom they look.
 Behold me well; your bloody hands have erred,
 And wrongfully have slain those innocents;
 I am the sacrifice designed to bleed;
 And come prepared to yield my throat—they shake
 Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence,

[*The Mutes point at the bowl on the ground.*]

And point—what mean they? Ha! a cup. Oh, well
 I understand what medicine has been here.
 Oh, noble thirst! yet greedy to drink all—
 Oh, for another draught of death.—What mean they?

[*The Mutes point at the other cup.*]

Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
 Thanks to the liberal hand that filled thee thus;
 I'll drink my glad acknowledgment—

Leon. Oh, hold,
 For mercy's sake! upon my knee I beg—

Alm. With thee the kneeling World should beg in vain.
 Seest thou not there? behold who prostrate lies,
 And pleads against thee? who shall then prevail?
 Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
 From his pale lips; I'll kiss him, ere I drink,
 Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth
 And stain the colour of my last adieu.
 Horror! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face,

[*Coming nearer the body, starts and lets fall the cup.*]
 But spouting veins, and mangled flesh! Oh, oh!

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA
prisoner, Guards and Attendants.

Alph. Away, stand off! where is she? let me fly,
Save her from death, and snatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
Oh, let me talk to thy reviving sense,
The words of joy and peace! warm thy cold beauties,
With the new-flushing ardour of my cheek!
Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm
Of cordial sighs! and re-inspire thy bosom
With the breath of love! Shine, awake, Almeria!
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light!

Alm. Where am I? Heaven! what does this dream
intend?

Alph. Oh, mayst thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys!

Alm. Given me again from death! O all ye powers,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My sight, against my sight? and shall I trust
That sense, which in one instant shows him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abused
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband:
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion—

Alph. Oh, my heart's comfort 'tis not given to this
Frail life, to be entirely blessed. Even now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet am I dashed to think that thou must weep;
Thy father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonsalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their last breath confessed
The just decrees of Heaven, which on themselves
Has turned their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus—

[ALMERIA weeps.]

Let 'em remove the body from her sight.
Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup? Alas!
Thy error then is plain; but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
O Garcia,

Whose virtue has renounced thy father's crimes,
Seest thou how just the hand of Heaven has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Though in clear sharp wit Congreve excels all other writers of what has been called the later Prose Comedy of Manners, he had a nature better than the manners that he painted, and I have preferred to show his wit in the ingenious construction of the plot of his one tragedy, which was the most successful of his plays. Full as it is of the conventional heroics of the playhouse that had now superseded the fresh utterances of poetic thought, it shows clear evidence of taste and culture, and of a style not un-influenced by Shakespeare and Milton. Recollections of Shakespeare are frequent in the play, and one can

hardly doubt that the poet had read Milton with enjoyment, who gave such lines as these to his Zara:—

Distrust will ever be in love,
And anger in distrust, both short-lived pains.
But in despair and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
Oh, torment but to think! what then to bear!
Not to be borne.

The decay of comedy by corruption of the material in which it worked, is well shown in Thomas Southerne's "Oroonoko," which was produced in 1696, the year before "The Mourning Bride." It is founded on the best of the short tales, or "novels," of Aphra Behn, which set forth the noble spirit of a negro slave in Surinam, a king in his own country, and a royal man when subjected to the worst wrongs of slavery. Southerne dramatised the novel with alteration of details, and suicide in place of the original incidents of death by cunning torture, inflicted by the white masters and borne by Oroonoko with unmoved fortitude. He put a generous spirit into the tragic incidents, but relieved them with an underplot of comedy that has not the least relation to the main plot, except that in one scene its characters show a friendly interest in Oroonoko. The comedy thus entwined with Southerne's best tragedy turns on intrigues of two sisters, Charlotte and Lucy Welldon, who have come to Surinam, one of them in man's clothes, to find husbands, with the catching of a rich widow by the sister in man's clothes for a certain Jack Stanmore; all the material being as unfit for true comedy as Thames mud for the sculptor's chisel.

Thomas Southerne was a very reputable dramatist, and praised by Dryden for his purity. He was born in the year of the Restoration, and began to write plays at the age of twenty-two, Dryden furnishing for his first work both Prologue and Epilogue. He entered the army early in James II.'s reign, and being a good man of business, he set an example to other dramatists, which raised considerably the trade value of a play. It was he who established the claim of an author to the profits of three nights out of the first nine, instead of one. He discovered that more could be made by sale of the right of publication to a bookseller than had been formerly obtained. For one of his plays he got £150 from the bookseller. Dryden, who had often been satisfied with £100 as the whole profit of a piece, once asked his friend Southerne how much his last play had brought him. Southerne replied that he was really ashamed to say. Dryden pressed him, and he confessed that he had made £700 by it. But a considerable part of Southerne's profit was made by such industrious traffic among friends and patrons in the sale of tickets for each of his three author's nights, as Dryden and many another man could not have attempted. Southerne retired upon his earnings, and lived to the year 1746. Nine years before his death the poet Gray wrote to Horace Walpole from Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, in September, 1737:—"We have old Mr. Southerne at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-

seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory, but is as agreeable an old man as can be—at least, I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko." Isabella was the heroine of Southerne's "Fatal Marriage," a play with good pathetic interest, which also was adulterated, for the sake of popularity, with incidents supposed in those days to be comic.

Congreve's "Mourning Bride" was produced in the same year as the first of the comedies written by Sir John Vanbrugh, "The Relapse." John Vanbrugh, born about the year 1666, was the son of a Giles Vanbrugh, who is said to have made money as a sugar-baker at Chester, before establishing himself as a gentleman in London. John was the second of his eight sons. He was liberally educated, went to France at the age of nineteen, was there for a few years, then entered the English army as an ensign. In 1695, when he was about twenty-nine years old, he was made secretary to the Commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital. Vanbrugh was about six years older than Congreve, began to write about four years later, and continued to write for six years longer. He wrote comedies, therefore, under William III. and Queen Anne. His first play, "The Relapse," was produced at Drury Lane in 1697; his second, "The Provoked Wife," in 1698 at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had been opened by Betterton with Congreve's "Love for Love," in 1695. Vanbrugh's third play, "Æsop," partly from the French of Boursault, was acted in the same year, 1698, at Drury Lane. It was in March of this year, 1698, that Jeremy Collier, a divine who had suffered after the Revolution as non-juror, published "A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage: Together with the Sense of Antiquity upon this Argument." Though not temperate enough to be altogether fair, Jeremy Collier was an able man with a real ground of complaint; more than a match, therefore, for abler men who replied to him, but had a bad cause to defend. Congreve replied with "Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations, &c., from the 'Old Batchelour,' 'Double Dealer,' 'Love for Love,' 'Mourning Bride,' By the Author of those Plays." Other men wrote on each side of the question, and Dryden, who died in 1700, stood alone, as became his intellectual rank, in generous submission to so much of the accusation as was just. In the preface to his "Fables," published about two months before his death, Dryden wrote, of Collier's citations from plays of his own, "I shall say the less, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."

In 1702 John Vanbrugh produced a comedy on a Spanish plot, "The False Friend," and also began his distinguished career as an architect, with the design for Castle Howard, in Yorkshire. Its owner, being

then Deputy Earl Marshal, rewarded him with the office of Clarencieux King-at-Arms. Vanbrugh next undertook to build a theatre for Betterton's company, and to join Congreve in supplying it with plays. Its site was that of the present Opera House in the Haymarket. It proved too large for its purpose, and unsuitable for spoken dialogue. The theatre was opened with opera, then Vanbrugh produced his comedy of "The Confederacy," followed by versions of three of the plays of Molière. But in 1706 Vanbrugh gave up the battle, and as he was at that time employed as architect of Blenheim—the palace voted by the nation to the Duke of Marlborough for his great victory of 1704—he quitted the stage, and thenceforth thrived as an architect. As dramatist he was John Vanbrugh—he was not knighted until the accession of George I., in 1714, and he died in 1726. A Dr. Evans suggested for his epitaph:—

Under this stone, reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay:
Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee!

George Farquhar's career as a dramatist was as long as Vanbrugh's, and almost exactly contemporary with it, though he was by twelve years a younger man, and died nineteen years earlier. Vanbrugh died in 1726, aged sixty; Farquhar in 1707, aged twenty-nine; but Vanbrugh's career as a dramatist extended from 1697 to 1706, and Farquhar's from 1698 to 1707. George Farquhar was a clergyman's son, who left Trinity College, Dublin, to appear as an actor on the Dublin stage. He then obtained a commission in the Earl of Orrery's regiment in Ireland, became Captain Farquhar, and brought out at Drury Lane, in 1698, his first comedy, "Love and a Bottle." This was followed in 1700 by his "Constant Couple; or, a Trip to the Jubilee," to which, in 1701, his "Sir Harry Wildair" was a sequel. In May, 1700, Farquhar was at Dryden's funeral. Farquhar's four other comedies, which belong to the Literature of Queen Anne's reign, were "The Inconstant; or, the Way to Win Him" (1703); "The Twin Rivals" (1705); "The Recruiting Officer" (1706); and "The Beaux Stratagem" (1707). This last play was written in six weeks, under disappointment, sickness, and poverty. Farquhar died when it was in the height of its success. He had been tempted, by an empty promise of something better, to sell his commission, and was tricked into marriage by a penniless woman, who loved him and falsely professed to be an heiress. It is said that he never uttered a word of reproach for the trick she had played on him. He left his wife in extreme poverty and two daughters, one of whom married a small tradesman, and the other became a maid-servant.

Vanbrugh's play of

THE CONFEDERACY,

produced in 1705, at the theatre built by himself in the Haymarket, is a good example of his skill in the construction of a plot that develops easily through a series of lively scenes, and is not wholly without a

touch of earnest in its satire on the vices of society. The confederacy is of two citizens' wives against their husbands. The wives, Clarissa and Araminta, are frivolous imitators of the more worthless airs of "quality." The husbands, Gripe and Moneytrap, are rich money scriveners.

The First Act opens with a dialogue in Covent Garden, between Mrs. Amlet and her neighbour, Mrs. Cloggit. Mrs. Amlet is a widow. The late Mr. Amlet was hanged for robbing a church; his widow trades on the vanity of the fine ladies in town, who never make two words upon the price of her goods; all they haggle about is the day of payment. "Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggit, I have worn out four pair of pattens with following my old Lady Youthful, for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint. Mrs. C. Look you there, now! Mrs. A. If they would but once let me get enough by 'em to keep a coach to carry me a-dunning after 'em, there would be some conscience in it." But, says Mrs. Cloggit presently, "Now we talk of quality, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet? My daughter Flipp says she met him t' other day in a laced coat, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bridegroom. Mrs. A. Is it possible? Ah, the rogue! Well, neighbour, all's well that ends well; but Dick will be hanged." Dick Amlet is a handsome scamp, whose mother is proud of his figure; "he's a hopeful young man to look on," but in fact he has already been sentenced to the gallows. Nevertheless he is flourishing in fine clothes, making money at the gaming-table, calling himself Colonel Shapely, and laying siege to a young heiress of sixteen, Corinna, daughter to Gripe by a former wife, and step-daughter to Clarissa. This venture of his is developed in the second scene, which is between Dick Amlet and his old schoolfellow, shopfellow, and comrade, Brass, who now aids him by playing the part of his valet before the world. But he must be quick, Brass tells him. He has but this throw left, for his morals begin to be pretty well known about the town. Brass will aid him by sending a letter to the young lady through Flippanta, Clarissa's maid. From dialogue between Brass and Flippanta we learn that Dick Amlet, as Colonel Shapely, has advised Gripe's wife, Clarissa, to set up a basset-table in her own house, instead of going abroad for play. By help of a purse to Flippanta the letter is on its way to delivery. The next scene shows the citizen wife Clarissa, who has been in bed till two in the afternoon, about to begin her day.

Clar. No messages this morning from anybody, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! Oh, there's Brass!—I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

Brass. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

Clar. Give it me.—Open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day. [*Sitting down.*]

Brass. [*Aside to FLIPPANTA.*] Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thyself, I'm no novice.

Clar. [*To BRASS.*] 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brass. Your ladyship has no farther commands, then?

Clar. Not at this time, honest Brass.—[*Exit BRASS.*] Flippanta!

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My husband's in love.

Flip. In love!

Clar. With Araminta.

Flip. Impossible.

Clar. This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

Flip. Methinks you are not very much alarmed.

Clar. No; thou knowest I'm not much tortured with jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right on't, madam, for jealousy's a city passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

Clar. Fie! a woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould who is either troubled or pleased with anything her husband can do to her. Prithee mention him no more; 'tis the dullest theme.

Flip. 'Tis splenetic indeed. But when once you open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas, Flippanta! I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too.

Flip. How so?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already; and four-and-twenty hours, thou knowest, is enough to make one weary of anything.

Flip. Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together: you never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistakest the thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleased with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

Then, although she does as she pleases, so far as her husband is concerned, she is only a citizen's wife, and dares not affront people as if she were a real woman of quality. "In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, though they come to ask me for what I owe 'em. *Flip.* All this is very hard indeed. *Clar.* Ah, Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value." Then comes the practical question: How shall she get ready money to set her basset-table agoing. She has tried her husband with a story of the loss of her diamond necklace, which has put him in a passion; and now there is no money to be raised by selling it, because he has left its description with all the goldsmiths in the town. Then Mrs. Amlet is announced, who is known to come for money, and Clarissa boldly proposes to her maid to raise money from her. "Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money; where shall I have any to pay her else?" Mrs. Amlet is graciously received with a prompt question of, "How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?" Mrs. A. Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me. There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over. *Clar.* Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt—(*Aside.*) where I'm obliged to pay.—(*Reads.*) Imprimis. For bolstering out the Countess of Cramp's left hip—oh, fy! this does not belong to me. Mrs. A. I beg your ladyship's pardon. I mistook, indeed; 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnished her two years ago with three pairs of hips, and am not paid for 'em yet." Clarissa's bill is fifty

six pounds. She borrows a hundred pounds from Mrs. Amlet by pawning to her the diamond necklace supposed to be lost; deducts the fifty-six pounds, and receives the rest. Dick, during the negotiations, finds his mother in the house, and urges her to be quiet concerning him. If their relationship remain undiscovered, he will bring her home a daughter-in-law in a coach and six.

The Second Act shows Clarissa getting the purse from her friend's husband through Flippanta, who says, "I don't know what you'll do with him. *Clar.* I'll e'en do nothing with him at all [*Yawning*], Flippanta. *Flip.* Madam. *Clar.* My hood and scarf, and a coach to the door. *Flip.* Why, whither are you going? *Clar.* I can't tell yet, but I would go spend some money, since I have it. *Flip.* Why, you want nothing that I know of. *Clar.* How awkward an objection now is that! as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted 'em. Quality always distinguishes itself, and therefore as the mechanic people buy things because they have occasion for 'em, you see women of rank always buy things because they have not occasion for them. Now there, Flippanta, you see the difference between a woman that has breeding and one that has none. Oh, ho! here's Araminta come at last." From Araminta she has learnt that her own husband is as attentive to Araminta as Araminta's husband is to her. Each can be made to open his purse-strings to his neighbour's wife, but not to his own. The two wives accordingly form a Confederacy, which gives its name to the play. Each will draw money from the other's husband, and they will go halves in the spoil. Flippanta prepares Clarissa's step-daughter, Corinna, for the addresses of Dick Amlet as the Colonel. The young lady appears fresh from a scolding by her father. "*Flip.* Why, what is't he finds fault with? *Cor.* Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta, it only makes my head ache." She is weary of "perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old fumbling masters to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things! Fine entertainment, indeed, for a young maid at sixteen!" She is ready enough for other teaching. "Come," says Flippanta, "examine your strength a little. Do you think you durst venture upon a husband? *Cor.* A husband! why, a—if you would but encourage me. Come, Flippanta, be a true friend, now. I'll give you advice when I have got a little more experience. Do you, in your very conscience and soul, think I am old enough to be married? *Flip.* Old enough! why, you are sixteen, are you not? *Cor.* Sixteen! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman. I keep an exact account. *Flip.* The deuce you are! *Cor.* Why, do you then, truly and sincerely, think I am old enough? *Flip.* I do, upon my faith, child. *Cor.* Why, then, to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years." Corinna readily receives Dick Amlet's letter and suit to her for her money. The rest of the Act shows the old fools, Moneytrap and Gripe, each plagued by the

extravagance and indifference of his own wife, and played upon by Flippanta. To Gripe, Flippanta says:—

Flip. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is't not so?

Gripe. Prithree change me that word fancy, and it is so.

Flip. Why, there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapours of late. You'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town; and that all the disorders you think you see in her, are only here, here, here, in your own head. [*Thumping his forehead.*]

Gripe. She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman?

Flip. By my faith, I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad!—Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come then: does not she put the whole house in disorder?

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. 'Tis very well: does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

Flip. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable! Does she not spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire than would maintain six children?

Flip. She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

Gripe. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

Flip. That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

Gripe. Yes truly, night into day, and day into night, ... that's her trade! But these are trifles: has she not lost her diamond necklace? Answer me to that, Trapes.

Flip. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it as if it had been her husband.

Gripe. Ah!—the plague take her! but enough. 'Tis resolved, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, or I will put a stop to the course of her blood, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her.—[*Aside.*] Which, though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight. [*Exit.*]

Flip. Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! Insupportable to himself, and a plague to everything about them. Their wives do by them as children do by dogs, tease and provoke 'em, till they make 'em so curst, they snarl and bite at everything that comes in their reach. This wretch here is grown perverse to that degree, he's for his wife's keeping home, and making hell of his house, so he may be the devil in it, to torment her. How niggardly soever he is, of all things he possesses, he is willing to purchase her misery, at the expense of his own peace. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her (which I think I do) she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. [*Exit.*]

In the opening of the Third Act, the scene opens in Mrs. Amlet's house, where the necklace, skilfully recalled to mind at the close of the Second, is stolen

from the strong box of his admiring mother by Dick Amlet, who persuades her still to keep secret the relationship between them, because he is on the point of marrying a city fortune, who "cares not a fig for your virtue, she'll hear of nothing but quality." The scene changes to Gripe's house, where Dick Amlet is active in his endeavour to win Corinna, and Mrs. Amlet appears again in great excitement.

Mrs. A. Ah, my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright!

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

Mrs. A. Ah, mercy on us all!—Madam's diamond necklace—

Flip. What of that?

Mrs. A. Are you sure you left it at my house?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty question truly!

Mrs. A. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you. It will be found again, if it be Heaven's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss on't. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his birdlime fingers on't.

Flip. Your son, Mrs. Amlet! Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these, then?

Mrs. A. What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta? Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts, too. And now it comes in my head, mayhap he may have no ill design in this neither.

Flip. No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

Mrs. A. You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true, but—mum!—

Flip. What does the woman mean?

Mrs. A. Hark you, Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Mrs. A. By way of conversation only; it does not concern me; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember I tell you so—I who am but Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. You dance at her wedding! you!

Mrs. A. Yes, I, I; but don't trouble madam about her necklace; perhaps it mayn't go out of the family. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta.

[Exit.

Flip. What—what—what does the woman mean? Mad! What a capitolade¹ of a story's here? The necklace lost; and her son Dick; and a fortune to marry; and she shall dance at the wedding; and—she does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna? By my conscience I believe she does. An old beldam!

Dick Amlet is not yet suspected. Money is extracted from Moneytrap by Flippanta, on the plea that payment of gambling debts will put her mistress in good humour with him.

Mon. Shall I try if I can reason her husband out of twenty pounds, to make her easy the rest of her life?

Flip. Twenty pounds, man!—why, you shall see her set that upon a card. Oh, she has a great soul!—Besides, if her husband should oblige her, it might, in time, take off her aversion to him, and by consequence, her inclination to you. No, no, it must never come that way.

Mon. What shall we do then?

Flip. Hold still—I have it. I'll tell you what you shall do.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her—a restitution—of two hundred pounds.

Mon. Ha!—a restitution!

Flip. Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest thought in the world; madam often plays, you know, and folks who do so meet now and then with sharpers. Now you shall be a sharper.

Mon. A sharper!

Flip. Ay, ay, a sharper, and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me.

Mon. Yes, I—I comprehend, but a—won't she suspect if it be so much?

Flip. No, no, the more the better.

Mon. Two hundred pound!

Flip. Yes, two hundred pound—or let me see—so even a sum may look a little suspicious—ay—let it be two hundred and thirty; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Pounds, too, look I don't know how; guineas, I fancy, were better—ay, guineas, it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

Mon. Um—a guinea, you know, Flippanta, is—

Flip. A thousand times genteeler; you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty guineas.

Mon. Ho—well, if it must be guineas, let's see, two hundred guineas.

Flip. And thirty; two hundred and thirty: if you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So go put 'em in a purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send 'em to me with a penitential letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore 'em to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag!

Flip. Guineas, I say, guineas!

Mon. Ay, guineas, that's true. But, Flippanta, if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

Flip. Phu! leave that to me; I'll manage the stock for you, I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum indeed; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say two hundred guineas in a purse?

Flip. And thirty, if the man's in his senses!

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true; I always forget that thirty.

[Exit.

So the confederacy between the wives proves lucrative. The smaller confederacy between Dick Amlet and Brass, who acts as his valet, is tried by the prospect of Dick Amlet's success in his heiress-hunting. "Good words," says Brass, "or I betray you; they have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house."

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true; your footman sometimes, which I'm enraged at; but you have always had the ascendant, I confess. When we were schoolfellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-pupils, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. . . . Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenced but to

¹ Capitolade, hash. A French word.

be whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine: however, I cannot consent that you should at once fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Hark thee, Brass, if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ah, the [plague] take thee!

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith! Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust because we don't know 'em; others we mistrust because we do know 'em: and for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain beforehand. If not—[*Raising his voice.*—] look ye, Dick Amlet—

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion.—[*Aside.*] The dog will ruin me!—[*Aloud.*] Say, what is 't will content thee?

Brass. Oh, ho!

Dick. But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learned it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds; 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfied, all's fixed.

Brass. It is not, indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother of e'en now.

Dick. Ah, you Jew!

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend!

Brass. Dick Amlet—[*Raising his voice.*] I insist.

Dick. Ah, the cormorant!—Well, 'tis thine; but thou 'lt never thrive with 't.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding suit.

Dick. Well.

Brass. Some good lace.

Dick. Thou shalt.

Brass. A stock of linen.

Dick. Enough.

Brass. Not yet; a silver sword.

Dick. Well, thou shalt have that too. Now thou hast everything.

Brass. God forgive me! I forgot a ring of remembrance: I would not forget all these favours for the world. A sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of 'em.

Dick. [*Aside.*] This unconscionable rogue! — [*Aloud.*] Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant?

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all?—

Brass. I'm a man of honour, and restore: and so the treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. [*Taking off his hat.*]

In the Fourth Act, Dick Amlet still seems to be prospering. Gripe prepares for an out-pouring of wrath upon his wife, watches his opportunity, and storms at her. She receives all his rage with the blandest equanimity, has met it for a purpose of her own. She has planned to keep a basset-table in the house, so stipulates that if he will be always in good humour, she will be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, sir, what would you have more?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I'm weary of going abroad, my dear. What I do is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison? don't that word melt you, sir?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. Oh, sir, soon or late wives come into good humour. Husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

Gripe. Oh, I'll find you employment, your time shan't lie upon your hands; though if you have a mind now for such a companion as a—let me see—Araminta, for example, why, I shan't be against her being with you from morning till night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

Gripe. Is not she?

Flip. Ah, the old satyr! [*Aside.*]

Gripe. Then we'll have, besides her, maybe sometimes—her husband; and we shall see my niece that writes verses, and my sister Fidget; with her husband's brother that's always merry; and his little cousin, that's to marry the fat curate; and my uncle the apothecary, with his wife and all his children. Oh, we shall divert ourselves rarely!

Flip. Good! [*Aside.*]

Clar. Oh, for that, my dear child, I must be plain with you, I'll see none of 'em but Araminta, who has the manners of the court; for I'll converse with none but women of quality.

Gripe. Ay, ay, they shall all have one quality or other.

Clar. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have concerts of music sometimes.

Gripe. Music in my house!

Clar. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have music—

Clar. Ay, but, sir, I must have music—

Flip. Not every day, madam don't mean.

Clar. No, bless me, no; but three concerts a week; three days more we'll play after dinner, at ombre, picquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

Gripe. A ball!

Clar. Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation; we'll read verses, talk of books, invent modes, tell lies, scandalise our friends, be pert upon religion; and, in short, employ every moment of it in some pretty witty exercise or other.

Flip. What order you see 'tis she proposes to live in! a most wonderful regularity!

Gripe. Regularity with a [plague]! [*Aside.*]

Clar. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

Gripe. A porter!—a scrivener have a porter, madam!

Clar. Positively, a porter.

Gripe. Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman!

Clar. You will therefore be renowned in story for having the first, my life.

Brass is then shown ingeniously getting money out of *Gripe* for *Araminta*. Then *Dick Amlet* is in perplexity. His suit for the young gentlewoman, being in the character of a rich Colonel *Shapely*, has been made known by *Flippanta* to her mistress, and is to be now regularly proposed to the father as an eligible offer. There will be question of settlements and a discovery of all. The lady must be run away with before any such question arises: but *Dick* has no money. Brass has taken in advance all that he had, as a confederate's share of the prize-money. Brass, when appealed to, quarrels with *Dick's* luck, his hempen fortune, but to give him one more chance, will raise money for the elopement by pawning the diamond necklace.

In the Fifth Act, *Corinna* is easily persuaded that she must elope. *Mrs. Gripe* is at home, with her husband and her friend *Araminta*, and her friend's husband, *Moneytrap*; each scrivener believing that he has hoodwinked the other, and the two wives laughing at them both. Suddenly enters *Mr. Clip*, the goldsmith. A description of the missing necklace had been given to all the goldsmiths in the town. It has been offered in pawn to *Mr. Clip* by Brass. *Mr. Clip* has impounded it and brought it. Brass enters and is accused of theft. A constable is fetched. *Clarissa* point-blank disowns the necklace. But *Mrs. Amlet* happens to be the next person who enters the house, and the whole truth then comes out. She compels her son *Dick* to acknowledge her.

Mrs. A. Do but look at him, my dames: he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, *Mrs. Amlet*?

Mrs. A. The meaning, good lack! Why, this all-to-be-powdered rascal here is my son, an't please you.—Ha, Graceless! Now I'll make you own your mother, vermin!

Clar. What, the colonel your son?

Mrs. A. 'Tis *Dick*, madam, that rogue *Dick* I have so often told you of, with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

Aram. The woman's mad, it can never be.

Mrs. A. Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth? say then.

Dick. What will you have me say? you had a mind to ruin me, and you have done 't; would you do any more?

Clar. Then, sir, you are son to good *Mrs. Amlet*?

Aram. And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while!

Flip. And the confidence to think of marrying *Corinna*?

Brass. And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as yourself?

Clar. Indeed I think he should be corrected.

Aram. Indeed I think he deserves to be cudgelled.

Flip. Indeed I think he might be pumped.

Brass. Indeed I think he will be hanged.

Mrs. A. Good lack a-day! Good lack a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: if he is not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow.—Come hither, *Dick*, they shan't run thee down neither; cock up thy hat, *Dick*, and

tell 'em, though *Mrs. Amlet* is thy mother, she can make thee amends with ten thousand good pounds to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the midst on 't.

All. How!

Clar. Ten thousand pounds, *Mrs. Amlet*!

Mrs. A. Yes, forsooth, though I should lose the hundred you pawned your necklace for. Tell 'em of that, *Dick*.

Cor. Look you, *Flippanta*, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young man abused. And so, sir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is yours; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of 'em.

Dick. Sayest thou so, my little queen? Why, then, if dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack. We'll get her a score of grandchildren, and a merry house we'll make her. [*They kneel to Mrs. AMLET.*]

Mrs. A. Ah—ha! ha! ha! the pretty pair, the pretty pair! Rise, my chickens, rise, rise and face the proudest of 'em. And if madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her, *Dick*!—Why, how now?

Clar. Pray, *Mrs. Amlet*, don't be in a passion; the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for anything belongs to him.

Flip. Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.

Aram. And I suppose for us, *Clarissa*, we are to go on with our dears, as we used to do.

Clar. Just in the same tract, for this late treaty of agreement with 'em was so unnatural, you see, it could not hold. But 'tis just as well with us as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks! But while you live, everything gets well out of a broil but a husband. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

George Farquhar in

THE BEAUX-STRATAGEM

makes the chief action turn upon fortune-hunting in the marriage market. *Aimwell* and *Archer* are two Beaux of broken fortunes, who have but two hundred pounds left, with their horses, clothes, rings, &c., when they disappear from London, leaving it to be supposed that they have gone to Brussels. But they have gone heiress-hunting among English country towns, with the understanding that as they go from town to town they shall take turns in playing the parts of master and man. At *Lichfield*, where they arrive at *Boniface's* inn when the play opens, *Aimwell* is master. If no heiress be caught there, they will try *Nottingham*, and there *Archer* will be in command. If that fail, they go to *Norwich*, where *Aimwell* again will have a chance; and if all these fail, *Norwich* will be their last stage. "We'll embark for Holland, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*." Thus the play opens:—

SCENE I.—*A Room in Boniface's Inn.*

Enter BONIFACE running.

Bon. Chamberlain! maid! *Cherry*! daughter *Cherry*! all asleep? all dead?

Enter CHERRY running.

Cher. Here, here! why d'ye bawl so, father? d'ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx! The company of the *Warrington* coach has stood in the hall this hour, and nobody to show them to their chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, father; there's neither red-coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coachman should overturn them to-morrow.—Coming! coming! Here's the London coach arrived.

Enter Coach-passengers with trunks, bandboxes, and other luggage, and cross the stage.

Bon. Welcome, ladies!

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen!—Chamberlain, show the Lion and the Rose.

[*Exit with the company.*]

Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER, the latter carrying a portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen!

Aim. [*To ARCHER.*] Set down the things; go to the stable and see my horses well rubbed.

Arch. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O Mr. Boniface, your servant!

Bon. O sir!—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen year old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children. I'll show you such ale!—Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*.—I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir: I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter Tapster with a bottle and glass, and exit.

Now, sir, you shall see!—[*Pours out a glass.*] Your worship's health.—Ha! delicious, delicious! fancy it burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong!

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir—but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after: but, howe'er, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off. But she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health.—[*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last

husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pound a year; and, I believe, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours. She cures rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins, in men; green-sickness, obstructions, and fits of the mother, in women; the king's evil, chincough, and chilblains, in children: in short, she has cured more people in and about Lichfield within ten years than the doctors have killed in twenty; and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation?

Bon. Yes, sir; she has a daughter by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith. But he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at wisk and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. And married, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir. But he's a—he wants it—here, sir.

[*Pointing to his forehead.*]

Aim. He has it there, you mean?

Bon. That's none of my business; he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—But—ecod, he's no better than—Sir, my humble service to you.—[*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. Oh, that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em; they're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little. One of 'em lodges in my house.

Re-enter ARCHER.

Arch. Landlord, there are some French gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em.—[*Aside to ARCHER.*] Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is?

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to London, mayhap?

Arch. No.

Bon. [*Aside.*] An odd fellow this.—[*To AIMWELL.*] I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute.

[*Exit.*]

When Boniface returns, after a dialogue between Archer and Aimwell that sets forth their scheme, it is with the question—

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper-meat, I must confess. I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, sirrah! do you know who you are?

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have everything in the house.

Aim. Have you any veal?

Bon. Veal! sir, we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any fish or wildfowl?

Bon. As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; and then for wildfowl—we have a delicate couple of rabbits.

Aim. Get me the rabbits friarsteed.

Bon. Friarsteed! Lard, sir, they'll eat much better smothered with onions.

Arch. Psha! damn your onions.

Aim. Again, sirrah!—Well, landlord, what you please. But hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk he minds nothing.—Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, sir.—[*Aside.*] This will give us a reputation.

[*Gives AIMWELL a box.*]

Aim. Here, landlord; the locks are sealed down both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after supper; but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning; for my affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour, perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your ostler to keep my horses always saddled. But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your *Anna Domini*, as you call it; for he's the most insufferable sot.—Here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

[*Exit, lighted by ARCHER.*]

Bon. Cherry! daughter Cherry!

[*Re-enter CHERRY.*]

Cher. D'ye call, father?

Bon. Ay, child; you must lay by this box for the gentleman; 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money! all that money! why, sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliamentman. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay? Ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

Bon. A highwayman! upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new-purchased booty. Now, could we find him out, the money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang.

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the Man upon the Black Mare; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience: I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own.

Boniface bids Cherry get the traveller's secret of the footman, whom she is ill-disposed to come near; but Archer, as footman, makes bold love to her with

so much forgetting of the footman's ways, and natural following of what were called the manners of a gentleman, that her heart is more than half won.

In the Second Act, Dorinda the unmarried daughter of Lady Bountiful, and her sister-in-law Mrs. Sullen, show their views of life in discourse together, the scene being in Lady Bountiful's house. Mrs. Sullen paints the misery of marriage to Lady Bountiful's son, a sottish country squire, who presently appears and gives example of his boorishness. The continued dialogue between the sisters shows that Mrs. Sullen, wretched at home, has found attractions in a French count, one of the prisoners of war in Lichfield. Then Aimwell proposes to go to church in search of his heiress. Archer says—

Arch. You are so well dressed, Tom, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to advantage. The appearance of a stranger in a country church draws as many gazers as a blazing-star; no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers run buzzing round the congregation in a moment: *Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him?* Then I, sir, tips me the verger with half-a-crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop, or the dean if he be the commanding officer; single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a-bleeding by the strength of imagination, and show the whole church my concern by my endeavouring to hide it; after the sermon, the whole town gives me to hor for a lover, and by persuading the lady that I am a-dying for her, the tables are turned, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but instead of riveting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix 'em upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

Aim. Psha! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune. Let me alone, for I am a marksman.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay.

Arch. When were you at church before, pray?

Aim. Um! I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

Aim. Blessing! nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife. [*Exit.*]

Then comes to Boniface's inn his confederate Gibbet the highwayman. He brings plunder, which is given in charge of Cherry. Archer, who calls himself Martin, is sounded by Boniface and Gibbet, who still hold to the belief that he and his friend must be brother highwaymen. Cherry, at the end of the act, is fairly won by Archer's fascinations, and as she cannot believe him to be a footman, he tells her that he was born a gentleman, had a liberal education, and took service because he was ruined. Thereupon she offers herself and two thousand pounds (money of the highwaymen left in her charge) if he will marry her before he sleeps. She hints that she has discoveries to make. "In the meanwhile be satisfied that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my father!" (*Exit.*) "So," says Archer,

"we're like to have as many adventures in our inn as Don Quixote had in his. Let me see—two thousand pounds—if the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, egad, one would marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live—Lord knows how long. Then an inn-keeper's daughter!"

The Third Act opens with Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, who have seen Aimwell at church, where Dorinda found his eyes to be "sprightly but not wandering; they seemed to view, but never gazed on anything but me." The country servant, Scrub, who is butler every Sunday, is set to make himself acquainted with the distinguished stranger's splendid footman, and discover who his master is. In the inn we find that Aimwell has set his mind on Dorinda. Archer, as Mr. Martin, is duly invited by Scrub to see Lady Bountiful's cellar; Aimwell is engaged in dialogue by Gibbet the highwayman, and another visitor appears, an Irish rascal, who affects to be a Frenchman, calls himself Foigard, and is chaplain to the French prisoners of war in Lichfield. They go to dinner in the inn. Archer and Scrub, meanwhile, make merry in Lady Bountiful's cellars. Scrub is enamoured of Gipsy, the lady's maid, but has a formidable rival in M. Foigard, while the French count is laying siege to Mrs. Sullen. Scrub would know more, he says, "but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business that I'm a perfect slave. What d'ye think is my place in this family?" "Butler, I suppose." "Ah, Lord help you! I'll tell you. Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and a Sunday I draw beer." The ladies come in, as if accidentally, and are told by Scrub, "This is the strange gentleman's servant that you see at church to day; I understood he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives." Dorinda has already been told by Gipsy, who listened to part of the talk between Scrub and Archer, that Mr. Martin described his master as the Lord Viscount Aimwell, who, after wounding a man in a duel, had withdrawn from London till he heard whether the wounds were mortal. "I have heard my brother talk of my Lord Aimwell," says Mrs. Sullen to her sister; "but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman." "That," says Dorinda, "that is impossible, sister." "He's vastly rich, but very close, they say," adds Mrs. Sullen. "No matter for that," Dorinda says. "If I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him." Then the two sisters talk with the servant, and the beau in footman's livery flies so high in polite compliment to Mrs. Sullen—sings her a song too, and refuses money—that when Dorinda takes for granted he must be a friend of Lord Aimwell's whom his lordship has pitched upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who ten to one was his second too, Mrs. Sullen replies, "It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so!—for I like him."

The Third Act closes with a device of Mrs. Sullen's to awaken feeling in the sottish squire. She causes his sister Dorinda to persuade him to conceal himself

where he may hear how his wife is addressed by the French count. But although the Count Bellair receives his lesson on the honesty of Englishwomen and quits the field politely humming a song, Squire Sullen's native brutality only becomes more conspicuous.

The Fourth Act introduces Lady Bountiful herself, whose name has become English for the character she represents, almost as completely as Boniface has become a common synonym for landlord. The Beaux' Stratagem for getting admission to the house consists in taking advantage of the lady's readiness to apply remedies to all ills of the flesh. Mrs. Sullen is unhappy. There enters a country-woman.

Wom. I come, an't please your ladyship—you're my Lady Bountiful, an't ye?

Mrs. Sul. Well, good woman, go on.

Wom. I come seventeen long mail to have a cure for my husband's sore leg.

Mrs. Sul. Your husband! what, woman, cure your husband!

Wom. Ay, poor man, for his sore leg won't let him stir from home.

Mrs. Sul. There, I confess, you have given me a reason. Well, good woman, I'll tell you what you must do. You must lay your husband's leg upon a table, and with a chopping-knife you must lay it open as broad as you can, then you must take out the bone, and beat the flesh soundly with a rolling-pin, then take salt, pepper, cloves, mace, and ginger, some sweet-herbs, and season it very well, then roll it up like brawn, and put it into the oven for two hours.

Wom. Heavens reward your ladyship!—I have two little babies too that are piteous bad with the griups, an't please ye.

Mrs. Sul. Put a little popper and salt in their bellies, good woman.

Enter Lady BOUNTIFUL.

I beg your ladyship's pardon for taking your business out of your hands; I have been a-tampering here a little with one of your patients.

Lady Boun. Come, good woman, don't mind this mad creature; I am the person that you want, I suppose. What would you have, woman?

Mrs. Sul. She wants something for her husband's sore leg.

Lady Boun. What's the matter with his leg, goody?

Wom. It come first, as one might say, with a sort of dizziness in his foot, then he had a kind of laziness in his joints, and then his leg broke out, and then it swelled, and then it closed again, and then it broke out again, and then it festered, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

Presently Archer, as Mr. Martin, enters in excitement. His master is subject to fits; has had a fit just at the gate of the house, and they have ventured to bring him in. Lady Bountiful is happy.

Lady Boun. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops.—Gipsy, a glass of fair water! His fit's very strong.—Bless me, how his hands are clinched!

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—[*To DORINDA.*] Pray, madam, take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head.

[*DORINDA takes his hand.*]

Dor. Poor gentleman!—Oh!—he has got my hand within him, and squeezes it unmercifully—

Lady Boun. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. Oh, madam, he's perfectly possessed in these cases—he'll bite if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand! my hand!

Lady Boun. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs. Sul. I find, friend, you're very learned in these sorts of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute.

[Looking hard at Mrs. SULLEN.]

Mrs. Sul. I fancy I could find a way to cure you. [Aside.]

Lady Boun. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, madam.—Pray, young lady, open his breast, and give him air.

Lady Boun. Where did his illness take him first. pray?

Arch. To-day at church, madam.

Lady Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touched with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

Lady Boun. Wind, nothing but wind!

As the Fourth Act closes, the plot thickens. Both ladies are in love with the beaux. Scrub, always jealously watching the relations between Gipsy and Foigard, overhears an agreement between them, by which Gipsy, for a consideration, shall conceal the French count in a closet beside Mrs. Sullen's chamber. When his heart happens to have been opened by a guinea sent from "Lord Aimwell," he tells this to Archer. Archer, who more than suspects Foigard to be an Irishman, affects a brogue, claims to be his cousin, causes him to convict himself, then tells him that he can bring him to the gallows as a British subject taking service with the enemy, because he is acting as chaplain to the French. He is to be spared only on condition that he substitutes Archer for the French count in the closet by Mrs. Sullen's chamber. Lastly Boniface, Gibbet, and the highwaymen find the night favourable for the burglary at Lady Bountiful's house, which was the business that had brought Gibbet to Lichfield.

With all this work afoot, the Fifth Act of the Beaux-Stratagem opens in Boniface's inn, with the arrival after dark of Sir Charles Freeman in a coach and six. Sir Charles is Mrs. Sullen's brother, come to see about a separation between his sister and the squire. The squire, who spends his nights at the tavern, enters drunk, and unconsciously makes his character and the position of his wife most manifest to his wife's brother. Then Cherry, who has been hunting for Archer and cannot find him, knocks at Aimwell's door to tell him that "this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's house." "How?" "I dogged 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in." "Have you alarmed anybody else with the news?" "No, no, sir; I wanted to have discovered the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man Martin; but I have searched the whole house, and can't find him: where is he?" "No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house?" "With all my heart, sir; my Lady Bountiful is my godmother, and I love Mrs. Dorinda

so well"—"Dorinda! the name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own.—Come, my life! let me but get my sword."

Archer, meanwhile, is inside the house. When he leaves his hiding-place, and is on the point of carrying off Mrs. Sullen, he is met by Scrub, in desperate fear, with an alarm of thieves, and is himself mistaken for one of them. He hurries to the rescue, and soon has Gibbet upon the floor with a pistol at his breast. Gibbet is bound in the cellar. Hounslow and Bagshot are haling in Lady Bountiful and Dorinda, when Aimwell arrives to complete the rescue. The highwaymen are taken. Sir Charles Freeman then arrives. As a gentleman in society he will recognise the two beaux immediately, and make it known that Aimwell is no lord, but a younger brother. By the help of Foigard as chaplain, Dorinda must be married before Sir Charles appears. She is ready, but accepts the hasty marriage with such innocent words, that Aimwell at the last moment refuses to play the villain, sends Foigard away, and tells Dorinda that he is all counterfeit except his passion. But then comes, as a crown to the artificial life of the play, what is regarded as for Aimwell the happy discovery that his brother is dead. There is not a word of regret for the dead brother; everybody looks only to the happy transference of his title and lands. Archer now claims the fulfilment of the bargain with Aimwell, that whichever won the heiress should give half to his confederate. Dorinda's fortune is ten thousand pounds. Aimwell offers his friend the money or the lady, knowing of course that Archer will take the ten thousand. That is the exact amount of the fortune received by Squire Sullen with the wife from whom he is now to be divorced, and which he will not give up. But says Archer, "This night's adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all—for Captain Gibbet in his walk had made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and escritoire, and had taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts, to an infinite value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver 'em to Sir Charles." As for Boniface's daughter Cherry, who was ready to be her dear Martin's "faithful friend till death," Archer's friendship for her is summed up in the request to Aimwell, "Pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her into her service instead of Gipsy."

Since the time of Farquhar no writer of high mark has based his reputation upon writing for the stage. The number of men who have devoted themselves to play-writing has been considerable, but they have seldom aimed at anything higher than a safe, ephemeral success. Successive waves of thought that stir the whole surface of literature, pass through the plays of successive generations so distinctly that the history of opinion might be illustrated very fully from dramatic entertainments of the eighteenth century, and of the nineteenth as far as it has gone. Like other works with little independent thought to give them weight, they serve as straws to show which way the wind is blowing. But the traditions and conventionalities of the theatre itself have become so limited that men of genius have been unable to submit to them. Plays have been written since

Farquhar's time that form a part of English literature, but the writers have been men who put much of their best strength into other forms of work. Richard Steele, after publishing "*The Christian Hero*," began his literary career as a dramatist, in the days when Vanbrugh and Farquhar were writing. His first comedy, "*The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode*," was acted in 1702, and was followed in the next two years by "*The Tender Husband*" (1703), and "*The Lying Lover*" (1704). These comedies abound in wit and genial humour, while they are distinguished from all others of their time by generosity of feeling, and a thorough purity of tone; but Steele found on the stage of his day no room for the main labour of an earnest life. He created a new form of literature, for aid in healing the sickness of his time, associated his name for ever with the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and risked his fortune in a fearless battle against dangers to English liberty that were not the less real because they were happily averted. Steele cared about the players, as all men must care about them who love literature—it is the noblest form of human literature that lies dormant with them now—and he made it one part of his life's work to endeavour to restore health to the stage. If Steele had given his whole genius to play-writing he would have humanised the Prose Comedy of Manners, and become its foremost representative; but the acceptance in the play-house of the idler about town as the arbiter of taste, had already in his day deprived the stage of its old grandeur and power. The noble aims of a true intellectual life could be better attained without help of the players, and Steele, after 1702, 1703, and 1704, wrote no more plays until, in 1722, he produced his fourth and last, "*The Conscious Lovers*."

Colley Cibber, whom Pope made the hero of his "*Dunciad*" in its last form, was actor and dramatist, and nothing more. For, although he died Poet Laureate, he was no poet. He was born in 1671. His father, Gabriel, a native of Holstein, came to England as a sculptor, and produced among other works the bas-relief on the pedestal of the Monument raised to commemorate the Fire of London. His mother was granddaughter of Sir Anthony Colley, of Glaiston in Rutlandshire, who, as a faithful Royalist during the civil wars, had reduced his estate to a tenth of its original value. After education at the Grantham Grammar-school, Colley Cibber joined the force raised for William of Orange by the Earl of Devonshire, upon whose estate at Chatsworth, Gabriel Cibber was then employed in decorative work. After the Revolution he attached himself to the theatre, paid at first only by liberty of the free list, and rising to a salary of ten shillings a week, after about nine months of such service. He married in 1693 upon an income of twenty pounds a year spared by his father, and twenty shillings a week from the theatre during the acting season. In 1696, Cibber produced his first comedy, "*Love's Last Shift; or, the Fool in Fashion*." Vanbrugh honoured him by writing a sequel to it, "*The Relapse*," and asking him to continue the acting of his fool, Sir Novelty Fashion, who appeared in the sequel as newly created Lord Foppington. From that time Cibber's rise was rapid. From 1711 to

1733, Cibber had a share in the patent of Drury Lane. He died in 1757, eighty-six years old, and in his latter days as an actor is said to have been paid as much as fifty guineas a night, not very long after James Quin had been tempted from Covent Garden to Drury Lane by an offer of five hundred pounds a year, when John Rich, the Covent Garden manager, declared that three hundred a year was the utmost value of an actor. Cibber's activity as a dramatist extended from 1696 to 1729. His "*Nonjuror*," an adaptation of Molière's "*Tartuffe*" to an attack on the opponents of the Revolution, was suggested by the Rebellion of 1715, and first printed in 1718. The crowning infamy of his *Tartuffe*, Doctor Wolf, is that he is not only an agent of the Pretender, but proves to be a Roman Catholic in disguise. The insult to Roman Catholics in the play was a chief cause of Pope's dislike of Cibber.

John Dennis, the critic, had produced a play on "*Appius and Virginia*" in 1709, when he found in young Pope's "*Essay on Criticism*," published in the spring of 1711, a glance at his own critical temper:—

But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

Appius lost no time in declaring the "*Essay on Criticism*" to be a bad poem.

A much better dramatist than John Dennis was Nicholas Rowe, who was born in Bedfordshire in 1673, and was, therefore, about two years younger than Colley Cibber. Rowe was the son of a lawyer, who educated him at Westminster School, and, designing him for the bar, entered him a student of the Middle Temple. But his father's death having left him free to follow his own inclinations, Rowe produced in 1700 his first play, a tragedy—"The Ambitious Stepmother." He wrote eight plays between 1700 and 1715, the most successful being "*Jane Shore*," in 1713. We are indebted to Nicholas Rowe for a collection of all he could learn about Shakespeare in a "*Life*" prefixed to an edition of his plays published by Rowe in seven octavo volumes in 1709 and 1710. This was the first edition of the plays of Shakespeare after the four folios of 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685.

Susanna Centlivre wrote nineteen plays—seven—of them comedies—between the years 1700 and 1701. She was born Susanna Freeman, of a family that had sided strongly with the Parliament during the Civil Wars, and she was a good Whig in her writing. She had been twice a widow when she married Mr. Joseph Centlivre, the queen's cook, who was fascinated by her acting in a play at court, and she died in 1723.

Another contribution to the minor literature of the drama was a version of Racine's "*Andromaque*," under the name of "*The Distrest Mother*," produced in 1711 by Addison's friend, Ambrose Philips, and recommended by the friendly over-praise of Addison in the "*Spectator*."

The great success of its time was Addison's own tragedy of "*Cato*," produced at Drury Lane in 1713.

The theatre in Drury Lane, which had been opened by the King's company on the 8th of April, 1662, was burnt in January, 1672; fifty or sixty neighbouring houses being burnt with it, or blown up to prevent the spread of the fire. The Duke of York's company at that time had just entered the house sumptuously adorned in Dorset Gardens,¹ which had been planned for Sir William Davenant, but was not opened until November, 1671, three years after Sir William's death. This house maintained the reputation Davenant had first established for magnificence of scenery and stage effect, while Drury Lane was being rebuilt from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. It was the "King's Theatre," and the king had desired that in the rebuilding there should be no lavish expense on ornament. Dryden's prologue, written for the opening of the new house on the 26th of March, 1674, drew a lesson from the contrast between the magnificence at the Dorset Gardens Theatre and the plain walls of Drury Lane.

A plain-built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfied away,

he began; then pleaded poverty, and said of the Dorset Gardens company,

They who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade;
We, broken bankers, half destroyed by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire:
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.

He urged also the king's will in justification of the plainness of the house, and ended with a lesson on the danger that has unhappily grown with succeeding years, and become one cause of the leanness of the modern drama—the spending of money upon that which is not bread:—

'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a playhouse while you throw down plays,
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen disdain.

I would not prophesy our house's fate:
But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be feared
That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

The Drury Lane management was, however, so far from relying on the worth of its productions for success, that it procured the aid of Thomas Duffet, a burlesque-writing milliner of the New Exchange, to ridicule the pomp of "The Tempest" at the Duke's Theatre, with a piece called "The Mock Tempest," and the "Psyche of Shadwell" (1675), which was written for the express purpose of giving employment to the best scene-painters, dancers, and musicians, with the mock opera of "Psyche Debauched." The appeals to the eye at the Dorset Gardens (or Duke's) Theatre still carried all before

them, but were so costly that while they ruined the other house they yielded little gain to their promoters. The chief actors at Drury Lane, Charles Hart and Edward Kynaston, on the 14th of October, 1681, entered into an agreement with Charles Davenant, Sir William's eldest son (a Doctor of Civil Law, who inherited his father's interest in the Duke's Theatre), also with William Smith and with Thomas Betterton, the chief actor at Dorset Gardens, of which the purpose was to bring about a union of the two companies. Charles Hart, who excelled in two characters so unlike as Hotspur and Sir Fopling Flutter, and of whose Alexander in "The Rival Queens" a nobleman is said to have declared "that his action in that character was so excellent that no prince in Europe need be ashamed to learn deportment from him," joined Kynaston in transfer of his services from Drury Lane to the Duke's Theatre, stipulating that he should have two pounds a week as consideration for the share in Drury Lane that he gave up. His salary as an actor is said to have been three pounds a week, with a certain share in the profits of the season. With the same addition of a share of profits, Betterton, the greatest actor of his time, never received more than four pounds a week as salary. The result of the secession of Hart and Kynaston was the breaking up of the management under which the new house at Drury Lane had opened, the closing of the Dorset Gardens Theatre (though it was used for occasional performances by the united company until about the end of the century), and the removal of the strengthened Dorset Gardens company to Drury Lane in 1682. The old Duke's company took in other actors who were thrown out of employment by the suppression of the other house, and itself adopted the name of the King's Company. Charles Davenant then assigned his interest in the theatre, in 1687, to Alexander Davenant, who sold it in 1690 to Christopher Rich. Betterton, finding him an insufferable master, revolted, obtained a new separate licence from the king, and on the 30th of April, 1695, opened a new theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields, as we have seen, with Congreve's "Love for Love."² The monopoly at Drury Lane obtained by the union of the two companies—the King's and Duke's, originally headed by Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant—having lasted thirteen years, there were again two rival houses, in Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn. The lawyers objected to the disturbance caused by thronging of coaches into Lincoln's Inn Fields; they began a lawsuit, which was one cause of the abandonment of the small house in Lincoln's Inn. Another cause was the desire for a more magnificent theatre, and the desire was satisfied when Betterton's company moved to the theatre built in the Haymarket by Sir John Vanbrugh, on the site of that which is now known as "Her Majesty's." Vanbrugh's theatre was opened on the 9th of April, 1705. Its failure as a home for the drama has been already described.³ In 1706, it was let to Owen McSwiney, who had been an under-manager to Christopher Rich

¹ See pages 326, 327, 351, 352.

² See page 383.

³ See page 393.

at Drury Lane, at a rent of £5 for every acting day, provided that the whole rent did not exceed £700 a year. In 1708 the actors were again gathered into one house as Drury Lane,¹ and the theatre in the Haymarket under Owen McSwiney was formally devoted to Italian operas. Of the applause with which the opera of "Pyrrhus and Demetrius," translated from the Italian of Scarlatti by McSwiney, was produced at his theatre on a Saturday, in April, 1709, Richard Steele wrote in his "Tatler" on the Tuesday following: "This intelligence is not very acceptable to us friends of the theatre; for the stage being an entertainment of the reason and all our faculties, this way of being pleased with the suspense of them for three hours together, and being given up to the shallow satisfaction of the eyes and ears only, seems to arise rather from the degeneracy of our understanding, than an improvement of our diversions." The success of this opera was due to the first appearance in it of the Neapolitan soprano singer, Cavalier Nicolino Grimaldi, known as Nicolini, before an English audience. Within a year Christopher Rich had again driven his chief actors into rebellion, and in the year of Nicolini's success, 1709, Colley Cibber, Robert Wilks, and Thomas Doggett proposed to join Owen McSwiney in the Haymarket, and there alternate plays with operas. In June, 1709, an order of the Lord Chamberlain closed Drury Lane, and the seceders proceeded to make such alterations in Vanbrugh's building as were necessary to secure a distinct hearing of the words of actors. Before Christmas, plays were acted in the Haymarket with fair success, and as the Lord Chamberlain held, at the beginning of next season, by his interdict upon performances at Drury Lane, there was again only one theatre open, until William Collier, a lawyer and Member of Parliament who had a share in Drury Lane, used his influence to obtain for himself the licence that was refused to Christopher Rich, took a lease of the house, and entered into forcible possession of it. Rich then set about the rebuilding of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but did not live to raise any question about opening it himself. After his death it was opened by his son in 1714.

Meanwhile Mr. Collier's first season was not prosperous, but the actors and singers in the Haymarket were doing well. Mr. Collier therefore used his influence at court to contrive an exchange of theatres, upon the ground that opera and drama should be in separate houses. He went over to the Haymarket,

as director of opera, while McSwiney and the actors were transferred to Drury Lane. For a short time Collier under-let the opera to Aaron Hill, at the time when Handel, in 1710, paid his first visit to England. Aaron Hill at once bespoke of the great composer an opera on a subject of his own sketching, from the story of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." "Rinaldo" was brought out on the 24th of February, 1711, had a run of fifteen nights, and is accounted one of the best of thirty-five operas, composed by Handel for the English stage. Mr. Collier then procured a return of McSwiney to the operatic house, and took his place at Drury Lane, where the actors were prospering, and having done that, he retired from dramatic speculation and all active management with an income of six hundred a year from the theatre as patentee.

This was the state of things at Drury Lane when Addison's

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was produced in April, 1713. It was the work of a man of genius, not of a dramatist, and although from accidental causes the most famous play of its time, it has not a spark in it of real dramatic fire. The reputation of Addison was sustained by frequent graces of style. In days when dramatic critics talked of the three unities, the unities were well and duly observed,—the unity of place in its one scene, "a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica;" the unity of time, the limit of a single day, was marked by the direct suggestion of morning in the opening lines:—

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome;

and suggestion of evening in the close; and there was unity of action in the series of incidents all leading to the death of Cato. "Our father's death," says, in the opening, Portius to Marcus—

Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood.

The opening dialogue between the two brothers—Portius, of a steady temper; Marcus, more passionate—shows Cato pent up in Utica withstanding the arms of Cæsar; shows also the brothers both lovers of Lucia, daughter to Lucius, a senator who is among Cato's friends; but Portius conceals from his more impulsive brother the fact that they are rivals, and seeks to dissuade him from the weakening power of love. Behold, he says—

Behold young Juba, the Numidian Prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her.
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smothered fondness burns within him.

¹ "In the year 1706 or 1707, the concerns of the play-house were thought of so little worth, that Sir Thomas Skipwith, who had an equal right with Rich in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, in a frolic, made a present of his share to Colonel Brett, a gentleman of fortune, who soon afterwards forced himself into the management much against the inclination of his partner. In 1708, he effected a reunion of the two companies, and brought about an agreement that the theatre in the Haymarket should be appropriated to operas, and that in Drury Lane to plays. The one was given to Swiney by the Lord Chamberlain, and the other was continued with Rich and Brett. The colonel, by conducting the business of the theatre in a different manner from what it had heretofore been, brought it to so good a state, that Sir Thomas Skipwith repented of his generosity, and applied to Chancery to have the property he had given away restored to him again. Colonel Brett, offended at this treatment, relinquished his claim; and Mr. Rich again possessed himself of all the powers of the patent." (Introduction to the "Biographia Dramatica," by David Erskine Baker, 1764.)

Sempronius, a senator, who hides treason to Cato under show of a fervid enthusiasm for his cause, enters, and Marcus withdraws, that he may not be seen under emotion. Sempronius embraces Portius, who says to him—

My father has this morning called together
To this poor hall his little Roman Senate,
The leavings of Pharsalia, to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

It is in this scene that Portius speaks the often-quoted lines

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

Sempronius urges the son of Cato, with a show of fiery zeal; and, when he has left, says—

Curse on the stripling! How he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurred
And every moment quickened to the course.
Cato has used me ill: he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms and ruined cause
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That showers down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes—

Syphax reports his Numidians rife for revolt, weary of Cato's discipline. But young Juba, the Numidian prince, has his thoughts full of Cato's virtues, and is uncorrupted. Says Sempronius—

Be sure to press upon him every motive;
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syphax. But is it time, Sempronius, that your Senate
Is called together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're covered thick with guile.

Sempr. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion, 'tis the surest way;
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the Senate.

Meanwhile he will inflame mutiny among his Roman soldiers. The old Numidian general Syphax is then shown practising upon young Juba, who looks up to the Roman civilisation, reverences Cato's virtues, and loves Cato's daughter Marcia. She enters while he praises her, and Syphax leaves him. Marcia turns her ear away from words of love in time of peril, and will only nerve Juba for the field.

Juba. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Marcia. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of Virtue,
And men approved of by the Gods and Cato.

Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Marcia. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Her friend Lucia marvels that Marcia can look so sternly on her lover, and tells of her own bewilderment between Marcia's brothers, who both love her. Her heart is given to Portius, but

Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourned his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

Marcia bids her friend leave the end to the gods, and closes the Act, as each of the first three Acts is closed, with a simile in rhyme:

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

The Second Act presents Cato surrounded by the little senate of which Pope wrote in the prologue furnished by him to the play,

While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

Lines that he afterwards echoed in another sense when, under irritation, touching on the defects of the character of Addison, as one who

Like Cato gives his little Senate laws
And sits attentive to his own applause.

The "like Cato" was meant to apply to the second as well as the first line of the couplet; for the cool self-content with which Cato accepts all the deification he gets is a half-comic feature of the play. It is due to the want of real dramatic force in the painting of character. Throughout the play the "manners" are laid on in cold blood according to rule, with literary skill and more concession to what were in Addison's time the conventional ideas of Roman virtue and the dignity of suicide than accorded well with the didactic purpose of the tragedy.¹ In the

¹ When Addison's cousin, Eustace Budgell, afterwards drowned himself, he left a paper on his table saying that there could be no wrong in a way of escape from misfortune "that Cato practised and Addison approved."

senate Sempronius blusters for war, Lucius counsels peace, and Cato would appear "nor rash nor diffident," not yielding until compelled.

'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Then comes old Decius, once Cato's friend, with a herald from Cæsar's camp. Cæsar would know the price of Cato's friendship.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate;
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employed

To clear the guilty and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his freedom from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend to virtue.

When Decius has been dismissed, Sempronius loudly flatters Cato, talks in false rapture about liberty, and accuses Lucius of lukewarmness in the cause. The senate resolves to hold Utica till time gives better prospects. Juba, who enters after the breaking up of the assembly, is told by Cato of the decision, and suggesting the fidelity of his Numidians, and asks,

Had we not better leave this Utica
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
The assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him.

Cato will not fly before Cæsar to become "a vagabond in Afric." Juba hints at his love for Cato's daughter, and is sternly left with the warning,

It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains or conquest, liberty or death.

Syphax enters to the young prince in his discomfiture, and seeks again to tempt him from the path of honour, but is obliged to fall back upon dissimulation, after he has stirred Juba's generous soul to anger against him. Syphax easily escapes from the suspicion he had raised, and is left wholly Cæsar's, with the small remaining care he had for Juba given to the winds. At the close of the Act he plots with Sempronius, who has sent word to Cæsar of the mutiny prepared in Utica. Within an hour the

Roman soldiers, under influence of Sempronius, will storm the Senate House; meanwhile Syphax will be getting his Numidians ready, and when all is done Sempronius shall have Marcia. Says Syphax, ending the Act with a simile,

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smothered in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

The Third Act opens with a scene between Cato's sons Marcus and Portius, bound in love to each other, and both loving Lucia. Marcus, not knowing of his brother's passion, urges him to plead for him to Lucia. Lucia enters; and, says Marcus,

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

In the scene with Portius, distracted Lucia tells him that she sees

Thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear—
To Heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind—
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine
While such a cloud of mischief hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

Port. What hast thou said? I'm thunder-struck.

Recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

This situation is worked up before Lucia leaves the scene, and Marcus enters to learn how his brother has thriven in suit for him. He finds Portius looking "like one amazed and terrified," is stirred to passion by hearing only that Lucia compassionates his pains and pities him. Both brothers in their excitement pant for battle as an outlet to their feelings. Then the mutineers are led by Sempronius to the scene to beat down and bind Cato. Cato enters with Lucius and his sons to face the mutineers, who flinch and droop before him. Seeing this, Sempronius turns against them, and to save himself, secures their immediate execution. He then arranges with Syphax for an after-game, a flight of the Numidian troops to Cæsar's camp led by Sempronius, who will force Marcia with him.

Semp. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba and his brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

This is arranged, and Sempronius closes the Act with a rhymed simile.

The Fourth Act opens with dialogue between Lucia and Marcia. Marcia does not like Sempronius, but says,

While Cato lives his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Lucia. But should this father give you to Sempronius?

Marcia. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.

That much-quoted line closes the scene between the friends. They quit the room as Sempronius enters, dressed like Juba, with Numidian guards. He is hunting for Marcia, but meets Juba himself, and when he strikes at Juba, Juba kills him, and leaves him dead upon the floor, while carrying the rest as prisoners to Cato. Then re-enter Lucia and Marcia, who had heard the clash of swords, and Marcia seeing one lie dead, with muffled face, but wearing Juba's robes, pours out her love within the hearing of Juba himself, who has returned. Juba comes forward, and there is ecstasy between the lovers. Then Cato is master of the scene. He has heard the treason of Sempronius. His son Portius enters to tell him of the flight of Syphax with the Numidian horse through the south gate, on his way to Caesar. At the south gate Marcus had watch.

Cato. Perfidious men! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit PORTIUS.*]
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me;
Justice gives way to force: the conquered world
Is Caesar's: Cato has no business in it.

Lucius. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Caesar's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Caesar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Caesar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Lucius. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Caesar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! They've undone his
country.

Such popular humanity is treason—
But, see, young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

The downcast Juba receives with joy the praise of Cato, but Portius then enters hastily, to tell how his brother Marcus had pierced the heart of the revolted Syphax, but had fallen in brave resistance to the host of traitors. The dead Marcus is born in upon the shields of his surviving soldiers, and laid at his father's feet. Cato moralises over it upon the beauty of death earned by virtue.

Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of Empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Juba. [*Aside.*] Behold that upright man! Rome fills
his eyes

With tears that flowed not o'er his own dead son.

Cato looks now to the saving of his friends, bids Portius retire to his paternal seat, the Sabine field, with a comment yielding one more of the often-quoted passages from Cato:—

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Ships are prepared for the escape of Cato's friends, and Cato bids them all farewell.

The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes and on a safer shore,
Where Caesar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,

[*Pointing to the body of his dead son*]

Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

The Fifth Act opens with "Cato alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him."

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

The rest of the Act is an elaboration of the suicide of Cato, whose last words are these—

Portius, come near me—are my friends embarked?
Can anything be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas, poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A Senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have matched his daughter with a king,
But Caesar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!—
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*]

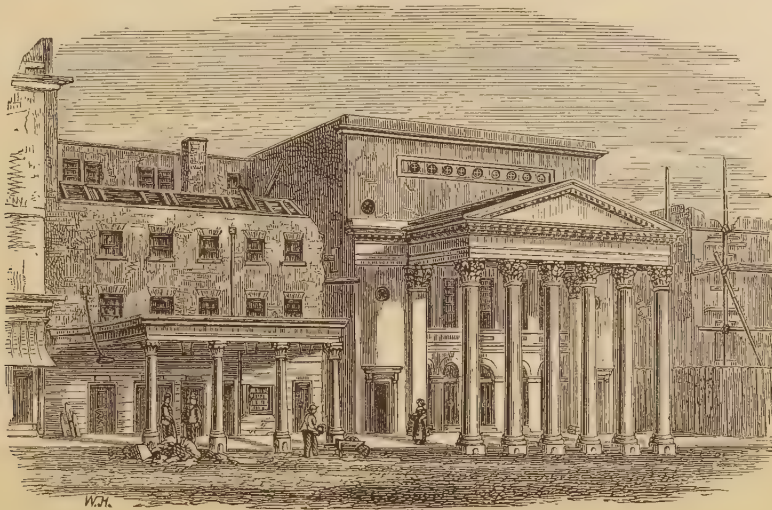
Lucius. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
A Roman breast.

The great success of "Cato" was due partly to the genius of Addison, partly to his reputation among Whigs, and the belief that the play about Roman liberty was full of subtle allusions to the English politics of the day. Whigs claimed to love liberty as much as Tories. The Whigs upheld Marlborough by finding him in Cato; the Tories who opposed the influence of Marlborough found him in Cæsar. The factions vied in applause of the play at the theatre. It was recited in homes, read, talked of, written of. The author of "Cato Examined" found it in every part true to the laws of Aristotle; John Dennis undertook to show its faults and absurdities occasioned by not observing many of the rules of Aristotle, and

Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation and Italian Song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; Assert the Stage;
Be justly warmed by your own Native Rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

Barton, Booth's success as "Cato" caused him to ask for a share in the management of Drury Lane, and this he obtained by help of Bolingbroke, Doggett retiring.

The death of Queen Anne on the 1st of August, 1714, caused the lapse of the patent at Drury Lane. Under the new sovereign the Whigs were in power, and Mr. Collier, as a Tory Member of Parliament, was not likely to obtain a renewal of his government of the theatre. The players, therefore, with



OLD AND NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE.

those occasioned by observing several of the rules without any manner of judgment or discretion. "A Gentleman of Oxford" represented the political stir caused by the play in a pamphlet entitled "Mr. Addison turn'd Tory; or, The Scene Inverted: Wherein it is made to appear that the *Whigs* have misunderstood that Celebrated Author in his applauded Tragedy called 'Cato,' and that the Duke of M——'s Character, in endeavouring to be a *General for Life*, bears a much greater resemblance to that of *Cæsar* and *Syphax*, than the Heroe of his Play. To which are added, Some Cursory Remarks upon the Play itself." Bolingbroke, in the theatre, had taught the Tories that view of the play by sending between the acts for Booth, who represented Cato, and presenting him ostentatiously with fifty guineas, "for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator." The greater part of the play had been written long before, with little reference to English party cries, and this way of taking it did not promise much for the regeneration of the stage by the growth of such wisdom among the audiences as Pope pleaded for in the last lines of his Prologue:—

success, made interest to have Richard Steele named in his place.

The theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which Christopher Rich had been restoring, his son, John Rich, was allowed to open on the 18th of December, 1714. John Rich was a clever mimic, and after a year or two he found it to his advantage to compete with the actors in a fashion of his own. He was the inventor of the modern English form of pantomime, with a serious part that he took from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* or any fabulous history, and a comic addition of the courtship of harlequin and columbine, with surprising tricks and transformations. He introduced the old Italian characters of pantomime under changed conditions, and beginning with "Harlequin Sorcerer" in 1717, continued to produce these entertainments until a year before his death in 1761. They have since been retained as Christmas shows upon the English stage.

In 1720 a new theatre was built in the Haymarket by a speculative carpenter named Potter, as a house that might be hired for occasional performances; and in 1729, in spite of local opposition, another theatre was built in Goodman's Fields by a

Mr. Odell, who formed a company and made a successful beginning, but was driven out by continued opposition. But the Goodman's Fields Theatre was revived by a new proprietor in a luxurious form, and opened in October, 1732, with Shakespeare's "King Henry IV."

In the next year (1733) there was a secession of leading actors from the manager who then had chief control of Drury Lane, and they rented the house built by Mr. Potter in the Haymarket, which was then known as the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. A sketch made of the present Haymarket Theatre when it was newly built shows the preceding "Little Theatre" still standing beside it.

The actors in the Haymarket succeeded. The unpopular manager at Drury Lane retired, and his successor, Charles Fleetwood, won the revolvers back

Theatres multiplied and actors, but meanwhile the literature of the drama was declining steadily. The laboured artificial utterance of tragic actors, with gasps and abrupt senseless changes between shout and whisper, found no corrective in the conventional style of the conventional tragedy scenes. Edward Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," did not contribute to a reform by the tone of his "Busiris" (1719), and "The Revenge" (1721). He was a man of genius who would in no case have succeeded as a dramatist. Richard Steele caused the higher comedy to flash out again in November, 1723, when he produced at Drury Lane

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

This comedy was skilfully formed upon the "Andria" of Terence, and was written with the



PART OF OLD CRAVEN HOUSE, SITE OF THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

to Drury Lane. But in the year of their secession (1733) yet another theatre had been opened. John Rich left the old building in Lincoln's Inn's Fields (which was occupied for the next two years by the manager from Goodman's Fields), and moved into the new house then ready for him in Covent Garden. There were then Fleetwood at Drury Lane and Rich at Covent Garden, with Giffard at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and two other houses—Goodman's Fields and the Little Theatre in the Haymarket—available for acting, besides the Great Theatre in the Haymarket for opera. The centre of dramatic life was Drury Lane. The theatre was named from its locality, and the locality from the great house of the Drury family, built by Sir William Drury, whose son, Sir Robert, gave at one time a home in it to the poet Donne. The house afterwards passed to William, Lord Craven (afterwards Earl Craven), who rebuilt it. Then it became known as Craven House. In course of time it degenerated into a public-house, and passed through other changes before its disappearance. It stood on the site of the present Olympic Theatre.

earnest purpose characteristic of Steele's work, as one more stroke from him against the false code of honour that supported duelling. It is noticeable that the actor Barton Booth, who had achieved fame and fortune as a tragedian in Addison's "Cato," made his last conspicuous success in comedy as Young Bevil in Steele's "Conscious Lovers," and had been turned in his youth from study for the church to study for the stage by the extraordinary applause he earned at Westminster School as Pamphilus—the original of Young Bevil—in the "Andria." In the preface to "The Conscious Lovers," Steele said he made no difficulty to acknowledge "that the whole was writ for the sake of the scene of the Fourth Act, wherein Mr. Bevil evades the quarrel with his friend, and hope that it may have some effect upon the Goths and Vandals that frequent the Theatres, or a more polite Audience may supply their absence." It is indeed upon a resolve to draw the best minds to the theatre, and let the worse minds follow instead of lead, that the recovery of life to the stage must depend. Leonard Wellsted's prologue to "The Conscious

Lovers" condemned the usual low appeals to public favour, and said of "The Poet of To-night"—

Fain would he give more just applauses rise
And please by wit that scorns the aid of vice:
The praise he seeks from worthier motives springs,
Such praise, as praise to those who give it brings.

The First Act opens in the house of Sir John Bevil on what should be the day of his son's wedding to Lucinda, the daughter by his second wife of a rich merchant, Mr. Sealand. Sir John Bevil is in kindly dialogue with his man Humphrey, who having served him forty years, is attached equally to father and son. Father and son are warmly attached, each careful to avoid paining the other, and though young Bevil, since he came of age, has had, by inheritance of his mother's estate, an independent fortune, he has never valued himself upon that, but has shown honour and obedience to his father. Young Bevil's character had caused old Sealand, the great India merchant, to offer him his only daughter and sole heiress to his vast estate. But a difficulty has arisen. At the last masquerade the elder Bevil had been among the company in an old-fashioned dress, and was impertinently followed and teased by a fop dressed as a clown. Young Bevil was there also masked, with a lady in an Indian mantle; he knew his father, who was wearing his grandfather's clothes, and interfered to protect him from impertinent pursuit. A quarrel ensued, his mask was torn off, and the lady who was with him swooned. His care for her, the modest familiarity with which she hung upon him when recovering, were noticed by the company. Old Sealand took alarm, and on the day before the wedding called on Sir John Bevil to say that he thought himself disengaged from their bargain, being credibly informed that his son was already married or worse to the lady of the masquerade. Now Sir John wishes his son to marry a fortune, and also wishes his son to do what will make him happy. He proposes therefore to find out how far young Bevil is engaged to the lady of the masquerade, by insisting upon his marriage, without hint of any difficulty in the way. Humphrey may learn something perhaps from young Bevil's man Tom. Tom is old Humphrey's nephew fetched up raw from the country not long since, and now transformed into a footman of fashion, who pays fashionable court to Lucinda's Phillis, a lady's-maid of fashion.

There is pleasant contrast of the faithful service of the antique time with airs of a gentleman's gentleman in the dialogue between Humphrey and Tom. Then Tom plays the fine gentleman to Phillis, for whom he has brought a letter from his master, the bridegroom, which is to be given at fit time to Lucinda, the bride. The scene changes to the lodgings of Bevil junior, from whom we learn that his letter to the lady was to ask her to refuse to marry him. There were two reasons for the request: one, his own love for Indiana, the lady of the masquerade; the other his knowledge that Lucinda prefers, and is loved by his friend Myrtle. Young Bevil is visited by his father, and receives him with quick affection, but, expecting

Lucinda's refusal of his hand, puzzles the old gentleman in a tone of raillery with phlegmatic protests of a readiness to marry; ascribes to his experience the prudential way of marrying by bargain and sale, as something he has learnt to be better than the passionate way of his own youth and the love that has brought him grief for a wife's loss, "for, as you will judge, a woman that is espoused for a fortune is yet a better bargain if she dies; for then a man still enjoys what he did marry, the money; and is disencumbered of what he did not marry, the woman." Sir John Bevil's roundabout way of getting at his son's inclinations fails, and he finds himself obliged to check his son's readiness to go to Lucinda; for young Bevil must not come near Lucinda's father till Sir John has brought him into better temper. Sir John leaves Humphrey with his son, and the old servant's simple fidelity gets from the young man his secret.

Bev. jun. You may remember, Humphrey, that in my last travels, my father grew uneasy at my making so long a stay at Toulon.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehensive some woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His fears were just; for there I first saw this lady. She is of English birth: her father's name was Danvers, a younger brother of an ancient family, and originally an eminent merchant of Bristol; who upon repeated misfortunes was reduced to go privately to the Indies. In this retreat, Providence again grew favourable to his industry, and, in six years' time, restored him to his former fortunes: on this he sent directions over, that his wife and little family should follow him to the Indies. His wife, impatient to obey such welcome orders, would not wait the leisure of a convoy, but took the first occasion of a single ship, and with her husband's sister only, and this daughter, then scarce seven years old, undertook the fatal voyage. For here, poor creature, she lost her liberty, and life; she, and her family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a prisoner, though, as such, not ill-treated, yet the fright, the shock, and the cruel disappointment, seized with such violence upon her unhealthy frame, she sickened, pined and died at sea.

Humph. Poor soul! Oh, the helpless infant!

Bev. jun. Her sister yet survived, and had the care of her. The captain, too, proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having himself married an English woman, and being childless, he brought home, into Toulon, this her little country-woman; presenting her, with all her dead mother's movables of value, to his wife, to be educated as his own adopted daughter.

Humph. Fortune here seemed again to smile on her.

Bev. jun. Only to make her frowns more terrible; for in his height of fortune, this captain too, her benefactor, unfortunately was killed at sea, and dying intestate, his estate fell wholly to an advocate, his brother, who coming soon to take possession, there found (among his other riches) this blooming virgin, at his mercy.

Humph. He durst not sure abuse his power!

Bev. jun. No wonder if his pampered blood was fired at the sight of her—in short, he loved; but when all arts and gentle means had failed to move, he offered too his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty; demanding her to account for all her maintenance, from her childhood; seized on her little fortune, as his own inheritance, and was dragging

her by violence to prison; when Providence at the instant interposed, and sent me by miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed; but pray, sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at last to England?

Bev. jun. The disappointed advocate, finding she had so unexpected a support, on cooler thoughts, descended to a composition; which I, without her knowledge, secretly discharged.

Humph. That generous concealment made the obligation double.

Bev. jun. Having thus obtained her liberty, I prevailed, not without some difficulty, to see her safe to England; where we no sooner arrived, but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal match that hangs upon my quiet.

Humph. I find, sir, you are irrecoverably fixed upon this lady.

Bev. jun. As my vital life dwells in my heart—and yet you see—what I do to please my father: walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow—but, Humphrey, you have your lesson.

Humph. Now, sir, I have but one material question—

Bev. jun. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own passion for this secret lady, or hers for you, that gives you this aversion to the match your father has proposed you?

Bev. jun. I shall appear, Humphrey, more romantic in my answer, than in all the rest of my story: for tho' I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me; yet in all my acquaintance, and utmost privacies with her, I never once directly told her that I loved.

Humph. How was it possible to avoid it?

Bev. jun. My tender obligations to my father have laid so inviolable a restraint upon my conduct, that 'till I have his consent to speak, I am determined, on that subject, to be dumb for ever—

Humph. Well, sir, to your praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable lover in Great Britain.

These, then, are "The Conscious Lovers." Bevil supplies Indiana with all that she has, treats her with tenderest respect, but never has named love to her. Each is conscious of the other's love, but not a word of it is spoken. The First Act ends with Bevil's friend Myrtle about to enter.

The Second Act, still in young Bevil's lodging, shows the friends together. Myrtle is despondent, but assured by Bevil that he has no rival in him, although a dangerous one in the rich fop Cimberton, whom Lucinda's mother, Mrs. Sealand, has resolved to marry to her daughter, unless it be true—and Mrs. Sealand is taking counsel's opinion whether it be true—that Cimberton can make no settlement on a wife without the concurrence of his great uncle, Sir Geoffrey, in the west. The counsel consulted are Sergeant Bramble and old Target, neither of them known to the family. What if Myrtle himself and young Bevil's man Tom, a lively rogue and a good mimic, slipped on wigs and gowns, and carried their opinions to the lady? Tom couldn't fail to talk like old Target, who does nothing but stutter. So it is agreed. The next scene shows Indiana in her simple innocence of love, under the care of Isabella, a kind-hearted old maid, who cannot credit young Bevil with simple generosity, and then

in dialogue with young Bevil himself, who visits her, and keeps so clear of direct words of love, that Indiana fears he has done all for her out of the mere pleasure in doing good. Isabella says, "I will own to you that there is one hopeful symptom, if there could be such a thing as a disinterested lover; but it's all a perplexity, till—till—till—" "Till what?" "Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes—and that I will be convinced of before I sleep."

The Third Act opens between Tom and Phillis, with passages of courtship.

Tom. Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what occasion I was first surprised. It was on the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you a pretty little tight girl, a favourite hand-maid of the housekeeper. At that time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean. The person employed on the innerside was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly accident: what made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you. You could not guess what surprised me. You took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breathed upon the glass, and when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form, when I again drew near, you spit, and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

Tom is there to receive Lucinda's answer to young Bevil's letter, of which Phillis tells him, "Never was a woman so well pleased with a letter as my young lady was with his, and this is an answer to it." Tom departs and Lucinda enters. "I thought I heard him kiss you. Why do you suffer that?" Phillis replies, "Why, madam, we vulgar take it to be a sign of love; we servants, we poor people, that have nothing but our persons to bestow, or treat for, are forced to deal and bargain by way of sample; and therefore as we have no parchments, or wax necessary in our arguments, we squeeze with our hands, and seal with our lips, to ratify vows and promises." "But can't you trust one another, without such earnest down?" "We don't think it safe, any more than you gentry, to come together without deeds executed." "Thou art a pert merry hussy." "I wish, madam, your lover and you were as happy as Tom and your servant are." Then follows kindly dialogue between mistress and maid, with dread of the fop of the family, Mr. Cimberton, who, says Phillis, "is your mother's kinsman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reason, with that of his prodigious large estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the lawyers accordingly." Presently appear Mrs. Sealand and Mr. Cimberton, between whom, in the argument of marriage, Lucinda counts as nothing; indeed, says this right honourable fop, who talks of Lacædomonians, and has the girl set in a proper light, that he may look her over, as a picture, "as for the young

woman, she is rather an impediment than a help to a man of letters and speculation." Lucinda at last leaves the room in a rage, Mrs. Sealand worships her kinsman, and says for her daughter, who is thrown into the bargain of the marriage settlement, like the mansion-house in the sale of an estate, "I cannot help her, cousin Cimberton; but she is, for aught I see, as well as the daughter of anybody else." Then Myrtle and Tom arrive as Bramble and Target, and there is a lively caricature scene, in which Tom, whose part as Target is only to stutter, makes fine play with the terrible word Grimgribber.

Mrs. Seal. The single question is, whether the intail is such, that my cousin, Sir Geoffrey, is necessary in this affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the lordship of Tretriplet, but not as to the message of Grimgribber.

Tar. I say that Gr—gr— that Gr—gr—Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us. That is to say, the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—tr—Triplet.

Bram. You go upon the deed of Sir Ralph, made in the middle of the last century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it pass to the heirs general, by which your client comes in; and I question whether the remainder, even of Tretriplet is in him—but we are willing to waive that, and give him a valuable consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate as we guard against the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no son. Then we know Sir Geoffrey is the first of the collateral male line in this family; yet—

Tar. Sir, Gr—gr—ber is—

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclined to hear that in all its parts; but, sir, I see very plainly what you are going into. I tell you it is as probable a contingent that Sir Geoffrey may die before Mr. Cimberton, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say—

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument; but that will go no farther than as to the claimants under old Cimberton. I am of opinion, that according to the instructions of Sir Ralph, he could not dock the intail, and then create a new estate for the heirs in general.

Tar. Sir, I have no patience to be told that, when Gr—gr—ber—

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Sergeant; but there must be the word heirs for ever, to make such an estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, though you are counsel for my side of the question. Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him. But, gentlemen, I believe you have both considered this matter, and are firm in your different opinions; 'twere better, therefore, you proceeded according to the particular sense of each of you, and give your thoughts distinctly in writing. And do you see, sirs, pray let me have a copy of what you say, in English.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been saying?—In English! Oh! but I forgot myself; you're a wit. But, however, to please you, sir, you shall have it, in as plain terms as the law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, sir, without delay.

Bram. That, sir, the law will not admit of; the courts are sitting at Westminster, and I am this moment obliged to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least, the rest would take it ill else. Therefore, I must leave what I have said to

Mr. Sergeant's consideration, and I will digest his arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again, sir.

[Exit BRAMBLE.]

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. Bramble is very quick. He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my argument; I pinched him to the quick, about that Gr—gr—ber.

The Fourth Act contains the earnest scene for which the play was written. Myrtle, hearing that young Bevil has written to Lucinda and received an answer, becomes violently jealous, believes his friend to be false, and sends a challenge. One of many noble aims of Steele's life, by which he held firmly throughout, was to do all that was in his power to turn public opinion away from the false notions of honour associated with the duel. He could say for himself what he makes young Bevil say, "I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human." Stirred by insult, young Bevil loses self-control for a few minutes, recovers it, and by defiance of the worldly code recovers the friend he should have sought to kill. In showing what Lucinda wrote to him he breaks the letter of her wish, to make her and his friend happy. Then in a scene of blended wit and earnestness we have the two fathers in dialogue about their children. The unknown lady is Sealand's only objection to young Bevil. "I am therefore resolved," he says, "this very afternoon to visit her. Now, from her behaviour or appearance, I shall soon be let into what I may fear or hope for." This points to the crowning scene in the Fifth Act. At the close of the Fourth Act Mr. Myrtle resolves to take the advice of Phillis, and find his way to Lucinda in the character of old Sir Geoffrey, who is described to him as half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; though, as to his passions, as warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.

The Fifth Act opens with the humours of Myrtle in Sealand's house as old Sir Geoffrey, and closes with a scene of tenderness in which Mrs. Oldfield as Indiana drew more tears than some of the critics thought consistent with a comedy. Indiana, visited by Sealand with a harsh construction of her attribute shows the innocent tenderness that is her character throughout the play, and is discovered to be Sealand's daughter by his former wife. He was the Bristol merchant Danvers, who had believed his daughter to be drowned, and had acquired his wealth under another name; and Isabella, his child's friend and companion, is Sealand's sister. The happy revelation caused by this discovery leads to a true comedy close. Young Bevil, in marrying Indiana, marries Sealand's daughter. Lucinda, with half her worldly fortune gone, through discovery of an elder sister, ceases to be a match for Cimberton. So Myrtle, whose care for the lady is not lessened with her fortune, drops suddenly out of his part of old Sir Geoffrey, and is made as happy in his way as the two fathers are in the contentment of their children.

In 1725 Allan Ramsay, born a poor child among the workers at Lord Hopetoun's lead mines, pro-

duced, apart from all connection with the theatre, a pastoral play, "The Gentle Shepherd," which is rich in lyric grace and tenderness of humour, and to this day is to be seen acted in barns by the Scottish peasantry. In 1728 John Gay made his great success with the "Beggar's Opera," and in the same year Henry Fielding began his career in literature as a writer for the stage. James Thomson was then leaping to fame with his "Seasons," and was tempted by the profits of the stage to try his fortune as a dramatist. He produced his first play, "Sophonisba," in 1729. Jonathan Swift had suggested to Gay that he should write a Newgate pastoral. Gay thought over the suggestion, and preferred a burlesque on Italian opera, with a Newgate hero and heroine to match. Neither Swift nor Pope, who was a hearty friend of Gay's, and born in the same year, 1688, expected success. Congreve read the piece, and said it would either take greatly or fail utterly. The Drury Lane managers declined it; Rich took it and produced it on the 29th of January, 1728, with a success recorded in one of the notes of the "Dunciad" as the greatest ever known. "Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days successively. The fame of it was not confined to the author only. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England (for that season) the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years."

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

is so called because in the Introduction a beggar offers his piece to the players.

"The piece," he says, "I own was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad singers. I have introduced the similes that are in all your celebrated operas: the Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, &c. Besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence."

The first of its three Acts opens in the house of Peachum, who fosters a gang of thieves, acts as receiver of their stolen goods, and gets forty pounds out of each of them when he is past work or otherwise objectionable, as the informer's reward for getting him hanged, or her. This good gentleman is shown in his home as a man of business, over his accounts, and as a family man. He learns from Mrs. Peachum

that the agreeable and gallant highwayman, Captain Macheath, is very fond of their daughter Polly, and that Polly thinks him a very pretty man. There is no harm in that, if they don't marry. "My daughter," says Mr. Peachum, "to me should be like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang." But the boy Filch, who is being trained to life with Mr. and Mrs. Peachum, and already doing well as a pickpocket, is wheedled by Mrs. Peachum into telling what he knows about Captain Macheath and Polly, and the result is that father and mother are horrified by the discovery that the Captain and Polly are already man and wife. Polly is scolded, but her father sees his way out of the difficulty, and bids her take comfort. Captain Macheath has much plunder. She is his wife, and must not remain so. He shall be informed against at once, and hanged. Polly will then take all, as his widow. Polly loves the Captain, and demurs, but is duly admonished. "Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful." Polly has not far to go to find Macheath, and ends the Act by warning him of his danger.

The Second Act opens among the men of Macheath's gang and their ladies, in a tavern near Newgate. Macheath joins them. They "were just breaking up to go upon duty," and depart amidst music of Handel's, the march in "Rinaldo," with drums and trumpets.

Let us take the road.

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!

The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load.

See the ball I hold!

Let the chymists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead to gold.

The ladies are left, Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly Brazen; Macheath cannot leave them, and is betrayed by them into the hands of Peachum and the constables, after which they dispute over the blood-money. The scene changes to Newgate, where Macheath is received as an old lodger by Lockit the turnkey, and sought out by Lockit's daughter Lucy, whom he has promised to marry. He persuades her that he is not married to Polly. Peachum and Lockit, the two prudent fathers, are then seen together over their accounts. They have agreed to "go halves in Macheath," but over other matters of information-money quarrel and make friends again, for, says Peachum, "Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other." Lockit gives some paternal advice to the disconsolate Lucy. Macheath in his prison then has Lucy and Polly both claiming him at the same time, and he has both to pacify. He is obliged to disown each to the other, but especially Polly to Lucy, for Lucy, as the turnkey's daughter, can get him out of Newgate, and she does so at the end of the Second Act. It is in this scene that Macheath sings—

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t'other dear charmer away!
 But while you thus tease me together,
 To neither a word will I say,
 But tol de rol, &c.

In the Third Act Lucy confesses to her father that she let Macheath out of prison; but she is wild with jealousy because she believes him to have gone to Polly. Lockit believes that Peachum intends to outwit him, and will go ply him with liquor. Macheath goes to a gambling-house, where he finds two of his gang, and is liberal to them, not a mere court friend; as he sings to the air of "Lillibulero:"

The modes of the Court so common are grown,
 That a true friend can hardly be met;
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis time you find
 Some friends so kind,
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.
 In sorrowful ditty,
 They promise, they pity,
 But shift you for money from friend to friend.

Peachum and Lockit are then seen in friendly business confabulation over wine, brandy, pipes, and tobacco. They are visited by Mrs. Diana Trapes, a customer for stolen goods, and learn from her by accident where they will find Macheath. Lucy, in Newgate, is very unhappy, and has prepared rat's-bane for Polly. Polly comes, and is also unhappy, for she has not seen Macheath. Rat's-bane is offered in a friendly drop of cordial, which Polly has much doubt about taking, but drops the glass when suddenly she sees Macheath brought in again, and cries, "Now every glimmering of happiness is lost!" Macheath, who will have no second chance of breaking prison, tells Lucy and Polly that "this affair will soon be at an end without my disobliging either of you." But Mr. Peachum looks at the argument from its business side, and says, "The settling of this point, Captain, might prevent a lawsuit between your two widows." Polly and Lucy kneel in vain to their fathers. Macheath is conveyed at once to the Old Bailey, and seen next in the condemned cell, where he comforts himself in solitude to the tune of ten several airs, and takes leave of two comrades as the jailor tells him, "Miss Polly and Miss Lucy intreat a word with you." While they sing their parting in a trio, four more wives are announced. "What," says the Captain, "four wives more! This is too much. Here, tell the Sheriff's officers I am ready." [*Exit Macheath, guarded.*]

Here the "Beggars Opera" comes to an end; but the Player of the Prologue tells the Beggar that this sort of ending will not do, "this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an opera must end happily."

"Your objection, sir," the Beggar answers, "is very just and easily removed, for you must allow that in this kind of drama 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about. So—you rabble there—run and cry a reprieve; let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph."

Player. All this we must do, to comply with the taste of the town.

Beggar. Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral; 'twould have shown that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich, and that they are punished for them.

So the reprieve is cried, and the play ends with a dance to the tune of "Lumps of Pudding." Macheath takes Polly for his partner, whispering to her, "and for life, you slut; for we were really married."

The success of the "Beggars Opera" was said to have "made Gay rich, and Rich gay." Gay wrote a sequel called "Polly," the performance of which was forbidden; but he derived large profit from a subscription for the book of it. In "Polly" the satire upon corruptions of society is intensified, and the piece lies in the direct line of the reaction against a corrupt civilisation that was in France already preparing the way for revolution. Bernard Mandeville's social satire of "The Grumbling Hive" in 1714, expanded, with prose commentary, into "The Fable of the Bees" in 1723, did not more distinctly point in the direction of the new revolt of thought than Gay's "Polly" in 1729. Polly's father, Peachum, has been hanged, and Macheath transported. Polly, with a devoted love for the Captain, has heard that he has become a famous pirate chief. She leaves England in search of him, and arrives at the West Indies. There her adventures show her surrounded by the taint of an utterly rotten civilisation, which suffers attack by Macheath's pirates, and also by the savage Indians. Civilised society and the society of thieves are undistinguishable in their baseness, and are contrasted by help of the Indians with the truth and honour of the noble savage. It was the form of thought then growing among ardent young French *philosophes*, was soon to be spread through Europe by the eloquence of Rousseau, and be associated with his speculations on the social contract.

Trivial forms of the false convention of the time had possession of the stage. Comedy reproduced the low life of the men of fashion; tragedy rolled with a pomp of empty sound through scenes of artificial passion. But against the formal tragedy a spirit of rebellion was abroad. When Thomson, in the Second Scene of the Third Act, made Massinissa say—

I have for love a thousand thousand reasons,
 Dear to the heart, and potent o'er the soul.
 My ready thoughts all rising, restless all,
 Are a perpetual spring of tenderness;
 Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!

Somebody echoed from the pit, "Oh! Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!" to the delight of the audience; and it was echoed by Fielding in his

TOM THUMB,

as "Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!"

Henry Fielding, thrown upon his own resources in London, produced his first comedy, "Love in Several Masques," in 1728. In 1730 he produced, and altered in 1731, "The Tragedy of Tragedies; or, the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great." It was printed "with the annotations of H. Scriblerus Secundus," that in a delightful vein of irony played with the solemn quackery of the dramatic critics of the day, and gravely introduced in notes many of the passages burlesqued. Doodle and Noodle hail a day such as was never seen, this day, indeed, a day we never saw before. When the mighty Thomas Thumb victorious comes, bringing captive millions of giants, King Arthur cries—

Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile Dollalolla—Ha! what wrinkled sorrow
Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd cheeks,
Like a swollen gutter, gushing through the streets?

Queen. Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard folks say,
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.

King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
Till my whole court be drown'd with their tears;
Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.

Doodle. My liege, I a petition have here got.

King. Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Tom Thumb does not enter with the millions of giants—

Without the castle gates they stand,
The castle gates too low for their admittance.

One giantess, Glumdalca, he does bring, for as she was a foot shorter than the rest they made a shift to hale her through the town. The king observes her with admiration. I feel, he says—

I feel a sudden pain within my breast,
Nor know I whether it arise from love
Or only the wind-cholic. Time must show.
Oh, Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe!
Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

He asks for the king's daughter, Huncamunca. The queen, smitten with love for Tom Thumb, would refuse. The king assents. The hero is enraptured:

Whisper ye winds that Huncamunca's mine!
Echoes repeat that Huncamunca's mine!

Lord Grizzle loves Huncamunca. The Queen plots with Lord Grizzle to stay Huncamunca's marriage with Tom Thumb. Huncamunca yields to Grizzle's flattery, but while he goes to fetch a licence, marries Tom Thumb. There is rebellion and heroic war. The ghost of Tom Thumb's father appears to his old friend, King Arthur.

King. But say, thou dearest air, oh say, what dread
Important business sends thee back to earth?

Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear—which but to hear
Is full enough to send thy spirit hence.

Thy subjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the rosy-fingered morn shall ope
The shutters of the sky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread.
So have I seen the bees in clusters swarm,
So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,
So have I seen the sand in windy days,
So have I seen the ghosts on Pluto's shore,
So have I seen the flowers in spring arise,
So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,
So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,
So have I seen the snow in winter frown.

King. Damn all thou hast seen!—Dost thou beneath the
shape

Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me
With similes, to keep me on the rack?
Hence—or by all the torments of thy hell,
I'll run thee through the body, though thou'rt none.

Ghost. Arthur, beware! I must this moment hence,
Not frighted by your voice, but by the cocks!
Arthur, beware, beware, beware, beware.
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For if thou'rt killed to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

Fielding does not forget in his jest at artificial similes the practice, followed by Addison, of ending an act of tragedy with an elaborated simile in rhyme. Burlesque similes of the accepted pattern occur whimsically at critical points, and this is the last. Noodle, as messenger, has brought to court the terrible news:

Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible; oh! oh!
Deaf be my ears! for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!
Howl, wolves! grunt, bears! hiss, snakes! shriek, all ye
ghosts!

Tom Thumb has been swallowed by "a cow of larger than the usual size."

Noodle. Her Majesty the Queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon but I have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill-news.

[Kills NOODLE.]

Cleora. My lover's killed, I will revenge him so.

[Kills the QUEEN.]

Huncamunca. My mamma killed! vile murderess, beware.

[Kills CLEORA.]

Doodle. This for an old grudge to thine heart!

[Kills HUNCAMUNCA.]

Mustacha. And this

I drive to thine, O Doodle! for a new one. [Kills DOODLE.]

King. Ha! murderess vile, take that! [Kills MUSTACHA.
And take thou this. [Kills himself, and falls.]

So when the child, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scattered and o'erthrown;
So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is—that I fall the last.

[Dies.]

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

There was another clever caricature of the strut and empty sound of tragedy in its decline by Henry Carey the musician, of whom it was said, "He led a life free from reproach, and hanged himself October 4th, 1743." His "Dramatic Works" were published in that year by subscription. They were operas, burlesque and ballad operas, and "Chrononhotonthologos, the Most Tragical Tragedy that ever was Tragediz'd by any Company of Tragedians."

Thus it begins in an ante-chamber of the Palace. Enter Rigdum Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscephornio:

Rig. Fun. Aldiborontiphoscephornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Aldi. Fatigued with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers.
Lulled by the cheerful trumpet's gladsome clangour,
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war;
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep.

His majesty, when he appears, is in high passion with Somnus, the God of Sleep, who is warned not to sport with him.

For if thou dost, by all the waking powers,
I'll tear thine eyeballs from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to outstare eternity.

When next he appears, it is with
His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation.

He will banish Somnus out of his dominions.
There shall be incessant pageantry and pantomime
to keep mankind awake. A pantomime begins,
and in the midst of it a guard cries—

To arms! to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!
Th' Antipodean powers from realms below
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth
The world is too incopious to contain 'em.

Triumphant Chrononhotonthologos makes prisoner
the King of the Antipodes, who walks with his
head where his legs should be. Invited to take
wine in the tent of his general, Bombardinion, he
desires also to eat a little bit. Says Bombardinion,
therefore, to the cook—

See that the table constantly be spread
With all that Art and Nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe,
Bring every eatable than can be eat:
The king shall eat, though all mankind be starved.

Passion rises. The king kills the cook and strikes
his general.

Bomb. A blow! Shall Bombardinion take a blow?
Blush! blush, thou sun! Start back thou rapid ocean!
Hills! Vales! Seas! Mountains! All commixing crumble,
And into Chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinion has received a blow,

And Chrononhotonthologos shall die.

[*Draws.*

King. What means the traitor?

Bomb. Traitor in thy teeth!

Thus I defy thee!

[*They fight—he kills the King.*

Ha! what have I done?

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called;

And let the man that calls it be the caller;

And in his calling, let him nothing call

But coach! coach! coach! Oh! for a coach, ye gods!

[*Exit raving. Returns with a Doctor.*

Bomb. How fares your majesty?

Doct.

My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ha! Dead! Impossible! It cannot be!

I'd not believe it though himself should swear it.

Go, join his body to his soul again,

Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body.

Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of physic;

His soul has left his body and this world.

Bomb. Then go to t'other world and fetch it back.

[*Kills him.*

And if I find thou triflest with me there,

I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,

And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.

Ha!—Call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?

I come! your faithful Bombardinion comes!

He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,

And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.

[*Kills himself.*

Enter Queen and Others.

Aldi. O horrid! horrible and horrid'st horror!

Our King! our General! our Cook! our Doctor!

All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!

O——h!

[*All groan—a tragedy groan.*

In 1730 George Lillo, who was born near Moor-gate in 1693, and began life as a jeweller, produced his first piece at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, a ballad opera called "Silvia." It was not very successful, but in the following year came his tragedy, called "The London Merchant; or, the History of George Barnwell," founded upon an old English ballad. It was written in prose, and ridiculed by critics as a Newgate Tragedy, but it represented a reaction against the conventional rodomontade of kings and heroes, and was acted for twenty nights in the hottest part of the year to crowded houses.

Henry Fielding, while his power as the greatest English novelist remained to be discovered, and he looked to the stage for maintenance, attempted to win new ground for the drama. He took, in 1736, the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, gathered actors about him, whom he called "The Great Mogul's Company of Comedians," and opened with "Pasquin: a Dramatic Satire on the Times," in the form of a mock rehearsal of two plays, a comedy called "The Election" and a tragedy called "The Life and Death of Common Sense." It had a run of fifty nights, and in his first season Fielding also introduced to the public a new play of Lillo's, again on a domestic subject, "The Fatal Curiosity." Fielding always waged war with critics of the school that thought a subject like that of George Barnwell "low," because

its interest centered in the crime of a man who was only a London apprentice. "The Fatal Curiosity" had for its subject the crime of an old man and his wife at Penrhyn, in Cornwall, who, being desperate through poverty, kill a sailor returned from the Indies, who is their guest, for the sake of wealth in a casket, and find that they have murdered their own son. It is Lillo's best play. Fielding took pains with its production, and wrote a Prologue, in which he pleaded for the piece—

No fustian hero rages here to night;
No armies fall to fix a tyrant's right:
From lower life we draw our scene's distress,
Let not your equals move your pity less.

As the run of the play was short in 1736, Fielding reproduced it in his next season, and acted it after

On whose horizon smiles a dawning Prince
Of Edward's worth and virtues.

It was in the following year, 1740, that Thomson and his friend David Mallet produced before Frederick Prince of Wales their joint work, "Alfred the Great: a Drama for Music." It was acted in the gardens at Clifden on the 1st of August, the birthday of the Princess Augusta, with "Rule, Britannia"—written, probably, by Mallet—for one of its songs.¹

In 1741 David Garrick made his first appearance as an actor, under the assumed name of Lyddal, in the theatre at Ipswich, and to secure disguise in case of failure, took a part in which his face was blacked, that of the negro Aboan in Southerne's "Oroonoko."

Garrick's success was great, and his genius broke through the formalism upon which Fielding and others had thrown ridicule. Instead of the tragic



THE THEATRE IN TANKARD STREET, IPSWICH, IN WHICH GARRICK FIRST ACTED.

the dramatic satire then produced by him, called "The Historical Register for 1736." The satire against political corruption offended the Ministry of the day. A Bill was introduced requiring that every dramatic piece before representation should obtain the licence of the Lord Chamberlain; and what had been occasional interference to stay the performance of obnoxious pieces received legislative definition and extension. Since 1737 the interference of the Lord Chamberlain, first invoked to shelter political corruption from the wit of Fielding, has imposed upon our modern stage the weight of a stupidity beyond its own. In 1739 the Lord Chamberlain forbade the performance of James Thomson's "Edward and Eleonore," because its hero was a Prince of Wales, and George the Second and his son Frederick being in opposition to each other, political significance would be given—and were, no doubt, meant to be given—to such lines as these:

Whatever woes, of late, have clouded England,
Yet must I, Gloster, call that nation happy

gasps, the laboured speech, and abrupt changes of voice, that had come to be thought tragic, those who heard Garrick heard a man's true voice, with all the play of natural emotion in it. The charm of this upon the stage was real as well as new. Before the end of 1741 he made his first appearance in London at the Goodman's Fields Theatre, taking Richard III. for his first character. As his fame rapidly grew, Quin, who had been the leading tragedian, said, "Garrick was a new religion: Whitefield was followed for a time, but they would all come to church again;" and of his acting, "that if the young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong."

Risen to supreme fame as an actor, Garrick became joint patentee of Drury Lane in the spring of 1747, and began his management by speaking a prologue, which he had asked his old friend and tutor, Samuel Johnson, to write for him. Part of it was quoted on page 321. It recognised the decline

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," page 383.

of the stage since the Restoration, and looked with hope to Garrick's endeavour towards its revival. Garrick, before he came to London, had been for a short time Johnson's pupil, while he was endeavouring to form a school at Edial, near Lichfield. There was small promise in the school, and Johnson, knowing that he must look to literature for his bread, had in the intervals of his school-teaching begun a tragedy, "Irene," which, if accepted, might give him a first



DAVID GARRICK. (From the Portrait by Thomas Hudson.)

hold upon his future profession. It had not been accepted, but now that Garrick had a first voice in the counsels of Drury Lane, he was resolved to serve a friend whom he loved and honoured, and whose intellectual powers he well knew. Johnson's one play, "Irene," was therefore performed at Drury Lane in 1749, and Garrick, who played in it the part of Demetrius, casting the parts of the two heroines, Aspasia and Irene, to Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard, forced the piece to a run of nine nights, that Johnson might receive all author's profit it would yield. Johnson's genius was true, but not dramatic, and the play did not greatly succeed, but it produced to Johnson £195 17s. for the three author's nights, besides £100 for the right of publishing the play book, though in the same year the same publisher gave only £15 for Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," a didactic poem in which he put forth his native strength. The scene of

IRENE

is in Constantinople, immediately after its capture and sack by the Turks in 1453. There remain two patriotic Greeks in the town, disguised in Turkish dress, Demetrius (played by Garrick) and Leontius. Aspasia, beloved of Demetrius, has been lost by him in the throng, but found in the church of St. Sophia by soldiers of the Turkish Sultan Mahomet, whom the prisoner has made her captive, and who

bids her renounce her faith and be the Queen of Turkey. The young Greeks learn this from the first Vizier, Cali Bassa, who is plotting the death of the Sultan, and has a ship ready moored in a creek. After the Sultan has been killed, he may escape to Asia, which lately blessed his gentle government, there rear a throne for himself upon the ruin of Mahomet's, and then, withdrawing all the Turkish force from Europe, leave Greece at peace. With such hopes before them, he looks to the Greeks to man his ship and secure his escape. Aspasia, true to her love and to her country, had refused the offered throne; but another Greek maiden, Irene, had afterwards been taken. Her charm was yet greater in the Sultan's eyes: to her he had transferred his offers, and she, less firm to resist the temptations of wealth and power, hesitated. Mahomet is in her rooms; and there he shall be slain. The Sultan's mind is possessed with love for Irene, but also with a passion of war, and when the treacherous vizier asks leave to depart and make pilgrimage to Mecca, he is told that there is yet no time for sloth.

When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When every wave shall beat a Turkish shore,
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease—
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.

This is the matter of the First Act, and the rest of the play abounds in dramatic material, chosen with a sound critical perception of the conditions of a tale of passion, but developed without real dramatic power.

In the Second Act, Aspasia, loyal to her country and to love, seeks to dissuade Irene from the perils of a false ambition. A conspirator, accidentally discovered, seized, and tortured, reveals the treachery of Cali, and gives certain proof of it. Mahomet suspends sentence upon him, and still tempts Irene. When she cries, still irresolute, "Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!" he replies

To state and power I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.

In the Third Act, Abdalla, one of Cali's fellow conspirators, declares himself enthralled by a hopeless passion for Aspasia. To Demetrius and Leontius Cali pronounces his plot to be ripe, and all ready for to-morrow. The answer of Demetrius may serve to illustrate the didactic spirit of the play:

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary widow
Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow,
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow—
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange, that this general fraud, from day to day,
Should fill the world with wretches undetected!
The soldier labouring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.

But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

The same night is fixed. At dusk Leontius shall

steer

The appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,
Formed by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your soldiers armed, and sails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepared
For speedy flight, or obstinate defence.

Cali allows to Demetrius access to Aspasia before the hour of danger. Abdalla thereby is stirred to anger against Cali. Mahomet is in the meantime tempting the irresolute Irene through

each traitor inclination

That raises tumult in the female breast,
The love of power, of pleasure, and of show.

Cali joins in the temptation, for he wishes to hold Mahomet firmly in his snare. Again, in a scene between Irene and Aspasia, the nobler maiden seeks to cherish the true fire in her friend's breast. Irene urges that as Queen of Turkey she could save her fellow Greeks, but is answered by Aspasia:

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed.

Irene dwells still upon power to which high ambition reaches. Demetrius has his love-scene with Aspasia, but Abdalla comes to shorten it, and, on the pleas of danger and of duty forces them to part.

The Fourth Act opens between Demetrius and Aspasia. She has now been told the plot afoot, and assents to it if the blow against Mahomet be struck for Greece, and for the rights of nature without thought of interest, love, or vengeance. But Aspasia sees a new danger from Abdalla.

This open friend, this undesigning hero,
With noisy falsehoods forced me from your arms
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

And as she thinks on, she thinks who are her lover's associates, and that God frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder. The patriot may thus share the traitor's danger. Demetrius will seek to save Greece, and if he fail, Aspasia will be content to live with him,

obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence, and love.

Cali parts them. The decisive hour is at hand. Leontius reports the boat ready in the appointed bay, and armed Greeks, elate with hope, upon the beach. Leontius and Demetrius retire to the ship, Demetrius to return after moonrise and strike the delivering blow, when there is moonlight to guide their flight into Asia. Cali feels himself already supreme. But there is still Abdalla's jealousy, and when they next meet, and "the bowl shall circle to confirm their league," Abdalla has a poison for Demetrius. Meanwhile, Mahomet defers his stroke, though every turn in the treachery of Cali is known to him. Two faithful

captains, Hassan and Caraza, "pursue him through the labyrinths of treason." The treason of Abdalla is discovered. Mahomet orders his seizure. Demetrius he will not touch, for in the assault on Constantinople Mahomet had for a time been in the hands of Greeks who would have killed him, had not Demetrius "scorned the mean revenge." Then, says Hassan, let the gift be repaid:

Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When Heaven bestows the privilege to bless,
Let no weak doubt the generous hand restrain;
For when was power beneficent in vain?

The Fifth Act opens with the last struggle of Aspasia to save her friend Irene, who has sunk under the temptation of a crown. Demetrius enters hastily. All is lost. Irene leaves them to speak together. The manner of dialogue recalls that of a Greek play:

Aspasia. Yet tell.

Demetrius. To tell or hear were waste of life.

Aspasia. The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost in hearing how you failed.

Demetrius. Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-timed mirth, proposed the bowl of love.
Just as it reached my lips, a sudden cry
Urged me to dash it to the ground untouched,
And seize my sword with disencumbered hand.

Aspasia. What cry? The stratagem? Did then
Abdalla—

Demetrius. At once a thousand passions fired his
cheek!

"Then all is past!" he cried, and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deigned to turn.

Aspasia. Why did you stay, deserted and betrayed?
What more could force attempt or art contrive?

Abdalla returned with soldiers. Cali was seized as a traitor, and carried away to death. Demetrius escaped. Then enters Abdalla to take Aspasia. The situation is dramatic. Abdalla turns from combat with Demetrius to bring janissaries for his arrest. Irene comes forward with purpose of treachery towards her friends. By holding them in dialogue, she may delay their flight, secure the arrest of Demetrius, and by so doing prove herself a faithful queen, and win new favour from the Sultan. She has sent a messenger to ask for troops to check the escape of Demetrius. They urge her to fly with them, and abandon her false choice of wealth and power with a stain on conscience. Demetrius, seizing her hand, would draw her with him to the galley that awaits the fugitives. She proudly assumes the Queen, and is left. Demetrius and Aspasia make good their escape. Irene remains: and in place of the pomp to which she had sacrificed all, has sudden death for her portion. Dying Cali had named Irene's chamber as the place appointed for the murder of the Sultan. Mahomet's love turns to a fury of wrath, and he commands Irene's death. Abdalla, knowing Irene to have discovered all his treason, secures prompt execution of the sentence. Murza, the tardy messenger from Irene, finds Mahomet standing over her dead body. He had been seized by the armed Greeks, and

detained until the safe arrival of Demetrius and Aspasia. The Sultan learns Irene's fidelity to him. In his new passion he bids the guards hew down Hassan and Caraza the over-hasty ministers of vengeance. They plead that they had heard, pitied, and wished to save; but Abdalla had brought her final doom, and hurried her destruction while she called in vain on Mahomet. Mahomet then, in a last burst of wrath condemns Abdalla to uttermost torture. The play closes with the lines,

So sure the fall of greatness raised on crimes,
So fixed the justice of all-conscious Heaven;
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heaven shall guide it to the guilty heart.

One of the most popular tragedies of the year next following after the production of Johnson's "Irene" was the "Douglas" of the Rev. John Home, who had been ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, six years before his "Douglas" was produced in Edinburgh. By writing a play he offended the Presbytery. To avoid Church censure, he resigned his living, and wrote other tragedies—"Alfred," "Alonzo," "The Fatal Discovery," "The Siege of Aquileia," and "Agis," in which Garrick played the part of Lysander. In Home's play of

DOUGLAS,

Matilda, daughter of Sir Malcolm, had been secretly married to the son of Lord Douglas, hereditary enemy of her house. Her brother had saved the life of young Douglas in battle; the young men had become friends. Douglas had been brought as an unknown friend to Sir Malcolm's house by Sir Malcolm's son. Matilda had loved him, and with only her brother's knowledge and assent had married him. Then the young men departed, and Matilda next heard that both her brother and her husband had been slain in the wars. "In the first days," she says—

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
As women wish to be who love their lords.

The priest who married her, who had been her brother's tutor, and who was the only other witness to the marriage, also fell in the battle. After the child was born, eighteen years ago, her nurse, her only confidant, disappeared with it, when on her way to her sister's on a December night, with a flooded river to cross. Sir Malcolm had died, Matilda, his sole heiress, had been compelled by circumstances to a marriage with Lord Randolph, who had rescued her from a villain, Glenalvon, who, though villain, is Randolph's heir. The marriage of Matilda with Lord Randolph, gave him the lands that should have made Douglas a baron; and Glenalvon, with his eye on the succession to the lands, thinks that Lord Randolph has lived too long. That is the story of the First Act. At the beginning of the Second, Lord Randolph returns to his home with a

young man who has saved him from assassination by four armed men in a valley. When Lord Randolph asks who is his deliverer, he says he is

A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Randolph credits him with nature's nobility, and he replies—

My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.

The speech thus beginning was recited from stools and tables by tragedians between the ages of six and fifteen through two or three generations, and thus bore testimony to the reputation of Home's tragedy of "Douglas," which attracted the more notice because its author was a Scottish clergyman, whom the Presbytery had driven out into the layman's wilderness because he wrote a play. The presence of young Norval excites, of course, emotion in Lady Randolph; for she is in the Third Act to discover that he is her son, the son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir, received by Lord Randolph into the house and treated by him with honour and affection, as Glenalvon's equal. But when mother and son know the tie that binds them, Glenalvon moves Lord Randolph to jealousy at their meetings, causes Lord Randolph to attack the youth, and himself comes behind to secure the death of both, and win the inheritance. Norval (Douglas) kills Glenalvon, but is himself wounded to death. Lord Randolph, learning the truth too late, reproaches himself as a murderer. Lady Randolph raves, and throws herself from a precipice.

A play by a man of genius like Samuel Johnson, even though he be no dramatist, is of more abiding interest than plays by dramatists who are not men of genius. They are dramatists in a limited sense. Their comedy often amuses with good humour and drollery, the ready aptitude for jest and caricature that is common to thousands of men who beget mirth in their neighbours. They touch none of the deeper springs of life, are wholly wanting in the sympathetic insight that gives worth to the work of men of genius. The great master of caricature upon the stage, in the time of which we now speak, was Samuel Foote, born at Truro, educated at Worcester College, Oxford, and for a time student in the Temple. In 1747 he opened the Little Theatre in the Haymarket as actor and author, with a piece called "The Diversions of the Morning," in which he caricatured with skilful mimicry of voice and manner several well-known people. The Justices of Westminster objected, but their opposition was silenced. Foote changed his form of entertainment to "Giving Tea to his Friends." Next year he had "An Auction of Pictures," and, by rapid changes of dress, he himself played all the characters in which the town liked best to see known men mimicked. Somebody told Samuel Johnson that Foote was preparing to set him up for a butt. "He had better not," said Johnson,

with a significant grasp of his stick ; and Foote did not. Foote acted at one theatre or another every season from 1752 to 1761, usually appearing each year in a new piece of his own. From 1762, until his death in 1777, the Little Theatre in the Haymarket was his dramatic home. In his own way Foote was wonderfully clever ; there are flashes even of genius in his work, though it belonged to a low form of art.

Irishmen were frequent among the minor dramatists of London, in and after the middle of the last century. Charles Macklin, a clever comic actor, began to write plays in 1746, and one of them, "The True-born Scotchman," was very popular in Ireland, Macklin himself acting its chief character. It contained more satire on English political life than the Lord Chamberlain liked, and its performance in London was forbidden. After some time it was recast as "The Man of the World," and produced in London in 1781. The satire on political servility has made the character in it of Sir Pertinax Macgryphant a popular one to this day, and one of our best actors, Samuel Phelps, subsequently excelled in it. Another of these Irishmen was Isaac Bickerstaff, who produced plays between 1756 and 1771, of which the most popular has been his version of Molière's "Tartuffe," or rather his version of Cibber's version, "The Nonjuror," as "The Hypocrite," produced at Drury Lane in 1769. Arthur Murphy, who became a successful barrister, was another of the Irish dramatists of this time. He wrote both tragedies and comedies, between the years 1756 and 1777. His comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," produced at Drury Lane, in three acts, in 1760, was a lesson to wives on their own power of making homes happy and husbands kind and true. He reproduced it in the following year, 1761, expanded to five acts by interweaving two new characters, a husband and wife, in further enforcement of his lesson. The husband, Sir Bashful Constant, was afraid to let the world know that he loved his wife, and, in society, affected tyranny towards her. Paul Hiffenan, another Irish dramatist, began to write plays in 1759. But Ireland, which had given us Farquhar, did not let her genius for comedy die out among minor writers. To her also we owe Goldsmith and Sheridan, with whom the story of an acted English drama living in immediate association with true literature for the present ends. There has been a pause—a long pause—since the time of Sheridan.

Oliver Goldsmith's first comedy, "The Good-natured Man," was produced in 1768, and his other comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," in 1772—two years before his death. "The Good-natured Man" was produced by George Colman, who in 1768 became one of the joint patentees of Covent Garden, and remained so until he sold out in 1775. In 1777 he succeeded Foote at the Haymarket. George Colman was born abroad in 1733, his father being British Envoy at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Christchurch, Oxford, graduated as M.A. in 1758, and was afterwards called to the bar. He inherited money, and was drawn to the stage by choice, not by necessity, making his mark as an

essayist in "The Connoisseur," and beginning to write comedies in 1760, obtaining in 1761 a marked success with "The Jealous Wife," and publishing also in 1765 a translation of the comedies of Terence. George Colman died in 1794, and the reputation attached to his name was continued by his son, George Colman the Younger, born in 1762, educated, like his father, at Westminster and Christchurch, also at King's College, Aberdeen, and entered, like his father, at Lincoln's Inn. George Colman the Younger was one of the liveliest men of his time. He began as dramatist with great success in 1784, was specially successful in 1787 with the opera of "Ince and Yarico," founded upon Steele's pathetic tale in the *Spectator*, succeeded after his father's death to the management of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, and included among his more successful works "The Iron Chest"—a drama in three acts, in which John Kemble played the part of Sir Edward Mortimer—and the comedy of "John Bull."

Goldsmith's first comedy was not as successful with its audience as it deserved to be ; but it was played for ten consecutive nights ; three of them—the third, sixth, and ninth—being the author's nights ; and produced him five hundred pounds—an embarrassing lump of money, which he got rid of promptly by buying and furnishing chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple. The sedate Blackstone, then finishing the fourth volume of his "Commentaries," had chambers under Goldsmith's, and suffered much disturbance from the jovial noises of Goldsmith's companions overhead.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

of Goldsmith's play is young Mr. Honeywood, nephew to Sir William Honeywood, a man of political and social importance, who has been employed in Italy upon the public service. Young Honeywood, desiring to please all, is just to none, and has to learn that "he who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping." At the opening of the play, Sir William has returned. The nephew has, in the name of munificence, become security for a fellow whom he scarcely knew, and who has absconded. The uncle, whose return is yet unknown, has bought the security, means to play creditor, and, by way of lesson, involve the young man in fictitious distress before he has plunged himself in real calamity. Honeywood, with nothing said between them, loves and is loved by Miss Richland, an heiress, who has Mr. Croaker for her guardian. The character of Croaker was suggested to Goldsmith by the Suspirius of Johnson's fifty-ninth *Rambler*. He is one of the screech-owls, whose great business in life is to complain. When, in the last act of the play, something that seems to be real trouble falls upon him, he takes it quietly, and says, "There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand : we never feel them when they come." Mr. Croaker desires to marry his son Leontine to his rich ward Miss Richland, and asks the good-natured Honeywood to use his influence with the lady.

Cro. Ah, Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Hon. But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

Cro. My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Hon. But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Cro. No, though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes. But what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the-better before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Hon. It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

Cro. Ah, my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend; we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

Hon. Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

Cro. I don't know; some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh.—Poor Dick!

[*Going to cry.*]

Hon. His fate affects me.

Cro. Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Hon. To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have passed, the prospect is hideous.

Cro. Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

Hon. Very true, sir, nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

Cro. Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself.—And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again.

[*Exit.*]

Hon. Poor Croaker! his situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms is worse than death itself. And yet,

when I consider my own situation, a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress; the wish but not the power to serve them—(*pausing and sighing*).

But Honeywood is now visited by Miss Richland, with Mrs. Croaker, who is as merry as her lord is glum, and with his usual good-natured complaisance he accommodates himself promptly to her mood, and becomes loud in laughter.

Meanwhile, Croaker's son Leontine, having been sent to bring home from Lyons a sister who has been ten years away for her education, has brought home from Paris a young lady with whom he has fallen in love, and until he can contrive a marriage he has established her at home as his sister Olivia.

Miss Richland, in the Second Act, finds the truth of this from her maid. She knows, and Croaker knows, that if she refuse Leontine she will lose to him that large part of her fortune which depends on the admission by the Treasury of a claim on the Government. It is safe, therefore, to bewilder him by an acceptance. Mr. Croaker hears from his sister at Lyons that his daughter Olivia has privately contracted herself to a man of large fortune. "Pleasant news; but Olivia has been sly in having been at home all these days, and said nothing of it." Mr. Lofty then appears upon the scene—a pompous pretender to political and social influence, who professes to be furthering Miss Richland's interests at the Treasury, and who would not mind snapping up the heiress.

Enter French Servant.

Ser. An express from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be wait upon your honours instamant. He be only giving four five instruction, read two three memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

Mrs. Cro. You see now, my dear. What an extensive department! Well, friend, let your master know, that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there anything ever in a higher style of breeding! All messages among the great are now done by express.

Cro. To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect, than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

Mrs. Cro. Never mind the world, my dear: you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect—(*A loud rapping at the door*) and there he is, by the thundering rap.

Cro. Ay, verily, there he is! as close upon the heels of his own express, as an endorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*]

Enter LOFTY, speaking to his Servant.

Lof. "And if the Venetian Ambassador, or that teasing creature the Marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'ne I'll be pack-horse to none of them." My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—"And if the expresses to his Grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance." Madam, I ask a thousand pardons.

Mrs. Cro. Sir, this honour—

Lof. "And, Dubardieu! if the person calls about the com-

mission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumberland's stale request, it can keep cold; you understand me." Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs. Cro. Sir, this honour—

Loft. "And, Dubardieu! if the man comes from Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say." Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. "And if the Russian—ambassador calls: but he will scarce call to-day, I believe." And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs. Cro. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

Loft. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? This it is eternally; solicited for places here, teased for pensions there, and courted everywhere. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

Mrs. Cro. Excuse me, sir. "Toils of empires pleasures are," as Waller says.

Loft. Waller, Waller; is he of the house?

Mrs. Cro. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Loft. Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. Cro. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Loft. I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

Mrs. Cro. What importance, and yet what modesty!

Loft. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam! there I own I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say: "no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord he's prodigious, he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his," says his Grace.

Olivia urges upon Leontine openness of truth, and resolves to tell Croaker all. Croaker believes that he knows all, and from his manner of speaking she believes so too. Leontine joins them, and kneels for his father's blessing in his marriage to Olivia; upon which cries Croaker, "Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His own sister!" So the act ends with nothing explained, and Leontine's resolve on a runaway match. They will be off to Scotland the same evening.

The Third Act shows Honeywood making the best of bailiffs, Miss Richland coming to pay his debt, meeting Sir William, and learning what he is about.

Sir William says he has, unasked, been her solicitor at the Treasury. She thanks him, but has already the service of another gentleman—Mr. Lofty. Then Mr. Lofty enters, in Sir William's presence professes a familiar acquaintance with him, and has the way prepared for his humiliation. For the journey to Scotland money was needed, and the Good-natured Man has given his name on a bill to help his friend.

In the Fourth Act Mr. Lofty leads Honeywood to suppose that he was the unknown benefactor who paid out the bailiffs. Then he engages him to press the suit of Mr. Lofty on Miss Richland. Olivia and her maid are at the inn waiting for money, without which they cannot start for Scotland. Leontine was to start at the same time by another road to visit an uncle to whose house he hoped to take his bride. Honeywood's bill on the city was not worth a rush, and has only caused delay. The old man Jarvis, who was to be Olivia's escort, suggests that he had seen Leontine receive forty pounds from his father. They must write him a note and ask for twenty. Olivia is too agitated, and she says to her maid, "Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you."—"Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was kute at my learning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?"—"Whatever you please."—"Muster Croaker"—twenty guineas, Madam?"—"Ay, twenty will do."—"At the bar of the Talbot—till called for. Expedition—Will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick despatch—Cupid, little god of love"—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid; I love to see a love-letter end like poetry." Mr. Honeywood's butler is sent with the note to young Mr. Croaker. Not being sober, Mr. Honeywood's butler drops it before he has gone ten yards. Old Mr. Croaker picks it up, and then

Enter CROAKER.

Cro. Death and destruction! All the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be levelled only at me! Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration! Here it is—an incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Muster Croaker, these with speed." Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. "With speed." Oh, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. (*Reads.*) "Muster Croaker as sone as yowe see this leve twenty guineas at the bar of the Talboot tell called for or yowe and yower experetion will be al blown up." Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up! (*Reads.*) "Our pockets are low, and money we must have." Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads.*) "It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame." Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us. The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*) "Make quick despatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go." The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together; I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me

up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds!

Enter Miss RICHLAND.

Miss Rich. Lord, sir, what's the matter?

Cro. Murder's the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss Rich. I hope not, sir.

Cro. What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep, though rocked by an earthquake; and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

Miss Rich. But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already, we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago, you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

Cro. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. *[Exit.]*

Honeywood, in his good nature, makes suit to Miss Richland on behalf of Lofty, which she encourages until she finds that he is not speaking for himself. He then accommodates himself to the opposite views of Mr. and Mrs. Croaker on the danger signified by the incendiary letter. "A plague of plagues!" cries Croaker, "we can't both be right. I ought to be sorry or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head or my hat must be off."—"Certainly," says Mrs. Croaker, "in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right."—"And why may not both be right, madam?" asks Honeywood; "Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour? Pray let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot Inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him."—"My dear friend, it's the very thing, the very thing."

So in the Fifth Act, while Olivia waits for money at the inn, Leontine happily comes, moved by anxiety to see that she is out of danger, and at the critical moment of starting, Leontine's father is brought upon the scene by Honeywood, Leontine's friend. All becomes known to Mr. Croaker, who bears the disclosure with unexpected calm. "There," he says, "There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand,—we never feel them when they come." Miss Richland, who has learned from her maid what is passing, brings Sir William to the inn. Sir William knows all about Olivia, and can give an excellent account of her. The lovers are made happy. Lofty, following Miss Richland to the inn because he has heard of the concession of her claim on the Treasury, professes to

have procured settlement of the matter, and suffers due humiliation. Honeywood still thinks that he owed his release from the bailiffs to Mr. Lofty's generosity, but, says Lofty, "Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation as well as you. I now begin to find that the man who first invented the art of speaking the truth was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another, as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place; I'm determined to resign." Honeywood then learns that it was Miss Richland who had sought to be his unknown helper, and ends the play by taking her hand and his uncle's counsel.

I have preferred to illustrate Goldsmith by the comedy which, having been less frequently acted, is known somewhat less familiarly than "She Stoops to Conquer."

Hannah Parkhouse, born in 1743, daughter of a bookseller at Tiverton, married, at twenty-five, Mr. Cowley, an officer in the East India Company's service. In 1776 she sat at the theatre with him, where he was amused by a poor play. "So delighted with this?" she said—"why, I could write as well myself." Next morning she sketched the first act of "The Runaway." The comedy was finished, and was acted with success. Other plays followed, both comedy and tragedy, among them "The Belle's Stratagem," in 1780. Mrs. Cowley was educating her daughter in Paris in the year before the French Revolution, and gave her views of the young Frenchmen of the day, in the *A La Greque*, of "A Day in Turkey."

There was, in the movement of thought leading to the French Revolution, a large place for the sentiment awakened by thinkers and writers of whom Rousseau may be taken as the representative. Reaction against formalism, and the decrees of a dead authority that confounded good and bad within the limits of its own mean life, employed all energies of man. There was a revolt of intellect, led in France by Voltaire, a revolt of the emotions expressed strongly in the writings of Rousseau. After 1760, when Rousseau published his "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," and 1762, when he produced "*Emile*" and the "*Contrat Social*," a flood of "sentiment" began to pour through European literature. "Let the heart guide you," said Rousseau; and imaginative literature, escaped from the restraints of formalism, expatiated over the emotions and the sympathies of life. What strong men felt strongly the weak felt weakly, and expressed by imitation of the voices then most heard. We should never have had Sterne's "*Sentimental Journey*" in 1768 if France had not had the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*" and "*Emile*" in 1760 and 1762. Thus "sentiment" found its way into English life and literature, and so strongly touched our plays that when Goldsmith's "*Good-natured Man*" had but a hardly earned, and at first half doubtful, success, a forgotten play by a forgotten author, Hugh Kelly's "*False Delicacy*," had just been the rage of the town. Three thousand copies of

it were sold before two o'clock on the morning of its publication, and a public breakfast was given to the author. For acting at Paris it was translated into French by Madame Riccobini, and into French by another hand for acting at the Hague, into Portuguese by command of the Marquis de Pombal for acting at Lisbon; it was translated also into Italian and German. The new utterances of the heart were the strength of a few men and the cant of thousands.

In Sheridan's "School for Scandal," the tone of the time is reproduced. The cant of sentiment, lightly touched in the Lydia Languish of "The Rivals," is associated in the "School for Scandal" with the knave of the piece, with Joseph Surface, while his brother Charles, with follies and extravagances in abundance, is, in a surface way, true-hearted and unaffected. The contrast between the brothers has a certain resemblance to that between Tom Jones and Blifil in the greatest of all English novels. But Fielding's implied ideal of life, untouched by cant, was throughout higher than Sheridan's; his morality was more robust. Sheridan was a true writer of comedy. All that is most worth record in the history of our acted drama for the present ends with him. He had a more natural sense of life than is to be found in the plays of Wycherley or Congreve, but there are no depths in his comedy. A light-hearted, pleasure-loving young man of the world, honest and generous, but in a way that would be dishonest if he were less shallow and more capable of thought; with follies and vices better for not having a cant of virtues to conceal them, and, on occasion, a frank, unaffected disposition to reform, of which something may or may not come; suggests no very high view of life to those who are charmed by the wit of the "School for Scandal."



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
(From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was grandson to a witty friend of Swift's, who lost promotion in the Church by forgetting what was expected from him in a sermon on the first of August, the day of the

accession of George I., and taking at random an unpolitical sermon, which happened to have as its text "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Thomas, the third son of that Dr. Sheridan, became an actor and a lecturer on elocution, and he was the father of Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan, who was born in Dublin in September, 1751. When his father came afterwards to England, Sheridan was sent to school at Harrow, where the limited range of studies gave no room for the expansion of his powers; he was, out of school, one of the cleverest among the boys, in school a hopeless dunce. From school he went to Bath with his parents, and entered society there, where he saw much of the low life of the polite which he has painted in the "School for Scandal." At the age of twenty-one he eloped from Bath with Miss Linley, aged eighteen. She was a public singer who had for the last two years been flattered for her beauty, had got £3,000 for breach of promise from one lover, and taken laudanum over her distresses with another. That other was a married man, with whom the young husband presently fought two duels. He would not suffer his wife to sing in public. Though she was engaged at the price of a thousand pounds for twelve nights to sing at the Worcester festival, he caused the engagement to be cancelled. In 1775, on the 17th of January, Sheridan began to seek fortune as a dramatist; his age being then only a few months over twenty-three. His first play was "The Rivals," produced at Covent Garden. Its immediate success was not great, but it very soon made way with the public, and was followed in November of the same year by the opera of "The Duenna," also at Covent Garden. Garrick appreciated Sheridan. The great actor, then sixty years old, was retiring from stage management. He had a just sense of the genius of the young dramatist, in whom comedy seemed to live again, and upon Garrick's retirement Sheridan obtained, by purchase, a part of Garrick's share in the theatre, with charge of the management. As manager he proved but a bad man of business. He was not always sober, he was always in debt; he left letters by heaps unopened, and then burnt them, for although some might contain money, more asked for it. His treasurer saw on Sheridan's table a letter of his own, enclosing ten pounds, which had been sent immediately upon urgent request. The request had been made and forgotten; the letter in reply to it had not been opened. Actors caught the manner of the manager, and it might happen sometimes that three actors of leading parts had not troubled themselves to come to the theatre, and left the play to be produced with makeshifts in their places.

The new management began in February, 1777, with a new version, by Sheridan, of Vanbrugh's comedy, "The Relapse," under the new name of "A Trip to Scarborough." This failed. An attempt was then made to kill time with Shakespeare's "Tempest," with parts of Dryden's version, and songs by Sheridan's father-in-law, Thomas Linley, the composer, who had joined in buying Garrick's share of the theatre. The new manager did not seem to be succeeding, but he was preparing, by the best use of his

energies, to conquer fortune, and on the 8th of May, 1777, he produced his masterpiece, "The School for Scandal." It had been carefully written and rewritten, and lay by him unfinished when the necessities of the theatre forced him to finish it quickly.

In 1779, Sheridan produced in "The Critic" the last of the witty caricatures of conventional tragedy which have a place in literature. In 1780, through the friendship of Charles James Fox, he became member for Stafford, and began his political career. His career as dramatist was over, although some years later he translated Kotzebue's "Pizarro."

In the "School for Scandal," Charles and Joseph Surface are two brothers left, by the death of their father, to the guardianship of Sir Peter Teazle, but made independent by liberal allowances from their uncle, Sir Oliver, who has become rich in India. Sir Peter has a ward, Maria, whom Joseph Surface desires for her money, and Charles Surface loves for herself. Elderly Sir Peter has lately married a young beauty, the daughter of a country squire. He has brought her to London from the dulness of a country house, and she is indulging herself with all the novelties of fashion. She takes her place in the fashionable world, exercising her wit with it in the way of scandal.

Sir Pet. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teaz. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Pet. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teaz. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Pet. Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teaz. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Pet. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teaz. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Pet. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teaz. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teaz. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teaz. And then you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Pet. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teaz. No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Pet. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teaz. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is—

Sir Pet. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teaz. Hem! hem!

Sir Pet. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teaz. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Pet. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teaz. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Pet. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teaz. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Pet. Ay—there again—taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teaz. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Lady Sneerwell, with a fancy of her own for Charles Surface, uses the powers of scandal to secure his separation from Sir Peter's ward, Maria, and therein aids Joseph. Sir Peter believes Joseph to be a model for the young men of the age. "He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes." Uncle Oliver, returned from India, makes his presence known only to an old servant, Rowley, and to his old friend, Sir Peter, while it is agreed between them that he puts the metal of the two youths to a test. In the character of a money-lender, Mr. Premium, he is witness to the reckless extravagance of Charles, who is ready to sell all the family portraits, but is restrained by personal affection from allowing Uncle Oliver's to go with the rest.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS.

Chas. Surf. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—here are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliv. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Chas. Surf. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; no *volontière* grace or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliv. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Chas. Surf. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Care. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Chas. Surf. Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. [*Taking pedigree down.*] Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide!

Care. Yes, yes, here's a list of your own generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

Chas. Surf. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him—there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir Oliv. [*Aside to Moses.*] Bid him speak.

Mos. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Chas. Surf. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds!—[*Aloud.*] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Chas. Surf. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself!—[*Aloud.*] Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Chas. Surf. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs.

But plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliv. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Chas. Surf. What, that? Oh; that's my uncle Oliver! 't was done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned dis-inheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliv. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Chas. Surf. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] The rogue's my nephew after all!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Chas. Surf. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] I forgive him everything!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Chas. Surf. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] How like his father the dog is!

In the character of a poor relation, Mr. Stanley (to whom Charles sends at once a hundred pounds of the money paid for his ancestors), Sir Oliver sees the hardness under the smooth words of Joseph, and hears his own character for liberality traduced to furnish his nephew with an excuse for giving nothing. While Sir Peter believes in Joseph, Joseph is seeking Maria for her money, and urging a treacherous suit also upon Sir Peter's wife. Humorous forms of the fashionable love of scandal are delightfully contrasted and grouped in Sir Benjamin Backbite, Crabtree, Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, and others, each of whom is well interwoven with the plot. The unmasking of the knave in the Fourth Act unites the chief characters in one of the most dramatic passages in our prose comedy; and although the chief interest is then over, the Fifth Act brings the several lines of the story to their common end so pleasantly that not a word of it appears to be superfluous. It was, in fact, added very hastily to work of which every preceding detail had been subject to frequent revision. The play was announced for representation before copies of their parts were in the prompter's hands for distribution to the actors. On the last leaf of the one rough draft of the last act, in the original MS., Sheridan wrote, "Finished at last, thank God:" under which, the prompter added, "Amen: W. Hopkins."

CHAPTER X.

SINCE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789.

AFTER the French Revolution, the strong tide of sentiment rolled on. Authority was everywhere

questioned. Bonds and ordinances of society were reconsidered. The thoughts of men

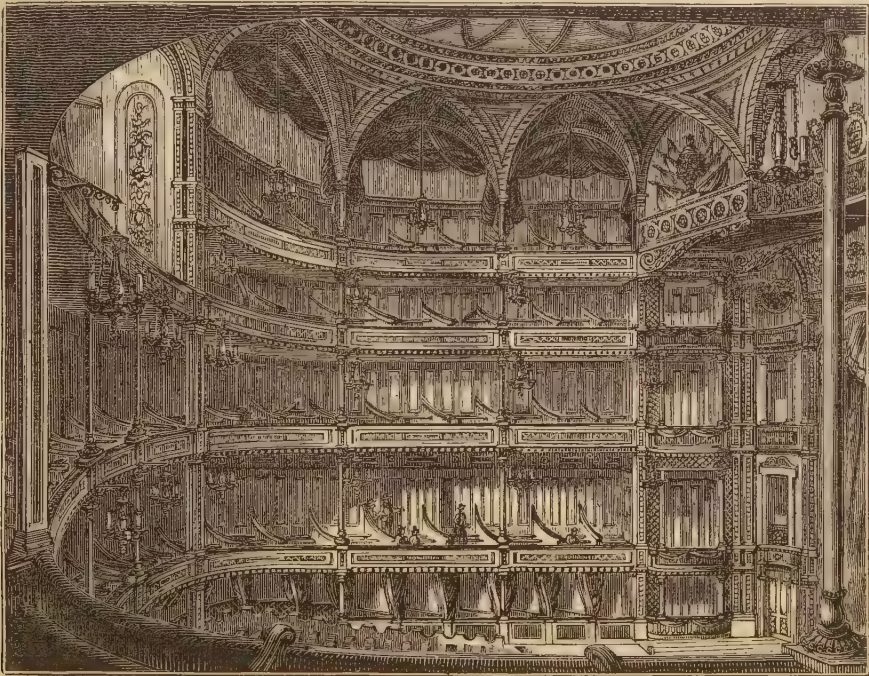
Turned inward, to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters are composed; and life was put
To inquisition long and profitless.
By pain of heart—now checked—and now impelled—
The intellectual power, through words and things
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way.¹

Such speculations had one of their sickliest forms in the German dramas of the close of the eighteenth century, and translations of these abounded. Goethe's "Stella"—where a problem of the heart is settled

web of unwholesome sentiment into a problem like that of "Stella" or Captain Macheath's "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." In this case, however, the solution is not as in "Stella," but thus:—

Malvina. [Turning to ADELAIDE with reserve and affection.] I have prayed for you and myself—let us be sisters.

Adelaide. Sisters! [Seems for a moment buried in reflection.] Sisters!—Good girl! you awake in me a consoling thought. Yes. Sisters let us be, if this man will be our brother. As we cannot share him, neither of us must possess him. We, as sisters, will dwell in one hut—he, as our brother, in another. He will assist us in educating our children.



INTERIOR OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, 1794-1811.²

by the consent of two wives to share Count Ferdinand between them—was translated in 1798, and ridiculed by Canning and his friends of "The Antijacobin" in "The Rovers; or, The Double Arrangement," Schiller's "Robbers" being included in the satire.² Plays of Kotzebue and Iffland were in request. In Kotzebue's "La Perouse," acted at Drury Lane in 1799, the married hero is wrecked on a lonely paradise in the South Seas. There abandoning all hope of return to civilisation, he gives his heart and hand to Malvina, a lady of the "child of nature" type then popular as a sentimental contrast to the false conventions of what some called over-civilised society. He and she and a little son Charles have the island to themselves. After eight years there comes a ship, and there lands from it Madame La Perouse, with a little son Henry, and Clairville, Madame's brother. The dramatist then weaves his

During the day we will form one happy family, and the evening shall part us. The mothers shall remain with their children—the father in his hut.—Do you consent to this, Malvina—and you, Perouse?

Malvina. Willingly, if I may but see him.

Perouse. With all my heart, if you be thereby satisfied.

Clairville. Brother, I wish you joy. The treaty is concluded. Take each other's hands, and ratify it by a warm embrace.

Adelaide. [Goes towards PEROUSE with outstretched arms.] A sister's embrace.

Clairville. As you please, I don't dispute about expressions.

Malvina. My friend! My brother!

Perouse. [Holding them both in his arms.] My sisters!

Charles. [Creeping to MALVINA.] My mother is happy.

Henry. [Hanging on ADELAIDE.] My mother smiles again.

Clairville. The paradise of innocence! [The curtain falls.]

A very foggy paradise. The Drury Lane in which this play was acted was a handsome theatre. The house, for the opening of which Samuel Johnson

¹ Wordsworth's "Excursion," Book III.

² See the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 431, 432.

wrote his prologue, had been rebuilt in 1794, but the new building lasted only seventeen years. It was burnt down in 1811. The present theatre succeeded it, the fourth on the same site, and was opened on the 10th of October, 1812, with a prologue by Lord Byron. Clever burlesques of the style of the chief poets of the day, by James and Horace Smith, were published at the opening of the theatre as "Rejected Addresses," sent in answer to an advertisement published on the 14th of August, 1812, for an opening address, to be supplied by "a fair and free competition." Although, as Byron wrote in his prologue,

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write,

and although we are still waiting for the restoration of the stage to its old union with true literature, we wait with hope. The fall has been great,

But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.

The chief ground of hope is in the fact that literature, since the sixteenth century, has never drawn more closely to the drama than now in these later days, when the stage is closed against it. There remains also, in Henry Irving and others, yet something of the genius of the actor that, when worthily exerted, deserves only the higher present honour because his work does not, like that of kindred artists—poet, painter, sculptor, or musician—survive its fresh utterance, and speak for itself to after time.

Sarah, John, and Charles Kemble were children of Roger Kemble, a country manager. Sarah was born in 1755, John in 1757, and Charles, who was the youngest of the family of twelve children, in 1775, the year in which his sister Sarah first appeared at Drury Lane. Sarah began as a child to act and sing; she played Ariel in the "Tempest" when only thirteen. In her nineteenth year, in 1773, when her parents gave up a somewhat long resistance to the match, she married for love a poor player of the company, named Siddons, who had been a Birmingham apprentice. Soon afterwards, as Mrs. Siddons, Sarah Kemble obtained fame as an actress, within the world of fashion at Cheltenham, especially for her Belvidera in "Venice Preserved." Garrick went to Cheltenham to see her, and engaged her for Drury Lane at five pounds a week. This was at the close of Garrick's theatrical life. Next season Sheridan was manager, and Mrs. Siddons was not re-engaged. She then acted for some time at York and at Bath, where her genius was fully appreciated. In 1782 she came to London again, having a family to earn for—a good woman, with the depth of character that enabled her to get to the heart of a poet's work, and the sensitive temperament that gave her genius power of interpreting its lights and shades. She reappeared on the 10th of October, 1782, as Isabella in Southerne's "Fatal Marriage." An eight-year-old son held her by the hand at the side scenes before she went on the stage. Her success was very great; other successes followed, and her triumph was made complete by her acting of Otway's Belvidera. She became the

fashion, and remained unspoilt by flattery. In 1785 her Lady Macbeth gave her a first place among interpreters of highest poetry. We are indebted to a Scottish Law Professor, George Joseph Bell, brother of Sir Charles Bell, the surgeon, for an actual record of her acting. He followed her through the text of



MRS. SIDDONS. (From a Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

the play with skilful observation of shades of expression and changes of manner in her interpretation of its words. His notes upon her Lady Macbeth have been published,¹ and they furnish precise evidence of an insight into Shakespeare's poetry that places her above all Lady Macbeths of whose powers we have in our day any certain knowledge. Mrs. Siddons retired in 1812, but reappeared in 1816 for the benefit of her brother Charles. Her brother John, who began his London career with immediate success as Hamlet in 1783, retired from the stage in 1817. There is no evidence that he had a genius like his sister's. He was less sensitive, and seems to have acted with a somewhat formal dignity, but the dignity had its root in a fine character. When he was manager he sought to improve and elevate the stage, and he has left a name most honourable in its annals. The youngest of the family, Charles, first acted in London in 1794. When John Kemble bought a share in Covent Garden in 1803, and was manager till the burning of the theatre in 1808, he had his brother Charles as well as his sister Mrs. Siddons in the company. Charles succeeded more slowly; shone at last in such characters as Shakespeare's Mercutio, and maintained the credit of his family as actors with a fine and high sense of their art, until his retirement from the stage in 1836. He reappeared for a few nights in 1840, and died in 1854.

Edmund Kean, thirty years younger than John Kemble, was the son of a scene carpenter, and

¹ By Prof. Fleeming Jenkin in "The Nineteenth Century" for February, 1878.

educated to the stage under John Kemble's influence. He acted in Yorkshire when a boy of thirteen, found a friend who sent him for three years to Eton, then at sixteen acted again, played Hamlet in Edinburgh to crowded houses. He first appeared in London at Drury Lane on the 26th of January, 1814, playing Shylock. Success followed success; Othello and Sir Giles Overreach brought him increase of fame. His bursts of natural passion seem to have contrasted with John Kemble's rhetoric almost as much as Garrick's natural speech with the laboured eloquence of Quin. But Edmund Kean wanted John Kemble's

another raised upon its site has since been burnt down and rebuilt. The Little Theatre in the Haymarket was closed in 1820, and the present theatre, built close to its site, was opened in July, 1821.

The old Lyceum Theatre was formed in 1790, out of a room built in 1765 for the Society of Arts. It was burnt down in 1830. In that year the Princess's Theatre was rebuilt, and the Lyceum was rebuilt in 1834. The Covent Garden Theatre that Rich opened was burnt down in 1808, rebuilt, and again burnt down in 1856, to be succeeded by a third building, which was opened as an Italian Opera House on the



INTERIOR OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, 1821. (See the woodcut on page 411.)

dignity of character. His life was ill governed and his great successes were but fitfully sustained. He was manager of the Richmond Theatre when he died, on the 15th of May, 1833.

The next chief of the poetic drama was William Charles Macready, who, on the night of his own benefit, in May, 1836, produced Thomas Noon Talfourd's "Ion" with success. Talfourd's two other plays, "The Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe," were also successful, but the writing of dramatic poetry was not his work in life. He was a lawyer, and he died a judge. It was Mr. Macready also who, in 1843, put on the stage a play by Robert Browning, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,'" which, although pathetic, appears to be injured by concession to a taste less healthy than the author's own. Macready died in 1873, aged 80.

Actors have multiplied, and theatres, during the present century. Sir John Vanbrugh's theatre in the Haymarket was burnt down in 1789, and

15th of May, 1858. Since that time theatre has risen after theatre. There is all the machinery of a drama; there are houses in plenty, actors in plenty, many of them well skilled, and caring for their art: but there are no plays. Good actors waste themselves in clever fooling, or when serious, cause to be warmed up some half-deodorised French garbage with a piquant flavour of corruption. Meanwhile throughout the century there has been growing steadily a vigorous dramatic literature parted from the stage. Byron produced plays—"Manfred" in 1817, "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Two Foscari," "Cain," in 1821, "Werner," in 1822—without a thought of actors for them. In 1819 Shelley produced "The Cenci." Henry Hart Milman's first play, "Fazio," was acted in 1815. In 1819 appeared his "Fall of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem. Sheridan Knowles, who claimed kindred with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, produced and acted

plays with a good aim at literature in them, and feeble echoes of Elizabethan speech. His first play was "Caius Gracchus," acted at Belfast in 1815. "Virginius," "William Tell," "The Hunchback," "The Love Chase," and others followed. "Virginius" and the "Hunchback" are two of the best acted plays of our century. Lord Lytton also obtained good successes in "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu." Lord Lytton (Bulwer) was clever in many things, though no great poet, and after brilliant success as a novelist, produced, in 1836, the year after his novel of "Rienzi," a partly successful comedy, "The Duchess of La Vallière;" then, after two more successful novels—"Ernest Maltravers," in 1837, and "Alice," in 1838—came, in the same year, 1838, his chief success upon the stage, "The Lady of Lyons," followed next year, 1839, by another success, "Richelieu," and a half success, "The Sea Captain." There followed, in 1840, the comedy of "Money;" the first of all these plays being written when he was thirty-one years old, the last when he was thirty-five. The plays of Henry, afterwards Sir Henry, Taylor, showed that sound literature was still holding by the drama. "Isaac Comnenus" appeared in 1832, "Philip van Artevelde" in 1834—a fine work that was allowed to grow into an overlong dramatic poem, a bad modern form of drama that could only arise from breach of the alliance between literature and the stage. "Edwin the Fair" followed in 1842, and "The Virgin Widow," in 1850. In that year also, 1850, appeared as a posthumous work, a wild play, musical throughout with grand echoes of Elizabethan thought and passion, the "Death's Jest Book," of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, who died young in 1849.

Robert Browning, essentially a dramatic poet, although he has won a lasting name, would yet have made his genius more deeply felt if there had been a stage to write for. He has been turned, as far as the nature of a man of genius can be turned, from his true calling, and (except "In a Balcony," in 1855) has added nothing to the fine series of dramatic writings produced between 1841 and 1846. That series included two plays, "Luria," and "The Return of the Druses," that will surely live and breathe for the fit audiences who will not be few, whenever our true English drama comes to life again within its proper home. There is an educated public able to support the stage, and ready with the quick appreciation that alone gives due praise to the actor, and can alone help him to win for his art the honour it deserves. Our younger poet, Algernon Swinburne, first won fame in 1864, by putting the music that is in him into the shape of such a play as would have charmed an audience in ancient Athens, "Atalanta in Calydon." Our elder poet, Alfred Tennyson, has in his maturest days turned to the drama. His "Queen Mary," published in 1875, and written with the usual sense of a complete alienation of the modern English stage from all the best thought of its time, paid no regard

to the limits of an acted play. When unexpectedly acted in April, 1876, it was shortened for representation by excision of its more dramatic part, and became almost a monologue for a weak actress. Fine play as it was, it needed to have been either written or rewritten for the stage, with all the harmonies of its original conception in their due relation to each other. Lopping limbs off is called maiming in life, and a poem by a man of genius is a whole of which all parts are as much dependent upon one another as if they were made of flesh and blood. In 1877 appeared Mr. Tennyson's second play, "Harold," fitly proportioned for the stage, and actable whenever the time shall come, as it will come, when Englishmen again are asked to wear their best minds in the theatre.

NOT THIS THE END, though long the pause :
Our giant sleeps. As from the dead
He shall arise, again applause
Of nations echo to his tread :

And yet again his upward call
Shall place us where our fathers stood,
Though still the voice once true to all
That lifts the sense of earthly good ;

Again shall flash with poet's mirth,
And wrath that makes rough places plain,
The eye that brought down heaven to earth
And glanced from earth to heaven again.

They have been ours ; they shall not die !
Have we not that of which were wrought
The step, the voice, the flash of eye,
The limbs alive with stir of thought ?

Be ours again a mirth above
The wit of fools, a happy strife,
The laughter born of human love
At war with all that sullies life.

Be ours again, all innocent,
A force above this world's control,
Pity, God's whitest angel, sent
To guard the heaven within the soul.

Our Drama lives ; it shall not die,
Nor languish under witless praise,
Nor with companions from the styè
Serve Circe. What helps English Plays ?

Win but the best we win the rest,
With mind to find what all may seek,
When, God possessed, through sigh and jest,
With Shakespeare we shall dare to speak,

With Shakespeare, with the noble strain
Of men who stand for all their land.
Our giant's reign begins again
When ENGLAND takes him by the hand.



PAINTED CEILING OVER THE PIT OF GOODMAN'S FIELDS THEATRE, IN WHICH
GARRICK FIRST ACTED IN LONDON (OCT. 19, 1741).

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III.—INDEX TO SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH.

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NOTE.

In a privately printed dissertation, dated 1874, which I had not seen when page 101 was written, Mr. Halliwell shows reason for believing that the Blackfriars Theatre was not opened until about twenty years after "The Theatre" and "The Curtain."

